

olies be compelled to erect new buildings and if they do, will they have any guarantee that such buildings will not be taken from them? In France, although the Church edifices have been mainly erected by the offerings and the gifts of the faithful, the State claims them, and intends holding them. Indeed, the saddest feature of the policy of the French Government is their wanton robbery of the property belonging to Religious Orders. It was not sufficient to suppress and exile Orders; they confiscated their property as well. Will the Minister who spoke at the banquet pretend that such a thing could or would be attempted in the United States? And it was only the other day that a banquet of these State worthies met to celebrate their confiscations and their robberies, their cruelty and their infamous persecutions took place—where do you think? In the chapel of an Ursuline convent from which the poor Sisters had been evicted. Colleges, convents have been closed in all parts of this unhappy land; the religious and the teachers have been banished; the Cross has been removed. Then goes forth some Minister of State to re-open the stolen building introducing lay teachers who would just as soon commit suicide as teach the existence of God or even mention His Holy Name. We must have reason, but no God. In fact, it would seem that the settled policy of the French Government is in the direction of making the public as well as the educational life of France godless. It was a pious custom in other days to place the crucifix in important public buildings; down it must come. The sittings of the British House of Commons open with prayer; so does the practice obtain in several countries. But here in France the poor children who frequent the public schools dare not invoke the blessing of God upon their work. The Masons have declared that the Cross and the Church must go. I cannot describe the impression produced upon my mind by the remark of a little girl who was on her way to a convent school which had not yet—although daily expecting it—received the order to close. Walking a little behind her was another child about her age and evidently on her way to school as well. I asked the first child why she had not greeted the other. "Oh! I don't know her. We don't meet," was the reply. But I asked if the other little girl did not also go to the convent. "Oh, no! She goes to the school where they don't pray." How sad—and what can you expect from children thus started in life? No God, no prayer. I have before me at this moment a French newspaper which claims to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world. It is a big boast but there can be no doubt that the paper is widely read and enjoys immense popularity. The columns are full of accounts of social disorders, violent robberies, assaults, murders, divorces, suicides and pretty much every sin and crime which flourish in the field where virtue is mocked and purity scorned; where God's commandments are not taught, and where His very existence is ignored; where in one word the first and the greatest commandment of all is spurned. May God save France! should be the prayer of every true child of the Church for He alone can save France.

Crime the Sequence of Infidelity

In some quarters—I don't mean Catholic quarters—there is alarm. People cannot close their eyes against the flash-light of terrible truths. The number of murders strikes them, and they feel that something is wrong somewhere. Nor do they altogether relish the sight of the evictions. They have a feeling akin to pity when they see the nuns expelled from their convents and going out as governesses, sometimes even going into domestic service, often leaving France altogether. They don't think that such deeds win for their beloved France—and the French love their country—the respect and esteem of other nations. And they wonder where it will all end. But, perhaps, nothing has served to stir up anxious feeling more than certain revelations which have been made about the treatment of the sick in hospitals where lay hands now administer, the nuns having been expelled. It is a long road which has no turn; indeed, it is a rare road. The road of persecution in France will not only have a turn, but an end as well.

"Ma, what are the folks in our church getting up a subscription for?" asked a small boy of Holton of his mother. "To send our minister on a vacation to Europe this summer." "An' won't there be no church while he's gone?" "No preaching service, I guess." "Ma, I got \$1.23 saved up in my bank—can I give that?"—Exchange.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

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WHY CHILDREN ARE REFUSED

One of the excuses offered for "race suicide" in the United States is that married couples of small means can hardly find a place to live in if they have children. Owners of flats often refuse to let them to any but childless couples. This is a case of one evil leading to another. Landlords have been driven to take this stand by senseless conduct of parents whose only idea of bringing up children is to let them do what they please. Children brought up in this way simply tear a house to pieces, and owners of the houses, having seen their property deteriorate in this way, have adopted the drastic measure referred to as the only means of putting a stop to it.—The Casket.

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COMMON ERRORS

"Did you ever pick up a 'don't' book and read it and see how many mistakes the average so-called well bred person makes unconsciously, or through bad habits?" asked a young lawyer. "Perhaps slang has a great deal to do with it, as slang expressions are used often in such a way as to make them resemble good English. We say a piece of cake is 'awfully' good, or a girl is 'awfully' pretty when we mean 'very.' We say a wedding 'occurs,' when nothing but accidents occur, and as for the word 'lay' but few people there are who are not afraid to use it. We 'lay' a thing down, but we ourselves 'lie' down. 'Lay, laid, laid' takes an object; 'lie, lay, lain' does not. How ridiculous it is to say we 'love' candy, when we 'like' it; a plate of soup could hardly be 'lovely,' but a rose could be. And that word 'got.' It seems almost an unnecessary word if care would be taken. The words 'he,' 'she,' 'him,' and 'her' are really the most troublesome words in the English language to most people. I was shocked to hear a society girl once say, 'Mrs. Blank has invited she and I to her home.' They seem to be afraid of the words 'her' and 'me.' To say 'she asked her and me' sounds queer, but is correct. How many careless people say, 'He asked for you and I.' The word 'ain't' is fast growing in disfavor. Few know that the word 'aggravate' does not mean 'provoke' or 'irritate,' and that they must not say a 'new beginning.' We expect a visitor, but we 'suspect' he is sick. A man dies of a disease, not 'from' and to say 'do like I do' should be 'as I do.' The word 'preventive'

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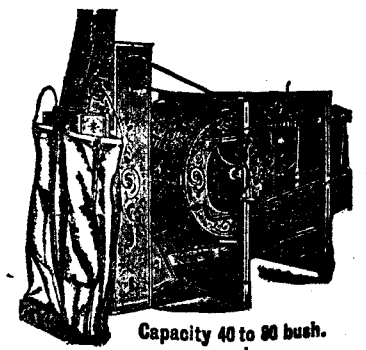
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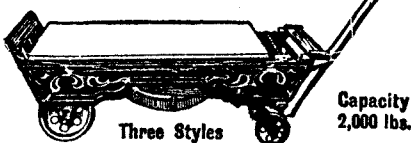
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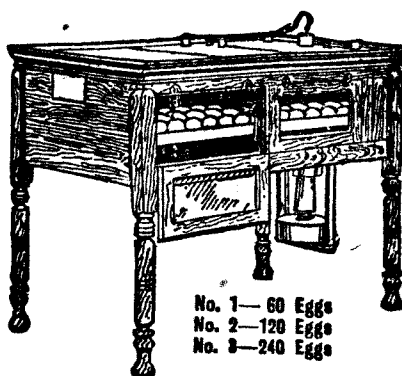
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is to be used instead of preventative, and the term 'I mistake,' instead of 'I am mistaken.' So one could go on indefinitely in the line of speech and writing, but when it comes to etiquette and table manners, how many there are who fall short of the rules laid out by the standard on such matters."—Birmingham News.

A Popular Man in the Klondike

From the "Klondikers' Friend," in December Donahoe's

"I don't suppose you've brought any potatoes?" he queried, as soon as the confusion consequent on my arrival had ceased. "Only the evaporated," I replied. "You all seem to want potatoes. I suppose from what Father Judge said to me, that potatoes are medicine to you fellows." "A sure cure," spoke up everyone at once. Then H— broke in: "So you've seen Father Judge?" Then with a confident smile, as knowing

the inevitable answer—"What d'ye think of him?"

Everyone in the room looked up, as if a well-worn and interesting theme of conversation had been brought up.

"Oh," I replied, diffidently, "I really haven't seen anything of him much. B— was telling me down town that he is sort of popular about here."

"Popular!" echoed H—, in protest. "Don't use the word 'popular' here. He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into. Where'd we all have been this winter without him, I'd like to know. He's just killing himself trying to take care of everybody."

"I'm sure he's a good man," I replied, sympathetically, for all had joined in silent but evidently hearty approbation of my friend, H—. I continued:—

"You're not a Catholic, H—?"

"O that doesn't cut any figure here. Why, God bless me, here's a bunch of sixteen of us here now in the room, and not a blessed Catholic in the lot—unless it's Jack over there. But Father Judge is making Catholics fast. Never preaches or talks doctrine or forms of

faith, you know, unless you ask him or show him your mind is uneasy on that score. No! He just does all a mortal man can do for you, and evidently wishes he could do more. Then he jollies you and goes to church, and you feel you'd give one of your two useless legs if you could follow him. Whist! Here he comes."

Thomas Edison the great inventor, is very fond of children. While on a visit to New York recently he was endeavoring to amuse the six-year-old son of his host, when the youngster asked him to draw an engine for him. Mr. Edison, promptly set to work, and, thinking it would please the child to have an elaborate design, he added a couple of extra smoke-stacks and several imaginary parts. When the plan was complete the boy took it and eyed it critically, then he turned to the inventor with disapproval in every feature. "You don't know much about engines, do you?" he said with infantile frankness. "Engines may have been that way in your time, but they've changed a whole lot since then."