

THE POOR OF BERLIN.

What, I exclaimed in Berlin, are there no poor in this city? Are you altogether without rage and wretchedness?

My dear friend, said the German, winking a heavy eyelid, we are a very clever people. We do not show our dust bins.

Berlin is ruled by municipal experts. It has its wretchedness and its despair, but these things are not permitted to increase.

The laws to this end may not commend themselves to English minds, for the Germans are not soft-hearted in such matters, but they have this engaging recommendation, they succeed. Let a ragged man make his appearance in Friedrichstrasse or the Linden or in any of the numerous open spaces, and a policeman is at him in a minute.

Now, the workhouse in Germany is not a prison, but the vagrant would as leave go to the one as to the other. The administration of the workhouse is conducted with iron severity. Every ounce of bread and every drop of thin soup consumed by the workhouse man is paid for a thousandfold by the sweat of his brow.

Berlin takes advantage of the system in Germany which numbers and tickets every child born in the fatherland. No man can roam from district to district, changing his name and his life's story with every fitting. He is known to the police from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death.

Berlin has a huge building resembling a factory where the unemployed, whole families, are received and provided for, but no one must take advantage of this hospitality more than five times in three months. Consider this point of view. If you are homeless five times in three months you are dubbed a reckless creature and packed off to the workhouse.

Private enterprise has provided another asylum where the homeless may come five times in one month and where the police are not allowed to enter at night. I have visited this place and seen the people who attend it, some decent enough, others criminal in every line of their features. There are many of these desperate men in Berlin, many of these ragged and unhappy wretches, doomed from the day of their birth, but they dare not show themselves in the decent world as they do in London.

Now, this system is a hard one, for once a man gets down in Berlin it is almost impossible for him to rise. But it has this clear advantage—everybody feels that it is better to work than to fall into the hands of the law.

Rags and misery dare not lie about in the parks or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the

is a central bureau for providing men with work, and when a man knows that not to work means the workhouse he seeks employment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the state has secured employment for 50,000 men.

The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel almost from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brilliantly lighted and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts instead of by amateurs.—London Mail.

NEW FRANCISCAN MONTHLY.

We have before us the first number of the Franciscan Review and St. Antony's Record. This pamphlet is pleasing from a letter-press point of view as well as in choice of matter. In the introductory note the editor expresses his pleasure at being able to supply a long-felt want to the English speaking tertiary for whom the Review is more especially intended, as it will keep them in touch with the Tertiary movement and its interests the world over. There is something entirely fresh about the titles of articles, for instance, Prie-dieu Thoughts, in which a review of the past year is daintily set before us, and encouraging words to face the new year with its possibilities, its doubts, its hopes, and some trite advice concerning the forming of resolutions which we find so easy to make but more often difficult, if not impossible, of accomplishment. Another title which caught our eye was Franciscan Cameo, under which head from time to time pictures of Franciscan saints will be given. There are also anecdotes of Pius X. under the caption The Darling of His People, in which pretty characteristics of our Holy Father are brought before us. On the whole the little pamphlet is well worthy the support and encouragement of all English-speaking Catholics, whether tertiary or not. The price is quite reasonable. City, 50c per annum; foreign, 60c. Those procuring ten subscriptions will have one gratis. The Franciscan Fathers have arranged for a Mass every Wednesday for subscribers as well as giving them a special remembrance in their daily Masses.

DEATH OF BISHOP PHELAN.

After a lingering illness of three years, due to the infirmities of old age, the Right Rev. Richard Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa., died at noon Dec. 20, in St. Paul's Orphan Asylum, Idlewood, Pa., surrounded by his relatives and many Church officials. For the last three years Bishop Phelan had made his home at St. Paul's Asylum, Bishop Phelan was born in the townland of Straloe, near Ballyragget, County Kilkenny, Ireland, on Jan. 1, 1828. Private tutors in the Phelan household supplied his elementary education. He entered St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny. The vast field opening in America attracted him, and in 1844 he arrived in Pittsburgh. He continued his studies at the seminary of St. Michael, and two years later he entered St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore. On May 4, 1854, he was ordained priest in the chapel of the episcopal residence, Pittsburgh. On the erection of the diocese of Allegheny he was made Vicar-General, and was named administrator when Bishop Domenech went to Rome. He held the same office under Bishop Tuigg after the reunion of the two dioceses; and when Bishop Tuigg's health began to fail he was again entrusted with the administration of the diocese. He was appointed Co-adjutor to Bishop Tuigg. On the death of Bishop Tuigg, Dec. 7, 1889, he became Bishop of the diocese. When Father Phelan began his work in the priesthood religious prejudice ran high, and misguided men did things which it were better not to recall; but in the most trying positions and circumstances Dr. Phelan, whether as priest, Vicar-General or Bishop, everywhere disarmed prejudice by his straightforward adherence to the principles of justice and charity toward all, and his considerate treatment of those who were separated from him in belief and worship. For some fifteen years he ministered to the inmates of the Western Penitentiary. One of his first acts after his consecration was to provide the Catholic inmates of penal institutions with chaplains.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON: Animal Biographer.

C. F. S., in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

Human personality counts for much in this world, and few individuals I have known possess a more distinct and personal power over mankind or animals than the Canadian author, artist and naturalist, whose Wild Animal Stories rank in America among the most widely-read books of all. Wherever they are known in England, they are recognized as the work of an uncommon mind, for which convention and ordinary laws simply do not exist—a man in whom lies a spark of real genius.

Canada and the States may claim Ernest Thompson Seton for their own, but he is a true Briton by extraction, a Tynesider, born in South Shields, with some of the best Scots blood in his veins. When I first knew him he was under twenty; an art student of the Royal Academy, with unbounded enthusiasm, and with very little else to face the world with. The Academy, by the way, never succeeded in teaching him to paint pictures; neither did Gerome or Bouguereau, his later masters. Seton's first appearance in the Salon was coeval with a visit to Paris, and I remember the Quartier Latin student, invested with the choicest Bohemianisms of speech and apparel, proudly conducting me to view upon the line that immortal wolf, whose acquaintance he had made in the security of the Jardin des Plantes, but which truly foreshadowed Seton's later triumphs as the trapper, on a New Mexican prairie, of dauntless

King Lobo, the post of the ranchers, doomed, like another Samson, to perish through devotion to Delilah, the white she-wolf, Blanca.

When he went back to his friends in the West, Seton worked hard and soon gained a reputation as an animal artist. Then he forsook the drawing pencil for the weapons of a hunter, though a hunter whose business it was not to kill, but to conciliate. Through the long Manitoba winters he layed out on the open prairie, tracking beast or bird over the pathless snow, studying them, learning them with the intimate understanding born of long companionship, and investing the live creatures of the woods and plains with individual passions and humors, loves and hates, to be woven afterwards into his tales. I do not think he had at that time any notion of his future calling. He was Nature's lover and student first of all, pure and simple. That is why his work is so truthful and natural, so devoid of the self-consciousness of the writer who sets about to describe certain things whereby he may make a name or an income.

It is to the happy accident of Seton's marriage to Miss Grace Galatin, of New York, herself a clever and essentially practical writer and journalist, that we owe the long series of animal stories now standing to his name. The general design of the books, their dainty marginal drawings, the unique arrangement of the title pages, and (I betray no secret in saying) the more important arrangements with publishers are all Mrs. Seton's. Lucky artist, lucky author to own so invaluable a business partner! When the two start

on their annual hunting expeditions together, then the relations are exchanged, and Mrs. Nimrod subsides into the obedient observer, a "Woman Tenderfoot," with the wisdom and most considerate of all Nimrods for guide. Is there any animal lover who has not read Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly"? Who has not yearned over the pathetic beast hobbling a hundred miles back to bathe in the warm spring, which he was dimly conscious eased his rheumatic pains, sadly aware of the ravages made by age and illness upon his already impaired temper, yet unequal to the task of treating his captor, man, as his better self dictated? If there is such a man, let him go read the book at once.

Fascinating as these earlier stories are, "Two Little Savages" Seton's latest book, contains something more. The story is long, the print is small, the boys' adventures are sometimes tedious, but we arrive quite close to the author's heart. There is a more human understanding, a self-revelation, a throwing away of the restraints imposed by youth and immaturity, which show us a man confident in himself. And his confidence is of a kind which makes him write as sole preface these pregnant words: "Because I have known the torment of thirst, I would dig a well that others may drink." Strange, is it not, that through the animals, the lower man, he should come to know the heart of man and the verities that underlie all. Seton has suffered some strange things at the hands of the American journalist. When his little daughter was born about a year ago interviewers swooped down upon him from north, south, east and west. The only information vouchsafed them was that his intentions concerning the infant were limited to the desire to see her grow up a healthy child; that her name was Ann, and that if he could have simplified it still more by leaving out the second 'n' he would have done so. But, nothing daunted, columns and columns appeared next day enumerating things he was not going to let her wear, or eat, or be, or do. Perhaps the greatest tribute to his popularity in the States—east, west and middle west—is that all the schools are closed "when Seton comes to town" to lecture. For myself, when I listened to him lately in a crowded city institute, I was transported to the other side of the world. On a moonlight night beside the swift Red River, that highway of migration, I heard the sharp incisive whistle of the oxbird; the long, soft trill of the reed sparrow, the nightingale of America; the honking of the wild geese as they flew overhead from the Great Lone Land; while from the swamps on the river's edge came the war whoop of the moose in anger, or his seductive love-call to his loitering mate. To hear these tales told is even better than to read them.

A GREAT DOCTOR'S OPINION The Pope's Physician Endorses a Canadian Medicine.

Dr. Lapponi Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in His Practice Because Results Meet His Expectations.



In the realm of medical science there is probably no better known or more respected name than that of Dr. Lapponi, the trusted physician of the Vatican. He is loved and esteemed throughout the entire Catholic world for his unwearied attention to His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII. He is the esteemed physician of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X. But above all he is a man of commanding genius and a fearless exponent of views which he holds as right. He is not afraid of so-called professional "etiquette," and having used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in his practice with good results, he freely avows the facts and endorses the great Canadian medicine with an authority which no one will venture to question.

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of simple anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of anaemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like." (Signed) DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI, "Via dei Gracchi, 331, Rome."

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is, of course, that tired, languid, bloodless condition of young girls, whose development to womanhood is tardy and whose health at that period is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority and it confirms the many published cases which prove that these pills cure anaemia and other diseases of the blood and nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, and the new blood goes right to the root of the trouble and cures such diseases as indigestion, rheumatism, kidney troubles, general weakness, nervousness, neuralgia, and the ailments which afflict women alone. But you must get the genuine pills which Dr. Lapponi praises, and these always have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box.

SAFE READING. A Catholic paper is the best safeguard of our faith. No family should be without it; but every one should co-operate to make it a success by putting it on a good financial basis and by furnishing religious news of general interest. To do this let every one pay his subscription in advance. Save time and money by paying to a local agent or friend of the paper. On reading these lines, look at the date opposite your name on the address label, and at once pay up your arrearage, and besides send money to renew your subscription. Read your Catholic paper, ye, study it, recommend it to your neighbors and friends and induce them to subscribe for it; or, in your silent charity, make them a Christian present of a year's subscription; it will last longer than any other gift, and it will do more good. For many it is the only education in Catholic principles and Catholic ways. What Right Rev. Dr. Hodley said in his pastoral letter on the "Lives of the Saints" may also be applied to the Catholic weekly paper: "All have time to read, but we read much that is useless, and not a little that is evil. The literature of folly which weakens and debases should be driven from the book shelf. As for our boys and young men, it will always be a hard task to make them read anything beyond the newspaper. But it is certain that if we desire to bring up a generation of well-informed and intelligent Catholics, there is hardly any better way of doing so than to interest them in a Catholic paper." Read regularly a good Catholic paper and you are on the safe side.—Rev. Theoph. Pypers, in the Catholic Sentinel.

On his way back to the house where he stayed during his visit—that of a relative, an American Protestant Episcopal clergyman—Mr. Lloyd passed another preaching place; and he says that within a small area of less than a square mile he had found four places of Christian worship; and as he sat in his relative's study, waiting for the family to come back from church, he could hear twenty yards on his right the Presbyterian hymns, and twenty yards on his left the Anglican chants. No wonder he exclaimed that it was one of the most striking object lessons of Christian disunity that could well be imagined. And no wonder he thought of what might be accomplished if all who call themselves Christians were enrolled under the banner of the Pope, the Vicar of Christ! He concludes:— "Surely our aim is no mere visionary one; we are not working for an idle dream. The realization of our hopes, the day when we see Anglicans united to the See of Peter, working side by side with our Roman brethren, for the faith of Christ, will see the greatest results in the conversion of the heathen world." We may not be so sanguine of the accomplishment of this union as is Mr. Lloyd. He may contemplate a compromise with which the Catholic Church could have no dealing. But which of us does not wish that the prayer of Our Lord may not be speedily brought about, and that "they all may be one"?—Sacred Heart Review.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. KOENIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO.

CHRISTIAN DISUNITY.

The Rev. Arthur Lloyd, M.A., of Japan, is one of those Anglicans or Protestant Episcopalians who are convinced that Anglicanism, and its Protestant Episcopal daughter in this country, owe allegiance to the Holy See, and who never cease to advise a return to that allegiance.

Whatever ideas we may entertain as to the consistency of people who still retain membership in a church which they feel to be so hopelessly out of touch with the Holy See, and so heedless of its claims, we can not deny that the movement includes men and women whose earnestness and devotion puts to shame many within the fold of the Catholic Church itself. And if we forget the individual obligation of every person to grasp the truth when he sees it, it would seem to us that those good people must do much to break down the barriers against the Papacy and the Church, which many years of misunderstanding and prejudice have erected and strengthened in the Protestant mind.

That the Rev. Mr. Lloyd and others of his opinion recognize the evil wrought at home and abroad by the disunion brought about by Luther's revolt in the sixteenth century and by the logical sequence of that revolt in the division and subdivision of one Protestant sect and another, may be seen from their writings. One of the most recent utterances of Mr. Lloyd, in a letter from Japan to the Lamp, is directed against the futility of a divided Christianity endeavoring to evangelize Christendom. Writing from Tokyo, Mr. Lloyd tells of a visit which he recently made to Milto, a town of some 30,000 inhabitants, and a place of fame in Japanese annals. In the Japanese city there is a small Catholic congregation, and there are also representatives of three other Christian denominations endeavoring to spread their tents. Mr. Lloyd thus describes his visit to the Catholic chapel:—

"Here I found a Japanese priest and a congregation of about fifteen. The church was a poor room in a poor house, not nearly so nicely fitted as the Anglican chapel in which I had communicated in the early morning, but the service was very reverent and quiet, and there was much earnest prayer. At the conclusion we had a very simple but helpful talk on the subject of Bible-reading and its advantages. It was the pastoral talk of an evangelical man, in the simplest of language. After the service I had a few words and a cup of tea with the priest who is not often cheered by a visit from a sympathetic foreigner."

On his way back to the house where he stayed during his visit—that of a relative, an American Protestant Episcopal clergyman—Mr. Lloyd passed another preaching place; and he says that within a small area of less than a square mile he had found four places of Christian worship; and as he sat in his relative's study, waiting for the family to come back from church, he could hear twenty yards on his right the Presbyterian hymns, and twenty yards on his left the Anglican chants. No wonder he exclaimed that it was one of the most striking object lessons of Christian disunity that could well be imagined. And no wonder he thought of what might be accomplished if all who call themselves Christians were enrolled under the banner of the Pope, the Vicar of Christ! He concludes:—

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