

God Does Not Forget.

The World will strip your failings,
And hide the good you do,
And with its sharpest thorns
The ways you walk bestrew;
You'll toil for men—they'll curse you;
'Twas thus and thus 'tis yet,
And thus 'twill be forever—
But God does not forget.

The hours of silent grieving,
For some one loved and lost
The hours of self-denial,
Twere hard to count their cost;
The falling soul uplifted
The sorrows bravely met—
All are on earth forgotten,
But God does not forget.

His eye is ever seeking
The wee things done for Him;
And that shall light the shadows
Where death waits, stern and grim.
So lift your burden gladly,
Nor falter, fear, nor fret;
For heaven is in the distance,
And God does not forget.

—BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

Happiness on Earth.

What must we do to be happy?
asks Bossuet. The thing is not hard.
Much knowledge is not necessary
for this, nor much talent, but only
a real good will to do one's duty.
Happiness, as far as it can exist
here below, consists in peace, in
the joy of a good conscience. Our
conscience will be joyful and peace-
ful if it knows not remorse; it will
not know remorse if we are careful
not to offend God. To fly from sin
is therefore the chief source of
happiness on earth. If our con-
science is pure our life will be
happy. There are none happier
than saints for there are none
more innocent.

Sympathy for the Aged.

There is no place at which we
may sit and learn the principles
and policies that enable us to make
the most of life as at the feet of
the aged. Other things being equal,
they are our wisest folk. The heads
whose gray hairs are crowns of
righteousness, who have been ad-
ding grace to grace and strength
to strength, while many a year has
come and gone, whose inward man
has grown into beauty and power
while the outward man has de-
clined, should attract us for what
they know, appeal to our sympathy,
and command our reverence. Turn-
ing aside to commune with these
old ones lovingly and tenderly, we
may learn, too, as from no other,
how to live to be happiest as well
as most useful, and catch the aroma
of that mellowness and sweetness
that so enriches the possible joys
of this earthly pilgrimage, and is
so distinguished an element of the
meekness of those who are now
almost mature for the garner on
high. Lack of appreciation or posi-
tive neglect of these old ones in
our homes and social circles is a
prodigious wrong and a type of
heathen heartlessness. For my
own part, old age is most attractive,
and when I see the silver-white
hair lying on a serious and weather-
worn face like moonlight on a
stately old tower, I have a strong
tendency, whether I know the per-
son or not, to lift my hat in token
of my affectionate esteem and re-
verence.

His Baby.

She is my mother, said the young
man, but I call her my baby. She
is eighty years old. Old people are
very like babies, and we ought to
love them, for of such is the King-
dom of Heaven. I have an idea
life even up things. When I was
young and helpless she took care
of me; now I take care of her. I
am paying my debt. She was pa-
tient with me then; now I am pa-
tient with her. She fed me; now
I feed her, clothe and keep her. She
watched me until I grew up; I shall
watch her till she steps into heaven.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

Some Roads to Rome in America.

Edited by Georgina Pell Curtis.

MISS EMMA FORBES CARY,
Cambridge, Mass., (Sister-in-law
of Professor Agassiz.)

In 1854 Boston was still Old
Boston, and the few dozen families
who knew each other lived around
the Common or the streets that ran
down Beacon Hill or meandered in
the direction of the harbor.

Every one went to church at
King's Chapel or Trinity Church
or the Old South. There was no
Public Library or Art Museum,
literature and art being combined
in the Boston Athenaeum.

The Catholics had just passed
through the "Know-Nothing" per-
secution, or, more strictly speaking,
they were pulling their way through
it with courage and good temper.
The "Know-Nothing" party was
regarded with contempt by intel-
ligent Protestants, and men of in-
fluence came forward boldly in de-
fense of the Catholics.

It was at that period of depres-
sion among Catholics that it was
my good fortune to be received in-
to the Church.

There were few Catholic churches
in Boston, only (as I remember
them) the dear old Cathedral on
Franklin street, St. Vincent's on
Purchase street, and St. Mary's at
the North End—the Jesuit church.
So it was not any esthetic fascina-
tion that could draw me Rome-ward.

It must have been about the
tenth of October, my twenty-first
birthday, that my mother expressed
dissatisfaction at my way of doing
my hair, and said that H—R—
must come and show me
how to make the puffs or bands or
whatever girls wore at that time.
I knew nothing of H—R—
and cared little for my coiffure, but
I never disputed my mother's de-
cisions. So, one morning there ap-
peared in my room a lovely young
woman who looked like a Fra An-
gelico angel. I can see her now,
her rippling hair, her shining eyes
and peach bloom complexion. Her
mouth was beautiful, whether it
expressed joy or grief or enthusi-
asm, or gave that enchanting laugh
which only belongs to those of Cel-
tic blood. I don't remember much
about the hair-dressing, but I soon
found out that H—R— was
a Catholic, and possessed of faith
such as I had never seen. We be-
came intimate friends, and she took
me with her to visit her sick poor,
to those desolate rooms she brought
cheer and sunshine. Surely char-
ity has not often appeared in such
fascinating shape as it did when she
encouraged the weary to bear their
suffering a little longer, or taught
the earth-bound soul to long for
Heaven. Not long after this she
founded a home for consumptives
which has developed into a beauti-
ful little hospital with every mod-
ern appliance for the cure of those
who in 1854 were called incurable.

But not only did H—R—
show me how to love and serve the
poor, but she advised me to go and
see Bishop Fitzpatrick, (Bishop
John every one called him)—to
consult him about a charitable
scheme of mine.

I remember well the November
day that I went to see him in the
shabby old house opposite the Cath-
edral. I remember the grand look-
ing man in faded purple garment
who came into the room, where I
had waited an unconscionable time,
I remember that he spoke as one
having authority, and not as the
Scribes and Pharisees. I soon
entered on a course of instruction.
The questions of that day were dif-
ferent from those of the Twentieth
century. I read Father Hecker's
"Questions of the Soul," Lamenais's
"Essai sur l'Indifference," and a
good many papers of Brownson,
and books of piety. On the other

side, slack and well-a-day! I read
Chillingworth, Bishop Hopkins,
and some unsavory details written
by some apostate or other. What
conducted to my conversion was the
fact that Protestants argue their
cause by attacking Catholics, while
Catholics explained dogmas, refuted
slanders, but did not abuse or ridi-
cule their opponents. In eleven
months after my first visit to Bis-
hop Fitzpatrick, I was received into
the Church, on October 4th, 1855.

And how about persecution? I
have never met with anything but
affectionate courtesy from non-
Catholics, and many of my relat-
ives and friends came to see me
received. Especially kind was the
Rev. Frederick Huntington, after-
wards Bishop of Central New York,
who wrote most kindly to my
parents, advising them not to op-
pose me, wisely adding, "lest the
zeal of opposition be added to the
zeal of conversion."

It may be asked why I was so
easily persuaded to become a Cath-
olic. A great prelate once told me
that I had always been a Catholic.
I received my religious instruction
from my mother and my governess,
Unitarians of the Canning school,
full of spiritual feeling and of high
ideals. As I grew older, I had a
vague perception that this noble
asceticism did not belong to Pro-
testantism. My governess read to
me the Imitation of Christ, and a
beautiful book of selections from
Fénelon made by Mrs. Eliza Lee
Follen. There I found those lofty
ideas where they seemed by right
to belong. As if I had found a
precious bit of mosaic and sought
for the work of art from which it
had been severed, I hid these max-
ims in my heart and pondered on
them. Not that I acted on them,
quite the contrary; but they held
up before me a standard that some-
day I meant to reach. And the
day came when H—R—
showed me where my precious
fragment belonged.

There is one result of my con-
version in which I take a honest
pride. It enabled me to teach the
catechism to the Rev. Editor of the
"Ave Maria."

Truth vs. Fiction.

What do you read for mental re-
creation? Novels? Probably. Why
put all your time to them? "Truth
is stranger than fiction." Do you
like adventure? Or do you prefer
romance, chivalry, deeds of patriot-
ism and daring? What are more
thrilling than the stories of Alex-
ander, the Ancient Romans, the
Crusaders, the makers of modern
Europe? If you like descriptions
of magnificence, read of Cyrus, Da-
rius, and the ancient Persians. For
political romance read the history
of the Roman senate, that body of
wonderful men whom the ambas-
sador of Pyrrhus described as a
"council of kings." The field is
large and if once the taste for his-
torical reading is acquired, an im-
mense source of pleasant reading
will be open to you. Besides the
pleasure of reading, you will be
constantly stocking your mind with
useful facts and data. History of
the Church is a great asset to a
Catholic to help him appreciate
and defend his faith.

Two Great Americans.

Ever since the United States entered
the war on the side of the allies, Can-
adians take a lively interest in the
history of that country and they take
pleasure in honoring their great man. We
here bring a little poem by a young Amer-
ican on two great Americans whose
birthdays were commemorated this
month.

To Washington and Lincoln
We point with honest pride.
Immortal names our country loves
Nor need they praise beside.
A lesson we may learn from them,
A lesson old but true,
A thing that is once done well
Will prove its worth to you!
And little things that petty seem
May often make or mar,
A good thought or a kind deed
Pass current, no matter where
you are.

Washington and Lincoln!
Who reads their lives will find
Their greatness was in being good—
They were real friends of
human kind.

—A. F. KLINGNER.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

(Special for St. Peter's Bote.)

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortune must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

LONG, ELLOW.

—The Toronto Telegram insists
that the home or church, not the
Public School, is the place for re-
ligious instruction or religious em-
blems. And that's just what is
wrong with the public schools—
there is no religion in them.

—As water cannot mount higher
than its source, so also parents can-
not impart what they do not pos-
sess. Many have very little re-
ligion left by the time they marry,
others never received any religious
instruction, and others still, have
no ability whatever of imparting
knowledge. How then, is the
child to acquire a religious train-
ing; how is it to learn its duties
towards God and fellow-man? At-
tendance once a week at Sunday
School cannot suffice, as we can
see by the frightful increase of
juvenile crime and lawlessness.
When children ten years of age
commit murder and suicide, then
our system of education must be
fundamentally wrong, nay criminal.

—Not so many days ago a Cath-
olic, on account of business con-
siderations, found himself estab-
lished in a town in the eastern part
of this province where there was
no Catholic School. He accord-
ingly sent his children to public school;
but after the first day, saw himself
compelled to take his children out
of that school, owing to the im-
moral conditions there prevailing.
Now I do not wish to be under-
stood as insinuating that all public
schools will show up as bad as
that... But really, can you expect
anything else of a school from
which God is banished?

—Every year our School Trus-
tees meet in convention at some
large city—to devise ways and
means for the improvement of our
schools—so they claim; but what
do we hear? A "lot of howling"
against religion and "those wicked"
foreigners from one end of the ses-
sion to the other; as if the fore-
igners were the only ones who had
any religion. Not a word is heard
about the child's soul or religious
instruction, without which there is
no training of the will or formation
of character. Without religion you
cannot train up men and women
with some "backbone."

—They tell you to cultivate
cleanliness of the body; not a word
about the much more important
quality, cleanliness of mind and
soul. The child is told to foster
strength of body, not a word about
strength of will and firmness of
character.

—The average prohibitionist to-
gether with the average member
of the Public School Trustees As-
sociation, belongs to that class of
persons—a very large class—who
allow no one to differ from them.
It is for some psychologist to ex-
plain how it is that men and wo-
men to whom intemperance is the
greatest of evils, are apt to be the
most intemperate of speech, and
why moderate views are so general-
ly held to be erroneous views by
those who do not share them.

—It has always been the trick
of the bigots, says Macaulay, to
divide society, and to wonder it is
not united; to govern as if a sec-
tion of the State were the whole,
and censure the other sections of
the State for their want of patriotic
spirit.

—The individuals who shout
against "clerical influence" are the
readiest dupes of the Ouija board
and the "lodge."

—Mob rule is often the result
either of injustice in law-making
or of weakness in administration.

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" " cleaned, 50-100 lb, 12c

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