The Chivalry of To-Day.

(From the Liverpool Catholic Times)

Oh! the pity of it, that the triumphal chords and swelling harmonies of the Wedding March should every become transfigured into a noisy jingle of jarring discords. Oh! the pity of it, that out of the home peace and good will, just pride and deep affection, mutual resolve and high endeavor should steal away, like the players of a farewell symphony, until only an intolerable drumming is left. Every woman imagines she is marrying an Ivanhoe, and when she finds (or think she does) that it is Hamlet she has wedded, a man wrapped up in gloomy self-analysis infirm of purposes and careless of his mate, a man of words rather than of deeds, then it is that the music commences to change in tone and character; then it is that the jingle begins which ends at best in silence. Readers of romance, will, of course, remember that the clear blue eye of Lady Rowena seemed capable to kindle as well as to melt. to command as well as to beseech." It is unfortunate when it all turns to kindle, when it takes to invective and reproach, when it forgets to melt and scorns to beseech. Ivanhoe is never in the saddle now, and his old war-cry "Desdichado! Desdichado!" is for ever silent. He wins no more tournaments, and is unmoved by the herald's shout that death is better than defeat. The addience has gone away, each man having his own axe to grind, each woman her own bonnet to trim. The flag no longer floats upon the tower. Life, once "joyeux" and joyeuse," has become deadly dull. It seems superfluous the trouble for the blood to continue to circulate. Chivalry and romance have retired within the precincts of the lending libraries. Hamlet the thinker, Hamlet who meets trouble half way and makes it his only friend has displaced Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the man of simple "devoir," the man who is a worthy work to do and did it.

Luckily it is not everywhere that one can hear this jingle, but in every street there is an unlucky number, and it there you may listen for the note of discontent. We are not going to pretend to be impartial; we frankly takes sides with Lady Rowena and maintain that it is a pity that the prose of life, its needs and daily cares should be allowed to kill out its poetry and early aspirations. It is not of course, the disappearance of the swash-buckler and circus element of Ivanhoe's career which we deplore. But in him there is no personal swagger. He was ever the gentle knight; untiring in courtesy and obedience, terrible in battle, and filled with the simolicity of faith which seems out of fashion in these days. He is the Chevalier Bayard of England, and our youth still love his name. It needs only that they should remember that while the fashion of chivalry must alter with the age its reality is ever the same.

There is chivalry and romance in the present pilgrimage of peace which is lead by the Czar of all the Russias; and in every country there is a call for recruits! It is a war against standing armies and menace, against navies and the destruction which they threaten, and the battle-cry is peace. There was little generosity in Hamlet, and he never clearly saw the plain path of duty. Scruples, weighing of motives, suspicions, and reprisals made up his day, and he would never have become a soldier of the Czar.

The Psince of Wales too, is leading a forlorn hope. A national society has been formed for the total suppression of tuberculosis, and the Prince has boldly placed himself at the head of it. Cattle plague has been stamped out, and we want to stamp out consumption. In an article which we published in the middle of October we gave figures showing that while the mortality from consumption is still something frightful, it is only half what it was fifty years ago, and that now is the moment that when by a united effort it may be driven out of the island, Subsoil drainage, re-building of insanitary houses, and the bettering of the conditions of labor have done much. But more remains.

The unrestricted traffic in unwholesome and impure spirits will have to stop. Consumptives must no longer be crowded into stuffy houses and city hospitals. Sanatoria will have to be built in the country by the municipal authorities, and consumptive patients who are still young and have a good expectation of life ought to be sent to Egypt.

It is to Egypt our wealthy send their consumptive sons and daughters, and it is there that our poor must go. A fair percentage of them will be cured —of that there can be no doubt— and many of these will elect to stay in the country, which has been their salvation, and will help to spread modern thought and modern ways in the Valley of the Nile. Here then is a project full of romance, requiring aid not of purse, but of counsel and encouragement.

In order that it may succeed it must have public opinion in its favor. Public money will have to be spent, and the public must signify their consent. In all parts of the country committees are to be established for the discussion of ways and means by which tuberculosis of lung and limb may be stamped out. It is within the competence of anyone to join and to help. 'Ivanhoe may keep a shop, but he will not be obliged to leave it in order to assist this project. Or he may be Lord Mayor or Alderman—it matters not what he is; his assistance is asked for.

This is a tournament in earnest which all may join. And it is not only disease that is now to be fought against. Lord Iveagh has inaugurated for the rebuilding of the slums of our cities by his recent munificent donation to the city of Dublin. It must not be forgotten that our large cities are almost entirely the product of free trade, that they have grown up within the recollection of a single generation, and that entirely new problems of poverty have arisen with them. The rights of labor have still to be gained and maintained. The sailor has still to receive compensation when he is injured in the hard service of his master. And the society has still to be protected from the rapacity of the unscruplous company promoter.

The New Year is upon us, and already its work is thrust upon it. We want to enter the next century with as clean hands as may be. Not in this world shall all tears be wiped away, but while one shred of romance remains in us we mean to do our best. It is in association and not in isolation that this work must be done. To right the wrong requires the patience and strength of a band of workers. To sigh for the romance of the swashbuckler is idlesse. Lady Rowena must forget the past. Her clear blue eye must melt at the poverty and helplessness of the poor of the present day. It must beseech those who have learnt self-restraint to teach it to those who have not. Thrift, a virtue which the rich may have to excess, must be taught to the poor, and fair-play must be impressed upon both. Such is the chivalry of to-day, such the music that will never jingle or grow silent.

AN AMERICAN LAWYER'S SUCCESS

Two or three years ago an important railroad case involving the interests of a number of clients was being heard before a judge in Boston. Nine attorneys were engaged, one of them being a "country lawyer" from Ohio. The latter, after saying "Good morning" to the judge and the other attorneys, took a seat in an obscure corner of the court-room to await developments. The other attorneys were all eminent in the profession and were known to each other. They had never heard of the "country lawyer," from Ohio, and as the case progressed they ignored him and conferred together to protect the various interests which they represented and at the expense of the interest represented by the one man. So little impression did he make and so little knowledge did he appear by his silence to have of the case, that they began to joke about the sorry appearance he was presenting. Among those present as a spectator was Chas. W. Fairbanks United States Senator for Indiana. The eight attorneys invited Senator Fairbanks to lunch with them, he being looked upon as a neutral party. During the luncheon frequent humorous allusions were made to the "country lawyer" representing the other side. After awhile Senator Fairbanks remarked: "Gentlemen, I have had a good deal of experience with country lawyers and have learned not to despise them. Your conduct of this case is, of course, not my affair, but I advise you to be on your guard, for if that country lawyer over there in the corner of the court room wakes up he is likely to give you trouble. I kept my eye on him this morning and I have come to the conclusion that he knows his business."

The distinguished lawyers laughed in derision, and when at the close of the day, the "country lawyer" was found to be still apparently indifferent to the movements of his opponents, they taunted the senator with his manifest misjudgment of this man. The "country lawyer" said nothing bearing on the case for four days. He simply listened. When his opponents had completely disclosed their plans and had irrevocably committed themselves to a certain line of action, the "country lawyer" interposed a few objections in the interest of his client which were sustained, and so conducted his case afterward that his opponents were not only overruled but were soon quarreling among themselves. Singly and together they found they were no match for him and he won his case.

This "country lawyer" is now one of the most renowned diplomats. He was William R. Day, ex-secretary of state and chairman of the United States peace commission. He is still a quiet man, but the representatives of the nations of the world have found that, as Senator Fairbanks said, he knows his business.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS AND SMALLPOX.

able shouters for religion when there is anything to be gained by the shouting; but where there is real danger that tries men's souls they are not infrequently conspicuous in their absence. Last week we recorded a Protestant tribute to the conduct of Bishop McSherry in visiting the lazaretto at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and risking his life in comforting and consoling the small-pox patients. This week we have to record the death of Father Chamard, an Oblate priest, who with equal devotion to duty tended small-pox patients in the lazaretto at Johannesburg till his health was ruined through inhaling the poisonout atmosphere. At the same time the Protestants of Port Elizabeth are raising a cry against their clergy who are strangely retiring in such cases where there is any danger or even slight inconvenience. Two men named Smith and Dawson, who were members of the Church of England, succumbed to small-pox, and it appears there was not a single Protestant minister to perform the funeral rites. "It can scarcely be a matter of surprise," writes "Church of England," in the Port Elizabeth Daily Telegraph, "that the clergy of Port Elizabeth have failed to gain respect of the public." Certaly not when they shirk their duty in the hour of peril.—Catholic Times Liverpool.

BEQUESTS OF A MILLIONAIRE TO CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

The news comes from Trenton, N. J., that in the will of Colonel Daniel Morris of Atlantic City, was probated at May's Landing several days ago, many charitable bequests are made.

To Bishop McFaul, of that city, is devised $90,000 for charitable purposes and $40,000 to found a home for the aged. To St. Michael's Orphan Asylum for boys, at Hopewell, which he built and to which he gave $50,000 during his lifetime, is left $25,000. St. Joseph's Home, Beverly, gets $10,000, St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, New Brunswick, $5,000, and St. Francis' Hospital, Trenton, $5,000.

The testator also left $5,000 to establish a scholarship for the diocese; $10,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, of Philadelphia, and $32,000 more is divided among nine Catholic hospitals and orphan asylums in Philadelphia.

Colonel Morris, who was seventy-nine years old, and a bachelor, died at his home, in Atlantic City, on Dec. 21st last. He surveyed the first railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, and laid out the plan and streets of the latter. He once had a fortune of about $1,000,000, most of which he gave away to charitable institutions and objects during his life.

To twelve nephews and nieces he left $1,000 each. Col. Morris built for an organization of young men known as the Morris Guards, an armory.

WHEN THE CENTURY BEGINS.

Quite a number of people will live through this year 1899 under the fond persuasion that they are witnessing the last of the nineteenth century, remarks our esteemed contemporary, The Northwest Review. Countless newspaper hints and innumerable advertisements, all taking for granted that the 99th year of this century is its last, keep up the curious delusion. One hardly knows how to account for such a manifest blunder. It ought to be plain as a pikestaff that 1900 is the hundredth year of the nineteenth century and that the century is not complete till its hundredth year is over. The mistake may perhaps have arisen from a confusion between cardinal and ordinal numbers. People forget that Jan. 1st, '99 is only the first day of the 99th year, which though it be labelled 99 (i. e. the 99th year) for a twelve month, will not be completely and truly 99 years till Dec. 31st is finished. Similarly, a centenarian enters upon his hundredth year as soon the 99th is completed but he is not really a hundred years old till his hundredth year is ended. This era will be 1900 years old just as the clock strikes midnight between Dec. 31, 1900 and Jan. 1., 1901.

Paris has been struck by "When does the twentieth century begin?" fever. Emmanuel Arene, the witty writer on the Figaro, says he dined at a house a few nights ago where nothing else was discussed from eight o'clock until midnight than this question. In the observatory, which has been dragged into the quarrel, has decided that the new century begins in the year 1901. This has struck dismay into the hearts of those who thought to inaugurate the twentieth century with the gigantic exposition, whereas they find they only showing out the nineteenth century.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

At a recent meeting of the Society of the Preventive of Consumption held in London, Eng., at which the Prince of Wales presided, Sir, William Broadbent, in referring to the need of such a society said:—

"The isolation and cure of those suffering is the very best and most efficient preventive measure, since a consumptive patient once lodged in a sanatorium ceases to be a focus from which the disease spreads. Your Royal Highness has visited Falkenstein, and can bear witness to the provision there made for the open-air treatment of phthisis, and of the success which attends it. Your Royal Highness may, therefore, well reproach us for lagging behind Germany in a matter of such importance. America also is in advance of this country, but it is only lately that the medical profession here has been convinced that the open-air treatment of consumption could be successfully carried out in this country. We have thought it necessary to send our patients on long voyages, or to the South of France, or to the germ-tree atmosphere of the high Alps. Now, however, experience gained in such diverse parts of the country as Edinburgh, Norfolk, and Ireland, to say nothing of the different winter resorts on the south-coast, has demonstrated that most satisfactory results can be obtained at home. The chance of recovery, formerly the privilege of the favored few, is thus open to all classes of the community. The associations, therefore, will advocate the erection of a sanatoria for every large centre of the population."

THE DEBT TO MOTHER.

Mothers live for their children; make self-sacrifice for them and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the mother is the sweetest in the human language. And yet sons youthful and aged know but little of the anxiety the sleepless nights and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over thoughtless waywardness. These loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches or prays in the privacy of her closet she weighs well the words that she will address to her a son in order to lead him to manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the grief and dreadful fears which beset her soul. She will warn him trembling lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy or successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of the great obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his heedless steps at the time when his character and virtue and purity were so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway, let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes or advice, let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness and yet he will part from her at the tomb with the debt to her not half discharged. — Le Couteulx Leader.

BILL DALY'S WOODEN LEG.

William Daly, the racehorse owner, better known as "Father Bill," is often the victim of practical jokers on the racetracks, but frequently gets off a little joke himself, and whenever he does it usually pays. His latest attempt in this line occurred during the fall meeting of the Aqueduct track, and he won $25 from a stranger who failed to recognize in a dusty, seedy-looking man "Father Bill." One of Bill's horses pulled up lame after a gallop, and as the colored boy jumped from his back Daly sent the boy to the stable for a pail of hot water. The boy returned, and Daly was about to put the horse's foot into the steaming hot water when the stranger stepped up. He looked on until the foot was finally shoved into the pail. Then he began to call Daly names because Daly was cruel to the horse.

Father Bill went on bathing the lame foot, but as the stranger broke out afresh he stopped in his work, and looking up said:

"Sure the water isn't hot at all."

"Yes, it is," yelled the stranger. You're a brute, and it would serve you just right to have your foot stuck in there."

Daly was quiet for a moment and then he said:

"I'll show you that it doesn't hurt by putting in my own foot."

"Bet you $25 you wont?" said the stranger. "You're too much of a coward or you wouldn't treat a dumb animal that way."

"Take him, Bill, Bet him," shouted the colored stable boy who stood by.

"Wel., put up your money," said Daly with a sly wink at the stable boy, which the stranger didn't see, for he was busy counting out the money. The colored boy held the stakes, and a fresh pail of steaming hot water was brought. Daly then pulled up his trousers and plunged in his foot, the water reaching almost to his knee.

"My God!" screamed the stranger, as Daly drew his foot out with a smile. "What are you made of?"

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Daly "but the leg is wood."—New York Sun.

Like the sunlight which fills the air all around us, and enters wherever there is an opening, so does the presence of God fill the whole universe, and enters every heart that opens to receive Him.

In actual life a point is soon reached when one must depend almost entirely on himself for guidance. The path is full of stones, ruts, pitfalls, and mud. Briars beset it; diverg ng paths perplex one; precipices and cliffs confront one unexpectedly, and well beaten roads, which lead through fields of daisies and other pretty but worthless weeds, tempt the weary and the weak. Then there are the marshes and the forests where there are no paths at all, and where insects or wild beasts harrass the struggler and make progress difficult and dangerous. Sooner or later in his progress through life, every man must face a determined resistance. Whether he can overcome it or not no one can decide but himself.

BEING EVEN WITH THE LAWYER.

A lawyer was sitting in his office the other week, when a stranger appeared at the door and said

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"

"Yes, sir, next door."

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed—

"Smith seems to be out."

"Of course he is. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you."

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned the next day and inquired of the lawyer—

"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"

"Oh, about a pound."

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranging was moving away when the lawyer said—

"My fee, please."

"I haven't a halfpenny to pay you."

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir!"

A VERY SANITARY HOUSE.

Japan has long rejoiced in earthquake-proof houses, and now we hear of an abode in Yokohama which possesses the un que distinction of being microbe proof. It is said to have been erected by an eminent German bacteriologist, who hopes by its aid to avoid all the ills to which human flesh is heir so far as they are due to zymotic causes. The house is built of glass bricks, so that there is no need for windows, and the doors when closed are perfectly air-tight. Ventilation is brought about by air being forced into the building through cotton-wool filters, and in case this treatment does not rob it of its bacteria, the air is further driven against glycerine-coated plates of glass. Of course when the door of this strange domicile is opened to admit visitors armies of air-borne microbes must come in too; but the sunlight which plays around the rooms will soon kill off these. We doubt whether this glass-case and cotton-wool treatment of human beings will bring any substantial advantage to the experimenters, and we should decidedly prefer a healthy, open-air life, microbes and all.— Chamber's Journal.

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(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 P.M.

Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:

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M. P. McGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger.
M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laprairie St

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 P.M. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSBER. Recording Secretary ALEX. PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa street.

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