THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

Speaking at a temperance meeting in Montreal, recently, Archbishop Bruchesi said: "I repeat there is no need for a single bar-room in Montreal. The selling of liquor in hotels where regular meals are served, I concede, but the bar where only liquor is served should and must be condemned." This timely utterance of His Grace of Montreal makes the movement that is being initiated in Ireland against liquor bars particularly interesting to RECORD readers. Writing on this new phase of the temperance movement in the Dublin Leader, Mr. Edward Martyn says: "The standing bar! This is what has made drunkards of so many Irish people. . . . . There never was an institution like the public-house and standing bar so well calculated to make drunkards. The ease and convenience with which men and women can drink, the privacy, if required, of the snuggery, combined to make that English invention, the standing bar, an irresistible propaganda for drunkenness."

"What, then, is the remedy for our state of drunkenness! The abolition by law of the standing bar and the public-house, and the substitution of the continental café system, where there are no standing bars, where everyone must sit at a table, and be served by a waiter, where food can be obtained as in a restaurant, where there are no snuggeries, and where the passer-by outside may see in through the windows. This is the system of sober countries, whose system we must adopt, if we can hope to become like them, sober."

The abolition of the bar room is the remedy being advocated in Ireland. And it is the remedy for Canada also. It is the remedy advocated by Archbishop Bruchesi, who knows the extent of the evil, and of whom his worst enemies cannot say he is a fanatic. You may pass early closing bills — you may fight about local option—you may cut down licenses, but all this is but tinkering with the disease. The cause of the disease is the institution itself, and if we want a permanent cure the cause must be removed. So long as people can slide into a bar-room and drink behind closed doors, so long will we have drunkards. It is the bar-room makes drunkards. Very few are so lost to self respect that they will sit down under the public gaze and make beasts of themselves. Let the light shine on these hidden haunts and, like the vermin that congregate under a stone, they will fly from the light of day.

The abolition of the bar, and the substitution of the café, where the poor as well as the rich can dine at convenient hours, is the surest, the only effective cure for the drink evil. Let no intoxicating drink be sold except in such cafés. This project may seem exaggerated and absurd. But it is one that deserves the serious consideration of temperance reformers. And a little thought will show that it is not a utopian scheme. It can materialize in fact if only the people have faith in it, and, to me at least, it seems more rational and more practical, and better calculated to achieve its end than local option. What do Corner readers think of it?

If you make it too hard for people to be good they will be bad. Local option is zeal run riot. In a lesser sense total abstinence is a drastic remedy. True indeed the evil calls for a drastic remedy. But the rational thing is temperance. And the café system is best calculated to promote that end.

Whilst on this subject of intemperance I would like to call the attention of our Temperance Societies to a serious defect in their organization. They have saved thousands from becoming or remaining drunkards, but what have they substituted for the saloon! Palatial club rooms where young and old congregate to play pool. That being so their existence is justified only on the principle that of two evils we should choose the least. A Temperance Society with men and money and good quarters should be an educational force in our social life. It should be a rallying point for culture. It should make its members better intellectually. You who know our temperance societies, know how far short they fall of this ideal. And those of us who have any interest in such matters know what little support our much-lauded societies give our projects. Think of the splendid opportunities wasted! And compare our attitude with the activity of the sects in this regard! Without any weakening of our regard for the moral virtues we might cultivate a little more love for the social and intellectual graces. Most of us think that Catholicity, like charity, covers a multitude of defects.

The thought of Heaven—its peace, its bliss, its eternity—makes trouble endurable and virtue easy to practice.

I look at what I have not, and think myself unhappy; others look at what I have, and think me happy.—Abbe Roux.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EMPLOYEES ARE SILENT PARTNERS

Employers do not seem to realize that if they call out the worst, if they arouse what is mean, narrow, despicable in their employees, it is a reflection upon themselves. Like calls out like. You cannot expect to call out the divine qualities of another when you send out only what is devilish in yourself. Is there any philosophy by which you can expect those about you to be always polite and kind, responsive and obliging to you, when you are mean and contemptible to them? You may be sure that they will pay you in you own coin. Just because you yourself do not happen to feel right, or may have been out on a debauch, you cannot go around among your employees and vent your spleen upon them, and expect them to be deferential, cheerful, and obliging to you. They will answer your frown with a frown. It may be somewhat suppressed or masked, but you will not get a smile for it. You will get hatred for hatred. It may not be so plainly expressed, but it will rankle in the heart all the same. What your employees give you will be a pretty good picture of yourself, an echo of what you give them.

It is a serious thing to throw black shadows across the life of a fellow struggler; for, after all, the difference between you and your employees is largely that of costume and paraphernalia. You may dress a little better, have better things to eat, a more comfortable place to sleep in, and yet they may have qualities that are much superior to yours.

It is a pretty serious thing, Mr. Employer, to vent your spleen upon those who are really doing their best to help you succeed. Did you ever think that your success depends very largely upon your employees, that they are really silent partners, that you could not possibly get rich without them?

Did you ever think that many of those working for you might, given opportunities as good as those you have had, be vastly superior to you?

You would better be a little careful how you treat those young people who are working for you, Mr. Employer, because even without your superior advantages and opportunities they may some day be employers themselves in your line, and you may be obliged to look up to them for advanced ideas. They may, sometime, become your superiors.

How often have I seen employers humiliated in after years in meeting those who had once worked for them, and who had been humiliated and abused a thousand times by them, and who had been humiliated and abused a thousand times by them, but who had pushed to the front and were in positions of power, often above those of their former employers!

Many employers do not praise, upon principle. They think it is very bad for the employee; that criticism is much better than appreciation. Nothing is falser than this idea. Some people are so constituted that they live upon appreciation and praise. They cannot do good work without it. They require it as a stimulus. There is nothing that the average employee will work harder for than commendation or an expression of appreciation. The fact is, there is nothing else which will so tie him to his employer as a feeling that he is appreciated. Nothing will so enhearten him as a word of praise when he tries to do his best.

Thousands of young people work for years in positions where they are fairly famishing for a word of appreciation, for a little praise when they try to do well; but they never get it.

I have known an employee to spend hours, days even, trying to do a special piece of work unusually well, hoping to attract the attention of his employer or to get commendation, and then have it received not only with absolute indifference, but, perhaps, even with criticism of some detail that was of very little consequence.

Do not be afraid to praise heartily. Do not give a little pinched, stinted appreciation as though you are afraid you will spoil your employee. Be wholehearted and generous in your praise. You will be surprised to see how he will respond.

Many a successful man found the turning-point of their career in a little praise, a little hopeful encouragement!

How many people date their first inspiration, their first step upward, from an encouraging letter, appreciation of something they did, or a word of praise which kindled hope, or aroused ambition and determination to be somebody in the world.—O. S. M. in Success.

START OVER

Among the papers of the late Dr. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, was found a memorandum that read thus:

"If I were a boy again, I would read every book that I could reach. I would strive to find out from good books how good men lived.

"If I were a boy again, I would cultivate new patience with the faults of others, and study my own with greater care. I would strive for humility.

"If I were a boy again, I would more and more cultivate the company of those older, whose graces of person and mind would help me on in my own work. I would always seek good company.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the Bible even more than I did. I would make it a mental companion. The Bible is a necessity for every boy.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the life and character of our Saviour persistently, that I might become more and more like Him."

I suppose each of us has at some time or other thought or spoken of what we would do if it were possible to jump over the intervening years and begin anew!

Once I recall talking to a wise old man—at least he was wise in many ways—who said "If I had my life to live over, I think I should do just about what I have done."

Most of us, however, have an idea we would do very differently." But it matters little what we think or say in connection with this subject, for we can't! That's the beginning and the end of it.

No, not the end of it.

For while we cannot begin again at the start of the road, what is there to hinder our making a new beginning right where we are now?

Houses are often remodeled and made as different as possible from their first state without having their foundations altered in any way whatever!

Why not men?

In this new beginning I think we would have a hard time finding a better set of rules than those suggested by Dr. Harper's memorandum.

To read—especially to read biography; to cultivate patience with the faults of others and study our own with more fairness; to seek good company whose "graces of person and mind" would help us; to study the Bible and try to be more like the First Gentleman—these are things we can do without journeying back to the fields of boyhood or girlhood.

And so far as a majority of us are concerned, they are things we need to do.—Leigh M. Hodges in Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY'S JOB

When a boy gets a "job" that he wants to keep, he cannot afford to define his duties too closely. If he does he is apt to soon find himself in the unfortunate position of a boy "out of a job" when he needs one. A widow with five children once came to me to enlist my help in securing a place for her boy of twelve years during the summer months when he was out of school. I was able to get him a very good place in an office. He was to get $4 a week, working from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, with every Saturday afternoon "off." Within a week the boy was out of a job. The man who had employed him was a good friend of mine, and I dropped into his office one afternoon and asked:

"What was the matter with the Blank boy? Why didn't he keep his place?"

"Too particular in regard to what he was to do," was the reply.

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, the second day he was here I told him to dust things in the office, and he said that was the work of the man who cleaned out the office. So it was, but as the man had for some reason neglected this part of his work, and I did not want the office to go as it was, and the boy had nothing to do, I asked him to dust it."

"And he was not willing to do it?

"He said that it wasn't his 'place' to dust it; and when I asked him to help my stenographer with some work she was doing in the way of getting out a lot of circulars, he said that it was not his 'place' to do that. I then told him that a good place for him was at home, if he did not want to be useful in any way that he could to his employeer. I can't have a boy working for me who would rather sit around idle than do things he was not specifically engaged to do."

No other man is going to have a boy around him who is afraid that he will do something it is not his "place" to do. The boy who is willing to do what his hands find to do to help his employer, will advance far more rapidly than the boy who is "fussy" in regard to his duties. I like better the spirit of an alert, bright-eyed boy of twelve or fourteen years who was asked by his employer if he would mind doing some thing it was was really the "place" of someone else to do, and the boy said cheerily:

"Sure not! My time is yours."

It is a good thing for a boy to remember that his time belongs to his employer during the hours of the day for which he is receiving pay, and if he shows a willingness to be of service in every way possible, he will not only hold his position, but will be likely to be advanced to something better before very long.—Catholic Sun.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS

A girl stood on the lower step of the porch in a traveling suit, with bag in hand. A varied group, surrounded, her some young, some old, and some little children. They were bidding her good-by.

"Be sure to come again," said one.

"We'll see you in town," said another.

"Don't forget you promised to write," called a third.

"We wish you weren't going," came from a window overhead.

"I wish so, too," exclaimed the girl impulsively. "You've all been so good to me."

"Good to her!" exclaimed a woman, as the traveler finally disappeared. "Good to her! It is she who has been good to us."

"Mother, who will play with me now?" said little Elsie.

"Or with me?" cried another child.

"Who will read to me or talk to me?"

So the talk went on, while the girl under discussion was carried back by train to the dust city, to the dimlit office. When she reached it the following morning her vacation was over. She looked about her—her desk was in its accustomed place, the typewriter on it, the pile of letters, everything was so familiar. It almost seemed as if she had not been away. She seated herself and uncovered her machine. Even as she did so a peace settled on her, a gladness for life, a joy in living.

"It is because every one has been so good to me," said she aloud turning to the pile of letters.

But in the little town where she had passed her vacation, and where she had had a bright word, a nod, a smile for every one she met, they are telling a different story, and when I met the girl the other day, I was inclined to think that what they said was true.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ST. LUCY

A little girl of the name of Lucy would like to know something of her patroness. The following brief sketch may be a world of satisfaction to her;

Saint Lucy, an Italian, lived in the third century. In sketches of her life, written in recent years, the year 304 is given as that of her death. You will notice that the same year is given as the time of the death of many saints. Diocletian, in the year 303, ordered a general persecution of the Christians. This persecution, in all its fury, lasted nearly three years, but even then it did not cease in many places.

It is no wonder that many were put to death about the year 304; and when you notice the date you first thought will be that the one mentioned was a martyr.

Lucy was born in Sicily. Her parents were Christians, but her father dying when she was only a child, her mother, Eutychia, educated her in Christian doctrines and virtues.

A young pagan, a nobleman, asked the mother for Lucy; and strange as it may seem, the mother consented to allow her daughter to marry him. But Lucy refused not only because he was a pagan, but because she wished to devote her life wholly to God.

About this time Eutychia was attacked with a dangerous illness. Lucy persuaded her to go to Cantana, to visit the tomb of Saint Agatha. The prayers of mother and daughter were heard, and through the intercession of Saint Agatha the mother was restored to health.

Ever after the mother united in the good works of her daughter. Both sold their jewels and distributed their riches among the poor.

The young pagan who had asked Lucy in marriage, heard that they were giving away their wealth, and knowing that was what many Christians did with their money, he complained of Lucy and her mother, and the governor ordered their arrest.

Lucy was the one against whom his fury was directed. In various ways she was tortured, and also in various ways God gave signs of His love. She was kept in prison for many days, and at last her pure soul went home to God. She died in the prison as a result of the tortures which had been inflicted upon her.—Catholic Telegraph.

WIT AND HUMOR

A printer in making up the forms in a hurrry got a marriage notice and grocer's adv. mixed up, so that it read as follows: "John Brown and Ida Grey were united in the flour by the quarter or barrel. Mr. Brown is a well-known codfish at eight cents per lb., while the bride, Miss Grey, has some nice pig's feet, which will be sold cheaper than at any shop in town."

A Chinese laundryman in Oakland, Cal., recently had his troubles with a watch that habitually lost time. So he took the time piece to the nearest watchmaker.

"Watchee no good to Charlie Lee," said he, briefly, pushing it across the counter. "You fixee him, eh?"

"Certainly," said the watchmaker. "What seems to be the matter with it?"

"Oh, him too muchee by 'n' by," said Charles Lee.

Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne) when once making a railroad journey, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said "Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said, "George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a hastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train," said Artemus solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said: "What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked up the car, but at last came back and said, "You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said,

"What was his other name?"

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS

Until Released by Wonderful Samaria Prescription

Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves. The steady or periodical (spree) drinker is often forced to drink even against his will by his unnatural physical condition.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health and makes drink actually distasteful and nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless, and can be given with or without the knowledge of the patient.

Thousands of Canadian homes have been saved from misery and disgrace by some devoted wife, mother or daughter through this wonderful Canadian remedy. The money formerly wasted in drink has restored happiness, home comforts, education and respect to the families formerly in want and despair.

Read the following, one of the numerous unsolicited testimonials received:

"I can never repay you for your remedy. It is worth more than life to me. My husband has been offered liquor several times, but would not touch it. He said it had no charm for him now. May God's choice blessings ever rest on you, and yours, are my prayers ever. No one knows it but those who have tried it. As soon as I can I will see others that I know would give anything to stop their husbands from drink. I will give them your address.

Mrs. K——Dewinton, Alta.

(Name withheld on request.)

Now, if you know of any family needing this remedy, tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its awful clutches. Samaria Prescription is used by Physicians and Hospitals.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to any one asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St. Toronto, Canada.

Never Had Its Equal

ROCHESTER, N. Y. MAN, FOUND SOMETHING GOOD IN CANADA

Mr. Thos. Johnston, whose home is in Rochester, N. Y., is enthusiastic over one Canadian product at least. He says: "While visiting in Milibrook, Ont., I was suffering from a sprained knee, and could get nothing to help me until my father gave me a bottle of Egyptian Liniment which relieved me in a few minutes. I never had anything to equal it in my life. I am sure if your Liniment was introduced to the people of Rochester it would sell like hot cakes."

Quick work is one of the strong points of Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. It goes right to the spot. It stops bleeding at once, prevents proud flesh or inflammation, and is a positive safeguard against blood-poisoning. It will instantly relieve all kinds of aches and soreness.

Twenty-five cents at all druggists. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

THE PEACE AND SECURITY OF CONVERSION

What a matter for thanksgiving it is to have a mind so enlightened as to understand God's miracles of mercy in the life, death and glory of His Son, and to believe in them without a single misgiving: "Giving thanks to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the saints in light" (Col. i., 13). Cardinal Newman speaks of "the dismay and disgust which I felt in consequence of the first dreadful misgiving" that Anglicanism was not any part of God's true Church. But after he had become a Catholic, indeed many years afterwards, he speaks of the peace and joy in the Holy Ghost that had been continuously granted him with the true faith: "I have had perfect peace and contentment. I never have had one doubt . . . It was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption" (Apologia, Part vii).

So says every convert. It is not so much that he has gained peace and possesses it, but rather that peace has gained him and taken possession of him, peace surpassing all understanding and overflowing all measure of joy.

All Christians are familiar with the joy of pardon, which sweetly invades our hearts after confession, the sense of forgiveness and reconciliation, a miracle of gentle sweetness and peace. But it is reserved for comparatively a few to know the ecstasy of conversion. The Catholic Christian Church of Jesus Christ! It is mine at last. And what was a superstitious dream has changed into a heavenly revelation of truth. And the zealous Catholic who makes converts, he it is who bestows that joy on his neophyte. It is at his command that the convert beholds the blessed vision of eternal peace, saying with St. Peter: "Believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable (I. Peter. i, 3.)

"Now there remaineth a rest for the people of God" (Heb. iv. 9) Faith is that rest, the first and last, the temporal and eternal rest of God's friends. It is enjoyed in varying degrees, according to one's spirit of enquiry and of love. But especially is faith a harbor of peace to a convert, for he has battled his way into it through the stress and storm of opposition, doubt, misgiving." "This is my rest, here shall I dwell because I have chosen it." (Ps. cxxxi, 14.)

"My restful joy (he exclaims) is in finding the truth of God, taught me by His appointed teachers. My convictions are rooted in God's truthfulness. His Church is infallible in teaching and I am certain in believing." The mountains shall be moved and the hills shall tremble; but My mercy shall not depart from thee, and the covenant of My peace shall not be moved" (Isais liv, 10) God's Church is my rest, and her sacraments are God's welcome to me. As God is all good and all wise so am I a Catholic. O! what a boon to know that if one would possess God he has but this simple beginning to make: To believe whatsoever He teaches His Church and to believe it on His truthfulness, "who can neither deceive nor be deceived."

An old saying runs thus: A work well begun is half done. The life work of every Christian is entire union with God in faith and love: faith begins and love completes this union. In the career of Christian perfection one progresses only by beginning constantly. Over and over again is the motto of all spiritual progress. And herein it is that the plummet of faith sounds the depth of love in revealing new reasons for beginning to love God. Ever ancient and ever new is St. Augustine's praise of God's beauty. And renewal of heart in ever-freshened loyality to God is dependant on the recurrent influences of the grace of faith.

The topmost branch of the tree of Catholic life bears its fruit only if the lowest root is sunk deep in the heart of God. And the Council of Trent affirms that that is the grace of: "Faith is the root of all justification."

Imagine, if you can, a fervent Christian discounting by flippant words the intensity of belief in an article of faith. Catholicity is sound when the root of faith is living and integral. One may boast of practising virtue, but if the virtue of faith wavers, every other virtue is open to suspicion. A tainted root generates defective fruit. One may do wonderful things for God and man, but if he will not believe God's doctrine delivered through His Church, he lacks a necessary element of every virtue and we have reason to distrust him. But if one be a convicted criminal, and if he had but a sincere faith, we are right in trusting that God will add other graces and finally save him. God grant us His own depth of joy in our faith: "Be ye filled with the Holy Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to God" (Eph. v, 18-19).

Sometimes we say of a man: I have known him for years, therefore I understand his character. And experience shows that this is the plain guarantee for right discernment of character. But what of understanding God? I have known God since early childhood, and how little do I know of His character, O how little. I know Our Saviour's deeds and the words of His teaching; do I really know His character? "Learn of Me," He says, "that I am meek and humble of heart." I have gone to school to Him for half a lifetime, and do I as yet know His meekness? I have received Him in Communion and been permeated by His Holy Spirit ever so many times, and have I really gained a practical knowledge of His heart and of His character? The sum total of it is, that in my inner soul I have only a faint notion of the infinitude of the divine power and love, and a very superficial information of even the external traits of Our Lord's character.

Yet if intimate acquaintance is needed for personal knowledge, then Christ offers it to us. By Holy Communion He dwells in us and we in Him. By the grace of faith His gospel maxims are written on the very tablets of our hearts. Especially is He daily crucified among us in holy Mass. And in all these ways He has been with us for many years, meanwhile keeping in our most secret souls a monitor to help us accept His loving friendship, assimilate His divinity, be guided by His holy will—a monitor who is God the Holy Ghost. Meanwhile which of us dare say that his act of faith is a truthful profession of a veritable knowledge of Christ?

"When God gives us faith, He enters into our soul and speaks to our spirit, not by manner of discourse, but by way of inspiration, proposing unto the understanding that which ought to be believed, but doing it in so sweet a manner that the will receives therefrom a great complacency (Love of God, Bk. II, ch. xiv). St. Francis de Sales thus teaches us, that the gift of faith is accompanied by an inspiration of sweetness. This is needful; for who believes anything against his will? "A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still," is one of the truest of adages. Heartfelt certitude is hardly to be acquired about matters against which the heart itself violently rebels. Faith is a gift of sweetness as well as of truth. Faith is no cold conclusion that something is truer than its contradictory. Faith is a human sentiment of love for truth, elevated to a divine sentiment and permeated with God's joy. It is thus capable of readily blazing up into a divine passion, making heroes, making martyrs.

Therefore, my belief and my affections, my profession of the truth and my feelings, my religious bearing and my innermost motives, all must equally be inspired and joyously elevated. This may come slowly to us, but it is the true state of a faithful Christian, and is not long delayed. He must sooner or later be inspired as well as instructed, and it is in that mood that he joyously receives all Catholic truth, accepts readily and easily the dogmas of councils and of pontiffs as well as the usual and ordinary teaching of the Church as currently accepted among all orders of the faithful.

But it may be asked: What has sentiment to do with knowledge? No one who has had experience in convert-making will ever ask that question. Conviction, persuasion, especially the final impulse of conversion, are as much the result of courage and disinterested as of argumentation. We knew a priest who spent four weeks of almost daily argumentation with a bright and earnest young Protestant seminarian, obtaining in due time several promises of joining the Church—always afterwards postponed for further argumentation. At last the priest refused to go on till the young man had spent three days in spiritual retreat without a word of doctrinal discussion. Before the three days were done he eagerly arranged for reception into the Church.

Not only must error and doubt be banished, but self-will and worldliness must be bidden farewell and also timidity and human respect, before one can say farewell to doctrinal delusion. Weak nature not only questions the truth of Catholic dogmas, but about many a one of them it exclaims: "This is a hard saying" (John, vi: 61). The truths of religion are inseparably associated with chastity and humility and many another difficult virtue. It often takes heroic virtue to change from the vague rule of a Protestant conscience to the distinct and peremptory command of a Catholic one.—The Missionary.

Diminishing Drink Traffic

Speaking recently in Galway, at the quarterly meeting of St. Patrick's Temperance League of the West, Bishop O'Dea, after administering the temperance pledge to all present and urging them to wear their badges, said that the temperance movement had diminished the actual consumption of porter during the eleven months ending September 1, by well over £9,000 ($45,000) in Galway. If he included in his estimate the three dioceses he thought he would not be wrong in estimating the saving at about £27,000 or £30,000. During the same period they had spent on porter about £60,000.

The Bishop went on to ask if there was less tippling, less downright drunkenness since the crusade began. His information went to show that there was much less drunkenness and much less tippling. "But is there some still?" "Brethren," declared the Bishop emphatically, "it is time that we should put an end once and for all in this Catholic city of Galway and in Catholic Ireland to the sins of drunkenness which used to be common in the past. I am ashamed of an Irishman, ashamed of a Catholic and ashamed of the Catholic Bishop of Catholic Galway when I see any man or woman showing the signs of drink, not to speak of drunkenness."

Using too Much Vinegar

"Certain Catholics imagine," say St Peter's Net, "the best methods of promoting the interests of the Church is to cavil and quarrel with everyone they meet. They are always arguing, and arguing with bitterness, acrimony, and even ferocity. They are not satisfied with a quiet and calm discussion, when they see a suitable time and place, or with putting in a seasonable word now and again. They are under the impression that they will convert this country by their arguments and much speaking.

An argument has an attraction to many minds. There is a certain delight in giving and receiving hard logical knocks. It affords, too, an opportunity for persons to display their attainments, and panders very much to an extravagant over self estimation. But America will never be converted in this way. Of course, we do not say that a Catholic should avoid discussions. We admit that he may seek occassions for them when and where there is a prospect of doing good, or defending or teaching the truth. But we can and do have too much of this."

Xmas Decorations

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