

Over The River.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing
blue.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own
blue;
He crossed in the twilight grey and cold,
And the pale mist loved him from mortal
view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled
hands,
And fearfully entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sand,
And all our sobs grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angelic;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and
pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the water's
sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearn-
ing hearts.
They cross the stream and are gone for
aye,
We may not under the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of
day.
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen
shore,
They watch and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is fading river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand in the water's
fold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall wait for the gleam of the sailing
sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman
pale.
To the better shore of the spirit land,
I shall know, when the boat has gone
before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river the mystic river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Queen Margaret has prevented the destruction of two beautiful little chapels of St. Stanislaus Kotaka, in Rome, belonging to ruined convents. In one of these chapels the present Pope, Leo XIII., said his first Mass.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a boat which, when the first and little blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw out, then it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—St. Augustin.

Some faces catch the reflection of the moment so vividly that you never see them twice alike. Others, solidly and comely as they are, scarcely vary at all, and I think it is of these last that one would soonest weary. Irregular features have generally more character. The Venus de Medici would have made a very stupid friend, companion, nor would I venture to enter, for Oxford honors, a son who had the profile of the Apollo Belvidere.—Miss Muloch.

The Missions Catholiques officially announce the beatification of Fathers Camel and Peyboire, missionaries. These were the first members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith raised to the altar, and, as Mgr. Lamaze, Bishop of Olympe, in a letter to the Missions says, "There can be no doubt but that Leo XIII. wishes the glorification of the martyrs to be also the glorification of that Society, a recompense and encouragement to its associates, and especially to those generous Christians who form its councils."

The next Cardinalatial Consistory will take place either at the end of December or in March. The reason why it is thought that it will take place in March, and not sooner, is that no one of those who will be created Cardinals have received intimation of the fact. Now, this information they must receive at least a month before the Consistory, in order to make the necessary arrangements. It is said that amongst the Cardinals will be the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Malines, and an American Archbishop.

In a letter to a Scotch correspondent Sir William Harcourt has inflicted a merited castigation upon his Grace of Argyll. Referring to the recent land legislation, which is so bitterly condemned by the Duke because it has topped some thousands from his rental, Sir William admits that much may be said in theory against State adjustment of rents, "but the doctrines of the Duke of Argyll, illustrated by the practice of the Marquis of Clanricarde, have been too much for the freedom of contract." We may add that the Duke of Argyll's doctrines are illustrated by nobody better than by himself. The reductions made on the Clanricarde estates by the Land Commissioners, large as they have been, represent a much larger average of reduction than that made by the Scotch Commissioners who have come to the relief of the miserable cottiers on the Argyll estates.

Gratitude is so eloquent, so graceful, so persuasive a missioner. It is not only a virtue in ourselves, but it makes others good and virtuous also. It is a blessedly humbling thing to be gratefully remembered to be affectionately remembered by those about us. And gratitude makes our benefits look so little that we long to multiply and enlarge them, while it softens our hearts and unites from them all manner of little antipathies, mean jealousies, petty rivalries, and cold suspicions. . . . It is the sign of a vulgar man, that he cannot bear to be under an obligation. . . . A grateful man cannot be a bad man; and it were a sad thing indeed if either in the practice or the esteem of this virtue the heathen should surpass the disciples of that grateful Master, who, at the end of time and in the busy pageant of the Judgment, will remember and repay the cup of cold water given in His name.—Father Faber.

it permissible to affiliate one's self to a society, the scope whereof is the propagation of the practice of the cremation of human bodies?—returns answer in the negative, adding that: "When it is question of societies affiliated to Freemasonry, they incur the penalties inflicted on the latter. To the second question: Is it allowable to procure the cremation of one's own corpse, or those of others? The answer was likewise negative. The Holy Father, approving the decision aforesaid, ordered the communication thereof made to the Bishops of the Catholic world, to warn their flocks against the deadly abuse of cremation.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO CATHOLIC ZEAL.

A Protestant missionary, Mr. R. J. Davidson, of Hanchung, has been giving, in a magazine called *The Friend of Missions*, his candid opinion of Catholicism in China. It is an extraordinary contrast to the crude and bigoted notions about the Catholic Church which find circulation among so many Protestants at home.

"I was rather struck," Mr. Davidson says, "with a speech at the Richmond Conference about the activity of the Roman Catholics, and to find that away in the West of America they were said to be more numerous than all the other bodies of Christians combined; and here we find them just the same. How they do work!"

In Chentu, I heard there were about ten thousand Roman Catholics. Just lately a priest has come to live here, and opened a house, and has taken away some of the stragglers of the Church. At Ch'eng K'u, twenty-five miles from here, there are quite a number, and it is wonderful the knowledge of the Gospel some of them have. When one of their members was told that we were not the same, and that Roman Catholics worship the cross and such things, he said, 'No we do not; we only have them in remembrance of the death of Christ.'

THE DOOR TO BE CLOSED.

The Chevalier Gerald de Hampe, a very rich and proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast. At the conclusion of a sumptuous repast, his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the Chevalier loved flattery, he can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One man among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:

"Sir Knight," he said, in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing, but that is a very important item.

"And what thing is that?" demanded the Knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be nailed up," replied his guest.

"At this rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerald himself looked as much as to say, 'This man is mad.' Whining, however, to have the clue to this enigma, he continued, 'But which door do you mean?' he demanded.

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

These words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all things earthly; from thenceforth he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He was completely altered, and only made use of his riches for good works thus laying up for himself an eternal inheritance.

THE TELEPHONE INVENTOR AND HIS RISE IN THE WORLD.

The story of Alexander Graham Bell reads like a romance. Little more than a decade ago this man, who came originally from Canada, and is said to be now worth \$5,000,000, was walking about the streets of Washington, peddling his telephone stock at 10 cents on the dollar and with no buyers. He was, says the New York Graphic, in the phraseology of the day, literally "upon his uppers." Before that time he had been teaching a deaf and dumb school in Boston at a salary that brought him a very lean support. He had married a deaf mute with not only beauty, but considerable property, a bit of which had been sunk in the effort to place his telephone before the public. At that time they boarded in a shabby looking house on Four-and-a-half street, a little distance from the Washington jail. Now they live in one of the finest residences at the capital, for which he paid \$125,000, and he and his sweet-faced wife are surrounded by all the luxury that great wealth can procure. Nor has he forgotten his own days of hard struggle nor the early profession which at one time brought him means to procure his daily bread. Just across the street from his big house is a charming little cottage, where on three days of every week he gathers a class of deaf mute children and teaches them the things that will help to brighten their silent lives.

The mayor put himself at the head of his troops, in compliance with his orders, and marched towards the field where the Christians were assembled in great numbers. As they were passing with measured tread and clang of armor, by a low-roofed house, a poor woman issued hurriedly from it, leading a little boy by the hand.

She was in such great haste that she noticed nothing, looking straight forward, and passed, with the child, directly through the file of soldiers.

The mayor, astonished, instantly caused her to be arrested and brought before him—then halted his troops.

"Woman," he asked, "what ails you? Why are you in such a desperate haste?"

"Sir," she replied, out of breath, "I am going to the place where the priest is to celebrate Mass to-day."

"You are not then, aware, that I am on my way to put to death all the Christians I shall find there?"

The woman then perceived that it was the mayor; so, looking around upon the soldiers, she replied: "Oh, yes, sir, I know it; and that is why we are in such a hurry. I feared we should be too late."

"Late! Late for what?"

"Too late to die for Christ."

"What! Would you sacrifice also your child?"

"My child, sir, would not be left behind. He is to share my happiness and joy."

The mother again took the hand of her boy, and both hurried away to the field to assist at the Mass.

The mayor and his soldiers stood awhile mute with astonishment, gazing on the rapidly retreating forms of the mother and child, then sheathed their swords and vowed that they would never execute so cruel and barbarous an order.

Thus the lives of many Christians were saved by the faith and heroism of a mother and child.

TITLED TOMFOOLERY.

Mark Twain is at times very serious, as in his remarks concerning the influence which foreign novels have upon young Americans. He speaks wisely and suggestively when he says:

"The most effective way to train an impressionable young mind and establish for all time its standards of fine and vulgar, right and wrong, and good and bad, is through the imagination; and the ingenious manipulator of the imagination is the feloniously written romance. The statistics of any public library will show that of every hundred books read by our people, about seventy are novels—and nine tenths of them foreign ones. They fill the imagination with an unhealthy fascination for foreign life, with its dukes and earls and kings, its fuses and feathers, its graceful immunities, its sugar-coated injustices and oppressions; and this fascination breeds a more or less pronounced dissatisfaction with our country and form of government, and contempt for our republican commonplaces and simplicities; it also breeds longings for something 'better,' which presently crops out in diseased shams and imitations of that ideal foreign life."

—Colorado Catholic.

PEN-PICTURE OF THE DRUNKARD'S CAREER.

"Opportunity makes the thief," says the proverb; and "Idleness is the fountain-head of all vice," says our old pastor. Jan did not know what to do with himself the whole day long. He went to the inn, at first to amuse himself, then from habit; he drank first one dram, then two, then several.

HARMFUL LITERATURE.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

That great saint of the Catholic Church, St. Teresa, when about fourteen years old was a victim to the passion for reading romances. At that time, the beginning of the sixteenth century, there was, if we may so express it, a perfect epidemic of Spanish romances, and the desire for reading them was stimulated to an unnatural and hurtful degree. Teresa was a precocious child, of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament. Her parents were both good, pious people, and very careful of her religious education. The father especially was inclined to be very strict with his daughter, but the mother, who seems to have been infected with the prevalent passion for romance, was inclined to indulge the daughter in that kind of reading without the knowledge of the father, who disapproved of it. Of course the romances that the mother and daughter read were of the least objectionable kind, yet the saint, in her autobiography, says that her mother's excessive fondness for books of chivalry was harmful to her children, though it did not hurt her mother so much as it hurt her, because her mother never wasted her time on them. "Only we, her children," she says, "were left at liberty to read them. . . . It annoyed my father so much that we had to be careful of reading these books, and this little fault which I observed in my mother was the beginning of lukewarmness in my good desires. I thought there was no harm in it when I wasted many hours, night and day, in so vain an occupation, even when I kept it from my father. So completely was I mastered by the passion that I thought I could never be happy without a new book." And for these two faults she never forgave herself. And, but for the fact that she states that she had no evil intention at the time and was assured by her director that she had not committed any sin, we should judge of her strong expressions of self-deprecation that she had been guilty of very great sin.

What a lesson is here for mothers and daughters! If there was an epidemic of romance in St. Teresa's day, what shall we say of the times in which we live, when novels are multiplied by the hundred thousand and are devoured with the greatest avidity by every class and condition in society, and when parents too often seem reckless and careless of the books which their children read?

How many souls who have not the special graces which were vouchsafed to St. Teresa are ruined by the pernicious trash with which the country is flooded. God only knows and eternity alone will reveal.

SUNDAY ALL THE WEEK.

In alluding to the universal Catholic practice of keeping the churches open during the week, in order to satisfy the desire of the faithful, Fanny Fern wrote as follows:

"Our Catholic brethren have set us at least one good example, their churches are not as silent as the tomb on week days. There worshippers do not do their religion on a Sunday. It may be only for a few moments that they step in through that open church door on a week day, to kneel and lay down a burden too heavy else to be borne.

I like the custom. I should rather say, I like the reminder, and the opportunity thus afforded them, and I heartily wish that all our Protestant churches could thus be opened. If rich Christians object to the promiscuous use of their velvet cushions and gilded prayer books, at least let the aisle and the altar be free for those who need God on week days—for the poor, the tired, the tempted—for those who shrink in their shabby habiliments from the Sunday exhibitions of fine toilets and superfluous Christianity.

I was a minister, and obliged to preach to paupers and diamonds and satins on Sunday, I think I should have to ease my heart in some such way as this to make my pastoral life endurable, else my office would seem to me the most hollow of all mockeries.

"The rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all," should be inscribed on the outside of my church door had I one. I could not preach to those paupers and their owners' tongues would be paralyzed at the sight of these kneeling distortions of womanhood, bearing such resemblance to organ grinder's monkeys. I am not sure that I should grow hysterical over it, and laugh and cry over it at the same breath, instead of preaching. I can tell what vent my disgust would take, but I am sure that it must have some escape valve. You may say that such worshippers (Heaven save the remark!) need preaching. I tell you that women, so given over to the devil and all his works, given over to the devil and all his works, are past praying for—"having eyes that see not, having ears that hear not."

Those that never read a Catholic paper, the loudest to complain of the dullness of the Catholic Press.

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THE FAILURE OF MARRIAGE DISCUSSION.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mrs. Mona Caird's article in the *Freeman's Review*, with the title, "Is Marriage a Failure?" which question she answered in the affirmative, has been exciting a good deal of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. At one time the discussion threatened to degenerate into a silly farce, and to become one of those unclean things which a self-respecting person could not even look upon. But the debate has assumed a more serious aspect in the past few days. To a Catholic such a question must seem foolish in the extreme. Marriage being to him a sacrament, he knows that it cannot be a failure under any circumstances, however men and women dishonor themselves by violating its solemn vow. Still, the mere fact of such a discussion going on may be a healthier indication of moral instincts yet remaining in the outside world than would be a mere flaccid indifference. Byron makes "Manfred" say:

"I have ceased
To justify myself unto myself,
The last infirmity of evil."

These people, even the worst of them, who have been writing so hotly on all sides of this marriage question show that they have not, at least, reached the "last infirmity of evil." Those who have cast off the marriage bond, or are perhaps only contemplating such an act, are desperately bent on justifying themselves. For there can be no disguising the fact that those who consider marriage a failure look to divorce as the only remedy.

The *Freeman's Journal* does not always like the course of the New York Herald, but the Herald has certainly done a valuable work in securing the opinion of the leading divorce lawyers in the chief cities of the United States upon the interesting question propounded by Mrs. Caird. They differ widely in their views—a difference largely owing to the optimistic or the pessimistic character of the men. Dealing always with the darker side of life, most of the lawyers seemed to take a purely professional view of the subject. However, they give facts and figures, which form a better basis for discussion than do mere opinions. Thus we find that there is an average of 3,000 divorce cases in St. Louis every year, and 1,250 in Chicago. Other cities have not this high average.

The towns named obtain their evil record largely from strangers, attracted by the lax divorce laws of Missouri and Illinois.

The correspondents of the Herald reports some striking interviews and facts. Among them we find the following from Boston:

Mr. Malvin O. Adams, one of Boston's brightest young lawyers, had just come from the divorce court when the reporter met him. "Looked at as a civil contract," he said, "marriage is the most successful business venture in the world. The Roman Catholic Church commands my admiration because of its method of inculcating in its adherents' minds the sacredness of the marriage tie, and it is doing as much as any agency we have in protecting the community from the divorce monster."

Exactly so, Mr. Adams. And, behold, from the Catholic city of New Orleans—a city where Catholic strength and Catholic traditions rule, even among those who do not submit to the Church—a city having a Catholic atmosphere, as it were, comes the corroboration of the Boston lawyer's words. This is the report from New Orleans:

"Is marriage a failure? This question must be decided in the negative, as far as New Orleans is concerned, if the records of the courts are conclusive of marital felicity. An appeal to public sentiment will result in the same conclusion. In no city in the Union, certainly in no large city, is the marriage relation regarded with such reverence and are the appeals to the courts to abrogate it so infrequent. There are in round numbers 40,000 married pairs in the city. The record shows that the number of pairs who find the bonds of matrimony too galling to be longer borne and who go to the courts for relief will not average two to the thousand.

Marriage is never a failure among the genuine Catholics, because they are taught that it is a holy sacrament, to be always respected and revered. Besides, they have, to aid them in fulfilling the obligations of matrimony, the sacrament of penance and of holy communion, that keep fresh the grace of the marriage sacrament, and sustain it by their inspiration and the counsel of the Ghostly Father.

Marriage is a failure among Protestants because they do not value the matrimonial bond high enough, and are deprived of the stimulants afforded by the practice of penance and the reception of the Holy Eucharist.

This is about the sum of the matter. The corner-stone of the family and the State finds its chief champion in the Catholic Church, whose influence is exerted always for the suppression of immorality and license. That is her mission.

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