

The Priest's Prayer.

One eye I kneel in a Franciscan church, And one, I kneel not name, beside me kneel. And groomed the twilight cast a sacred glow...

Dear one! pray'd, silent, I, I told heart she prayed. For me, love, long since in paradise! This night I'll keep and kneel alone...

ANTHONY MARSHALL'S DAUGHTER.

At the intersection of an alley and an obscure street, in an outlying portion of one of our great cities, stood a low frame house...

Anthony Marshall, Shoemaker. In smaller letters beneath was announced the fact that repairing was nearly and promptly done. The repairing was really Anthony Marshall's business. He had taken up the trade of a shoemaker late in life, and had never been in it above mending what others made.

Between the instruments stood a door leading into the front part of the house was a small bench for light carpentering. On the other side of the door was an open cupboard of shelves, containing a pile of newspapers, a strap such as newsboys use in carrying their packages...

When the old man laid the hammer on the bench at his side; pushed his spectacles upon his bald head, and bent over the coarse boy's shoe he was half-soiling with the peculiar close gaze of the near-sighted. Taking up his thin sharp knife he proceeded to trim off the battered heads of the pegs; while, with his under lip closed tightly over the upper, he hummed through to its close the air which he had begun while driving the pegs.

His voice was a trifle thin, and had the occasional quaver peculiar to age, but there was in the undertone singing and a humming of "And you'll remember me a fine touch of finish and expression; while now and again there was a note so pure, so sweet, so thrilling that the moulting canary in the little cage hanging in the sun stopped the dainty arrangement of its feathers, and with smoothed plumage and swelling throat, gave forth little trills in emulation.

An irregular, hurrying step turned from the street toward the little walk along the alley. The shop door was opened quickly, but quietly, and the old shoemaker raised a surprised, questioning face, to greet a lad who, with an eager out-of-breath, "Oh, Uncle Tony!" thrust himself with sideling jerk into the room. The boy was lame and misshapen.

The old man raised his finger with a warning glance toward the inner door. The lad's bright face fell a little as he asked: "Is she particular to-day, Uncle Tony?" "Rather particular, Tim," with a side turn of the head, "but why are you home?" "Such luck!—Such news, Uncle Tony!"

A cold grey colour swept over the old man's face. With drawn brow and lips and anxious eyes he started up, overturning in his agitation the clamps with a crash; and, dropping the shoe he was mending, he exclaimed as he reached both his poor old hands toward the dagger-type— "Tim—Tim! have you found—found her!—Heard anything of Sara, Tim?"

All the light faded from the boy's face as he shook his head slowly and said sadly: "Not that, Uncle Tony; not so good as that! But then, Uncle Tony, my news is real good; common good, you know. And you couldn't guess what it is in a year!"

The old man slowly set the clamps in their place by the bench, picked up the shoe and the stick of blacking with which he was finishing the edge of the sole, and sat down.

He looked at Tim. The boy's disappointed face touched his sensitive, gentle heart, and he at once assumed a look of interested inquiry, though his face was still very pale. "Well, Tim, if I can't guess, tell me." "Tim hitched himself into a chair and began to tell his news.

"Well, you know, Uncle Tony, how we was talkin' yesterday about the op'rer, and about the time when you used to play in the orchestra, at that Lane Theatre in London?" "Yes, Tim, in the orchestra at Drury-lane Theatre."

"That's it, well, this mornin' after I had sold out, I was just a-wishin' and a-wishin' that I could get twenty shins to do, as I did last year, so we could go ag'in; for, oh, it was just heavenly! and I was standin' before the main entrance of the Grand Hotel, and a-thinkin' about that op'rer we went to last year and a-wishin' the theme you learned me and we play together, when two awful swell gentlemen came along, one of 'em with his boots all splashed. I said to him: 'Have a shine, sir; you need it.'"

"He put his boot on the box and said: 'Where do you learn that you were just now whistlin', my lad?' 'I heard it at the op'rer last year, and Uncle Tony learned me to play it.' Then he says: 'Is your uncle a musician?' Says I: 'You jest let he be. 'Where does he play?' says he; and I told him you played at home. 'At home?' says the gentleman, raising his eyebrows this way—and Tim opened his handsome brown eyes and raised his fine straight brows as high as possible. 'Isn't he a professional musician?' I guess he is," said I; "but he doesn't show now, and we play evenin'. I live with him."

"Tim-u!" said the gentleman. "So your uncle plays Wagner's music and mends shoes, does he?" Then he turned to the other gentleman and said: "There is another phase of American life for your book, Boston?"

"Then do you know, Uncle Tony, he put up his other boot, and bendin' his head with a queer kind of a smile, said: 'And do you anticipate going to the op'rer this year?' 'If I can get shins enough for tickets in the 'loft' for Uncle Tony and me,' said I. 'Oh ho! so you furnish your Uncle Tony with op'rer tickets, do you?' said he. 'Yes, Miss Marshall won't let Uncle Tony spend any money for 'em.' 'And who might Miss Marshall be?' 'Why, Uncle Tony's wife, of course.' 'Isn't she your aunt?' 'No, Uncle Tony ain't my right uncle. He found me asleep in a packin' box seven years ago.'"

"Well, well, well! Here is a combination. I suppose you would like to go to the op'rer, even though this adopted uncle of yours—the musical cobbler—should stay at home?" "No, I wouldn't," said I. "It wouldn't be the same without Uncle Tony."

"At this point Uncle Tony brushed his eyes carelessly, and blew his nose vigorously. "Well," said the gentleman, "come into the desk a moment and we will see what we can do." We went in, and he wrote on a piece of paper, put it in an envelope, and told me to go over to Cartons Theatre, and give it to the man at the ticket office. I did, and here, Uncle Tony, is—two—season—tickets!"

Tim took them triumphantly from his pocket, and handed them to the old man, who, bringing them close to his near-sighted eyes, exclaimed: "Why, Tim, they are for the dress circle, as sure as you and I live!"

The door of the inner room opened with an emphatic click, and a large woman with a broad, round face, small features, and heavy-lidded eyes, came in, trailing with such weight that the triangles in the cupboard set up a vigorous chiming. Her expression plainly told that she believed herself to be a martyr, and that no one could know what she suffered. She seated herself in a rocking-chair, and fetched a heavy sigh.

Tim turned his cap round and round uneasily. Uncle Tony gave an apologetic little cough, and asked: "Do you feel any better, mother?" "Nobody cares whether I do or not," said the old man's eyes, cast in a trenching with such weight that the triangles in the cupboard set up a vigorous chiming. Her expression plainly told that she believed herself to be a martyr, and that no one could know what she suffered. She seated herself in a rocking-chair, and fetched a heavy sigh.

Uncle Tony coughed again, and said, "Now, don't, mother. Tim and I do care a great deal about how you feel." "Should think you did by the noise you keep up when I am trying to get a little rest."

"I did upset the clamps, but I really did not mean to." "Mother was unappreciated, and continued to rock and sigh. Tim shifted uneasily, and Uncle Tony bent over his shoe in a very industrious way.

As the continued silence gave "mother" no further opportunity to say anything unpleasant, she raised her head, and turning towards Tim, said severely: "Timothy, this is a strange time in the day for you to come home. I should certainly think that a boy who needs as much as you are always a-earnin', and earns as little as you are always a-earnin', ought to put in his time a-pickin' up what he could."

the op'rer boss, and he wouldn't like to have me sell 'em!" "Well," said mother, bridling, "I don't s'pose a gentleman such as the one you told us about gives Injun presents to take 'em back again, does he?" "No, o," said Tim; "but if he had wanted 'em sold, he'd a sold 'em himself."

"Timothy now when you have a chance of gettin' a chunk of money, it is a flyin' in the face of Providence to do it. What if you was to be sick, would you do then? If you got a little money together and just put it out to interest, the interest is a-going on night and day, day and night. Your money is a earnin' for you while you are asleepin'. You just go and put in the advertisement."

Tim, in common with a great many people, felt what he found it quite impossible to express. He was no match for Mrs. Marshall on the subject of getting the tickets, though aside from his great longing to go to the opera, he felt it would be a mean act to sell them. He twined his cap round and round, and looked furtively, anxiously, towards Uncle Tony.

Perhaps three times during the fifteen years that Anthony Marshall had lived with his second wife, he had quietly, firmly and successfully asserted himself in direct opposition to her will. On these rare occasions he had done this to vindicate some nice point of subtle honor, or fine delicacy of feeling; for Anthony Marshall was born a gentleman.

Now he raised his head slowly, and spoke with a shade more precision and distinctness than usual. "Mr. Marshall: Tim must not sell the tickets. It would not be honorable. Tim and I will go to the opera and use them, as the gentleman who gave them to him expected he should."

Mrs. Marshall recognized in the tone and manner that this decision was final. She was not a stupid woman. She, therefore, arose, and with a look of lively, commiserating disdain, remarked: "Some people ought to be born with two silver spoons in their mouths!"

Then she marched out of the shop, her crinoline-distended skirts moving down a wide swath of small movables as she went. When the door had slammed behind her, Tim, in silence, hastily ate the lunch of bread and meat which he had taken with him in the morning. Then taking one of the triangles from the cupboard and his box from the floor, he put his hands on the latch and turned with a hesitating.

"Well, Uncle Tony?" "It will take us an hour to walk it, Tim. We will start at seven o'clock, Good-bye, my boy; and good luck!" said Uncle Tony, wrapping up the shoe he had finished.

The gale which had been blowing all day had fallen, with the setting of the sun, to a low, cold, crisp wind. Here and there the dingy white of the half-melted snow was to be seen, and in the light of the large moon. Up and down the streets of the great, grimy, hurrying, never-silent city, the trailing folds of pale white light and shadow made all things dimly beautiful. Down the streets, and into the squares, and into the squares, Uncle Tony went silently on his way.

Uncle Tony taking a queer little back step, at regular intervals, to keep himself in pace with Tim's halting gait. "Well, Uncle Tony," said Tim, looking up into the old man's face, "would you mind telling me how it all happened?"

The old man hesitated a moment, and then said: "Tim, I will tell you; but I must begin pretty well back, or you couldn't understand it."

"You see, Tim, my father was a musician by profession. He had great musical talent, and a touch of genius, just enough to make him ambitious, and he was never very successful. He wanted me to keep away from the music, but I wouldn't. He said, 'I tell you, you shall be a musician, and I will see to it.' I could play marvellously well in those early days, for one who was not a genius."

"You remember I told you that I played in the orchestra at Drury-lane Theatre. Well, the great folks liked my playing, and some of them sent for me to come up to the West End almost every night after I was through at the theatre. It was in that way that I became acquainted with Adelaide, Sir William Norton's only daughter."

Uncle Tony's tone had been growing low and sad, but now he spoke with a glow of joy, and he walked on in silence until Tim said softly: "Where is Adelaide now, Uncle Tony?" "Ah," said the old man, raising his head and lifting his ruddy silk hat reverently, "she's an angel, Tim; an angel with God these many years!"

see there were no great folks in New York who wanted me to play for them." "Ah, Tim, it is a great comfort to me to think that Adelaide never wanted for anything which money could buy, and that she never knew about the shoes," the old man spoke no more until Tim asked: "And how was it about Sara, Uncle Tony?"

"After that was all over," said Uncle Tony, in a quiet, weary tone, "I could not play. There is much in us, Tim, which may die out while we live on,—with a long sigh—"and I have worked only at the shoes since."

He paused a moment and then continued: "Mrs. Wicks—that was mother's name then—lived in the house with us, and she looked after Sara and I. When Sara was ten years old mother came in one morning, looking very severe. After she had arranged everything she said:—

"Mr. Marshall, you must get some one else to do what I have been doin' ever since your wife died, and before, too, for that matter. Not that I don't want the money, or that I mind the work, but—she stopped, and I asked her what she meant. 'Well,' said she, 'to tell you the unvarnished truth, Mr. Marshall, you are a widower. I am a widow. The neighbors will talk. I didn't know what to do, and I told her so. You see, Tim, I was used to a mother. She took the kindest care of Adelaide, and I always remember that. You know how mother smoothes her dress, Tim, when she is saying something very particular. Well, she smoothed her dress, stopped a little, and then said: 'We can fix it by getting married, Mr. Marshall!'"

"So she asked you, Uncle Tony?" said Tim, opening his eyes very wide. "Yes, Tim, I should never have thought of but one kind of marriage. Well, Tim, I knew that Sara must have a woman's care. That decided me."

"You know, Tim, that mother means well, but at times is a little wearying." "Yes, Uncle Tony, and she's pretty savin' always."

"Just so, Tim. Well, she couldn't understand Sara, and as Sara grew older, mother wanted her to wash dishes, mend the stockings, and sew, and, as she said, 'like other girls.' Sara could no more do these things, Tim, than a lark could draw a plough. You should have seen her perch herself on my bench, Tim, and then sing the songs of the ladies' entrance of the Grand Hotel, when the carriages began to arrive. Several parties passed in. Then she came leaning on the arm of her escort, followed by her maid."

The fragrance of the flowers in her hand touched the old man's face. The down on her cheek brushed his hand as she stood in the shadow. He did not stir until she had swept quite by him. Then he followed her quickly. Not until she had reached her apartment could he command himself to step forward, pale and trembling, he said softly: "I—am—Anthony Marshall."

She started back, poised an instant on one foot and then, springing forward with a wild, glad cry, she reached out her beautiful arms, and clasped the old man to her strong young breast, exclaiming: "I knew—I knew I should sometime find my little father! I told Sir William so. Dear, dear heart! I would rather have you, my little father, than all of England—yes, yes, yes, than all the world!"

Ever after, this great songstress and this little, radiant old man were inseparable; near them, too, was loyal, loving Tim and his triangle, while "mother" less particular, mellowed by obedience, but still alert as to values, stood like a rock between all the world and Anthony Marshall's daughter.

A Fallen Star. From the Boston Transcript. Pere Hyacinthe has fallen upon evil days since his return to France. He is, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness, as refuge bodies of all denominations refuse him their pulpits. The other day he proposed to deliver a discourse at Neuilly, in the neighborhood of Paris, but could find admission nowhere. At last, in desperation, he besought the English rector of a little Anglican church recently erected to grant him admission; and at first the English minister was as abhorred as the rest. Finally Pere Hyacinthe won him by promising to pronounce a panegyric on Luther, which he did, comparing him to himself. The congregation amounted to seven.

How an Infidel Prayed. Hume, the historian, passing one day by the back of Edinburgh castle, where the ground is very swampy and the footpath narrow, inadvertently tumbled into the bog, where he stuck, not being able to extricate himself. A washerwoman happened to pass at the time, looked at him, and was traveling on, when he shouted after her to lend him her assistance. "Na, na," replied the woman, "you are Hume, the infidel." "Well, well, no matter," replied he, "you know, good woman, your Christian charity commands you to do good even to your enemies." "No, I wina," said she, "unless you will first repeat the creed and the Lord's Prayer." Having no other alternative he was forced to accede to the pious woman's terms.

Children starving to death on account of their inability to digest food will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested. Does this Refer to You. Are you troubled with biliousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, or bad blood? If so you will find a certain cure in Burdock Blood Bitters.

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the old man and then at the stage, and replied softly: "Why, she is some like it, sure; sure." In the "Jewel Scene" the old man's suppressed excitement grew intense, and he exclaimed in a quivering whisper: "Tim, if it isn't her, it is cruelly, cruelly like her! And, Tim, it is certainly, certainly like her, if I am an Episcopalian!"

The act closed with Marguerite at the casement, and the old man rose in an unsteady way with: "Tim, Tim—I must have air!" and up through the gay audience they went, Tim leading now, and the old man following with a step almost as uneven as Tim's.

They gained the street. The old man, after drawing a long breath, dropped his head upon his breast, and remained several minutes in deep reflection. Then slowly raising his drawn white face to Tim, he said: "Come, Tim, come! It is Sara! I cannot bear this suspense. I must go to the Grand Hotel and know the truth—the truth, Tim—to-night!"

They stepped inside the theatre as Marguerite was rising from her pallet of straw. Then her voice, full of heart-broken anguish and passion of love, rang out in agonised pathos. With trembling hand the old man adjusted his glass, grasped the door for support, and, in a dazed exultation, tremblingly whispered: "Come, Tim, come! It is Sara! I must be her!"

As they were hurrying along, the old man stopped suddenly, as if he had been dealt a blow. They were in the shadow of a great building, and Tim could not see his face, but there were tears in his voice as he said: "Tim, she has never come for me, and perhaps—"

"Perhaps—she would rather—rather not find me, Tim?" "Now, I don't believe that, Uncle Tony," said Tim stoutly, "but she has looked for you all over. Why, it's seven years since you came from New York."

"But she never wrote, Tim." "Maybe the letters got lost. Lots of letters get lost, you know." "Perhaps. Anyway I must be certain about it all. And then—"

He stopped, and, after a moment, said in a resigned and gentle tone: "It will be a comfort, Tim, even if I should never see her but this once." They had been waiting but a few moments, just inside the door of the ladies' entrance of the Grand Hotel, when the carriages began to arrive. Several parties passed in. Then she came leaning on the arm of her escort, followed by her maid.

The fragrance of the flowers in her hand touched the old man's face. The down on her cheek brushed his hand as she stood in the shadow. He did not stir until she had swept quite by him. Then he followed her quickly. Not until she had reached her apartment could he command himself to step forward, pale and trembling, he said softly: "I—am—Anthony Marshall."

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IS IT NOT OUR DUTY? Catholic Review. We remember once being greatly amused at overhearing a conversation in a public conveyance, between a well-dressed lady and a gentleman whose chief anxiety seemed to be to avoid disagreeing with her. "I am an Episcopalian," said the lady, who carried a large and handsome "Book of Common Prayer." "I am an Episcopalian, but I don't believe in the Trinity. Our minister says that I'm not an Episcopalian if I don't believe in the Trinity, but I tell him I am, and a good one, too; but all the ministers in the world can't make me believe that there are three persons in one God."

Now, to any intelligent Catholic such an utterance as this must sound as quite pitiful and ludicrous. To the idea of a Church which includes amongst its members persons who believe that its fundamental doctrines is an absurdity, and the ignorance displayed by this fashionable lady is almost incredible. But, unhappily, there are some Catholics who are not much better off, as far as regards a knowledge of what they believe or ought to believe.

We finally believe that there is a life-long Catholic, a gentleman of cultivated intelligence, said to us that he had great difficulty in believing that many of his non-Catholic friends, who were good, conscientious, and even pious people, must infallibly be lost because they were not professed Catholics, while the doctrine of the damnation of unbaptized infants was still harder for him. When we explained the real doctrine of the Church on these points, he professed himself greatly surprised and relieved. And this is by no means an isolated case. We finally believe that there is among young Catholics a lamentable want of knowledge of the doctrines of the Church. There must be thousands who attend Low Mass on Sundays and perhaps never hear a doctrinal sermon. No one who has ever taught in Sunday-school will need to be reminded of the difficulty of making children learn their lessons and the practical impossibility of giving them an intelligent comprehension of the necessary dogmas in the short space of one hour each week. Moreover, while there is nothing to be said against the matter of our Catechisms, as they have their *similitudo*, and must be correct, yet it is undeniable that their style, to say the least, is not exactly alluring. Children who are particularly bright, or who have the gift of learning readily by rote, manage to learn the answer to most of the questions by heart, but it is not too much to say that a great deal of the matter in the larger catechism is beyond the comprehension of the average Sunday-school teacher—not on account of the difficulty of the subject, but because of the peculiar style of expression. It is in fact necessary, usually, for a teacher to spend a good deal of time in explaining the meaning of words, and in making his class to understand what they are saying to him. We are not alone in thinking that for these and other reasons our young people are in deplorable ignorance of the doctrines of the Church. That is of the highest importance that Catholics, especially at this day, should know thoroughly as possible what they believe, we do not propose to prove; it is a truth which answers for itself.

The question then is: "What can we do about it?" We have recently been made acquainted with the work of a priest in one of our large cities which we believe offers a very satisfactory reply to this inquiry. This zealous priest observed, as many others have, that the young people of his parish were not so well posted as they ought to be in their religion. Accordingly he opened a weekly Christian doctrine class, to which he invited all the Sunday-school scholars over a certain age, as well as the young men and women of the parish in general. Each evening was devoted to an instruction upon every point and every number of the class was obliged to take notes with him in the lesson. The instructions were made very simple and clear, and the whole formed a progressive series, beginning with the existence of a God, the necessity of a Church, and so on, up to the particular doctrines of the Church. Free use was made of the black-board to emphasize and abbreviate the various points of each lecture. Each pupil was expected to write out, during the week, a concise summary of the instruction and present it at the next meeting. These were compared and the best were read to the class. The children showed the greatest interest in the lesson, and the class grew steadily. The men and young women of the parish attended in great numbers and the class before long included several hundred pupils. Finally, the local Catholic journal asked that he be allowed to publish the best papers that were handed in, and this was permitted. We have seen some of them, and they are really admirable, showing a thorough comprehension of the points made in the lectures and giving most gratifying evidence of the complete success of the experiment.

Here, then, is something practical; and now the question presents itself—Is it not our duty, as conscientious Catholics, to look about us and see if we cannot do at least a little part in carrying on so great and important a work? We have not all at hand the facilities and advantages for a parish priest, but if we cannot organize a large class, may it not be in our power to form a small one? If not this, then are there not one or two or three young Catholics whom we can teach and help to know better and to understand more fully the glorious truths and saving doctrines of our blessed religion?

Opportunity is never wholly wanting to those who are in earnest to do good. And that labor could possibly be more joyful and pleasant to a true Catholic than to enlighten the eyes and plant firmly the feet of those children who are trying to walk upright and sure in the straight way that leads to heaven and the glorious fruition of the saints!

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CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANTS.

From St. Joseph's. The following conversation between the noted George Francis, who is at Cincinnati, and a well-known Episcopalian, who is at New York, is given. The Episcopalian says: "I am an Episcopalian, but I don't believe in the Trinity. Our minister says that I'm not an Episcopalian if I don't believe in the Trinity, but I tell him I am, and a good one, too; but all the ministers in the world can't make me believe that there are three persons in one God."

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We finally believe that there is a life-long Catholic, a gentleman of cultivated intelligence, said to us that he had great difficulty in believing that many of his non-Catholic friends, who were good, conscientious, and even pious people, must infallibly be lost because they were not professed Catholics, while the doctrine of the damnation of unbaptized infants was still harder for him. When we explained the real doctrine of the Church on these points, he professed himself greatly surprised and relieved. And this is by no means an isolated case. We finally believe that there is among young Catholics a lamentable want of knowledge of the doctrines of the Church. There must be thousands who attend Low Mass on Sundays and perhaps never hear a doctrinal sermon. No one who has ever taught in Sunday-school will need to be reminded of the difficulty of making children learn their lessons and the practical impossibility of giving them an intelligent comprehension of the necessary dogmas in the short space of one hour each week. Moreover, while there is nothing to be said against the matter of our Catechisms, as they have their *similitudo*, and must be correct, yet it is undeniable that their style, to say the least, is not exactly alluring. Children who are particularly bright, or who have the gift of learning readily by rote, manage to learn the answer to most of the questions by heart, but it is not too much to say that a great deal of the matter in the larger catechism is beyond the comprehension of the average Sunday-school teacher—not on account of the difficulty of the subject, but because of the peculiar style of expression. It is in fact necessary, usually, for a teacher to spend a good deal of time in explaining the meaning of words, and in making his class to understand what they are saying to him. We are not alone in thinking that for these and other reasons our young people are in deplorable ignorance of the doctrines of the Church. That is of the highest importance that Catholics, especially at this day, should know thoroughly as possible what they believe, we do not propose to prove; it is a truth which answers for itself.

The question then is: "What can we do about it?" We have recently been made acquainted with the work of a priest in one of our large cities which we believe offers a very satisfactory reply to this inquiry. This zealous priest observed, as many others have, that the young people of his parish were not so well posted as they ought to be in their religion. Accordingly he opened a weekly Christian doctrine class, to which he invited all the Sunday-school scholars over a certain age, as well as the young men and women of the parish in general. Each evening was devoted to an instruction upon every point and every number of the class was obliged to take notes with him in the lesson. The instructions were made very simple and clear, and the whole formed a progressive series, beginning with the existence of a God, the necessity of a Church, and so on, up to the particular doctrines of the Church. Free use was made of the black-board to emphasize and abbreviate the various points of each lecture. Each pupil was expected to write out, during the week, a concise summary of the instruction and present it at the next meeting. These were compared and the best were read to the class. The children showed the greatest interest in the lesson, and the class grew steadily. The men and young women of the parish attended in great numbers and the class before long included several hundred pupils. Finally, the local Catholic journal asked that he be allowed to publish the best papers that were handed in, and this was permitted. We have seen some of them, and they are really admirable, showing a thorough comprehension of the points made in the lectures and giving most gratifying evidence of the complete success of the experiment.

Here, then, is something practical; and now the question presents itself—Is it not our duty, as conscientious Catholics, to look about us and see if we cannot do at least a little part in carrying on so great and important a work? We have not all at hand the facilities and advantages for a parish priest, but if we cannot organize a large class, may it not be in our power to form a small one? If not this, then are there not one or two or three young Catholics whom we can teach and help to know better and to understand more fully the glorious truths and saving doctrines of our blessed religion?

Opportunity is never wholly wanting to those who are in earnest to do good. And that labor could possibly be more joyful and pleasant to a true Catholic than to enlighten the eyes and plant firmly the feet of those children who are trying to walk upright and sure in the straight way that leads to heaven and the glorious fruition of the saints!

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