

THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"
Tennyson is one of the poets people think it fashionable to rave about, and that he is a true poet only the ultra-critical will deny.

In the "Idylls of the King" there are many passages that might have been written by a Thompson, so correctly religious are they, but these phrases to Christ as "Him who died for me" may be said to be merely local color.

This much being said, Tennyson as a poet ranks high in the list of the poets. To us, as he understood it, he was ever faithful. He sang of the good and beautiful, the simple things of everyday life, always simply, and with beauty.

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Columba is glad to hear from you once more, C. E. D., and would like to insert your poem in the Corner. But although many of the lines are good and the little poem shows promise, you will, I think, agree with me that it is not sufficiently good for what you are pleased to call our "treasure" Corner.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW THEY LOST THEIR GRIP
There are certain plants and trees which kill the chances of every other growing thing in their neighborhood.

Many employers seem to have a perfect genius for dampening the enthusiasm and spontaneity of their employees. They are quick to see a man who is doing his work well, and they take an interest in their well-being, because they believe them, soiled them, and take the heat out of them, all the time.

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Tongue thrusts are often infinitely more cruel than blows from the hand. Some men have a special talent for stirring up and calling out the most despicable qualities of their employees or those about them. They appear to be qualities in men which they would gladly bury forever.

THE NEED OF GOOD MANNERS

When you get into this outside world you will perhaps be inclined to overrate the small observances which you now look on with indifference as unnecessary to be practised. But either extreme is bad. To be boorish, rough, uncouth, is a sin against yourself and against society; to be too exquisite, too foppish, too "dudish"—if I may use a slang word—is only the lesser of two evils. Society may tolerate a "dude," but it first ignores and then evicts a boor.

A famous Queen of Spain once said that a man with good manners needs no other letter of introduction. And it is true that good manners when open the doors to young men who would otherwise be closed, and makes all the difference between success and failure.

You know the story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the cloak. Sir Walter was poor, young, and without favor at court. One day Queen Elizabeth hesitated to step on a muddy place in the road; off came Sir Walter's new cloak—his best and only one—all satin and velvet and gold lace. Down it went as a carpet for the Queen's feet, and his fortune was made.

But Sir Walter Raleigh would not have made his fortune by his good manners if he had not disciplined himself to be thoughtful and alert. On the other hand, many a man has lost much by inattention to the little rules of society. One of the best young men I ever knew failed to get certain letters of introduction, which would have helped him materially, because he would wear a tall hat and a sack coat, or a low hat and a frock coat. Society exacts, however, that a man shall do neither of these things. Remember that I do not praise the social code that exacts so much attention to trifles, I only say that it exists.

Prosper Merimee had his influence at the court of Napoleon the Third by a little inattention to the etiquette which exacts in all civilized countries that a napkin shall not be hung from a man's neck, but shall be laid on his knee. Merimee, who was a charming writer, very high in favor with the Empress Eugenie, was invited to luncheon on a particular circle one day. He was much flattered, but he hung his napkin from the top button of his coat; the Empress limited his example, for she was very polite, but she never invited him again.

It is the way of the social world—one must follow the rules or step out—from a gentleman," by Maurice Francis Egan.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

KENNETH'S PEARL
Two boys were leaning over the white-washed railing that rimmed in the orchard an old-fashioned summer day. The air seemed infused with a golden mellowness, and the serene pastures on the uplands and the crisp "stables" in the valley below them were softened by a pale blue haze.

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And I think myself lucky to get the place. Big Tim had a dozen other applicants. On Monday morning Kenneth did go to work. The weather had changed, and the misty northeast wind was blowing over the bay. Under such circumstances oyster fishing was even less profitable than usual, but Kenneth stuck to it manfully.

One evening shortly before Leonard's visit came to an end, he and Kenneth were in the farmhouse kitchen dusting and mending the furniture. There was a misty northeast wind blowing over the bay. Under such circumstances oyster fishing was even less profitable than usual, but Kenneth stuck to it manfully.

What do you think of it? It's pretty, anyhow, isn't it?" said Ken. Len nodded abstractedly. He shifted the pearl about, and watched the iridescent play of colors on its glistening surface. "Ken," he said, suddenly, "it seems to me that this pearl ought to be worth a good deal. But of course I'm no judge. Such pearls are very rare, aren't they?"

"Yes, the Lower Glen man was the only person who ever found one here." "Well, I'll tell you; let me take this pearl home with me. I'll take it to a jeweler and get his opinion. If it is of no value I'll return it to you. If it should be worth anything I'll do the best I can for you." "All right. I don't suppose it is worth much. Still, if it does bring in a few dollars I'll be glad. Christmas comes in about three months, and the mother has to have a present."

With a laugh Kenneth put on his son's sweater and went out to milk. The books as this Scotch mist wasn't ever going to let up, he remarked, as he opened the door to the wet, chilly night. Len put the pearl away, and it was not referred to again. Ken had almost forgotten about it when a letter came from his cousin. It ran as follows: "Dear Ken: When I returned home the cares and perplexities of getting ready for school prevented me from having any more news to write for a time. Yesterday I took it to the firm of Hoffman Brothers, who are the foremost jewelers in Bennett, and left it with them to sell. They had this afternoon. Was informed that the pearl was a perfect one of its kind, and that if I cared to dispose of it they would give me \$200 for it!"

"I imagine my eyes stuck out. I had an idea that your treasure trove would be worth a good deal more than you expected, but I had not thought of anything so good as this. I closed with them the other instant, and herewith enclose check for sum named. It means Bennett Academy, all right, for you, old fellow, and right glad am I. Harry and I are going to the States in about two weeks late in entering. That day's oyster fishing was a pretty profitable one for you, Ken. If you dispose of any more pearls, please explain how you do it."

Ken never did discover any more pearls, nor did anyone else at Glen St. Mary, although Ken's good fortune gave a great impetus to the oyster fishing for several seasons. But the one he did find gave him a noted lawyer in a thriving Western city traces his success back to the pearl that came up in the drag one day when he was fishing for oysters in St. Mary's Bay. But perhaps the sturdy energy which led him to do even ungenial work rather than none at all, by so doing he could hold his father in a smug way, had more to do with it than the pearl, after all.—Catholic Telegram.

WIT AND HUMOR

A little fresh air girl, on her return to New York, refused to drink milk. She said: "I used to like it, but I know what it is now—it's chewed grass!"

PASSING PROTESTANTISM

From Pittsburg, recently, came the account of a lecture delivered by the Methodist Bishop, Walter A. Sellow, of Jamestown, N. Y., to the Conference of the Free Methodist Church, in session at Vandegrift. The preacher sounded a note of warning to the fellow Protestants and declared that Protestantism is in its death throes. "My heart is grieved at the spiritual conditions as they exist generally in the world. I am not at all optimistic. I have tried to be, but I cannot do so. Protestantism in the United States is in decay. At the Catholic Eucharistic Congress of the world, held recently in Montreal three hundred thousand persons slept out of doors. Mrs. Sellow and I despaired of securing a bed, but finally succeeded in finding one. Protestantism is dying out, and will soon be a thing of the past. The World's Missionary Convention held at Edinburgh, one prominent man said that in ten years from now delegates from the Catholic Church would have seats in our missionary conventions and would be welcome. No one had backbone enough to oppose the idea except a few who weakly inserted 'noes.'"

SURE CURE FOR THRUSH

Mr. J. L. Boyes, Secretary of the Napacure Driving Park Association, has had a good deal of experience with thrush on horses' feet, and has tried various remedies. He writes: "I have cured many cases of diseased feet or thrush on horses with Egyptian Liniment with two or three applications, after calomel, salt, coal oil, etc., had completely failed to do the work. I consider it a waste of time to use anything but Egyptian Liniment for thrush." Such an emphatic statement from an experienced horseman speaks volumes for Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Another man who has found it most effective is Dr. John Garrison, Morven, Ont. He says: "One of my horses had thrush so bad that his feet became swollen and itched. Before doing so I decided to try Egyptian Liniment and in a short time my horse's feet were as sound as ever." Twenty-five cents in all drug stores. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napacure, Ont.

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men to give up frequenting the saloon, it was necessary to furnish them with a substitute for the sociability of the saloon. So far as the saloon is concerned, he went on his temperance crusade he established temperance reading rooms. An interesting reference to one of those reading rooms of Father Mathew's is made by the celebrated Irish journalist and author, Justin McCarthy. Writing recently in a reminiscence vein of Dickens, Mr. McCarthy said that the first time he read the Pickwick Papers was when as a small boy he became fascinated by the early numbers of Pickwick which he read at a little public library created for the benefit of the people of Cork by Father Mathew.—Sacred Heart Review.

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"If you refuse me, Miss Gladys, I shall get a rope and commit suicide." "No, Colonel, you must not do that. Papa said distinctly he would not have you hanging about here."—M. A. P.

Mexicans have a nice, delicate way of saying even unpleasant things. A young Mexican lady, talking with a prisoner in the penitentiary, politely asked: "How long do you expect to be away from home?"

Shopping to advantage.—A Sydney woman did some smart shopping the other day. Her method took the draper's shop was considering the purchase of a yard of silk, which the clerk informed her would cost her \$2.68. She left a remnant of a yard and a half, which immediately suggested she should take "What will it cost?" demanded the woman.

"Two shillings and six pence, madam," politely responded the clerk. "Then I'll take it," promptly responded the shopper, and you may keep the yard you've cut out."

He was an observant little chap, with a knack of storing knowledge wonderful in one so young. But he rather spoiled himself the other day. "Yes," he said, "I hear Uncle Joe is going to be married on Friday."

"Yes," said his father, "uncle Joe has only three days more." "The little fellow sighed. "The last three days," he said, "they give them everything to eat that they ask for, don't they, pa?"

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Such a prediction has come frequently from Catholic sources, but it is well at times to note that the conviction is shared by even non-Catholics. The utterance of this Methodist Bishop is not a new note even from the non-Catholic field. The confession has been made again and again. It was only last year that an important book appeared from the pen of a Protestant author entitled "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism." While Mr. Newman Smith in that work confessed that Protestantism has had its day, his outlook for religion in the future was biased by his still great distrust of the Catholic Church as it is; and finding himself compelled to admit the ascendancy of Catholicism in the Christian world, he endeavored to lead his readers up to a favorable view of a certain religion in religion to which the Holy Father has given the name of Modernism. Nevertheless, the issue as he puts it, is that Protestantism has fulfilled whatever mission it had in the world (that is as he sees it) and that the Protestant mind must now look for something else.

Speaking of Catholic authority, he says: "This kind of authority has long been discredited among us, but Protestantism gained authority of its own? . . . is religion the master-passion of Protestant communities?"

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Now, it is just this loss of authority which the churches of the Reformation must confess. Religion has lost its authority in the family life. The contrast is marked between the hold which Rome keeps, even to this day upon the family, and the weakening of religious restraint among the children of Protestants. Wherever Romanism is acknowledged it speaks with authority to the whole family. He declares in another place that the "crowding and struggling between churches of the same name resembles the fatal proliferation of cells in a diseased tissue; it is not the harmonious and healthful development of an organic whole."

But one needs not the words of confession from discouraged Protestants to know of the advancing disintegration of Protestantism. The fact is patent and becoming more and more evident from day to day. Before us are books and sermons written by Protestant ministers of the early nineteenth century. The thought, the doctrine, the morality expressed in all of them is not the thought, doctrine or morality of present day Protestant writers. With them the Bible was the sacred and intangible word of God. How few of the modern Protestants look upon the Sacred Scriptures with other than pitying glances and patronizing praise! Protestant thought is swiftly drifting out of the religious atmosphere. The material side of things is fast pushing the spiritual out of sight. The soul is crushed down under the weight of money and its accessories. The mind begins to think along the lines of the stockbroker, and general greatness is measured by the height of its skyscrapers, the number of its hotels and cattle, or the extent of its electrical appliances. As a consequence the doctrines of the spiritual life become distorted and confused. Hence the strange and utterly ridiculous ideas of God, of Heaven, the soul and the future life. The man rushes for wealth, which begets dishonesty in the dealings of man with man, develops a consequent dishonesty in the dealings of man with God. Duty becomes an archaic word, or at best an expression for lubricating the social machinery. The restraints of the moral life are cut asunder one by one, until a great moral anarchy has fastened itself upon much of society, a disease eating the social life with the slow, dogged, inevitable persistence of a cancer. Authority the beacon of the world is set aside, and Anarchy whole or partial is fastening its grip upon the nations.

What has Protestantism to do with all this? It is easy to perceive the connection. It began with the denial of ecclesiastical authority, and coincident with its progress in the world has been the gradual repudiation of all authority—in the Church, in the State and in the home. It began by setting aside the moral restraints when a monk married a nun and when a king could stoop his divot in the blood of successive wives. It has ridiculed for centuries the salutary precepts which withheld the hand of man from iniquity, until now it must confess that its work has gone beyond its intent. Pledged to save the world by a repudiation of the Catholic Church, it is bound to acknowledge that its work was a failure and its future annihilation.

It is a melancholy consideration all the more sad because of its actuality. It will be denied, of course, and a charge be brought against the Catholic Church. But such a procedure can mean nothing else than the wild and hysterical gropings of desperation, the act of the drowning man who would drag his savior down with him to destruction.

There is only one thing left for Protestantism that still retains its faith in God, in Christ and in immortality. As there shall be no Christianity except the Christianity of the Catholic Church, it behooves all earnest men to place themselves within her fold. Protestantism lost its faith in God when it left her communion. If it would enter again into true Christian life it must be through the door by which it has gone out.—Pilot.

King George Denies Statement
The Paris Union having reproduced a statement from the Madrid La Correspondence to the effect that King George of England had written to the British Ambassador to the Spanish Court expressing his approval of the

attitude of Senor Canalejas and his colleagues towards the Church and religion, the Irish Catholic, of Dublin, telegraphed to London for authorization to contradict the libel. The following reply was received from the king's private secretary: "Buckingham Palace, London. To Editor Irish Catholic:—In reply to your telegram, there is no truth whatever in report you mention, and such action would have been somewhat unconstitutional.—Knollys."

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