

The Catholic Sick Room

SENDING FOR THE PRIEST.

1. Do not wait till the doctor gives the patient up, so that nothing short of a miracle could save him. Long before that, usually, there is "danger," not perhaps immediate, but still danger, and the priest ought to be sent for, because one of the prayers used in giving Extreme Unction begs for a perfect restoration of health, physical as well as moral, of body as well as of soul, so that the sick man, through God's mercy, may be able to return to his usual employment. Not that we need wait even for this remote danger. Sickness often opens the door for grace, and therefore it is advisable to let the priest know as soon as the patient takes to his bed, especially if he be one who has led a careless life. Nor ought we to wait till such a person himself asks for the priest, nor attend to his excuses for putting it off, still less blind him to his danger. People sometimes defer sending for the priest, lest they should alarm the patient. On a properly instructed Catholic his ministrations, and especially the sacrament of Extreme Unction, as explained above, ought to have an exactly contrary effect. But, while urging the importance of calling the priest in good time, let it not be thought that, when the sick person has already lost his senses, it is altogether too late and useless. The Church of Christ, being a loving mother, has foreseen this unfortunate contingency, and provides for it as far as possible. Therefore send for the priest.

2. At the same time do not send for him unnecessarily. But it will not do to run risks. In sudden and violent attacks of any kind, in typhus and scarlet fever, small-pox, inflammation of the lungs and other rapid diseases, in which delirium comes on soon, and likewise in serious accidents, no time is to be lost. An ordinary fracture of the leg or arm is not a "serious accident," but a bad fall or a heavy blow very often is.

3. A doctor who is reluctant to allow a priest to come would seem to have had little experience among Catholics. Those who know us are only too glad to hear that he has been to the sick room, and not unfrequently though not Catholics, they send for him themselves, because they notice that, whatever may be the explanation of it, after the administration of the rites of the Church there ensues a great calm, and in many cases this is half the cure. There is not nearly as much chance for a man who is harassed in mind and conscience, as well as in body, as there is for one who is in peace.

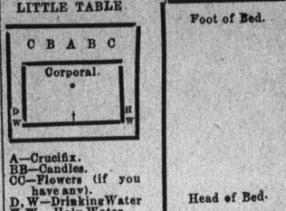
4. Except when it cannot be helped, do not send a mere child, or a non-Catholic, for the priest. Let the messenger be some one who can give an intelligent answer as to the name and address of the sick person, whether or no delirium has already set in, what the nature of the sickness is, when it commenced, whether any priest has been already there, and if so whether he administered any of the sacraments, and, if not, whether the patient can swallow without vomiting. This is all the more necessary when the priest happens to be out, and the call has to be registered for him. If he is at home, the messenger ought not to go away until he knows whether he is wanted further.

5. While waiting for the priest, help the patient, whether a Catholic or not, to make acts of love of God, and contrition, especially if death or delirium is imminent. Make use, if possible, of prayers that he knows.

Holy Communion or Extreme Unction, and that the sick person may be able to see our Lord on the Cross.

N.B.—All these arrangements must be made before the arrival of the priest.

Diagram for Catholic Sick Room.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRIEST.—1.

Be on the lookout for the approach of the priest, so as not to keep our Lord waiting at the door.

2. When he comes receive him in silence, and lead the way to the bedside, carrying in your hand a lighted candle or taper; with this light the candles on the little table as soon as you enter the room, and do not extinguish your own.

3. Kneel down at a convenient distance, with your face toward the Blessed Sacrament, praying for God's merciful help, and there remain until the priest has finished the Asperges and prayer.

Note 1.—Here, if the sick person wishes to confess, you leave the room, closing the door after you, but keeping within easy call, so that, at a given signal, you may return and kneel as before.

4. The next thing is to say the Confiteor, in Latin if you can, but English will do, and after the Miserere, as also after the Indulgentiam, say Amen, as the servers do just before Holy Communion in Mass.

5. At the third repetition of the Domine non sum dignus, rise and see that the napkin or communion cloth is in its proper place and, if the room be at all dark, hold your taper so as to throw light on the patient's face, while the priest is giving Holy Communion; after which return again to your former position.

Note 2.—If you have not got a taper in your hand, take a candle off the table, and restore it to its place before you kneel down again.

Note 3.—This is the place for Extreme Unction, if the priest intends to give it at this visit.

6. When the priest is about to depart, take notice whether he makes the sign of the cross or not over the sick, holding the pyx-burse in his hands; if he does, that is a sign that he is still carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and you must escort him to the door, keeping your candle burning. Otherwise you extinguish it as soon as you get out of the sick room, not before.

7. Now return to the room, rinse out the small vessel used in giving Holy Communion and throw the water on the fire, or in some respectful place. Put out the candles carefully, so as not to make a smell, but leave the Crucifix and the holy water. Lastly, if the patient would like it, kneel at the table and say a few short prayers with him, such as short acts of hope, charity, contrition and resignation. But beware of wearying the weary. Rather encourage them to sleep after their exertion, and help them to pray later on when they are refreshed.

8. Say morning and night prayers, kneeling by the bedside, such as the Our Father, Hail Mary and short acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition. Once or twice a day you might also read an appropriate prayer, chosen out of the devotions for the sick, especially an act of resignation, adding invocations of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the Angel Guardian, Patron Saints, etc., and this even though the patient shows no sign of consciousness. He may be quite alive to what is going on, though unable to speak or move. But beware of pestering. Father Anderledy used to tell a story of a good priest who, on his death bed, was ceaselessly pined with this kind of spiritual food by his over-zealous confessor till, at last, the dying man mustered all his strength into his lips, and said: "Are you nearly done? Will you never cease bothering?" Let us remember that a man just before leaving this life, may easily want a little private talk, so to speak, with our Lord, and we must not deprive him of the opportunity by telling him what we would say. When the

agony begins let the departing soul be comforted by the voices of friends interceding for it with God.— From a Catholic Truth Society Pamphlet, by Father Splaine, S.J.

"This water is for the priest to wash from the tips of his fingers any particles of the Blessed Sacrament that may be adhering, after he has given Holy Communion. When he has done so, he gives the water to the communicant to drink. Two tablespoonfuls is amply sufficient, but, if it is put into a deep tumbler, he cannot reach it, and to put it into a large basin is absurd."

"This is not a useless admonition. Not unfrequently people will turn to chairs and kneel in front of them, with their backs to the Blessed Sacrament."

Catholic Library Question In New York.

At a reception given in his honor by the Catholic Library Association of New York, at the Hotel Majestic last week, Archbishop Farley defined his position toward Comptroller Groat's recent announcement that the public libraries which remain outside the consolidated New York Public Library, made possible by Mr. Carnegie's gift, would hereafter lose the appropriations granted to them annually by the Board of Estimate. Last year the Catholic Library Association received from the city \$17,000. To deprive it of this support in the future, the Archbishop said, would be unjust.

While he admitted that in many respects a consolidation with the New York Public Library would be advantageous, the Archbishop said it would cause the Catholic Association to lose autonomy and would defeat the very purpose for which it was organized and developed.

"For it could not be supposed," said he, "that any general library would agree with us as to the character of the books that are fit for circulation, and since we could not control the character of the books, it is easily seen that innumerable difficulties would arise, the tendency always being to make the public library an unsafe place for our people, especially for youth."

The Archbishop went so far as to say that many of the public libraries of New York were filled with literature that would be poisonous to a Catholic mind. He could not understand, he proceeded, why the city authorities should desire to compel Catholics either to consolidate their libraries or to lose their appropriation, for the Catholic library can do a work which no other public library can. He added:

"There is also a matter of equity to be considered. An implicit contrast, it seems to us, was entered into, the State promising the appropriations through the city, if we maintained our library at the proper standard. If we allowed the library to fall below the standard required, our property was to revert to the State, which would take it under its control and see that the library was used as originally intended."

"Now, the standard of a library such as ours has become can be maintained only by the receipts of the appropriations, as it is not reasonable to expect that our private resources would be requisitioned to so large an extent to do what is purely a public work, and the work, be it remembered, that we engaged in almost at the request of the State."

"We are, therefore, put in this dilemma by the proposed action of the city authorities: If we wish to retain our property, we must spend from our private income the amount of money that heretofore we have received from the city. If we do not spend that money, we cannot keep the library up to the standard required. So that we must either consolidate or, if we do not, the State can take our library and make it part of the New York Public Library, whether we like it or not, unless we out of our private funds maintain it at its present standard."

"We do not think that it is sufficient reason for the city to force this consolidation on the ground that the city is obliged by its contract with Mr. Carnegie to support the libraries that bear his name. We have no objection to this system, but we don't feel that its existence should be made a pretext for forcing us out of business."

When we look back we do not look with any great satisfaction on our pleasures, on our games and pastimes; but we look with pleasure in whatever has made us stronger, wiser, freer, more at home in God's universe.

Our Boys And Girls. GRANDPA.

My grandpa says that he was once a little boy like me, I s'pose he was; and yet it does seem queer to think that he could ever get my jacket on, Or shoes, or like to play With games and toys, and race with Duke, As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see, Nurse says I must be good And mind my manners, as a child With such a grandpa should, For grandpa is straight and tall And very dignified; He knows most all there is to know And other things beside.

So, though my grandpa knows so much, I thought that maybe boys Were things he hadn't studied They make such awful noise, But when I asked at dinner for Another piece of pie, I thought I saw a twinkle In the corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out And left us two alone, I was not quite as much surprised To find how nice he'd grown, You should have seen us romp and run! My! now I almost see That p'raps he was, long, long ago, A little boy like me.

—Selected.

BEARS AND BEAR TRAPS.

James Henry and his grandfather were inspecting the Zoo in Central Park, New York, the other day, when they came to the big cage which holds a fine specimen of the white polar bear. The big animal was reared on his short, stocky hind legs, and with his forepaws on the bars he seemed about to speak to the keeper who stood outside.

"If he had a brown coat, he might be a brother to the dancing bear we saw in the country yesterday," said the grandfather.

"I wonder which is the happier," remarked the boy, "the brown bear, which dances all day to that bagpipe music, or this big, lazy creature who has nothing to do but amuse himself?"

"You might ask James," suggested the grandfather.

Instead, James Henry asked the kindly old man: "Tell me how they catch bears, grandfather."

"Most bears that are taken alive owe their fall from freedom to traps of one kind or another," he answered. "This white bear was probably trapped by some crafty Eskimo. The dancing bear came from the Rocky Mountains and was probably captured when a cub."

"In the Adirondacks, in Maine and other mountain districts a great deal of trapping for bears is carried on at certain times of the year. Once I spent a week with some trappers in the North Woods. The trap they used was made of steel. It has jaws a foot wide and a strong double spring. They set them in spots which bears are likely to visit. They are covered with moss and surrounded with prickly brush, except on one side."

"You could never guess what they used for bait—a bit of honey and a slice of cheese, an old moccasin, a bit of bright cloth. Anything he can smell with his cold, black nose, or see with his pig-like eyes will serve. They like luxuries, these shaggy creatures, and they are more curious than women or a New York crowd. To one or the other of these traits he generally falls a victim."

"It would not do to fasten the trap to a tree, for the bear, in his frenzy, would surely break the chain or tear his leg free. So it is fastened to a block of wood, which catches in the underbrush and makes it impossible for the victim to travel any great distance. The trail is never in doubt, for the bear, in pain and anger, chews at the trees and tears up the ground, leaving a path as plain as a roadway."

"How do the trappers kill the bear when they find him?" asked James Henry.

"Usually with a blow on the head from the blunt end of an axe," answered the old man. "A good trapper never makes a miss, and a single blow puts the bear beyond further suffering."

James Henry had nothing to say for a few minutes. The usual smile was missing from his face. "I'm

sorry for the bears that fall into traps," he said, finally. "They must suffer terribly."

"It is rather cruel," responded the grandfather, "but perhaps you can tell me a hunting story in which the hunted do not suffer so much."—Selected.

HOW POLLY CURED THE CAT.

Did I ever tell you how our cat Sizer was cured of his habit of catching birds? No? Well, I must tell you, for I think it was the most effective object lesson Sizer ever had. He was a great pet, and had learned to do some pretty tricks, but had one propensity which was as wicked as could be—no bird was safe if Sizer could reach it.

He had eaten two of mother's canaries, and the neighbors had threatened to kill him if he came into their houses. At last, however, Sizer met his equal.

Aunt Clara wrote to mother that she would spend the summer with us, and would bring her big parrot. Mother was perfectly willing to have Polly come, and we children were wild with delight. We had never had an opportunity of knowing a parrot—neither had Sizer! One day mother was busy preparing Aunt Clara's room, and John and I were helping her. Suddenly mother dropped down on the nearest chair, saying, "Oh, dear! I have forgotten Sizer!" In a minute she was able to explain that in her joy that Aunt Clara was coming, she had forgotten Sizer's love of birds. "What if anything should happen to the parrot!"

We thought we could give Sizer a way. It is easy to give a cat away, but he will not always stay given. So we presented him to the man who brought vegetables from his farm four miles from the city, and mother felt relieved.

At last Aunt Clara came with trunks and boxes, and a big cage containing her pet. Polly was a handsome bird, green and gold, with a few beautiful red feathers, a wise, solemn expression and an accomplished tongue. She was very tired after her journey, and began to say, "Polly sleepy! Good night, Polly! Hello, boys!" and stretched her legs and neck to get rested.

We young people felt as if we could stand by and listen to her all night; but Aunt Clara said she would be cross if she was kept awake too long, and John carried the cage to Aunt Clara's room. In the morning we heard cries and squeaks that startled us at first, but very soon a jolly "Ha, ha, boys! Good day, Polly! Good day!" assured us that Miss Polly was the author of the strange sounds.

Aunt Clara said at breakfast that she had put Polly's cage on the porch up stairs, so that her ladyship might enjoy the fresh air. She was so very noisy, she added, because she could see a big gray cat on the fence. We all knew that Sizer was four miles from the fence and only caught bears, grandfather.

After breakfast John was allowed to bring the cage down to the dining-room and there it stayed during the entire visit. The cage door stood open, and Polly walked out or in at her own sweet will.

When John set the cage down Aunt Clara opened the door and Polly came out, with slow and stately step, saying in an injured tone, "Polly wants her breakfast! Polly wants a bath! Hello, boys!" Her reckless words were so ill-suited to her dignified appearance that one could not help laughing, which seemed to entertain Polly very much. While the bird was sitting near her cage, holding a bit of bread in her claw, she stretched her neck, dropped the bread, and called out, "Poor pussy! Come, pussy! Hello, boys!" looking intently at something that had appeared at the window.

That "something" was Sizer! He had come home again and we were filled with alarm. Aunt Clara looked on quietly and said, "You need not be afraid; Polly is a match for any cat I ever saw." So we thought it would be fun to see an encounter between bird and cat, for we knew Sizer to be no coward. He only looked at the bird, this time, and sprang out of the window while Polly screamed after him, "Good-by pussy! Who's afraid? Who's afraid? Polly wants a bath!"

This final remark, which was such a favorite with Polly, seemed to be merely a reflection, as she generally said it in a very low tone, and busied herself in recovering her perch or her food. For two or three days Sizer did not come into the room, and even mother began to lose her fears for Polly's safety. Then he began to sit quietly near a window or open door, so that he could run if danger menaced, and looked at the parrot with longing eyes.

Her conversational powers had abated him, but he finally thought, "She's only a bird after all," and to long for a meal of his own providing. The sequel is easily foreseen. One day we hear the greatest commo-

motion in the dining-room. Father ran in with his glasses in one hand and newspaper in the other; mother came, dismay on every feature; we children ran to the scene, of course, and in a minute Aunt Clara came.

Such a sight as we beheld! We all stood transfixed for an instant, and then burst into loud laughter. Polly had evidently been dozing on the broad window-sill, when Sizer had made an attack. When we saw them Polly was holding Sizer with her strong claws, and had his ear in her sharp, cutting bill. Sizer was fairly howling, and trying his best to use his claws on Polly.

The parrot made some inarticulate noise all the time, and then they rolled off on to the floor. There was a mixture of feathers and fur for a second, and Sizer dashed madly past us, and we could hear him "spit" as he fled the scene. Polly began to smooth her ruffled plumage, and was evidently none the worse for the conflict. She was still very angry, and screamed after Sizer, "Poor pussy! Poor pussy! Polly's mad! Polly's mad! Hello, boys!"

She would hardly allow Aunt Clara to soothe her, and was quarrelsome for two or three days. No one dared say, "Poor pussy," in Polly's hearing. It is needless to say Sizer was cured. He returned to the house after a few days, with a much injured ear, but nothing could induce him to enter the dining-room, and the sound of Polly's voice seemed to terrify him. From that day the sight of a cage seemed to recall the encounter, and as far as he was concerned a caged bird could hang in safety.—J. M. H., in our Dumb Animals.

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CHAPTER III., C

In the meantime, Hard became a subject of vehemence at the side-table, to which the squadrons had returned. A fair-haired girl declared that his "pet." A second class distinction for herself.

"He gave me an O'Dell he was last here," said "And me a stick of peppermint." "He gave me a—" in a "a kiss."

"And me two."

"He didn't."

"He did."

"I'll tell dadda it was the potato-peel while ago."

"Ah, ha, tattler, tell-tall!"

"Silence there!—fiel fi-words are these?" said "Come, kiss and be frie both of you, and let me more."

The young combatants with her injunction, duelling paragraphs say, terminated amicably.

"But I was speaking," resumed, "of the family Cregans. It was once Mr. Hardress's father in a night make an Englishman. When their little Killarne was left to the Cregans, many other additional pie play that were made on sion, it behoved Mr. Ba to erect a family vault ament in his parish church had scarcely, however, gions for its construction fell ill of a fever, and wa enjoying the honor of "the new cemetery himself, over the fit, and made it first cares to saunter ou the church and inspect the which had been prepared ception. It was a hands monument, occupying a ner of the churchyard, and over by a fine old sycam Barney, who had no taste turesque, was deeply mo finding his piece of sepulch thrown so much into t "What did I or my peop said to the architect, 'tha be sent skulking into th I paid my money, and I own value for it.' The was accordingly got rid sporting, flashy one erect the gateway, with the C and shield (in what herat was picked up I cannot me to say) emblazoned o piece. Here, it is to be aspiring Barnaby and his may one day rest in pea "That would be a valn fear," said Kyrie, "at l as Mr. Cregan is concei were true, as our peasan that the churchyard it made of a scene of midn and revel, by those who carousals are long concl what relationship is ther that family and Mrs. Ch. "She is step-sister to gan."

"Indeed! So near?"

"Most veritable; theref it. They tell a story," talkative old gentleman rrupted in his anecdotal the entrance of a new a scene.

The Social Duties Of Catholics.

At a recent concert given under the auspices of the League of the Cross, at Peckham, Father Alphonus spoke at the conclusion of the programme about the advantages of such entertainments. Their popularity was undoubted, and there was this to be said in their favor, that whatever might be said against them they were a means—and a very effective means—of bringing the people together, a thing which was of vital necessity in the Catholic life of London if Catholics were to hold their own. Life in London made the public opinion of a parish, which was such a powerful factor in the provinces, absolutely inoperative in this metropolis. It was only by coming together on occasions like the present that they felt the common bond of Catholic social life.

Every man and woman (he contended) ought to take an interest in the social life of the parish. They existed not to share their own distinctive lives with others, but to preserve that life, and, by making it strong, leave the lives of those about them. The social duties of Catholics were too little heeded in the present day. We were split up into parties of all shades of opinion, which dissipated our forces and made them ineffective. There was abundant room for a Catholic party in the metropolis, and if we were better organized, if the duty of organization were more effectually brought home to the people, it were better for us as Catholics, as citizens. No thing would be done while each parish was dissociated from the other. Sporadic efforts were made now and then to organize Catholic life, and they failed because they were sporadic. Efforts had been made within the last few years to remedy this evil. Cardinal Vaughan had given us the Catholic Association, which was doing so much good. He hoped it would continue its beneficent mission in spite of its critics, and prove a blessing to the Catholic life of the metropolis. Then there was the Catholic League of South London, which, he was sorry to say, did not receive the support it deserved. The League was a brave attempt to bring home to Catholics their social obligations and duties. It had done much, and would do more. It had gathered to itself certain earnest spirits which were doing good in many centres, and it had given us an opportunity of judging men who were continually clamoring for more earnest effort, and who were yet content with lip-service. They reminded him of the men who said, "I come my Lord," and came not. He hoped Peckham would never be behindhand in its social duties. There was much which he might say on this subject, but he saw some of the audience were beginning to feel uncomfortable (laughter). He thought that a good sign, and he commended them to the keeping of their own consciences. He was sure before the year was out he would have them among the active workers of the parish, helping one another, and ready to prove by the strength of the faith that was in them (cheers).

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST

But what pen less gift of Chioe, or his of Avonators of Vulcan or of G suffice to convey to the idea of the mental and portions of this new c thrust his small and sh upon the family party, their curiosity, and to r of so many attentive in