CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MENTAL CHEMISTRY

That man is truly great who at will can master his moods; who knows enough of modern chemistry to neutralize a fit of the "blues" with the opposite thought, just as a chemist neutralizes an acid which is eating into his flesh by applying an alkaline antidote. A man ignorant of chemistry might apply another acid which would eat still deeper into his flesh; but the chemist knows the antidote of the particular acid that is doing the mischief. He can kill its corrosive, eating quality in an instant, for he knows the secret. So the mental chemist knows how to counteract the corrosive, wearing, tearing, power of the despondent, depressing thought by its cheerful antidote. He knows that the optimistic thought is sure death to the pessimistic. He knows that harmony will quickly neutralize any form of discord; that the health thought will antidote the ailing, sick thought; that the love thought will kill the hatred thought, the jealous thought.

Many of us keep our minds more or less poisoned much of the time because of the ignorance of mental chemistry. We suffer from mental self-poison and do not know it. Neither do we know how to antidote the poison passions which are working havoc in our bodies.

Nothing else will so exhaust the vitality and whittle away life as violent fits of hatred, bitter jealousy, or a determination for revenge. We see the victims of these passions worn out, haggard, old, even before they have reached middle life. There are cases on record where fierce jealousy and hatred raging through the system aged the victims by years in a few days or weeks.

Yet these mental poisons are just as easily antidoted, conquered, as physical poisons which have well-known antidotes. If we are sick with a fever we go to a physician for an antidote; but when jealousy or hatred is raging within us we suffer tortures until the fever gradually wears itself out, not knowing that an application of love which would quickly antidote it, we could easily have avoided not only the suffering but also the wear and tear on the entire system.

As there is no filth, no impurity, in any water which can not be removed by the science of chemistry, so there is no human mind so filthy, so poisoned with vicious thinking and vicious habits, so saturated with vice, that it can not be cleaned up by right thinking; by the counter suggestion of the thing that has polluted it.

LOVE AS AN ANTIDOTE

An acid is instantly killed by the presence of an alkali. Fire can not exist in the presence of its opposite, carbonic acid gas or water. We can not drive hatred, jealousy, or revenge out of the mind by will power, by trying to force them out. Love is alkali which will antidote them. The way to get rid of discord is to flood the mind with harmony; then the discord vanishes. The way to get despondency and discouragement out of the mind is to fill it with encouraging, hopeful, cheerful pictures. The discouragement, the despondency, flee before their natural antidote. Fear worry, anxiety, envy, moroseness, melancholy, can all be neutralized by their opposites. We need not be passive victims of the harmful suggestions around us.

We little realize what forces lie dormant within us, until they are aroused and stimulated. If we could take a muscle out of the arm and see how much weight it would support without breaking, we should find that it would be extremely small in comparison with the tremendous strength which is actually exerted in a great emergency. In Professor's Anderson's experiments with Yale students, he registered the strength of the right and left arms of eleven young men. The average strength of the right arm was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left, ninety-six pounds. The men were put upon special exercises with the right hand only, with instructions to center their thoughts wholly on the left. At the end of a week tests of both arms were again made. The average strength of the right arm had incressed six pounds, while that of the unexercised left had increased eleven pounds, thus proving that the concentrated brain exercise exerted even a greater force in developing the muscles than the physical exercise without the accompaniment of the mental influence. The power which mind imparts to muscle is an emergency is beyond all belief.

MIND IS KING

The whole body is really a projected mind, objectified, made tangible. It is an outpicturing of the mind in material form. When we look at a person we actually see the mind, or what his thinking has made him. It is well known that real gray brain matter can be developed to a very remarkable degree in the tips of the fingers, as is illustrated by the blind, who can even detect shades of color, quality, texture, and other things by their marvelous sense of touch. Now this is a projection of the brain to the tips of the fingers, showing that our thought permeates the whole body.

Why is it that a deaf, dumb, and blind person instinctively feels the presence of a grand or a vicious personality near him? It is because of the powerful radiation of his character from every part of the body.

All this shows what a dangerous, what a fatal thing it is to hold in the mind a wrong suggestion, for it tends to become a part of us, and, before we realize it, we are that suggestion or thought.

We all know that it is the constant contemplation of good things, of holy things, that incites to the doing of them and makes the saintly person; that the constant dwelling upon and contemplation of the beautiful, the sublime, the noble, the true, and the effort to incorporate them into the life, are what make the beautiful character. The life follows the thought. There is no law clearer than that. There is no getting away from it.—O. S. M. in Success.

Thoroughness—that is the way to prepare for contests that are to end in victory.

Thoroughness — that is the road to expert skill.

Thoroughness—that is the narrow gate to excellence.

Here is a story from real life of a young lawyer's thorough preparation for his first important case:

HOW HE WON

A very interesting story of a young lawyer's first case in New York some years ago is told by the lawyer himself, Mr. Francis Wellman, in his "Day in Court." He tells how he came to the city as an apprentice in the Corporation Council's office, and was given this case because everyone else in the office was tired of it. Indeed, he suspected it was given to him so as to discourage him from remaining in the office at all.

The case was thirty years old, and very decrepit. It was a suit to recover $40,000 from the city of New York for injuries done by water to the foundation of a building on First Avenue in 1854. The plaintiff claimed that the city had graded a street near by, and in the grading had changed a natural watercourse on First Avenue, so that the water, being turned aside, had burrowed under his building, and destroyed it.

Of course, the building had gone before the case was started. Since then, in the natural course of thirty years in a great city, the whole neighborhood had changed, the avenue had been built up in a different way, and all the former residents had moved out. Only one witness was left who remembered anything about the occurrences in the case. The office people had shelved the case and laughed at it. It was about as unpromising a thing as any lawyer could imagine.

But the young lawyer was determined and enthusiastic, and besides, had nothing else to do. The good cases were all given to the men of longer standing in the city office, so he had this or nothing. He devoted, accordingly, six long months to the case, working as earnestly, night and day, as if it were the most important trial on the calendar. In these six months he hunted up thirty witnesses, who knew more or less about the old watercourse before the grading. He also made, from the engineering records, a plan and model of the locality and the grades. The model showed the condition of the road and watercourse in 1830. Then, by removing certain blocks, the grade was shown as it was in 1854, then in 1864, and so on.

Armed thus with the facts in the case, young Wellman came to the trial of it. The first two days almost tired out the court, and the judges wanted to bring it to a close, saying they saw nothing in the city's contention. But as fact piled on fact, the case began to appear; at the end of five days the judges had become certain there was a case; and the lawyer on the other side, who had considered his client's victory sure, was visibly anxious.

The young lawyer was excited and flustered; he was inexperienced, and knew very little about court work; and if his array of exhaustive details had not been so thoroughly prepared, he would have had a hard time, indeed. But the case developed itself by sheer weight of facts; by the sixth day court, jury and audience were all interested, and by the end of the tenth day it was impossible to resist the cumulated evidence in favor of the city. The jury brought in a unanimous verdict for the defendant.

The case was the foundation of a good practice for the industrious and determined young lawyer. — John F. Daniels in Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"NO CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT"

"Tom! You here and out of employment? I thought you had a good place at White & Young's. What's the matter?"

"It wasn't much of a place, so I left. There was no chance of advancement."

"See here, Tom. You are a pretty good boy; your sickly father, who can hardly earn a living, and your mother, who takes in washing and slaves from morning until night, have done well by you. They have kept you in school until now you should be *able* to earn your own living, board, clothes, and all, and very soon you should help them.

"You had a good place; but you were not engaged to plan methods of getting rid of work and to play jokes on the old man who works around the corner. You were hired to work; to do your very best, to show what was in you. When you or any other boy leaves a place—or more like, is turned out of a place, and you say you left because 'There was no chance of advancement" you tell every business man of experience that you are not 'worth your salt.' Nobody wants a boy who expects to do as little work as possible because he is looking ahead for 'advancement.'"

"Well, I'm out now, and to tell the truth, I am sorry. I didn't work half the time. I did try to get out of every thing I could, so as to make Jim Brown work harder."

"How is Jim Brown getting along? He began the same time you began."

"Well—well—Jim Brown's been advanced a dollar a week, and the 'boss' said if he kept on he'd soon get more."

"What did the 'boss' say to you?"

"He told me to get out; that their store was no rooming house for loafers."

"I am glad to find you are truthful at last. Now, what are you going to do? Where are you going to get a job? You must do something. If I see you eating what your poor mother earns and doing nothing to get a place I'll have ou taken care of my lad. I wonder if you know what shame means?"

"I am ashamed. Honestly, this morning when I got up and saw my mother at the tub, and the lot of work she had done and the plate of toast waiting for me, I felt small enough to crawl through a knot whole."

"I saw four men yesterday. Each time when I was asked why I left my former place and I said there was no chance for advancement, the answer was: 'Clear out, youngster; we hire people to work.'"

"What are your plans for to-day?"

"I don't know what to do." By this time the lad had manliness to know that he was really ashamed of himself.

"See here, boy, I'll give you some advice. Go back to White & Young's, see the boss and ask him to give you another chance. Be manly enough to tell him you are sorry you did not do better when you were with him. If he does not take you back, come round to my office. If he does take you back, come over and see me this evening.

"I am not your father nor your uncle, but your mother has been doing my laundry for five years. She is a good honest woman, a mother to be proud of. I'll tell you one thing young man, you must begin to advance in industry, respect and love for your parents, and in efforts to do something for them. Five years from now—yes, less than that, your mother should not, be bending over the wash tub.

"Well, let me hear from you this evening. First go over across the street to Saint James' Church and make a visit to our dear Lord." — Sunday Companion.

OPPORTUNITY

There are men holding high positions of trusts in the business world of to-day men who have gradually worked themselves up from the lowest round of the ladder of fame to a place where they are looked up to and respected by their fellow business men. We have in mind the instance of a president of a large clothing house in one of our principal cities. This man started out in life as a newsboy. Another instance is that of a superintendent of a great bridge building company who began his career as a rivet heater and to-day holds one of the highest offices in the company. We may wonder how it is that men who started out in such lowly positions can now be the chief men of large firms and holds positions of great responsibility. We may ask ourselves this question. The answer, however, is a simple one—as boys they possessed ambition and energy they were boys who placed before themselves high ideals in life and never paused in their course until they had reached them.

A boy without ambition is like one of a number of racers who continually keep to the same track, who never tries to take advantage of the curves, of short sprints and other little artifices in order to gain the lead. A racer of this class never finishes in the lead, never wins a prize. So it is with the boys who lacks ambition. If he is not watchful and careful to grasp the chances of advancement that present themselves, he always stays in the same place and sees his companions and fellow workers rise steadily from position to position until they are perhaps partners in the firm. Give an ambitious boy an opportunity and he will not let it slip from him because he knows that opportunities come but once and if allowed to slip away they are gone forever. The age in which we live is called the age of progress, and we must move rapidly if we wish to keep up with those beside us who are struggling with might and main to gain possession of the positions of prominence.

The non-ambitious boy or young man has no place in the struggling, pushing crowd of to-day; if he wants to get a name for himself he has to make it, and he will never make it by sitting idly by and watching others rushing past him to that envious post called Fame.

St. Paul himself has said, "Hold fast to that which thou hast: let no one take thy crown." And the watchword of to-day it is: "Seize the opportunity; it is golden." The only difference is that to-day it is said for a material end whilst the great preacher to the gentiles meant it for the kingdom of heaven. But is it insane logic to say that if it holds good fore mere transitory things it should be much more so for the prize of eternal life?—Intermountain Catholic?

BAD COMPANY

Boys are not the only mortals that bad company ruins. No person can withstand or resist the evil influence of bad companionship. Parental influence cannot check it. No virtue is so strong, no intelligence or education so superior or enlightened as not to fall a victim to the baneful influence of evil companionship. The proverb says "Tell me with whom you associate and I will tell you who you are." Or, again, "Companionship is among likes or makes likes."

This being so, therefore should the greatest vigilance be exerted in this respect.—New World.

IT IS ALWAYS THIS WAY

FACTS VERSUS PROTESTANT FANCIES CONCERNING CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN JAPAN

From the Sacred Heart Review

One of the most amusing features of the comment of non-Catholics on China and Japan is the cool assumption that the Protestant denominations in those countries are doing all the Christian work that ever has been done there. There is much talk about Congregational missions and Baptist missions, and Methodist missions, and so on, but * * * ordinarily there is complete ignoring of the Catholic Church, or if it is mentioned at all it is in a slurring, belittling fashion.

Such is the way in which it was spoken of at the Japanese-American Historical Conference recently held in Worcester Mass. In their addresses before that conference two missionaries talked as if whatever Christianity was in Japan was the result of American Protestant missionary work. "The earliest missionaries in Japan were Americans," and three-quarters of the missionaries now in Japan are Americans," and similar expressions were used by those speakers, and the Japanese Catholics who had retained the faith since the early Catholic days were slightingly referred to as "a few left-over Christians."

Luckily, however, there are in Worcester, many people who know better, and one of them, the Rev. Dr. John J. McCoy, joined issue with the ministers, and in an address delivered before the Young Women's Catholic Club, which was reported verbatim in the Worcester Telegram the scholarly pastor of St. Ann's gave the facts concerning Japan and its Christianization, and said:

From all this it is very evident therefore, that the Rev. Mr. Warren's saying, 'the earliest missionaries in Japan were Americans,' is not true, and that the Rev. Dr. Rowland's assertion, the beginning of the Church dates back to 1859, when the first missionaries went to Japan,' is not true either.

"There were Catholic Christian missionaries and millions of Catholic Christians in Japan, and the world has never known more steadfast Christians, more than three hundred years before the American Protestant ever set eyes on the shores of the island empire."

"LEFT-OVER CHRISTIANS" THE DESCENDANTS OF MARTYRS

Taking up Dr. Rowland's reference to the "few left-over Christians"—Catholics all who had kept the faith for centuries without church or priest, Dr. McCoy said:

"A 'left-over' Christian, like a cold dish, evidently does not count for much with this Christian minister; but most men would have had the soul in them stirred to the depths by the sight of a man, whose blood was the blood of martyrs, and who came from stock which kept its faith and grew great on the memory of the heroisms of its forbears, and which for two hundred years without priest or divine sacrifice, or sacrament, save the baptism administered by its laymen in secret, yet persisted loyal to the faith given it, and whose sons came again in their thousands in tears of joy when the missionaries of the faith of St. Francis Xavier returned, as they did in 1858, one year before, even at his own word, the American Protestant missionary came for the first time to Japan."

Christianity was introduced into Japan not in 1859 by Protestant missionaries, but in 1549 by Catholic missionaries. Fifty years of preaching and teaching resulted in the conversion of nearly 2,000,000 Japanese to Catholicity. Then set in an era of persecution in which hundreds of missionaries and many thousands of Catholics were martyred. The cruelty and refinement of the tortures are unparalleled even in the history of the early ages of the Church. In 1640 Japan was closed to Christians by royal decree. Meanwhile within the empire the work of stamping out the faith went relentlessly on. But despite the rigor of the persecution the divine faith persisted; so that when Catholic missionaries again entered Japan in 1858 they found, as Dr. McCoy states, many people to whom the faith had been handed down through the centuries of darkness and persecution. In honor of those heroic souls who braved death by torture rather than that their children should grow up ignorant of the faith, and who handed on the divine torch of Catholic teaching from father to son, Pope Pius IX, on March 17, 1865 established a feast with the rank of "a greater double" to be celebrated forever in Japan under the title of "The Finding of the Christians." No wonder, contemplating such a heroic record Dr. McCoy should remark:

"These people appear to be of value in numbers and worth and heroic constancy, and of such a mould as should inspire a Christian minister to name them with a more becoming title than 'a few left-over Christians from the work of Xavier.' Where is admiration for highest nobleness gone?

In conclusion Dr. McCoy gave figures showing the condition of the Catholic Church in Japan at present. Native Japanese Catholics numbered 62,694 in 1908, and there are churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, orphan asylums and all the various activities for which the Church makes provision wherever she plants the standard of the cross. "Yet we will be told, at least inferentially," remarks Dr. McCoy, "that the American Protestant missionaries alone are doing worth-while Christian work, and that through a somewhat detailed survey it will be seen that Christianity in its Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist forms has taken root in Japan, and only in these forms." "I respectfully submit my words," he concludes "to the notice of the fair minded people of Worcester, and say while so doing, it is always this way."

ESAU OR JACOB

In Dr. Lyman Abbot's surreptitious itinerary (published only for a privileged few), entitled "Impressions of a Careless Traveler," the reverend editor-in-chief of The Outlook gives his privileged audience to understand that he dislikes the Catholic religion with a pious Puritan dislike, and that he admires the Pantheon (Pagan originally) as the most majestic interior in Rome, and regards the Catholic ritual, "borrowed and modified from the Pagan ritual," as only repeating in Rome what had been repeated several centuries before the Christian era. The reverend but careless archæologists, does not consider it by any means necessary to adduce any proof of such stale clap trap as this echo of "The Veil of Isis" and similiar bold concoctions of a Freemason dive into the romance of history in the hope to establish a plausible theory of a Pagan origin of Christianity. In another portion of the same subterranean booklet Dr. Abbott compares a Corpus Christi celebration which he witnessed in Rome to a chariot race which he had seen in Barnum's circus in his youthful days. The comparisons reveal the sort of mind which so careless (?) a traveler brings to bear on the discussion of things pertaining to the Pope and the Catholic Church.

In yet another place he refers to that Church as the greatest organization the world has ever known, and then goes on to pity the Head of that organization because he is compelled, by force of present conditions in his own capital, to live pent up in a corner of the possessions of the Church and to maintain seclusion at his meals. He says it is a high price to pay for the honor of so serving God, and yet, he adds, if he could believe as the Pope believes he would think it an honor worth the price demanded. These are, in effect, his views about the present Pope and the Church generally, yet he allows the magazine of which he is the chief editor to interfere in the Holy Father's official business and lectures him upon the men whom he has chosen to be Cardinals and whom he has passed over, in the exercise of his spiritual authority, in the coolest manner possible! The language of the article in which this insult is offered to the Pope is, without exception the most freezingly cynical that ever was printed. It is the worst example of bad taste that ever emanated from a printing office, implying a right to criticise the action of a Pope in the government of the Church, on the part of critics who always emphatically repudiated the right of the Papacy to regulate even its own etiquette in the reception of American visitors.

The lecture goes on to explain its motive, thus:

With the present Spanish influence in the vatican American Protestants naturally have little sympathy. They regard that influence as distinctly calamitous in the life of the Church; and with the highest regard for the peasant-Pope, who is devoutly religious, ardently concerned for the purity of the Church, and a saint in his life, they recall with regret the large-minded statesmanship of Leo XIII.

An insane hatred of Spain—that brought about the recent unjustifiable war with that power—is at the bottom of all this unmannerly and presumptous cavilling. "They never can forgive who do the wrong," it has been well said in regard to international wrongdoing. "Hands off!" was the cry that such patriots yelled at Pope Leo when he prayed for peace before the declaration of war.

The Pope and his Council attempted to dictate to the American people what sort of politicians or thinkers the President should call to his official family to aid him in the work of governing and initiating legislation? It is not difficult to surmise the nature of the commentary such an interference would elicit, but it would be hard to determine its volume or quantity.

Dr. Abbott, in the booklet we have quoted, emphasizes his belief that the Catholic religion in Italy is mere formism; and therefore has no real hold upon the people there. He finds in the fact that the ecclesiastical students have all their text-books in the Latin language a basis for the opinion that it is petrified mediaevalism we Catholics have for our religion, and no such qualifying principle as that which distinguished Protestantism as the religion of progress and enlightenment. Unification in hatred of Catholicism, we may remark is the only bond that keeps the whole ramshackle system in any sort of apparent solidarity. The aspiration to "one faith, one fold, one Shepherd," has no real place in that terrestrial Milky Way, that Nebula of differing and unassimiable particles.

Cardinal Merry de Val, the distinguished Papal Secretary of State, is spoken of as one "whose hatred of all things American is a matter of general knowlege." No attempt is made to substantiate this bald and raw statement, but the fact that it is The Outlook's say-so is assumed to be enough to place it in the class of absolute reliability. Were the Cardinal Secretary, however, really not enamored of "all things American," as here boldly postulated, looking back at some recent behaviour of representative Americans in the Eternal City, there could not be much cause for wonder thereat.

The Latin language is the language of our glorious Church. In that tongue was offered up the first Christian prayers addressed to heaven from the shores of this continent and it is not presumptuous to predict—bearing in mind the many languages that have arisen, flourished for awhile and then decayed since the birth of that Church of Christ—that it will still be the voice of the Church when the sort of Anglo-Saxon spoken here will have gone to join the older one of England, the Erse, the Cornish, the American, the Walloon and other shreds of a tattered and faded European civilization.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

LINCOLN'S TEACHER

There was very little opportunity for "schooling" in Kentucky when Lincoln was a boy, says M. J. O'Brien in the New York Sun, for the schools were few and far between. But, according to tradition, what little education Lincoln had was received from an old Irish schoolmaster named Riney. The son of the man who taught the youthful Abe the mysteries of the "primer" and Dilworth's "Spelling Book" is still alive at the age of eighty-four. He is Brother Benedict of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Ky. His baptismal name was William Riney. His father was one of the early settlers in Hardin county, where he was for many years engaged in teaching school. He was a neighbor of Thomas Lincoln, and according to the tradition in that section it was "Master Riney" who taught young Abraham his letters before the family removed to Spencer county, Indiana. Were it not for the rules of the Trappist order, the venerable Brother Benedict might tell an interesting story of Lincoln's early life.

It is a remarkable fact that many of the pioneer teachers of that region were Irishmen. Abbott, in his "Life of Daniel Boone," says the noted frontiersman was taught by an Irish schoolmaster; Boone's children were taught by Joseph Donovan at Boonesborough; the celebrated Judge Marshall and President Zachary Taylor learned the rudiments at Kane O Hara's school at Frankfort, while among others we find Hogan, McNamara, Reilly, Dunleavy, Joyce, Byrne, Whalen, and "the scholary but eccentric Irishman," Richard Keene, who prepared for college many of Kentucky's sons who distinguished themselves in later years. There are several excellent authorities for the statement that it was John Reilly who established the very first school in the valley of the Ohio, west of Pittsburgh.

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WHAT BOYS READ

This is an age of ephemeral literature. Serious reading is passing to an alarming extent. The cheap magazine is at its zenith. Some of the matter is harmlessly amusing and some decidedly vicious.

It might not be so deplorable if adults only were concerned. But the greed for money has laid heavy toll upon the souls of children. Millions of dollars are unusually spent in Germany for the blood and thunder novels alone. The condition here is no improvement. As soon as the boy is able to spell out a sentence he is initiated into the cheap pamphlets that necessarily interfere with his moral and intellectual growth. The boy himself is not wholly to blame. He wants energy, interest, excitement in his reading, and will get it somehow, even if he has to wait his turn for the tales, passed from hand to hand, of Indians, cowboys, thieves and detectives.

No one doubts that the most of this stuff which appeals to boys and then perverts them ought to be suppressed as a menace to youths. But while waiting for the law to act, Catholic parents have a clear duty, not merely of forbidding evil reading, but of supplying in its stead something harmless and full of interest.

The boy cherishes such reading because those who should care for him do not think it worth while to supply him with good books. And by good books is not necessarily meant pious books. The ordinary boy avoids books avowedly pious. But you can give him plenty of Catholic books, like those of Father Finn, David Bearne and countless others which are as interesting as the "dime novel," while they set before the boy exemplars of true manliness.

The circulating library is now at every corner. If there is a demand for a certain book the proprietor puts it in at once. If parents would demand good stories for their children in these libraries, and interest themselves in supplying reading matter as they do in supplying food, their boys would soon be weaned from the soiled and ragged novel they feel constrained to read on the sly.—Pilot.

PROCTOR, ADELAIDE ANNE

We the authoress of the "Lost Chord" and other poems, Adelaide Anne Proctor will be chiefly remembered, but as a philauthropist also the results of her charitable zeal have supplemented her literary fame with distinction. The daughter of the poet Bryan Waller Proctor ("Barry Cornwall"), Professor Lennox, in his biography in the twelfth volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, tells us that as a child Adelaide showed precocious intelligence, and in 1852, two years after the conversion of herself and two sisters to Catholicism, she won the approval of Charles Dickens by the contribution of a short poem to "Household Words," of which he was the then editor.

The characteristic testimony of Dickens that "she was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; . . . . a finely sympathetic woman with a great, accordant heart and a sterling noble nature" may be taken as a true estimate of the worth of the woman whose charitable labors no less than her poetic fervour were responsible for so much good. Her works were very popular, and were published in America and also translated into German, and in 1877 her poems were in greater demand in England than those of any living writer except Tennyson. Born in London, 30 Oct., 1825, her death occurred there on Feb., 1864, her health having given way under the strain of her incessant charitable work in visiting the sick, befriending the destitute and homeless, teaching the ignorant, and endeavouring to raise up the fallen ones of her own sex. Some of her poems for example, "Per Pacem ad Lucem" and "Thankfulness" are so devotional that they are in use as hymns.

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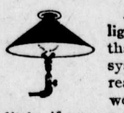

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NO BELIEF CONCERNING GOD

In an article in The Sunday At Home on education in France, Mr. W. Grinton Berry (as quoted by the London Tablet) puts the question, "Are the governing authorities and the Government of France positively, deliberately, and actively hostile to the Christian religion?" and the answer, he says, he is compelled to made is "Yes." He then goes on to show by a number of examples how the name of God has disappeared from the text-books that the school children handle, and he points out that the revisions spoil the sentiment of the earlier editions of the school books. As an example he quotes the following from "Francinet," a book for middle and upper forms: "Lord, give me Thy light. I am the son of toilers. . . . My rich brother with idle hands, I am a son of God as much as you." This prayer and this claim from the edition of 1895 became in the revised version of 1909: "Raise me up, heavy toil! Ennoble me under thy rigors. . . . My rich brother with idle hands, I am a man not less than you."

Mr. Berry then turns to consider what is taught concerning the soul, the future life and faith. A few quotations from the school books supply the answer. "No belief concerning God, the origin of the world, the origin and destiny of man can be accepted by thinking people; all that we can do in these matters is to make suppositions." "The Gospels contain moral conceptions which shock the modern conscience." Immorality is defined as merely the continuance of our memory in the hearts of those who loved us. "Religion is founded upon fear and upon unverifiable hypotheses."

Thus are the boys and girls of Catholic France being brought up the way they should go to be infidels and pagans worse even than those of old, for they had some belief, if not concerning God, at least concerning the idea of a Supreme Being. What is to be the result? On that point it is not difficult to do much more than make suppositions.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

HEROIC NUNS

The heroism of the Catholic nun is so much a matter of course that Catholics have ceased to remark it. In an address recently in Montreal an incident was cited which shows how ordinary the most remarkable self-sacrifice appears to those who have given up the world for God. Forty years ago a letter was received by the then Mother Superior at Hotel Dieu, Montreal, from Tracadie, Nova Scotia, stating that leprosy had broken out there, that the victims were without care or attention, and praying that some of the nuns would come to them. For a time Mother Superior was depressed at the thought of urging any one to undertake a mission attended with such dangers and difficulties as this might be, but one evening after Vespers she read the letter, explained the repulsive nature of the disease, the isolation and the danger of contagion, and stated that on the following day she would place a box on the chancel steps, so that if any nun felt such a mission to be hers, she might go secretly, so as to influence no one else, and place her name on a slip of paper in the box. When the box was opened the following evening it was found that every member of the community, from the eldest to the youngest, was ready to undertake the mission. The Mother Superior herself was the first to go.—S. H. Review.

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