THEIR GREATUNCLE.

"Heugh! Heugh!" groaned old pierre, trying to raise himself from the rock on which he rested. Then he looked around and shook tremulous fist at the mountain peaks frowning on every side. "So," said he—" so I am at your feet. Once I was your master. I have danced upon those beetling brows and scaled those precipitous heights like a chamois. Ah, I tell you old and young then! You could frighten Pierre with your crashing ches. Pierre knew your tricks

Then muttering maledictions on old

Then muttering maledictions on old age, which brought so many infirmities in its train, he took up a small bundle and pursued his journey to the village beside the lake.

From the path by which Pierre descended immediately below the steep zigzag was a superb view of the azure lake. The limpid waters lapped the lake. The limpid waters lapped the lake. The implication of the colors but a wing, so intensely blue. The colors barks, wing a wing, sped like eagles the bay. Pierre's old eyes had barks, which have Pierre's old eyes had across the bay. Pierre's old eyes had lost little of their keenness, and they took in this beauty with infinite joy. "At least I can see," he said proudly, "and perhaps I can use my wits no lost of the pierre ago.

than I could forty years ago. Well, now for my affectionate nephews. Let us recapitulate the lesson. What are the names? Ah, I have it! The gospels backward. First, John. He should be steady, this John, and doubtless well to do. Luke was a fool—yes! I avoid Luke. Mark—what did he say of Mark? Is it possible my memory begins to fail me? But, no! I remember all. He is the rich one, very member all. He is the rich one, very member all. He is the rich one, rich. Mathieu, a generous rattlepate with a wife and six children and little to feed them with. John and Mark, I send you my very good compliments.

A malicious smile hovered round the aged man's lips as he waved his hand with mock courtesy toward the village, nestling well under shelter of the cliffs down which the zigzag path was lead-ing him. It is possible John and Mark may meet their match in this decrepit figure, for after all it is mind that governs matter.
Perhaps some such thought caused

the smile in the keen old eyes as Pierre at last found himself in the village at last found himsen in the village idea, "I street and asked for the house of his children" nephew, John Desor.

John, a portly, heavy visaged John, stood at his shop door. A cautious man, this John, who did not accept this feeble relative with the manifestation of hospitality.
"I suppose I may sit down?"

quavered Pierre.
"You may sit down," said John's

John sat behind the counter, ready for customers. She made signs to her husband. In her eyes it was easy to read that there was no wel-

"He had better go to Mark. Mark

Mark was a notary. He was busy writing and looked up, frowning fiercely at the interruption. "Disgraceful! One of our own blood begging! You always wasted your substance in the past, or you would not be homeless to-day. You can't expect us to support you expect us to support you. We have all we can do to get our ow living. Go back to the false friends that counseled you to take this unwise step. But wait! Let me look up the family record. I don't believe you are our great-uncle after all. Desor is no

into the street. "Pigs, exasperating pigs of peasants!" he said under his breath. "But now what to do?"

At least the breath has the said to be a superational pigs of the street the breath has the said under his brea

At least the bench by the well was common property. He crawled there with his bundle and sat down to rest.

The common property of this once again?"

Who more gay the common property of the common property. common property. He crawled there with his bundle and sat down to rest. Then, in a dreamy, half drowsy condition, he watched the women come and go, until at last a loud voice and a company of the crawled with the hotte on her back?

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The old man's keen glances from the halet door lighted into sudden flame as his eyes rested on the bare rock forming part of Mathieu's possessions. Then he chuckled as if some happy idea had occurred to him. Mathieu's wife, Marie, laughed too.

'He will be cheerful company," said she to her husband. Next morning they all rose at day-break, for Mathieu worked in a neigh-bor's vineyard in the valley below.

"So, Mathieu! That rock belongs to

"That shelving rocky slope, uncle? Yes; it fell to my lot. Well, one must not speak ill of one's own blood, but others took care of themselves. This was good enough for rattled peat Mathieu. He laughed, but rubbed his head rue-

fully, "Good enough!" cried the old man in an excited tone. "Good enough

As Mathieu strode away to his work the remembrance of that "good enough" rang in his ears. He thought that perhaps the old man had lost his Meantime the keen-sighted old fellow was sitting in the doorway chuckling was sitting in the doorway chacking with amusement that his grand-nephew should be going away to work as a hired man in his neighbor's vineyard.

"Marie," he cried, "Marie, come here. I love thee, child, thee and

ledge, over which the goats climbed to browse on the sweet grass that sprung here and there from interstices and now lay basking in the sun. There is our vineyard, my good

Marie Make a vineyard there, uncle!

But where is the earth?"

The old man laughed. He pointed to the gorge, through which the mountain torrent rushed to the lake.

"Ah," cried Marie, aftre with the idea, "I see, I see! I and the six

And the old uncle," he put in. "We shall make Mathieu a vine-

The children brought up to carry the hotte (basket) on their backs and weights on their heads, began to yell with delight at their part of the work.

with delight at their part of the work.

Away they raced to the gorge, followed by the uncle and the vigorous Marie.

When Mathieu returned that evening, he stared and rubbed his eyes. Several yards of the rock were covered with earth, and the old man was building a wall at the bettom offthe field. a wall at the bottom of the field. —
What does this mean?' cried he, a oroad grin widening his rosy cheeks.
"It means," cried pierre, "that my

"He had better sis so rich, and besides this ne is so rich, and besides this ne room and to spare."

Pierre was still smiling as he turned to leave the shop. John pointed the way with magnificent courtesy.

"The second house on the right.

"The idea once suggested approved itself to Mathieu as an experienced itself to Mathieu as an experienced worker in a vineyard. "But," thought worker in a vineyard. "But," thought he as he rubbed his eyes and looked about him, "why did I never think of this for myself?"

He barely waited to swallow his soup, he to plant foot on his own

so eager was he to plant foot on his own

"Keep your own counsel," said the old man. "Go forth as usual to thy work and leave us here to carry up the earth. Every hour will add to the pile. By autumn you shall plant the vines.'

Ah, how cheerfully all worked! And on moonlight nights did Mathieu go to The rich earth, carried bed at all? from the glacier above by the resistless force of the torrent, lay here in the

"What, a vineyard on that old rock!"

"What, a vineyard on that old rock!"
cried Mathieu's brothers, who had been
invited to be present.
Pierre stood at the vineyard gate.
His wrinkled old face had its rosy hue
still, his keen eyes twinkled, and with
a lorldly air he bowed to the judges and
throw leak the gate.

Anarcl threw back the gate.
"Enter," said he, waving his hand in

welcome. Then he swaggered up and down, showing the finest bunches. "Here," said hearty Mathieu, seizing

the rattlepate, after all!" cried Mark, with a vicious look at the cheery old man of busy brain who headed the

They had to hear that Matthewster adjudged the prize for a well kept vine-yard, that his grapes excelled any yet grown in the canton and that he must "Not I!" shouted Mathieu. "If come avowed I any of us be crowned, it must be uncle, and infidels.

The judges laughed. But Mathieu that happy old man, with Mathieu's youngest child on his knee, was carried in procession through the village which a few years before he had entered friendless and homeless.

His eyes were unlifted to the snowy that the snowy tha

THE RED FLAG.

together as if they meant one and the like that of the Principle of Evil

together as if they meant one and the same thing, but this is not correct.

Socialism in its milder form simply desires that government shall touch the people nearer than it does now in many of its public activities; it advocates a governmental control of railroads, telegraphs, etc., just as the postal service is now managed. However, a large number of Socialists are in favor of bringing about their aims by violence if need be—not having the patience to wait for the slow process of arousing legal means—by legislation.

A striking fact is that recently in Chicago—the Sunday after President McKinley was shot—at a large meeting of Societies.

The grand old principles of Catholic Christianity stand out luminous to-day as the bulgarder of societies. of Socialists, a resolution was introduced, protesting against the popular notion that Socialism and Anarchy are

he says:
"Mr. Caine's hero, David Rossi, is John Storm over again. He is a Socialist, whose political and religious creed is summed up in the Lord's Prayer and who preaches until the average reader must feel a wild longing to choke him. One can fancy an Italian Socialist with the Lord's Prayer as his creed? If Mr. Caine knew anything of Italians, he would know that Italian Socialists as well as Italian Republicans and Italian Anarchists, are to a man agnostics or

at the electron own hardworking as the state of the control of the eyes back and forth with comprehensive glances. Ah, Pierre had his wits about him, wits enough to stock Mathieu, his wife and six children and leave plenty over for the elder brothers.

"So you are very poor, Mathieu?" said he as he took his survey from the chalet door.

"Mathieu's rosy face clouded as he looked within and nordded. Exerything was clean, for his wife was thrifty, but poverty was written on every hand, even in the faces of his six children, who needed more plentiful and more nourishing food.

"Mathieu," called the wife, "come the and make the uncle a bed. At least we have sweet hay up here."

I do not know that we have no great-time left and the related to me his chance meeting with our muttant lifting that it is can have the record written all friend, and how he had spent a little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant lifting in friend, and how he had spent a little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant liftlend, and how he had spent a little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our mutant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our mutant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our muttant little to me his chance meeting with our mutant little to me his chance meeting with our mutant little to me his chance meeting with our mutantival friend, and how he had spent a little to me his chance meeting with our mutantival little from his target late of weathing his tenets. Working for humanity was an expression he seemed to delight in. The elegypman, just at the close of the conversation, noticed to the list of the feast of the friend, and how he had spent a lit

"Well, I guess you are about right."

Nihilism seems to be a sort of Russian anarchy or a desire to destroy the present form of government in Russia, in order to gain the liberties of the

Anarchy means destruction of all forms of government, whether empire, monarchy or republic, and no return to them. It advocates removing all those down, showing the finest bunches.

"Here," said hearty Mathieu, seizing the old man and turning him to the judges, "behold the brains of the vineyard!"

"And here," cried Pierre, "are the faithful workers!" He darted to the bushes, behind which Marie stood blushing and the children were gathered, curiously peeping between the vine leaves at the strangers.

It was a goodly sight. How Mathieu vine leaves at the strangers.

It was a goodly sight. How Mathieu talked and laughed and the brothers gloomed behind the ranks of the judges!

"He will be the rich man of the family, the rattlepate, after all!" cried ily, the rattlepate, after all!" cried to protect itself, for society is founded

to protect itself, for society is founded on God's law, and can not survive without God. European Anarchists and the old man of busy brain who headed to procession round the vineyard.

They had to hear that Mathieu was adjudged the prize for a well kept vineyard, that his grapes excelled any yet yard, that his grapes excelled any the content and that he must there is for them no half way-house like the like the house like the ho yard, that his grapes extend the must grown in the cauton and that he must grown in the carton and that he must there is for them no nair the begrown in the carton and that he must there is for them no nair the begrown in the carton and the second and the second are second as the second ar

The judges laughed. But Mathieu dhis way, and the happy old man,

had entered friendless and homeless.

His eyes were uplifted to the snowy peaks. His thoughts sped back to the dark of his youth, such a dream now, so long ago. Was it indeed his own so long ago. Was it indeed his own long is another of their papers, published in so long ago. Was it indeed his own is another of their papers, published in the same city, but more moderate in tone. The Firebrand is a notorious side, "the population of their papers, published in the same city, but more moderate in tone. The Firebrand is a notorious sheet, published in Chicago, and its sheet, published in Chicago.

death at the hand of Bresei, the anarchist, publicly stated that McKinley would be the next victim. I have it on Cult of Atheists and Infidels the Curse of Our Day.

Would be the lext victur. I have it of the best of authority that a marked copy of this paper reached the White House, but as usual, no notice was paid to it.

Much is printed in these past few weeks concerning anarchy, and much of it is misleading. Every one advocating a remedy for the evils of society is not an anarchist. Socialism, Nihilism and Anarchy are often loosely thrown together as if they meant one and the

their experiments to their experiments for the slow process of arousing the people by educating them up to such a point as to bring the end by such a point as to bring the end by legislation.

so well and often expounded by the notion that Socialism and Anarchy are identical and a motion to lay it on the table, was carried by a large vote. Many of these men are avowed athesists, and in a criticism of Caine's—"The Eternal City," by J. L. Alden, he says: Grand Old Man of the Vatican in many erty gives dignity to man by him in his own guidance and making him master of his actions. But how this dignity will be borne by man is a matter of much concern. For it can become to him a source of the greatest

good or the greatest evil."

This beautiful letter of Pope Leo XIII. ought to be read by every lover of liberty. It has sixty-five paragraphs, and every one of them radiant with light and pointed with heavenly freevery one of them, an answer to the asevery one of them an answer to the as-pirations of humanity. Here is the sixty-fourth, chosen at random:

from foreign domination or from the rule of a despot, the Church does not of life, and enjoyment of life to "The aspirations of a people to be free condemn, provided these aspirations can be realized without violating justice. Neither does she reprove efforts made to give each country the right to make its own laws, and to citizens every means of bettering their condition. means of bettering their condition. The Church has always most devotedly fostered civil liberty when it did not run to excess; of this the best witnesses are those Italian cities which rose to prosperity, wealth, glory, at a time when the salutary influence of the Church was exerted without opposition on every portion of the social fabric."

R. C. GLEANER. R. C. GLEANER.

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS..

By universal accord the month of By universal accord the month of November is set apart by good Catholies as a time of devotion to the holy souls in Purgatory. Not only on the Feast of All Souls, the 2nd day of this month, should they remember their deceased relatives and friends, but this month, should they remember their deceased relatives and friends, but every day of the entire month.

The great doctrine of the Communion of Saints, which is an article of faith in our creed, is vividly brought to our minds by the Feasts of All Saints and All Souls, which mark the beginning of this month. The first day commemorates

All Souls, which mark the beginning of this month. The first day commemor-ates all the blessed in heaven, all those of human kind who have received "Oho, oho!" laughed Mathieu. Some months after this conversation, I met a mutual friend—a elergyman of late and I do not know that we have no greatunele? Has not Mark the record written late and late a

same difficulties in the practice of our religion, and oftentimes far greater ones than we are called on to bear, and yet they all fought the fight and are now enjoying an eternal victory.

Happiness Comes From Within.

Circumstances have very little to do with human happiness. We labor under the impression that if we could have our own way and create our own environment we would be continuously contented. out the impression has no basis in fact Indeed, the plainest of all truths, if we think seriously on the subject, is that we are independent of everything ex-cept our own souls. If the soul is bright and cheery, a simple geranium on the window sill will give us pleasure, whereas to the soul that has formed the habit of fault-finding a whole conser habit of fault-inding a whole conserved atory can furnish no enjoyment. In the last analysis, therefore, neither wealth, nor poverty has very much to do with your happiness or misery, be-cause the source of both lies in your elf. There are people who would be satisfied if they were seated next to the Throne in Heaven; and there are others who have that within them which would make even a corner in purgatory a comfortable abode.

To Ladies.

To Ladies.

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dav without pain.

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with great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Lid., manufacturers.

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blowels.

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Catholic Home Annual For 1902

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