

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

The Ladies Aid Societies of the different parishes have been doing splendid work during the past winter in relieving the terrible distress prevailing in the districts of the city. Food, clothing, groceries, coal tickets, etc., have been distributed every week, and orders for medicine and medical assistance have been in great demand, the unseasonable weather of the past few months having brought much ill-health and suffering on the poor, who are but ill fitted to cope with our sudden changes of temperature, dangerous as they always are to those who are badly clothed and poorly fed.

How badly clothed and poorly fed, O Christ, only Thou and Thy poor know. The rich may, and do, feel sympathy, but they can have no knowledge of the fearful struggle, of the foodless days and the cold dark nights, of the over-wearing struggle with despair, of the gradual vanishing of spiritual ideals and conceptions in the fierce struggle with the wolf. The soiled and furrowed faces, the hard, knotted, tollivorn hands, the threadbare dress, neat and decent in many cases, and the humble, half-fearful demeanor, bespeak a life-long battle with grinding adversity. We preach patience and resignation to the poor, we tell them to have faith and trust, not to lose heart or courage. It is easy to preach, but only the self-respecting, uncomplaining poor know how hard, how terribly hard, it is to practice. We say the rich and well-to-do have troubles also. What are they? What are they to semi-starvation, to bitter cold, to helpless and almost unbrightened lives? What are the troubles of a rich mother to a woman who hears her children daily crying for bread which she cannot give them, who sees them in rags, huddling together for warmth, and can see nothing but this before her for days and weeks and months? The woman can and do suffer in silence. There are no tears to be shed, no words to be said, no words to be said, no words to be said.

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What is our Government for? Liberal or Conservative, what has it ever done for the people who are crying to it for bread?

What is our Corporation doing? It is wasting the people's money in the most disgraceful way, it is building a monument of extravagance that will have to be paid for with money that should be used to buy bread for the hungry.

This is a woman's question. The women and the children are suffering; and good and noble women are doing their best to lighten this suffering. But why they can do, help and relief, as it is, is only a drop in the great ocean of misery caused by man's injustice and rapacity.

We have nothing to answer for. Each one of us owes a duty to his or her neighbor, more especially those who occupy positions in the people's confidence.

The old question of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" is continually being asked. It is as false in its premise now as it was then.

In everything that concerns the welfare of our neighbor, whether spiritual or temporal, we have the right to be as far as we can assist him.

During this Lent, the period of self-denial and almsgiving, all Catholics should try and spare some of their substance for the Ladies Aid Societies. Gifts of provisions, clothing, etc., are always welcome, and all money is carefully expended.

Let us try and wake the Government to a proper sense of its responsibilities, and try and organize some scheme by which really deserving men, who are willing to be given a few acres of land, and supplied with the necessary implements, seeds, etc., and conveyed to their holdings with their families. It does not take long to put up a log hut with a couple of rooms, and, once started, the man could, at least, keep himself and his family from starvation. That the majority of them cannot do that in the towns, every worker among the poor has painful evidence.

The misery and distress everywhere met with wrings the hearts of the good women who are trying to alleviate it, and the knowledge that they can do so little to remedy it makes the task still harder. But they have the consolation of knowing that they are doing what they can, and when they shall at length lay down their tasks, they will be confronted with no allegations of unjust stewardship; rather shall they hear the blessed words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

BE PATIENT.
O heart of mine, be patient!
Some glad day,
With all life's puzzling problems
Solved for aye,
With all its storms and doubtings
Closed away.

With all its little disappointments past—
It shall be thine to understand at last.
Be patient: "some sweet day"
The anxious care,
The tears and trials, and the
Hidden snare,
The grief that comes upon thee
Unawares—
Shall with the fleeting years be laid
aside,
And thou shalt then be fully satisfied.

Be patient: keep thy life-work
Well in hand;
Be truthful where thou canst not
Understand;
Thy lot, whatever it be, is
Wisely planned;
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the
key;
Thou wilt not trust Him, and bide
patiently.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association met on Tuesday evening, March 1st, at 28 Dundas street—the home of Miss McConvey.

Owing to the pronounced success of the recent at-home held in St. George's Hall, it was decided to hold another soon after Lent, probably on the 19th of April.

The tenth canto of Dante's "Inferno" was taken up for study.

In the course of Irish authors, the life of Henry Flood was read.

A history of the Association was read by the secretary, and a paper written in compliance with the request of Miss Nisbet of Hamilton who is about to publish a work on "Canadian Women and their Work."

This report showed that the Association has far outlived the average age of Literary societies, having been in existence since 1890—a period of eight years. This is indeed a point for congratulation.

The Association is to be congratulated upon its exceptional career. From my personal knowledge I can say that the O.Y.L.L.A. is a most charming society. Its aims are truly refreshing and elevating. It combines the most interesting instruction, with recreation and sociability. All that is best and purest in the literature of our own and other countries is studied, and the untiring of many different interests is being pursued. The results in the discovery of new beauties and the unfolding of newer and more expanded thoughts. It is not a blue-stocking association, by any means; the members do not lay claim to be cleverer than other people, on the contrary, they are just ordinary, bright Canadian girls, whom it is a pleasure to know. They have persevered manfully (or womanfully?) to keep the Association together, and to make it a real thing, pleasant, enjoyable, and they have succeeded. I hope this year will see a considerable increase in the membership.

St. Helen's School.

Excellent, Form IV.—E. Kelly, F. Macdonald, E. Ward, F. Mulhall, Good.—T. Donovan, J. Tracy, J. Lister, J. Harris, D. McGeough, Form III.—Excellent.—W. Shelton, E. Ryan, V. Bero, E. Tracy, C. Kirby, Good: L. Langley, L. Holland, F. Boland, J. Reddin, J. Halloran, D. Plumbtree, Form II.—W. Pegg, G. France, E. McCashy, J. Plumbtree, Good.—L. Glynn, and A. Woods.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup will not cure, but one so bad that it is only a drop in the great ocean of misery caused by man's injustice and rapacity.

Domestic Reading

Giving way to trouble draws us from the love of God.

God never permits a temptation to befall us without a corresponding grace to resist.

We learn self-control, patience and forbearance from the faults and failings of those we love with.

Clouds will sometimes overshadow even the happiest of married lives, but the sunshine of true affection founded on the love of God dispenses them.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I am content to believe that there is evil, that there is a way to escape from it; and with this I begin and end.

There are parents who let their children read books about pirates and cutthroats, and then blame the school and the Sunday school teacher because they do not become angels.

A busy man or woman is rarely a long later—or indeed a later at all. An inveterate hater needs a clear, unoccupied mind. It wants the house all to itself, and will brook no fellow-lodgers. Work heals more feuds than intercession.

The goal of our vision and efforts is not the valley of death but the gate of life. . . . We are not born that we may die, but that we may live; we labour that we may live more abundantly. We fix our minds on living, we guard ourselves against death.

Purity and humility go far to make a fair chamber for Jesus, and one other thing is only needed—faith. The good man provided a table, but he left it to Jesus to bring the feast, and Jesus ever desirous the empty soul that He may fill it with His grace.

A receptive must question and argue; it is his necessity. A mystic has only to learn and listen; it is his felicity. . . . A mystic gathers truth as a plant absorbs the light, in silence and without effort. His service to his brethren is to ask secrets of the Lord.

There are a few fine souls who love once because they love for ever, whose devotion is independent of sight, whose constancy deepens in absence. They have their reward in a delicate beauty of character, in a rare spirituality of temper denied to those of grosser mould.

If we had our way most of us would choose a new set of circumstances and would afterwards repent bitterly. God doeth better for His sons, disarming and illuminating the things which were against us, so that they become our protection—the storm on the surface hiding the eternal calm below.

The opinions of relatives as to a man's powers are very commonly of little value, not merely because they sometimes overrate their own flesh and blood, as some may suppose; on the contrary, they are quite as liable to underrate those whom they have grown into the habit of considering like themselves.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growths may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a nightshade in one mind unfolded as a morning-glory in the other.

We are oddly constructed machines, at one time all resolution, at the next all doubt. . . . To-day our intellect, our science, all our "Lieben und Trieben" seem but a pitiful Philistinism, not worth a pipe of tobacco; to-morrow we throw ourselves heart and soul into these very researches, consumed with a burning thirst to absorb everything into ourselves, longing to spy out fresh paths, and fringing impatiently at our inability to solve the problem fully and completely. Then down we sink again in disgust at the worthlessness of all it.

Compliment to a Catholic Song-Writer

Toronto, Feb. 25.—The guild of St. John's Church held a very successful entertainment and tea in the school room on Monday night. Rev. P. L. Spencer occupied the chair and gave several readings during the evening. Dr. P. C. O'Connell delighted the audience with several songs, rendered in the doctor's own inimitable style. A special feature of the programme, deserving more than a passing notice, was the tableau, "Fair Canada," in which Miss Myrtle Rogers was the central figure. She was robed in white in the style of the ancient Greeks, holding in her hand a shield, on which was being painted by Miss Isabel Macartney, the words "Fair Canada." During the tableau Dr. P. C. O'Connell sang the chorus of "Fair Canada," written by David Battle of Thorold.

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Zola's Position in France.

A French correspondent says every possible effort is now being made to permanently damage Zola. Believers and unbelievers, Atheists, and devout Catholics are leagued against him. "They are calling me a bandit," he complained to the jury, but worse names are daily applied to him in the freshening newspapers. On the other hand, our conservative journal points out that his father was an Italian Carbonaro, and that his uncle belonged to the same secret society. Zola has a cousin who is a lawyer at Brescia. That the author of the Rougon-Macquart novels is in the decline of his days, and after he has fought his way to the front as a French litterateur is held up to execration as an Italian, and, therefore, an enemy of France, and his is to seek consolation from his "potis confidens" in the odium that he has incurred by defending a traitor.

What love can compare with the tender self-sacrificing spirit of the weary, watch-woman mother by the side of her suffering little one? Such mothers take little or no account of their own weakness and weariness, but keep on until they drop. They seldom realize how completely their baby's health and life are upon their own.

Every mother, and every woman who expects to be a mother, ought to obtain the health-bringing strength-creating assistance of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives elastic endurance to the organs consumed in motherhood, and nourishing vitality to the special nerve-centers.

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Mrs. J. B. Clough, Box 203, Lisbon, Grand Co. N.B. writes: "I am another of those who have used a nice baby four and a half months old. He is a perfect child and weighs about eighteen pounds. I have never written you about a year ago about my condition. I cannot give too much credit to your medicine. It has saved me a great deal of suffering. I got along remarkably well, this being my first baby."

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