

Archbishop Glennon's Reverie in a Country Graveyard

Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, recently preaching to a large congregation in the new cathedral, found his text in a recent tour of a small and neglected graveyard adjacent to a rural church, and upon it spoke as follows:

"Last week I was out giving confirmation in one of the woodland counties of Missouri, and, after several services in the church, I wandered out into the little cemetery which was there—as it should be everywhere—the 'churchyard.' The long grass was brown over the silent homes there, and many of the tombstones that had done duty as sentinels of the dead were falling into decay. There was a great silence there, uninterrupted save by the leaves falling from the trees and the winds that, like wandering spirits, sang in the treetops nature's requiem.

"It was a place for meditation, alike on life's vanities and death's conquest. There, beneath the charitable turf in the democracy of death, the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet slept,' their once restless hearts at rest forever. The leaves from above, like the night dew, fell impartially on the just and the unjust, not despising the unnamed mound of the lowly nor the marble epitaph that marked the graves of those of high degree.

"I began to read the inscriptions, 'Here rest in peace,' so-and-so. He was born and lived and died; and so to the next tomb, 'Here lieth so-and-so. It read like a chapter from the Old Testament telling of the long succession of Jewish chiefs, what they did, and concluding always with that most integral feature of every one's biography, 'and he died.'

"Everywhere I turned the evidence was there of death's triumph and man's defeat. Death; it was spoken by the falling leaf, the sighing wind, the setting sun. Death; its fancies arose from the crunching leaves beneath your feet, the distorted flower stumps, the bare arms of the trees above.

"It was, you would say, a proper place for those who rested there, but not, you think, for the living, for these latter have work to do, and hopes to realize, and duties to perform. Their place is with the quick and not with the dead. Let the dead rest; for the living, their place is in the midst of the living world, the world of commerce, of society, of struggle. And so you work and worry, and you go to the cemetery only when you can't help it. You are satisfied with the occasional visit which courtesy and charity compel you to make, when your friends are laid away.

"And yet it is just now that the Church tells us that the dead must not be forgotten, nor their last resting-place remain unvisited. We are told that the dead are calling to us 'to have pity on them,' and to unite with the suffrages of the Church in praying for the extension of God's mercy to them, that they may thereby reach their final rest.

"And far from this being a grievous task, its practice is in the least measure helpful, not alone to the ones who are gone, but equally so in shaping the destinies and chastening the lives of those who remain. You claim to belong to an age that eschews sentimentality and demands realities as the warp of your being. What sterner reality can you set before you, what event more definite and certain, than that written there in every mound in the cemetery, dust thou art and into dust shalt thou return? How better can you face the study of life's pathetic mystery than these, at the goal where all your works and wishes and ways get the proper values beside the open grave? In story books one always hastens to the end and regards it as useless and altogether unsatisfactory unless the

last chapter is there with the final solution. In the history of life the same holds good, and they are pitifully blind who would endeavor to exclude from their activities and thoughts the certain fatality that awaits them. And, on the other hand, they are the wisest who can see the dust and ashes through the fiasco and the scree, and who know and feel that we have not here a lasting city or enduring life.

"And, again, led by the Church, we may learn not alone the lesson and the value of life here; not alone the sad certainty of death; but the beautiful lesson of the life beyond. While remaining there in the little cemetery I have been speaking of, an elderly couple came from the church with a few flowers, the few that woodlands still preserved from the ravages of the coming winter. It was near All Souls' Day, so they came to place these flowers over the little mound that marked the resting place of the little one they had 'loved and lost.' Tenderly they set the flowers around and then, kneeling down, they prayed to the Father above to bring to His happy kingdom, the souls of their loved one. I noted that, though their knees were set in the dull, cold grass, their faces were set toward the skies; and in the transfiguration of them it could be seen that the distant gates of Eden gleamed, and that they did not dream it was a dream. For them and theirs, that voice, speaking among the bones of the dead and in the hearts of men, was equally potent—I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall live. This is the voice they heard, this is the hope they cultivated, and in the realization of that hope they felt, they believed, they knew, that they would meet their child again.

"So it is in the cemetery, at the very term that for most of us is counted defeat, arises for the Christian the glow of an unconquerable hope, the final declaration that the grave cannot be really victorious, nor death be the end of all."

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

RAISED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

A very beautiful and edifying ceremony took place in St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, when a son of the parish, Rev. Hugh John Macdonald, was raised to the order of the priesthood. His uncle, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Kingston, performed the ceremony of ordination on Sunday, the 11th inst. On Monday morning, the young Levite celebrated his first Mass, there in that church where he had worshipped from boyhood, and among that familiar congregation. It was a most touching ceremony, the second of a similar kind during the past year, the last being that of Rev. Father O'Gara, S.J., of Loyola College, this city, also a son of the parish, where his family have occupied so honored and honorable a place.

The music on Monday last was exceedingly good and of that solemn and touching character appropriate to the occasion. The sermon, an eloquent and impressive one, was delivered by the Rev. Father Macdonald, of Alexandria. At the moment of communion, when the newly ordained minister of the sanctuary advanced to the centre of the altar rail to give communion to his widowed mother first, many in the assemblage were affected to tears. At the conclusion of the Mass, the members of the congregation presented themselves to receive individually the first priestly blessing. Many a fervent prayer was offered, many a heart-felt wish was sent upwards to the Throne of the Most High, that in an abundance of precious fruit, might be before the young ecclesiastic, and that he might emulate the illustrious example of those members of his family who have reflected such honor upon the Canadian church.

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Pope Plus X and Total Abstinence

"Romanus," in Liverpool Times. It is most consoling to Catholic total abstainers to see by a recent issue of your excellent paper that His Holiness the Pope has again shown his great interest in temperance work by sending a brief to the bishop-president of the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held at Providence, Rhode Island. In the course of the brief His Holiness says: "Following the example of our predecessors, and especially the latest among them (Leo XIII.), to whom there seemed to be no greater enemy of the teachings and commands of Christ than the abuse of strong drink, we heartily approve the work of the Union. . . . We confirm the privileges accorded the Union by Leo XIII. of happy memory." The Pope then grants several indulgences, and concludes by saying: "It is our hope that, by conferring such abundant favors, not only bishops, priests and men of religious orders, but also the rest of the faithful, may resolve to bear witness to their regard for the Union, and become members of it."

Thus the head of the Catholic Church on earth urges the practice of total abstinence from alcoholic drink. Physicians increasingly approve of the same virtue. And our prison records show that the sudden total deprivation of drink to prisoners who have been long addicted to it improves their health. It has been said that when adults who have been habituated to the use of drink take the pledge they often relapse. If that is so it simply shows the natural tendency to backslide onto one's old vice or fault—a tendency which can be conquered by grace and a good, firm will, and by avoiding the occasions of the vice.

But if there is really some difficulty in inducing adults to become total abstainers, there is no difficulty in the case of children. Temperance principles should be far more encouraged among Catholic children than they are apparently. I do not know of any Catholic children's temperance society. Anglicans and Nonconformists have a vast number of children enrolled in their Bands of Hope and other total abstinence societies for children. As drunkenness is recognized as one of the serious obstacles to the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, it follows that a Catholic children's temperance society should be formed in most of the missions in England. I think the little children would like to join such and their parents would be pleased to see them do so. Not to help the spread of total abstinence from alcoholic drink amongst Catholic children in England appears to be absolutely inexcusable. Our holy religion does not increase by any means so quickly in England as one would like to see; but I think if we make our children teetotalers we shall see it increase much more. A professor of Gottingen University has recently compiled statistics of the religions of the world which he states that (Roman) Catholics number between 250,000,000 and 260,000,000, and Protestants, including all their sects, number 185,000,000. This would appear to show that Protestants, in spite of their many divisions, have increased some four times more, proportionately, than Catholics. This should make us Catholics extremely zealous for the progress of our holy faith; and I repeat that one means to this end is total abstinence, especially amongst our children.

Monsignor Nugent, that splendid temperance veteran, whose death we had to lament about a year ago, was interviewed by a correspondent of a contemporary not very long before he died; and, touching on temperance, the Monsignor said: "The League of the Cross was never more needed than at present; and he regretted the general apathy towards it, especially on the part of the priests. No man could carry on such a work single-handed; but if the priests, as a body, would only take it up and put life into it, the people were ready to follow." May these solemn words of the Monsignor sink deeply into our hearts, and move us to greater action in the future.

I would like this letter to be a means of helping the temperance cause amongst Catholics, but I am not very hopeful about it, for I have noticed on more than one occasion that some good cause—some social reform—has been most ably advocated for weeks, possibly for months, by correspondents in your paper, and after the correspondence has closed, I have not seen the least visible, practical, good fruit result from it. It was like a vain beating of the air, and the

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words were apparently "writ in water."

Our country spends about £150,000,000 in drink. There are many good objects to which we Catholics can contribute our money besides giving it to the publican. Besides, His Holiness the Pope, our own Archbishop of Westminster is also intensely desirous that temperance should increase amongst English Catholics, and with these great leaders there is every hope that it will. It is a Catholic, Christian work, for our Lord said, "Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be My disciple."

Billousness Burdens Life.—The billous man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Whistler Tamed a Russian.

When James MacNeill Whistler went to Venice to make those fourteen famous etchings of his he became so intoxicated with its beauty that he made seventy pastels first, leaving his etchings till the last few days. These pastels made a tremendous sensation. All the art world at Venice was carried away with enthusiasm excepting a Russian painter, who declared them ricks, betting a basketful of champagne he could paint six not to be distinguished from them. Mr. Whistler amiably gave some of his paper and six pastels, which were finally mixed up with those by the Russian and submitted to a jury which had seen none of them. Mr. Whistler's pastels were unmistakable, and the Russian lost. A few days later the two met on the Rialto, and Mr. Whistler laughed a little about the bet. The Russian was furious. "You forget, sir," he said, "that I am a Russian, and if you scratch one you find a Tartar underneath." "Oh, no, you have it wrong," said Mr. Whistler; "you have it wrong. I scratched an artist and found an amateur."—Philadelphia Record.

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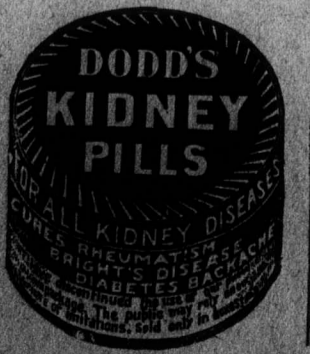
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