

A PRIEST ADDRESSES MASONIC MOURNERS.

The novel spectacle of a Catholic priest officiating at funeral services held in a private residence and delivering a discourse of considerable length to the assembled relatives and friends of the deceased was witnessed on Thursday last week at Bala, which is about fifteen minutes ride from the Broad Street Station. The funeral was that of Thomas McCully, who died on March 27, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and the residence in which the services were held was that of his son, Charles P. McCully. The deceased had been a non-Catholic almost to the moment of his death, when he expressed a desire to die in the faith. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity, and among those assembled to pay their last tribute of respect were a number with whom he had become intimate in the lodge. It was to these that the officiating priest, Very Rev. John W. Fedigan, provincial of the Augustinians, addressed his remarks and to whom he bluntly, but without offence, stated the position of the Church with regard to secret societies. In the priest's remarks will be found the explanation of the holding of the service in a private residence and not in the church. Interment was at St. Denis' Cemetery, Ilaverford, Pa.

Father Fedigan read the text:—"A good name is better than precious ointments, and the day of death than the day of one's birth." Eccl. vii., 2.

He spoke as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen:—I cannot say 'dearly beloved brethren,' as that might be a dubious expression on this occasion, and it might reach the ears of our most reverend Archbishop, who might construe it to mean that I had become a Freemason. It is my duty to state, however, that it is owing to his kindness and that of the local pastor that I am here to say a few words to you and give Christian burial to our departed friend. The full solemn and beautiful ritual of the Catholic Church is reserved for those who during life proved themselves good and practical Catholics, and, therefore, entitled to it. This is in very truth consonant with right reason and the practice of every society in regard to its members; the better member in life, the better for you in death.

"Mr. McCully was not a Catholic during his long life, except perhaps in heart, compelled thereto by the example of his Catholic household, of which he was a constant eye witness, thus proving the true and trite saying that 'example is stronger than words.' I knew him years ago, and I was then pastor or spiritual director of his family, with which arrangements he in no way at any time ever interfered. He was content to be as he was, to leave them as they were—good practical Catholics. So much so that he sent his sons to our college of Villanova, where they were confirmed in their faith and drank as from the fountain source, the true and saving principles of Christianity. Such and so great was the piety of that family that God gave the greatest of his gifts—a religious vocation—to one of the daughters of that father, and she became one of the sisters of Notre Dame. Why wonder, therefore, if the heartfelt prayers of mother and children brought the grace of conversion to the father upon his death-bed. 'Wonderful beyond finding out are the ways of God.' The pleading of that mother before the throne of heaven and the religious spouse of Jesus

Christ on earth, brought about that glorious result, although it was at the last hour of his mortal existence in this 'valley of tears.'

"I should feel very much disappointed if it were otherwise, for I have been taught to believe that prayer is all powerful before the throne of God, that the prayer of man ascends and the grace of God descends in answer to it. He left, therefore, no record of Catholic practices behind him, but he did leave a good name, which is 'better than precious ointment,' and as a man, a citizen, a neighbor, a brother in your society, a father in his family, he was without reproach. The day of his death was, in the words of my text, better than the day of his birth, for then by his death bed the priest of the Prince of Peace who came on earth to call sinners to repentance and who said, 'Whosoever believeth in Me, even though he were dead, yet shall he live.' There and then, my friends, stood the minister of Jesus Christ pleading between the sinner offending and God offended for mercy for the dying man. Ah, my friends, the good priest is a welcome guest at the bedside of the departing Christian. His power then is great beyond our understanding; it is that of the Saviour who said: 'As the Father sent Me I send you' to save poor sinners for whom Christ died that they might have life everlasting. Thank God, who has given so great power to man, His representative.

"His body is laid away to-day in mother earth, from which it was formed, that in accordance with the divine command dust to dust may be gathered, but on this very day Holy Church commemorates the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, wherein Christ gives Himself to us to be the spiritual food and life of our immortal souls, and so great is the joy of the faithful believers in this great gift of God to man that no regular funeral service can take place in any Church no matter how good and holy the deceased may have been.

"Just a word to you of the fraternity of which for many years he was a member. I imagine you asking me, 'What fault have you to find with us, are not we all good fellows?' Yes, you may be, but had Christians, because you do not obey the representative of Christ, the supreme visible head of the Church of Christ on earth. 'But why should he condemn us?' Because he knows you better than you do yourselves. He knows you in your principles. That is just the difference between you and us. We have good principles, but do not always live up to them; you may be good fellows, but your principles are bad. You ask why? Well, I don't want to make you laugh at a funeral, but I tell you it is because one-half of you know nothing about masonry, and cannot lay two stones properly together; if you can, come up to Villanova and I will give you a job. You do not follow what you profess, or did in the beginning profess. If you doubt this, read your own historian, Mr. Gould, who in the third volume, speaking of the chapter of Claremont, tells us that on the feast of St. John—June and December—you should go to Mass. Why don't you do it? That a member behind in his dues or not regularly attending if the lodge meetings shall give to the altar of the Virgin so many waxed candles. Why don't you observe your statutes? You are different now from what you once were, and that is why the Church condemns you."—Catholic Standard and Times, Phila.

the heart, and this with enormous labors, broke his health and wounded his spirit. His last important public action was going to Washington, to interview the President in order to get him to visit Augusta.

"No doubt he realized in his last illness how vain were all the earthly honors he strove for and attained, and how unspcakably precious was the grace to 'die in the Lord.' His public acts will in time become a mere tradition. The world will go on as if he had never been, but the charitable deeds he did will be long affectionately remembered and 'blossom in the dust.' He was a noble-hearted gentleman, and proud of his religion, and its ardent champion. In its benediction he departed, and, if he be not already among the blessed, may he soon be there enjoying that peace which passes all understanding."

It is from the life, the successes and failures of this good and noble personage that we would draw a couple of serious lessons. In the first place, when a man has made a success of journalism, and, through its medium, has become a power in the community, he risks everything by entering the political arena. His great influence is soon destroyed by the enmities and criticisms to which he is exposed, and that quiet sense of independent strength vanishes in the whirlpool of public life. It seems to us that there is no position more to be envied, and more to be cherished by the man himself, than that of a powerful journalist. He enjoys a constant communion with the whole world, he is in touch with thousands whom he never

saw and possibly never met personally, he exercises a perpetual influence upon the destinies of others, and all the time he is undisturbed in the literary delights that constitute the charm of his profession. The moment he enters the political field he becomes one of the many whom he formerly guided and often commended. He abdicates a seat of influence in order to become the target for the shafts of prejudice, envy, or jealousy.

In the second place, he exposes himself to the ingratitude that is proverbial in all politics. The very men who cheer him to-day will hoot him to-morrow; his friends are only sincere to the extent of their selfishness and interest, or to the extent of his capacity to gratify their petty ambitions, or personal desires. He need not rely upon the bonds of a mutual faith, or a common nationality; these are the very first to be snapped the moment the whim of his supporters changes, and the higher the position to which they once raised him the lower the depth to which they would degrade him. While he is successful he has the universal support of his fellow-countrymen; but the very first reverse of fortune is the signal for a general stampede. They remember the one error—possibly an imaginary one—of his life; but they forget all his merits, all the favors he has conferred upon them, all the good he has done.

Political ingratitude can only be measured by the standard of a fleeting popularity; and the man who has it within his power, as a journalist, to conduct others, to mould public sentiment, to make and unmake politicians, is to be pitied the day he steps into the arena of public life.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN WITH AMBITION FOR POLITICS.

I have lately received a query from a young friend of mine, as to whether a Catholic young man should enter politics. Most people, I think, would say to my correspondent, "No."

It seems to me, however, that this advice should not be given to anyone. But, to come to a discussion of the subject, let us first get rid of the case in hand.

The inquirer in question is a young man who has just completed his college course and has made no decision as to embarking upon a profession. If he wishes to know whether it is well for him to start at once upon a political career I would admonish him very strongly against such action. Being a young man, with the glamor of no business or professional success to win him favor with the public, if he enters politics at all, he must needs enter as a ward politician, doing the work of the "heeler," becoming but a part of the machinery, and allying himself, necessarily, with some faction. Such a course will inevitably prove deadly to any political aspirations he might have and debar him forever from higher preferment and greater honors. He will, perhaps—in all probability even—if he be a faithful worker and his party and faction are successful, be rewarded with some position, lucrative in a degree. But his chances are slim for making a reputation for himself as anything beyond a mere politician, devoted to his country for the sake of his party and to his party "for what there is in it." He may do effective work for his party by defense of its principles on the "stump," but spellbinders are numerous, and unless he be gifted with extraordinary oratorical genius he will not rise to distinction at this stage. He may not even merit an appointment of any kind in the judgment of the leaders, at whose mercy, so to speak, he has placed himself.

Perhaps my correspondent intends, as I know another young man of my acquaintance to intend, to study law with a view to engaging in politics. Again I would counsel to the contrary. In spite of the fact that most of the statesmen and a great many of the politicians of the country are now and ever have been lawyers by profession, there is a sentiment among the masses of the people against law-

yers holding all the responsible and representative positions within the nation's gift.

No lawyer can be thought highly of in politics unless he is thought highly of in his profession. You can pin your faith on that. Only the man successful in his business or profession will secure to himself the full measure of popular esteem, and on the whole it is only such a one that is successful in politics.

The notion is entirely too general that politics is a profession, and the sooner young men rid themselves of that notion the better it will be for the country. The old men will die out. However, they take care to spread their perverse views, and the ideas are disseminated by them that politics is a game; win, and you have a snap; lose—well, win or lose, you strike an average in a lifetime and have a pretty good thing of it on the whole. Citizenship is not merely a privilege. It is a right and every right involves a corresponding duty. The duty of all citizens is to take a live and active interest in the affairs of their country and do all they can for the attainment of the common ends for which the government was instituted. It is their duty to loyally support and assist the existing government so long as it exists de jure.

They owe it to themselves and to their fellow-citizens—to whom indeed they have obligations—to be concerned with everything affecting the welfare of the Commonwealth. Here, in this country, under our democratic form of government, it is the duty of all to keep informed on issues which occur to the people for their solution. Hence it is the duty of all to exercise their suffrage, to record their votes, to express their opinions on the questions in which they have an interest for their own sakes and on account of others. It is the duty of all citizens to comply with the obligations of citizenship—not only to vote at the general elections, when it is a question not so much of men as of party principles, but also to take part in the primary elections when candidates are to be chosen, and to do their share that those selected may be in every way worthy of the offices for which they canvas, capable, intelligent, honest and incorruptible.—Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.

BELFAST BIGOTRY.

The London "Universe" has the following very cutting comment upon some recent and glaring events that took place in Belfast. It will be seen that Mr. Dillon, M.P., had been asking some very pertinent, but undesirable questions regarding injustices and outrages perpetrated upon Catholics. The "Universe" remarks:—"How Belfast bigotedness is connived at by the authorities was made manifest by the reply of the Chief Secretary to Mr. Dillon. The former admitted that a number of hymn books, the property of St. Clement's Church, were openly carried away, and

though the police endeavored to trace the books, they were unsuccessful. Had Catholics perpetrated such an outrage they would soon be found. Mr. Dillon then asked had a disorderly mob followed the Rev. Mr. Peoples to his residence, thrown stones through his windows, and injured a lady? Yes, that was all quite true, but the stone-throwers have not been found. And this is the way Ireland is governed. It is a mockery of law, justice, and liberty. But Belfast is Protestant, and that is everything.

No woman is blinder than she who deems herself faultless.

IRISH INDUSTRIES DEBARRED.

Rarely have we ever met with a more striking example of the injustice done Ireland, and her industries by the opponents of the Irish cause, than in the case of the arrangements for space at the coming Paris Exhibition. The spirit of the Penal Days seems to survive in the breasts of many, whom modern circumstances prevent from perpetrating the unblushing and open acts of persecution that characterized the conduct of their forefathers towards Ireland and the Irish. We give the story as told by a London organ, and we are sure it will suggest many a mental comment in the minds of our readers. The story runs thus:—

"Over a year ago a Royal Commission was appointed to make arrangements for having the industries of Great Britain and Ireland represented at the Paris Exhibition. A special committee was provided for Ireland, its president being the Lord-Lieutenant, who was supported by a number of the most experienced and influential public men. They had been doing excellent work in organizing the country, and making provision for the due representation of Irish products, when they were surprised by a communication from the London executive summarily dismissing them. The committee were informed that the object for which they were appointed had been fulfilled, and there-

were no further use for their services. If it was only the tone of the letter—which is not very courteous—that was in question it could be passed by with contempt; but the reason for cutting off the Irish committee is thoroughly mean and shabby.

The Secretary says that the Finance Committee find that it will be difficult to keep the necessary expenditure within the amount of the Parliamentary grant. Therefore the expenditure by the Irish committee should be brought to a close. Here is the motive revealed in all its native ugliness. The sum set apart by the Commission to meet the expenses of the Irish Committee was only £800, which is now grabbed by the greedy cormorants who consider the grant all too little for themselves. Hardly a day passes that one does not hear public expressions of a desire to promote Irish industries. Everybody wants to see Ireland prosperous, but when these fine phrases are put to the test of practical application their hollowness and insincerity are at once exposed. We trust that the committee will not dissolve, but that they will go on with their organization, and call upon the Irish members to show up the avarice of the Finance Committee in London."

God help the Irish if the members of that Finance Committee had the making and executing of the laws!

De Leetle Cure of Calumette.

By Dr. William Henry Drummond, Montreal.

Dere's no voyageur de reever never romne hees canot' d'ecores
T'roo de roar an' de rust of de raside w'ere it jump lak a boeg w'ite horse.
Dere's no hunter man on de prairie never wear w'at you call racquetet
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Cure of Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' he's moder is pure Canayenne.
Not often dat stock go togoder, but she's fine combination, ma frien'
For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French dey got savoir faire.
Dat's mak' it de very good balance, an' tak' you mox' ev'ry w're.

But dere's wan t'ing de Cure wan't stan' it: make fonce on de Irlandais.
An' of course on de French we say no'ting, cos de parish she's all Canayenne
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik heeself very muche,
So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan de dem t'ing we don't touch.

Well! wan of that kin, is de Cure, so he's comin' o'er place
De peep' on de parish lak w'isper. "How young he was look on hees face,
Too bad if de wedder she heel haem, de first tam he got leetle wit.
An' de bishop might sen' beeger Cure, for it's party tough place, Calumette."

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he go on de mission call
On de shanties camp way up de river, driwin' hees own carriole.
An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin' jus' enough mak' heem nek 1.k fou.
Joe Vanbesonour, dey was call heem, an' he's party beeg f'ier, too!

Mebbs Joe, he don't know it's de Cure, so he's hol'eris' "Get out de way,
If you don't geer me whole of de rondade, sapre! you go leetle bit.
But de Cure he never say no'ting, jas' poole on de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip been his promise, hees nose it get badly hit.

Monjee! he was strong leetle Cure an' he go for Jo-seph on masse
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe isn't feel it first class.
So nex' tam de Cure hees goin' for visit de shanties encore
O cour'e he was mak' beegs' mission never see on dat place before.

An' he know more I'm sure, dan de lawyer, an' dere's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law.
W'en dey get leetle troubl' w'it' each oder, an' don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
Dat's makin' dem save plautee monce, an' mak' de good neighbor, too.

An' w'en we fine out how he paddl' till canoe she was nearly fly,
An' travel racquette on de water, w'en snow-dreef is piling up high,
For visit some poor m' in or woman dat's waitin' de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, w're proud on de leetle prias'.

O, many dark night w'en de chill'ren is put away safe on de bed,
An' mesef an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an' watchin' de small curiy head,
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonner, de door an' de rain,
So w're bote passin' out on de dooway an' lissen an' lissen again.

An' it's lonesome for see de boeg cloud sweepin' across de sky,
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak somebody's goin' to die,
But de sou'n' away down de valley, creepin' aroun' de hill,
All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat's de sou'n' mak' de heart stan' still.

It's de bell of de leetle Cure, de music of deat' we hear,
Along de black road ringin', an' soon it was comin' de near,
Wan minute de face of de Cure we see by de lantern light,
An' he's gone from us jus' like a shadow into de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hillside an' over the bridge below,
W'ere creek rounse so high on de spring-tam, w'en mountain t'row of de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin' we kneel on de floor an' pray,
Dat God will look after de Cure, an' de poor soul dat's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geov it heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man's do'in hees duty lak de Cure do all de tam,
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter he's riche or poor,
Le Bon Dieu was up on de heaven will look out for dat man, I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe know no'ting at all,
But dere's wan t'ing I'm always wishin', an' dat's w'en I got de call
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry man on de worl' mus' go,
He'll be w'it' me de leetle Cure fore I'm leetle dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy if he's sittin' dere by de bed,
An' he'll geer me de good-by message an' place hees han' on my head,
Den I'll hol', if he'll only let me, dat han' still de las' las' broat',
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Cure of Calumette.

* Birch canoe. † Snowshoes.

LESSONS OF THE CAREER OF AN IRISH-AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

From an Occasional Contributor.

Hon. Patrick Walsh, one of the leading citizens of Augusta, Georgia, died on Passion Sunday. The life of this eminent Irish Catholic is full of serious lessons for all who seek to rise on the wane of popularity. Speaking of him, a correspondent in the Catholic Mirror says:—"Opportunity soon came for success and he grasped it firmly, first as an agent of the Associated Press and then as one of the proprietors of the Augusta Chronicle. His advance was steady and for many years prosperous. He accumulated a handsome estate, but it was, later on, put in peril by speculation and falling prices. To rescue it he made herculean efforts and the strain upon him was immense; but he had pluck, brains and, up to a recent period, untiring energy. Incidentally, he entered politics and became a member of the State Legislature, where he was conspicuous for practical and useful statesmanship. Most of his time, however, was devoted to his newspaper and property. At one political crisis, he had but to say the word and he could have been made Governor but, as this

involved the sacrifice of a friend, he quickly, instantly brushed it away, and, in a masterly manner, compelled the convention to nominate the friend whose cause he had espoused."

Then, after giving a brief sketch of his many fine qualities the same writer continues thus:—"He has written elaborately in defence of the Catholic Church and the Irish people, and his essays on these subjects, if collected, would be among the most notable literary contributions of the century. He was also a very powerful writer on various themes, political and economic."

Subsequently, Mr. Walsh became a U. S. Senator. Some years later, in fact just before his death, he had been induced to run for Mayor of Augusta. One of his own fellow-countrymen opposed him bitterly, and many of those upon whose adherence he relied, refused to support him at the last moment. The same correspondent says:—"He became Mayor, but a majority of the city council was against him. The enmities engendered cut him to

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