Curious Epitaph.

The following curious epitaph is copie Marion Scott, died at Dunkeld, 21st Nov. 1727, and was buried in the Abbey,

1727, and was buried in the Abbey.
(From the Dublin Penny Journal, 1833)
Stay, passenger, until my life you read;
The living may get knowledge from the dead
Five times five years, I've lived a virgi

Pive times ten years, I was a virtuous wife Five times ten years, I was a widow chaste Now wearied of this mortal life I rest. Between the cradle and the grave have seen Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Four times five years a Commonwealth

saw; Six times the subjects rose against the law; Twice did I see old Prelacy pulled down, And twice the cloak was humbled by th

And twice the fold when he do it was a many more—
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolation in my life hath been,
An end to all perfection I have seen.
She had lived in the reigns of James VI.—
Charles I.—Oliver Cromwell—Charles II.—
James VI.—William III.—Mary-Anne—
George I. and George II.

BETHLEHEM.

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Member of the United States Congress writes a Letter from the Holy Land.

Bethlehem, Oct. 10.—I propose three letters for your readers as to Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Bethany; birth, death and ascension. I begin at Bethlehem.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is but a half-dozen miles. We propose to go to and from it in a morning. Our vehicle and female French driver which brought us from Jaffa were retained which brought us from Jaffa were retained for the purpose. Although the road was rough and stony and the streets narrow, we risked the carriage and ignored the donkey on the pledge of the guide. The sequel showed that there was some risk, many of the streets were impassable

"But no one could miss any stones out of those fields," we remarked. "Oh, a few are left over," responds the

guide.

How the hardy olive can find susten ance on such "stony ground" is a miracle.

We are happy in a breezy day, which
mitigates the fierceness of the sun. What a crowd of people now are upon the road going to Bethlehem and Hebron, and to Beersheba even unto Rehebeth! Nine out of ten of these are upon donkeys and camels, and more than three-fourths have their eyes sore or shaded; and these are Arabs, whose suit is sometimes gay in color, but generally of stripes, brown and white, which reminds us of the dress of our penitentiaries, depending in the face ascus gun, and a plentiful pouch for the desert and danger. Cactuses, with their big stocks and leaves, furnish some of the hedges, and "turn" the animals from the fields. We meet some who are the of the wearer. They carry the long Damhelds. We meet some who are blue-eyed and good-eyed in European dress. These are of the German colony, which here thrives upon the old stony soil and makes its crops of grape and grain in their season, or several crops in one season. Some herds of black and white cattle of Dutch breed are seen picking up a quiet rumination from the browned herbage and the green leaves left on the trees.

The land is not unlike the dress of the

Arab- brown and white. It is burnt with the sun of the now departing summer, and white with the lime of many sum-

mers.
"Ah! this is fine land!" we say ironically to the guide.
"Good land! I guess it is," responds the

guide, who is from the State of Maine, for it wouldn't hold up so many stones and rocks. Good deal of heft about it." But we notice that where water runs, the vineyards of the Germans appear, and the walls have a trim look. Thrift, Teuton! thy name is thrift! Old olive roots for fuel, as twisted and as difficult to norse for the, as twisted and as diment to unravel as the philological roots of our college days, appear on the backs of mul-titudinous donkeys going up to the city, while going from it, for the terraces, on the heads of blue robed, tattooed Arab females, heads of blue robed, tattooed Arab remaies, are baskets of manure gathered in Jerusa-lem. The plain of Rephaim is spread around us, two miles wide by two long. Here David defeated the Philistines, and many other associations cluster. Among them the cave of Adullam has been verithem the cave of Adullam has been veri-fied, which another Samuel has described, and the well of Bethelem, "which is by the gate," for the water which David was athirst, comes in for an explanation from our Bibical guide, with apt quotations from "Samuel." These, however interesting, must not draw us aside. We had passed the traditional tree where Judas hanged himself and the rural abode of Caiaphas, the high Priest; but these nebulæ of tradition detract from the main object—Bethlehem. The well of the magi, however, is one of the incidents of the main object, and a pretty story is told of

loaf mountain called the Tomb of Herod.

It is high and round. It is the scene of a massacre of Franciscans: but it sinks into nothingness, as Herod did, compared with those he persecuted, along with that dim vision, shining hard and bluish like steel, twenty-five and more miles away through avenues of black and gray sun-bathed mountains. That is the Dead Sea. This is our first glimpse of this famous laboratory and sport of nature. Below and around is something more attractive to both eye and memory. It is the field of Boaz and the scene of that sweet story of love.

"Ruth and Luke!" cries out our guide.
"Ruth and Boaz, rather," I responded,
with a pleasant thought, too, of Naomi,
the mother-in-law, as we gaze with curious
eye over the rolling, bleak, and now dry
fields, where the ever new, ever old tale of
female devotion is located. Then Bethlehem appears most clearly. Its prominent object is the Church of the Nativity within

hem appears most clearly. Its prominent object is the Church of the Nativity within its semicircle. On the right is the old Knight Templar's castle, now the house of the Austrian Consul. The landscape begins to show much grape and olive. The square, solid houses of Bethlehem, and terraced hills, gardened and groved, amid ledges of limestone, makes as pretty a picture in its frame of rock as artist could desire to delineate.

Our guide calls a halt at the foot of the hill. We are at a singular square tomb. It is not unlike those domed temples which we have seen for the burial of holy men in Algiers and Syria. It is the tomb of Rachel. Surrounding it are the slovenly tombs of Mohammedans, with their rough gravestones lying loosely in dirt and dust. It was built by the Hebrews. Here they come on Thursdays to wail and burn incense. There is no doubt that here not only was Benjamin born, but Rachel died. All agree to this; and it is pleasant to have brothers—both Hebrew and Moslem, both of whom claim a fee simple in all that concerns Jacob—agree upon something. Here Jacob set a pillar to memorize the last resting place of her whom he won after such a romantic, though dilatory, courtship. Seven years was nothing "for the love he bore her."

as many of the streets were impassable for a carriage.

We leave the Jaffa gate, and under the upper aqueduct, and over the upper part of Gihon, and then drive nearly due south. The bed of the Kedron, in the deep valley on our left, pursues its empty way to the Dead Sea, while on the right and to the west, along the horizon, in broken and gray masses, lie the mountains of Judah, shutting out the Mediterranean. When we reach the main road, and leave the "hill of evil counsel" on our left, we find the way filled with laden camels. Under "the lash of our guide these give the way, and, with considerable malice, both they and their drivers fumble and tumble about awkwardly amid the rabble of the road. The olives are thick, perforated and old in the fields within the stone walls. "Where," we ask of the guide, "do they get so much stone for the walls!" They are ten feet wide and three high, and, like the Dutchman's wall of the anecdote, "when they fall down they are higher than when they stand up."

"Why do you ask!" says the guide; don't you see the fields are full of stones!"

"But no one could miss any stones out of those fields," we remarked.

"Oh, a few are left over," responds the some something. Here Jacob set a pillar to memorize the last resting place of her whom he won after such a romantic, though dilatory, courtship. Seven years was nothing "for the love he bore he."

"And as for me,"—how sad the simple story—flow he horizon, in broken and grid her there, in the way of Eprah—the same is Bethlehem!"

Who is the strange man we see sitting wearily at the arched door of the tomb? What brings this pilgrim here—he of the grizly beard and long, unkempt hair? He is no Arab—no Hebrew. He wears no bournous of stripes and no dark guide, not altogether incurious at this sad, strange, and lonely warder at the birthplace of Benoni—"son of my sorrow" bank shrine of the elder day? Yes, he is a Greek priest from the Volga, and lives spiritually upon Jordan's stormy banks, waiting for the peaceful shore; and really upon Jor Thus was our illusion of the pilgrim at Rachel's tomb dissipated; for even here Rachel's tomb dissipated; for even here the cause of the pilgrimage was a causa lucri. Near by, on the west, to the village of Beit Jala, live the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, so that this is a pious precinct, and land is none the less valuable because it is not cultivated by Arabs or overrun by Bedouins; Christians till it. At this point you may go to Solomon's pools. They are one of the wonders of this vicinity and worthy of minute description for their beauty, size, history, and permanency. From them yet waters flow into the mosque which is built over the temple. Here is the "Sealed Fountain" referred to in Solomon's songs. It is said that these pools to be a favorite with him. He invites us to a glass of native wine or tea, and, under omon's songs. It is said that these pools to a glass of native wine or tea, and, under were repaired by Pontius Pilate, but that would not make their water more take our devious way below. Many tombs

> of the aqueduct.
>
> The hill tops show little villages after we leave the Hebron road, but none look as blithe and prosperous as Bethlehem, as she sits crescent-shaped upon the mountain sales and crescent-shaped upon the mountain side. How or whence come its vine, fig. and olive luxuriance I cannot see, except that the water comes mysteriously from the pools of Solomon, for is it not said in Ecclesiastics: "I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth tree?"!" On sophare this white sail. forth trees?" Or perhaps this white soil hath dews. Certain it is that in and around Bethlehem something else was grown in early days than the sheep which David tended hereabouts, or the lion and the bear which he fought. Here was once the fruitful barley fields which Ruth gleaned after the reapers, when the great love arose in the breast of Boaz, out of which grew the stock of Jesse and David-a line ever made benign by having as its pleasant places the vicinity of Bethlehem, and its ancestress Ruth, and its descendant Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary! Here is the source of the Kings of Judah and the month? Senion!

orld's Saviour!
We halt at the gate of the town. are, owing to impediments, compelled to abandon our carriage. We are surrounded by a bevy of Bethlehem girls. One is exby a bery of Bethlehem girls. One is ex-ceedingly pretty, and does not degrade the neighborhood of Ruth by unseemly screeching for alms. She plies a little pair of pincers, and turns in and twists upon the wires olive beads for rosaries, with a "property of easiness" which Shakespeare commends in the "hand of little graphorment" meanwhile activihitle employment," meanwhile chatting with easy grace. My wife buys one, and contracts for another rosary to be made

before we return.

These dozen girls, of whom "Eothen" makes an extravagant picture of coy and debonair loveliness, are vivacious and somewhat pretty, and would be more so if main object, and a pretty story is told of it, although it is not recerded in the second of Matthew: for did not the wise men, after leaving the presence of Herod, here stoop to draw water? Was it not here that the reflection of the star which led them was seen in the well?

Then we pass the Greek convent of Elijah, where other stories are told, not now worth the repetition. But from this point the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible—"twined in mutual being," birth, and death. From this emipoint the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible—"twined in mutual being," birth, and death. From this emir point, too, can be seen the sugar point the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are visible—"twined in mutual being," birth, and death. From this emir point, too, can be seen the sugar point of the picture of her by Raphael, "La Peria" people become a canous have these that consecrated by His death?

There are said to be only two places in the consecrated by His death?

There are said to be only two places in the Holy Land superior in sacred associations to this place: Jerusalem and Nazareth. To my mind, Bethlehem has no superior, unless it be Jerusalem. "Why?" will occur to the learned Bible student is given into his care by the good God. In the lets it run whither it will.

—in which the magi are offering gold, frankincense, and myrrh. She sat apart upon a stone under the shade of the archway, nursing a babe. Her hair had that rich auburn and ethereal fineness with which Murrillo favors his madonnas, which are likenesses, by the way, of his Andalusian wife. I wondered if, peradventure, this beautiful Bethlehem mother might not have in her veins some of that precious blood of the house and lineage of David that escaped the murderous decree of Herod.

of Herod.

Bethlehem has 4,000 people and 500 Bethlehem has 4,000 people and 500 houses. Many of the houses are substantial. The streets are so narrow that our guide has to ride ahead and employ people to move impediments out of the way. It is said the people are handsome. That reputation may come from the ruddy cheeks of David, or the graces of Ruth, or the pictures of the Madonna. One thing must be said of the town, and that is that if it has any beauty or good in it, it is Christian, for it is par excellence the Christian town of Judea. In 1834, after an insurrection by the Arabs, Ibrahim

Christian, for he is a constraint town of Judea. In 1834, after an insurrection by the Arabs, Ibrahim Pasha, then ruler, riddled the Moslems unto death after his peculiar methods, quite worthy of a descendant of Herod.

Before purchasing our olive wood, beads, mother of pearl, and other souvenirs, where many such are deftly made by exquisite art, we make our visit to the most attractive place of Bethlehem. The place of the Nativity has been often described, and the church above it. Every object and personage here and hereabouts has been the special object of gifted pens and impassioned eloquence. Make a catalogu simply of the names; and each name will be set to music like a psalm. The anoint simply of the names; and each name win be set to music like a psalm. The anoint-ing of David by Samuel; the family of Jesse and their exploits—Joab, Abishai and Asahel; "the city of David," as Beth lehem is called, or Rehoboam's stronghold the habitation of Chimhau; the story of Joseph coming from Galilee out of Naz-Joseph coming from Galilee out of Nazaret; in fine, the Incarnation of the Word areth; in fine, the Incarnation of the word here in all its mystery, each and all are a poem which resounds from the simple cave in Bethlehem, with a sweeter and louder chorus than that of the Hellenic epos of the blind old man of that Scio whose shaken rocks we left but a fortnight

Let us enter this place of the Nativity It has been honored, as is well fixed, since the second century. Over it, in the third century, the mother of Constantine erected that church which is the oldest in the world. Some of its columns are from the Temple. Here in one corner of the church we teresive a longly hermit. He is insane. we perceive a lonely hermit. He is insane. He has been twenty-five years in this place, drawn, like many others, by the wildness of his vagaries about the unknown world. He is a Chaldean, and, it known world. He is a Chaldean, and, it is said, was a sheik of his tribe. Amid the forty odd pillars of the porch of the Temple, here brought to decorate the birthplace of Jesus, this strange man appears. Had he lived in the time of the Saviour and had his faith been then, as now, perhaps the demon of insanity might have been exorcised. But the crypt we seek. There are two chaples here, leading to the place of Christ's birth; one is Greek and the other Armenian. On the north side there is a Catholic convent and church. From this there are steps to the church. From this there are steps to the holy spot. We choose to go by the Latin way. There are many reasons why I prefer the Latin way to the Orient. No traveller can fail to note the learned,

that would not make their water more agreeable. Maiden-hair ferns abound there, and swimmers of an archæological turn can take a plunge and come up beaded with antiquities. We had no occasion to study in the fashion, and were content to see the Arab women fill their goat skins from one of the openings of the aqueduct.

The hill tops show little villages after. The hill tops show little villages after. ity; you will know it by the Latin inscription and the silver star in the centre. We are led into this vault by the priest; he shows us the manger. It is explained to us that, in "those days," stables were not unusually found in the caves so common in the hilly places of Palestine. This cave is many feet below the floor of the church. It is 33 by 11 feet, and decorated with marble. Precious lamps burn before figures of saints, chief among them St. Jerome. Sixteen silver lamps burn over the spct where the silver star indicates the place of birth. Another recess shows the spot where the wooden manger, now in Rome, was found. Other spots are shown, as the chapel of St. Jerome and the chapel of Joseph, where the angel appeared to tell him to fly to Egypt. If these are apocryphal traditions, they do not detract from the fact established by scholars and antiqua-rians, and confirmed as well by what St. rians, and confirmed as well by what St.
Jerome wrote, as by his selection of this
spot for his duties and fasts. He believed
it to be the place, as his life and death
bore witness. Never did art consummate
so splendid a representation of self-abnegation as that wherein Domenichino portrayed the last scene in the life of this trayed the last scene in the life of this Dalmatian saint and hero, who verified as well in his life as by his death, his faith in the goodness and glory of the Gospel whose good tidings were chanted first in the starry vault of Bethlehem.

Doubt as we may as to the Milk Grotto, the Shepherd's Grotto, the Magi's Well, David's Well, and the burial of the 20,000 in the starry wade day Hord here, doubt

innocents murdered by Herod here; doubt as to the shepherd's fold, the altar of the "wise men;" doubt—doubt that Christ was born immaculate and miraculously; but one thing is indubitable—that Christ was here born, and that from this Nativity arose a light "which before was never on sea or land," and for the faith in whose

and to the veriest child who has read the Gospels. Bethlehem is not one of the mountains which encompass Jerusalem, but it has its lofty thought. It is a beauteous pearl in the diadem round about the royal city. It is not the scene of sacrifice and sepulchre; but it is the scene of the nativity and of the Magi, and of the angelic song which ushered in the purest and greatest life ever clad in flesh. Among the hundreds of books of travel and descriptions of this country, the Bible is the best guide book after all, and in many ways. In no one way is it more so than in its references to this spot, over which the star shone and the angels chanted of peace. No amount of degeneracy, superstition, exaggeration, tradition or pollution, no surrounding, however disenchanting, detracts one beam from the radiance of that star, or gives one dissonreads in snatches a love-story, naving arried through her lessons. In all classes, in all conditions of life, there is a thirst for reading, and thirst satisfies itself on whatever it finds. And what it finds is poison. A book need not be openly obscene to radiance of that star, or gives one disson-ant note in the seraphic hymning which here filled the heavens with a new-born

here filled the heavens with a new-born joy! The genius of painter and sculptor has illustrated the story of the manger and their gifts and worship, the choir of angels, the awe-struck sheeperds, the flight into Egypt, the beautiful face of the Madonna, with its golden aureole, and the majestic, masterful and melancholy features of Him who became here the genius of love unto mankind. What place, therefore, in all this calcined country now so many centuries made desolate, is so allurmany centuries made desolate, is so allur-ing for its fruitful themes, whether for studio or library, for the orator or artist,

for the desciples or crusader?

Although Bethlehem was called "little among the thousands of judah," and at a time when Judah fed her thousands of thousands from her well-tilled terraces and thousands from her well-tilled terraces and valleys, she is great among men, and will be great so long as her story remains. How often has the story been told to loving hearers! From the little Catholic church at the North Cape, but a year old, which we visited under the midnight sun and amid the summer snows, to the splendid Church of St. Sophia, which dates 1500 years ago: across wastes of time and 1500 years ago; across wastes of time and oceans of space, over dark continents and isles "gilded by eternal summer," this story of the manger is a theme as sacred to kings as to peasants; as dear to the leper of Ramel as to the emperors of earth.

The locus in quo of such a story even though it were almost lost in tradition must be a part, the mise en scene of that wondrous drama. Even skeptics cannot wondrous drama. Even skepties cannot ignore the fact that the event has, as the Apostle phrased it, "turned the world upside down." Well might Gamaliel say that this work, proceeding out of this little village, if it were of men, would come to naught; but if it were of God, could not be overthrown. The evidence is that today its results appear in civilizations. What a moral and religious work has been accomplished by its energy! Beginning accomplished by its energy! Beginning at this small fountain, what a fruitful spreading stream of light for the irradiation of the dark problems of our life!

As I came from the church I did not hear

As I came from the church I did not hear the angels above chanting the millennial dawn; but nevertheless I did not cease to believe that in "this city of David had been born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Nor will I unto my last moment believe otherwise than that for this advent -the greatest upon our star-"glory should be given to God in the highest," and that out of it shall eventuen!"
"on earth peace, good will to men!"
S. S. Cox. and that out of it shall eventually come

DEVILISH DANCING.

The young woman who would dare to whirl in the fashionable round dances in the presence of a Catholic father or mother, would indeed be audacious; and the Catholic father or mother who could permit his child to appear in his presence inventions of the devil, must have lost all claim to respect. The old-fashioned quad-rilles and country dances: innocent enough when properly conducted, might possibly be restored, if parents were resolute in discountenancing the immodest and vulgar variations of the waltz, which make up the staple of winter amusements If children are taught the round dance when young, parents cannot expect that they will avoid them when they grow older. If confessors would familiarize themselves with the favorite dancing amusements of their young penitents "who see no harm in round dancing" they would be less lenient. Dancing was neve -except, perhaps, in the days of the Decline of Rome—so immodest as it is at the present time and during the present season. It is a substitute for conversation in most circles; it is not confined to the cliques called "society." The polka and the German Terpsichorean round "dances" which were imported, in their time with the moustache, were pure compared with new American discoveries in the lascivious possibilities of the waltz. The young man who can not aspire to "society, invitations to the fandangoes of "society," joins with other young men and arranges a series of dances for the winter. He hires a hall and pastes bills on the walls announcing that the "Rosebud Coterie" or the "Shamrock Social" will give its second "annual" on a certain night. Then he invites his "girl," and the other young men of the Coterie do likewise. An uninstructed looker-on might imagine that the "girls" thus invited to go out with a young man whom their parents may know only by name, and to remain with him from early in the night until early in the from early in the night until early in the morning, are persons of no reputation. On the contrary, it is no unusual thing for a young girl of respectable parents and good reputation to do so. Having been whirled in the arms of a man all night, she walks or rides home to her father's house at dawn; very often she has a latch-key. She bids good bye to her escort at the door and creeps up stairs, while the old people sleep peacefully, certain that their daughter can take care of herself!

This is not an exceptional case. It is

This is not an exceptional case. It is a link in the peculiar chain of customs we call American. It is a custom pre valent among people who call themselves
Catholics. And so callous have these
people become, and so deep rooted are
free-and-easy principles, that they pretend
to see no wrong in it!—N. Y. Freeman's
Lournel

To-day they that run read. In cars, in ferry-boats, in the hurrying crowd of the street, the people read. Daily papers or novels are the means of instruction or amusement. Ihe maa in the prime of life hurrying to business in a street-car holds a paper in his hands. When he returns home at night he buries his head again in a paper. The boy on his way to school sandwiches a story-paper between again in a paper. The boy on his way to school sandwiches a story-paper between his geography and his arithmetic; the girl reads in snatches a love-story, having hur-

A book need not be openly obsecute to be poisonous. A parent may indignantly deny that his child reads immoral litera-ture, because he sees no manifest indec-ency or biasphemy in the books of the time which falls into his hands. The young woman who would turn away, shocked, at a plainly-vicious picture will read a novel in which the suggestion of the picture is clothed in flowery language. The proprietors of several of the sensational sheets are served. sheets are scrupulously careful not to permit the name of God to be used in vain. Indeed, in one paper the editor never permits it to be used at all. He fears to offend his readers by the vaguest evidence of impiety; and, while expurgating his proofsheets of any reference to God, he depends on murder, scenes of passion, and vicious suggestion for his success. And yet a parent, glancing at his success. And yet a parent, glancing at his highly-graphic pages, and seeing no open plasphemy or indecency, may conclude that there is no harm in them. Hence children drink in poison under the parent's eye. He knows that they are reading that is all; and he believes that reading is good for them. He generally leaves it to their mother to find out what they are reading; and the knowledge that they are reading; cenerally satisfies her. simply reading generally satisfies her,

Shoals of obscene literature drift through the mails every day, in spite of the vigilance of the law. And when the mails are too closely inspected, vice makes an underground railroad for itself. At any rate, it appears everywhere. A girl attending the average secular school, priattending the average secular school, private or public, soon becomes an adept in forbidden knowledge, unless her parents are preternaturally careful. Cunningly-worded advertisements excite her interest, circulars follow them, and in a short time the school is inoculated with the subtle, death dealing poison. The blush of innocence is lost; it can never be regained. Though sincere repentance for sins of thought may make the soul whiter than snow, yet the bloom of innocence vanishes at the first appearance
of the knowledge of evil. In carefullykept Catholic schools, a strict surveillance
—sometimes deemed by careless parents too strict-is kept over all communications from without to the pupils within and this, in a manner, accounts for the reputation our convent-schools have gained. In them the pupil is guarded from impure literature, whether its in-fluence be direct or by suggestion. Why should the father and mother of a family be less careful? Their responsibility is greater than that of the teacher. They greater than that of the teacher. They can not avoid seeing around them the wrecks which carelessness such as theirs has caused. Why, then, a fatal blindness to the real needs of their children?—a foolish trust that their children will come out in the end "all right," provided they are well clothed, fed and warmed? Warnings are not lacking; but few heed

To-day he that runs reads—hastily, carelessly, without much choice, as he that runs must. Daily papers, such hand furniture in the house which tender assobooks of history and science as benifit the news stands, novels—these are read running. If this mental food, taken in this way, produces mental sickness, it is not surprising. If it helps to weaken the memory, emasculate the mind, and deaden the sensitiveness of the conscience, it causes its logical effect. Mental, like physical disease, must have result; and the horrible results of this reading-disease

the horrible results of this reading uses are plaini in the rapidity with which corruption spreading."

she supposed she had seen for the supposed she had s thrust into active life, that the narcotic effect of sensational reading may be counteracted; but, at best, it takes time, counteracted; but, at best, it takes time, vigilance and, above all, prayer to erase the impressions which their constant living in an unreal and dreamy world has left. Lessons taught in childhood are indelible. People are prone to laugh at indelible. People are prone to laugh at the rage of the young of this day for sensational reading. But it is true that the printed word teaches, as well as the spoken. Children learn from books. A father often does meet the objections made to indiscriminate reading with a laugh; "Let the boy amuse himself. He will come out all right." How many boys with careless fathers do "come out all right."

fathers do "come out all right"?
"Children, on the contrary," says Father
Muller, in "God the Teacher of Mankind," "oppose but one obstacle to our zeal—levity. All we need with them is pati-Their souls are like new ence. Their souls are like new earth which need only culture to produce fourfold. They are flexible plants, which take the form and direction given to them. Their hearts, pure as they are from crim inal affections, are susceptible of happy impressions and tendencies. They believe in authority. A religious instinct leads them to the priest and the good teacher. They adopt with confidence the faith and the sentiments of those who instruct them." When these flexible plants go astray and tangle themselves with the weeds which destroy them, it is for lack of a gardiner's care. When a worm eats into the heart of a young bud, who is to blame when the canker is found? Not the bud itself; but he who, carelessly expecting that it would "come out all right," let the worm gnaw.

The heartbroken cry of King David for the dead Absalom was not alone of paren-tal agony. It could not have been with-

"To-day they that run read. In cars, in ferry-boats, in the hurrying crowd of the street, the people read. Daily papers or novels are the means of instruction or amusement. The man in the prime of life hurrying to business in a street-car

either the sun or the wind.
"He turned out bad," is often heard on "He turned out bad," is often heard on every side when a young soul, stained by sin, betrayed by the treacherous allurements of the world, leaves a wrecked body. And too often the parent help-lessly, hopelessly, echoes the epitaph of so many ruined lives. "He turned out bad." Shibboleth, mispronounced, of lies! No child having before him the good example and careful guidance of a father turns out bad. It is the fashion to shift parental responsibility; and some parents try hard to persuade themselves that they are the victims when they are really the destroyers. And he who lets his child feed on the poisonous literature of the time, who does not seek to direct him, who does not apply the antidote of Catholic instruction, deserves to cry out, with that wail that sounds through the centuries, "My son Absalom! My son Absalom! Who would grant that I might die for thee?"—when too late.—Freeman's Journal. oo late.-Freeman's Journal

NO CATHOLICS NEED APPLY.

Hardly more than twenty five years ago, in New York, when people adver-tised for servants, great care was taken to exclude Catholics. One day an advertiseexclude Catholics. One day an advertise-ment of this kind appeared in one of the principal papers of that city. A poor young Irish girl presented herself at the address indicated, furnished with the cus-tomary references. As she was exhibiting her papers, one after another, to the mis-tress of the house, the latter suddenly exclude Catholics.

"But, first of all, are you or are you not

a Catholic?"

"Certainly, ma'am, I'm a Catholic, thank God!" was the young girl's reply.

"Then you could not have read the advertisement I put in the paper," replied the lady. "I absolutely will not have a Catholic in the paper."

the lady. "I absolutely will not have a Catholic in my house."
"Yes I read your advertisement," humbly answered the young girl; "but what difference does it make, ma'am, whether I am a Catholic or not, if I am a good and honest servant and serve you faithfully?
Try me ma'am, and if you are not satisfied with me you can send me away."
The lady made no reply to this wise and

The lady made no reply to this wise and modest answer, but fixed her eyes on the young girl. Something in her simple and modest exterior attracted her, and she

"Well, you may come, and I will make

the experiment."

For many weeks the poor girl was subjected to a great deal of persecution on the part of the family and the numerous servants of the house; her religious pracservants of the house; her religious prac-tices were mocked and ridiculed in every way. But the young Christian's faith was invulnerable, her patience was equal to all her trials. Some months passed in this way, when an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the city, and two of the children were taken with it. This was the signal for a general stampede among all the other servants. The Irish girl allone remained at her post, with gener-ous, courageous fidelity; she watched the sick children day and night, lavishing every attention upon them, with the ten-derness of a mother, until they were com-

pletely cured.

A few years later a new misfortune fell upon the family: a sudden failure carried off their fortune, and everything had to be

There was a small piece of old family ciations made very dear to the mother's heart. The young Irish girl knew this, and understood what it cost her mistress to part with it; therefore, though it brought a high price, she bought it out of her savings and placed it in the room of the mother of the family. When the lady returned, the first thing which met her eyes within the four naked walls was the cherished piece of furniture which she supposed she had seen for the last

claimed, quite pale, and trembling with

emotion.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the young girl,
"it will never leave here; it is your's. I bought it for the pleasure of giving it to

The heart of a woman, particularly of a mother, is moved with even less eloquence than this. Her eyes filled with tears, and she fell upon the neck of her servant saying: "Oh, what a beautiful religion is yours! Your heroic devotion to my children overcame me, but to-day has finished your work. It is ended. I am resolved to embrace your religion. I will he a Catholic "

Ancient Rome decreed a laurel crown for the courageous mortal who saved the life of a Roman citizen. Think you God will not reserve in heaven a more beautiful, a richer, a more glorious, above all a more durable crown, since it is eternal, for one who at the price of similar sacrifices shall have saved, not the body, but the soul of a Christian; even though the heroic soul to be crowned is only a poor servant girl?—Irish Faith in America.

THE MacCARTHY MORE.

A descendant of MacCarthy More, King of Munster, had in his possession the crown, sceptre and other regalia appertaining to his ancient dignity and family. He had also a cup said to be made from the cranium of an ancestor of Brian Boiromhe, whom the MacCarthy had slain in battle. It was highly polished, and had a lid of silver. Another des-cendant of MacCarthy More is now (1833) living in very humble circumstances in the county of Cork, and he has in his possession the title-deeds of the vast estate of that great family in that country.

—Dublin Penny Journal.

Many people go out of their way to make enemies, and somehow or other they are but indifferently well satisfied at their success.

If you have injured a neighbor, make amends. It is no humiliation in acknowledging an offerce—the humiliation was in

ledging an offence—the humiliation was in the doing of it.

DECEMBER 16, 1881.

My King.

Let me love with litted eyes; Let my king stand strong and high Firm his feet upon the earth Bare his brow before the sky.

Helpful be his kindly hands, Wise and sweet and deep his thou Clear and brave the gracious word. Into which his mind is wrought,

Hopeful be his eyes and sure, Far their reach and fine their To discern the souls of men And the needs of every hour.

Gentle be his loving care, Tender true his tone of blame Lord and master of my life Be he in good truth as name.

May I stand beside him well, Aiding, earnest, free to rise Hand in hand with him I love, Proudly love with lifted eyes —AURILLA FURBER, in Home Jo

SERMON.

DELIVERED BY RT. REV. 1 RYAN.

On Last Sunday at the Dedicat the Cathedral at Little Rock, A

We have assembled this morning ceremony, which like all the cere of the Catholic Church, is full of and instruction; and this occasion and instruction; and this occasion if ill your hearts with sentiments of and thanksgiving to God. Arout walls of this church, exteriorly a teriorly have been chanted the ps. David, appropriate to the occasion, very same psalms were probably out the dedication of the great tendered the peaks these thousand year. very same psams were probably c at the dedication of the great ten Israel, nearly three thousand yea You have heard the chant sent up most High, the cry for mercy to t ther, Son, and the Holy Ghost, be for liberation from all evils of tl and of the body, to Christ—the tru carnate pleading his birth and his and his cruefityion and his reserved. and his crucifixion and his resur and his ascension to glory; and yo heard the chant sent up to the sa God, whose dear names are pron because we believe that those wh passed to eternity take an interest in that remain.

And the apostle St. Paul in his to the Hebrews encourages the b works of goodness, because he say is a cloud of witnesses, and he all that cloud of witnesses, the saints Old Testament, who look down heaven upon those who are con here upon earth. So we ask the vants of God to pray for us, the upon earth, united with the chumphant; and they from their th glory, from the temple beyond the look down upon this temple, the too, of the living God; and we at to pray that we may be with the

But these ceremonies are not by external forms to touch the nation or the sensibility. They of all for God. The primary of all for God. all Catholic ceremonies is to give worship to the Most High; and fore, a portion of this ceremony is being not for you, but for G being not for you, but for Go Divine eye that sees, the Divine hears; and some of the most and beautiful ceremonies of the are performed and the people is not. The face of the priest is from the people in the holy he speaks in a language that the understand not because he directly to the Most High God. English architect tells us that of parts of their cathedrals behind that were not seen were as els and as beautifully finished as t that people saw, for all was inte the divine eye. Therefore to suitable place of worship was the object of these ceremonies, and the Most high that He accept this t His threefold character, as a sacrifice where sacrifices of should be perpetuated; where t and blood and soul and divinity Christ should be present. Nor is wonderful that He should be wonderful that He was presen stable of Bethlehem, or upon the Caivary. This shall be a house fice, and a house of prayer. "house shall be called a house of

and a house of sacramental dis-because, beloved wisdom hith seven columns that support that life." Besides there life." Besides these general mo interest in the dedication of thi interest in the dedication of the fod dot here are peculiar reason should feel interested this. This is a cathedral, the chie of this diocese, which is cowith this great state. Her be the chair of truth and of a here should your highen teach here should your bishop teach It is the church within the did more particularly of interest occasion because of the fact that t is an evidence of the great pr religion within this State. I we ber some fifteen years ago wh honored by an invitation from vo honored by an invitation from yeto preach on the occasion of his tion. I well remember how per and dark were then his prospinas the youngest bishop in the and one of the youngest in the was to grasp the crosier and the waste of the youngest to the prospination. mitre and to come here to thi then the poorest diocese in the In that sermon I looked in va human reason to congratulate h had to say "I congratulate you poverty; no grand cathedral vopen its doors at the stroke pastor's staff, but an apostoli will greet you, a poverty that guished the brightest prelates of of God; and because you have diate means on which to rest o to trust him. Work, and wait, For these fifteen years you know has worked, you know how he l God knows how he has trusted with five times the number of C this diocese that there were ther a proportionate increase of p churches and schools, we his work crowned in the dedi morning of this beautiful ca

Almighty God. And, no dou heart full of thanksgiving to having like St. Andrew, the pa-church and the diocese, embrace and cried: "Oh, bona Crux!"

Christ!" with as much joy a tion as could be expected from