

MAWKISH MODERN PHILANTHROPY.

London Universe, July 26.

The feast of their great countryman, St. Vincent de Paul, was celebrated with due solemnity by the Marist Fathers at the Church of Notre Dame de France, Leicester Square, on Sunday. The High Mass was sung by Father Quattrone, assisted by two Fathers of the mission; and the Right Rev. Dr. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus, who was present, was attended by Fathers Mijolla and Charrier. Among the congregation was the president and several prominent members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

His Lordship the Bishop of Emmaus, preaching on behalf of the patronage work of the society, dwelt on our responsibility to God, which was founded on three great considerations which Christians and Catholics should always have before their eyes—first, that He created us; secondly, that He redeemed us; and, thirdly, that we owed to Him the sanctification of our souls by the indwelling of God's holy spirit, whereby each Christian became a temple of God. Then we owed responsibility to God for all the extrinsic gifts given to us—for our talents, the strength and energy of our will, our opportunities, education, and so forth, and for the gifts of fortune. And, in addition to all these things, to come to the matter on which he has to address them that day, we owed responsibility for those feelings of mercy and compassion which were seated so deeply in our nature that human society was compacted and held together by them, and that to imagine a society lacking those feelings would be to imagine a forest of wild beasts.

THE DWELLERS IN GREAT CITIES had that brought before them more than those who lived in the country. One could not live in a great city without having the needs of his fellows forced upon his notice. In a huge city like London the contrasts between the rich and poor was too obvious to escape the notice of the most inobservant, trivial, and foolish person. The question then arose how this unhappy condition of things was to be relieved. Many thought that there was a panacea to be found for those woes of humanity, but he was not of them—when the sea was dried up and the sun ceased to give light then, but not till then, might be found the philosopher's stone which could do that. So long as human society existed, founded as it necessarily was on inequality, there must remain those excessive heights and depths; and any one that came forward with a panacea, be it

STATE SOCIALISM or legislation which would regulate the price of things, and especially the price of labor, was convicted of being a fanatic, or at worst a knave. No practical man could believe in any panacea that would act in a wholesale manner and change the whole of society. What, then, was the remedy? While there was no such panacea, no such royal road for the relief of human distress and misery, they read in the lives of the saints the only possible remedy for those widespread woes and sufferings of human nature, and were taught to see in them opportunities for attaining Christian perfection, and, though no definite remedy was prescribed, a principle was laid down which, if it were only acted upon by the greater part of mankind, would infallibly produce the correction of most of those woes. Many objected, and in perfect good faith, that in spite of all that was said of

THE GOOD DONE BY CHARITY, any one who tried to bring that principle of charity to bear found an enormous difficulty in doing so. That was most true, and he had not lived for five and thirty years as a priest in London without being perfectly well aware that there were few things in which it was more easy to do harm and more difficult to do good than in that matter of charity. Our civilization was so complex, and the vice and corruption of the artificial society in which they lived was so great as to make it most difficult to satisfy themselves that they were doing good when they gave alms to a poor man. They knew perfectly well that

THE HANDS STRETCHED OUT TO THEM IN THE STREETS were almost invariably the hands of those who came under the ban of the Apostle St. Paul, who said, "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." With his wonderful sagacity that saint saw at once how that beautiful phenomena presented by the primitive Church, in which all men were so penetrated with the love of God and of Jesus Christ that no one called anything his own, was susceptible of great drawbacks and dangers, and therefore he laid down

THAT STERN DECREE, SO UNLIKE THE MAWKISH UTTERANCES OF MODERN PHILANTHROPISTS, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." Acknowledge, then, that it was most difficult to do any good to the poor; he gave them the clue to that difficulty. Men of business, for instance, had not time to ascertain the worthiness of the objects who claimed their compassion, and hence the value of such institutions as that Society of St. Vincent de Paul for which he appealed to their sympathies that day. He would particularly mention as worthy of every confidence and support the patronage work of that society. That work consisted in

TAKING IN HAND THE YOUNG UNFRIENDLY LABORING BODIES, and youths of London, in trying to know them with a certain degree of intimacy, to ascertain their moral and religious condition, and to back them up in their endeavors to keep themselves straight with God and society. He was present the day before at the opening of a new instalment of that work at Sobo—that work which had already instituted all over the world clubs or homes for unfriendly and homeless boys. It was not possible to conceive any reasonable objection to such a work as that. The care of those boys for the purpose of keeping them in the good way was a work ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ANY DRAWBACK WHATSOEVER.

It was one of unmitigated good, and he knew from his own experience how many working men there were who owed every thing to such a home as those he spoke of. They may not all be able to join actively in the work of the society, but they could give it their sympathy and support. He urged them to

follow the example of that great saint and great man, St. Vincent de Paul, who began his work by first sanctifying himself and then, when the fire of charity had consumed him, it burst forth and consumed others. Their object in joining that society should be first to make themselves tolerable Christians—to be Catholics not only in name, but in fact. A STUBBLE ADHERENCE TO DOCTRINE, but in every fibre of their moral being, to be on God's side frankly and fully, and if they did that by the means which were afforded to them by the Confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul they would never repent of it, and when they came to die would find that they had secured for themselves a place in the eternal habitations prepared for those who had fulfilled the duty they owed to God and man.

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Guardian Angel—Jesus is very lonely. He is waiting for those whom He loves, but who forget Him. Let us visit Him. Walk gently; the church is a holy place. God is here. Kneel and adore Him. It delights the dear Heart of Jesus to have you near Him; listen to His sweet voice speaking to your heart.

Jesus—My child, you need not know much in order to please Me; only love Me dearly. Speak to Me as you would talk to your mother if she had taken you in her arms. Have you no one to recommend to Me? Tell Me the names of your relations; of your friends; after each name add what you wish Me to do for them. Ask a great deal; I love generous hearts that forget themselves for others. Tell Me about the poor whom you want to help, the sick whom you have seen suffer, the sinners whom you would convert, the persons who are alienated from you, and whose affections you wish to win back. For all recite a fervent prayer. Remind Me that I have promised to grant every prayer that comes from the heart; and surely the prayers are heartfelt which we say for those we love and those who love us. Have you no favors to ask for yourself? Write, if you like, a long list of all your wishes—all the needs of your soul—and come and read it to Me. Tell Me simply how self-indulgent you are, how proud, touchy, selfish, cowardly, idle, ask Me to help you to improve. Poor child; do not blush! There are in heaven many saints who had the same faults as you; they prayed to Me, and little by little they were cured. Do not hesitate to ask Me for the goods of body and mind—for health, memory, success. I can give everything, and I always give when the gifts would make souls more holy. What do you want to-day, my child? Oh, if you knew how I long to do you good! Have you no plans to interest you? Tell Me all about them? Do they concern your vocation? What do you think of? What would you like? Are you planning some pleasure for your mother, your family, your guardians? What do you wish to do for them? And have you no thoughts of zeal for Me? Do you not care to do a little good for the souls of your friends—of those whom you love, and who perhaps forget Me? Tell Me who interests you? what motives urge you? what means you wish to take? Confide in Me; my failures; I will show you the cause. Whom do you wish to see interested in your work? I am the Master of all hearts, My child, and I lead them gently where I please. I will place about you those who are necessary to you; never fear! Have you nothing to annoy you? My child, tell Me your annoyances with every detail. Who has pained you? Who has wounded your self love? Who has treated you contemptuously? Tell Me all, and then say you forgive and forget; and I will give you My blessing. Do you dread something painful? Is there in your soul a vague fear which seems unreasonable, yet torments you? Trust fully in My Providence. I am here; I see everything; I will not leave you. Are there about you friends who seem less kind than formerly; who neglect you through indifference or forgetfulness, without your having consciously done anything to wound them? Pray for them, and I will restore them to you, if their companionship is good for you. Have you no joys to tell Me? Why not confide to Me your pleasures? Tell Me what has happened since yesterday to console you, to make you happy, to give you joy? An unexpected visit has done you good; a fear was suddenly dispelled; you have met with unlooked-for success; you have received some mark of affection—a letter, a present; some trial has left you stronger than you supposed. All these things, My child, I obtained for you. Why are you not grateful? Why do you not say "I thank You?" Gratitude draws benefits, and the benefactor loves to be reminded of his bounty. Have you no promises to make Me? You know I read the very bottom of your heart. Men are deceived, but not God; be frank. Are you resolved to avoid that occasion of sin, to give up the object which leads you astray? Do not read that book which excites your imagination, to withdraw your friendship from that person who is irreligious, and whose presence disturbs the peace of your soul? Will you go at once and be kind to that companion who annoyed you?

"Well, My child, go now and resume your daily work. Be silent, modest, patient, charitable; love the Blessed Virgin dearly; and to-morrow bring Me a heart even more devoted and loving. To-morrow I shall have new favors for you.

Examined and Approved. Montreal, January 4, 1875. E. C. BISHOP OF GRATIAPOLIS.

Sufferers from indigestion, loss of appetite, liver or kidney complaints, rheumatism or neuritis, would do well to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. For all such disorders, no medicine is so effective as this, when faithfully and perseveringly used.

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CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

THE ÆTHETIC GIRL. BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The æthetie girl is one of the girls of the period. She is a reflection rather than an existence. She worships beauty, and she is very often the only worshipper of herself—for she has acquired the art of seeing beauty where nobody else sees it.

She desires nothing so much as to impress you with her sincerity, and the very trouble she takes to do this makes you feel that she is painfully insincere in her admiration of many of the things she pretends to admire. The peacock's feathers and the sunflower of last year, about which she raved, are no longer mentioned. Last year too, she was Japanese; now she is Greek. If she has red hair, she lets it roll down her back when she recites a bit of Browning, and then hastily ties it up in the knot of the Æthetie. If she has red hair, she regrets it, because æthetie people in London, she hears, look on red hair as the natural expression of high culture.

She is no longer a child of nature; she is a child of the Renaissance. She very seldom chews gum, and the stimulating caramel never enters her mouth without a protest—Benedetto Cellini never ate caramels, and they are not mentioned among those luxuries against which Savonarola protested. She adores Savonarola, without knowing much about him, except through the misinformation in George Eliot's novel "Romola." She goes to many lectures and takes many notes, which she always forgets.

"Victoria Colonna!" she says. "Ah, yes—she was lovely! She did something or other—I've ten pages about her somewhere. She gives me a delicious impression."

She asks you if you know Omar Khayyam; and if you don't, she abruptly changes the conversation to the price of land. You can't know much beyond that, if you don't know Omar Khayyam. If she writes verse—and, O, dolorous thing! she sometimes does—it has refrains. It runs in this manner:

"Sooth, love is but a roundelay (O why and why, and a why, why, why?) And Rosely and the daisy of eyes, With chrysopease and the berry dyes, With cat's-eye tints that ever play Where amber and the diamond lies (O why and why, and a why, why, why?)"

And so on. Everybody knows the manner now. If one were to judge the æthetie girl by what she pretends to have read, one would fancy that her mind was in a bad way. But the æthetie girl does not read—she only pretends. She talks—oh, yes!

Does she play "Home, Sweet Home!" for papa when he comes home; or "Mary of Araby," or "The Harp that Once," or "Die Wacht am Rhein," or "Hail Columbia!" or Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words?" No: she plays nothing except Chopin,—or she despises the piano. She tinkles the mandolin and assumes soulful attitudes. Her father regards her with amazement, her mother with awe and admiration. They both feel that she will one day disgrace the family name. She will probably marry; and where, except among the lower rabble, shall she find a mate? There are a few æthetie young men in America, but she can never marry one of them. They neither sit behind a desk in a bank nor till the soil, nor do anything by which money is earned and by which the æthetie girl would be enabled to exist beautifully. At last she gives her hand to some coarse creature, who thinks Omar Khayyam is a variety of early rose potato, and goes to sleep when she reads a nocturne of her own to him. Then there is an end of the æthetie girl.

GOD BLESS THE IRISH MOTHER.

In the Catholic World for the current month we find a short Irish story entitled "A Pleasant Home," contributed by Rev. R. O'K., which concludes with the following beautiful, but well deserved, tribute to that most admirable of all God's creatures—an Irish mother.

"Oh! but they had the good mother. They will still point out to you the spot in the little flower garden where she would hide herself and pray. Two rosaries daily, and one of them offered (like Job of old) for her children. Every week of her life she was at the altar rails, generally at 12 o'clock Mass, and there she would stay praying in the chapel when all the rest were gone. It would be 2 o'clock of a Sunday before she would get home to her breakfast. And when they'd remonstrate with her she'd say: "We're not here for long, and we must only make the most of it." She died on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. The children were all that day going about getting St. Patrick's crosses made and ready to buy as they passed them, and as happy, making them, and mind you, there was a man living near that the neighbors did not like, and they used not to make free with him. He had his little niece living with him. "There will be no one to make a cross for poor little Joanna!" she said. And didn't she make it herself, and call little Joanna over the wall and gave it to her; and when she came back she said: "I am glad now; Joanna won't be without a Patrick's cross. The poor child won't be crying." They were at their tea in the evening. She was for the rails next morning, and she wouldn't take anything only a cup of tea. The clock struck 6, and she said: "Let us kneel down and say the Angelus." About an hour afterwards she complained of an inward pain. She asked for some Lourdes water that was there, but it gave her no relief. She asked for it a second time, but they thought to get her to take burnt whiskey; yet she pretended it was the Lourdes water, but the moment she tasted it she refused it. She suddenly grew very bad, and called for the priest. A messenger was hurried to put the saddle on the horse and go for the priest and doctor, but it was too late! She raised herself in the bed by an effort, and tried to bring up her hand to make the sign of the Cross, but was unable. They lifted her hand, and she blessed herself. She then motioned to be laid back; her head rested on the pillow, her lips murmured the holy names of Jesus and Mary; and all was over! God bless our Irish mothers! We have, thank God! thousands and thousands of such angelic women beautifying and blessing the peasant homes of our land!"

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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY. AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. For Public Purposes, such as Educational Establishment and Large Hall for St. John Baptist Society of Montreal. MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890. (FROM THE MONTH OF JULY) July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10. Third Monthly Drawing, Sept. 10th, 1890.

Table with 2 columns: 3134 PRIZES WORTH - \$52,740.00 and LIST OF PRIZES. Includes prizes worth \$15,000, \$5,000, \$2,500, etc.

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