MARCH 16 1912

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I suppressed a smile at the epithet my black man bestowed on our non-Cath-olic breitren; then I asked him about his prayers—did he remember them? Yes! His mother (it was always his mother) taught them to him; and then, like a little child, this tall, fine fellow went on his knees and said the "Our Father," "Hall Mary " and "Creed" with numberless little wistakes, repeat-ing the phase little wistakes, repeat-ing the phase little so it the boy when I corrected him. I cannot forget his simple fervor and his intense religion. Then he sat down again. " My mammy, suh, was a free woman,

Then he sat down again. "My mammy, suh, was a free woman, Father," he began, " and always carried in an olicloth purse in her bosom a printed paper with her name on it, her 'free papers,' as she called them. I have seen her show them to the contables imes stopped her on the

streets. "Bhe had to work hard and scrubbed and cleaned a number of offices. We lived with a colored Catholic family in

and cleaned a number of ondea. We lived with a colored Catholic family in an alley full of our people. "I often went with my mother when she was out working. One of her offices was along the waterfront, and one even-ing while she was working at her sweep-ing she sent me for some sand to strew on the floor. It was a long summer day, and I went over to a pile of sand that lay heaped up near the river. Mother knew the black man who watched there and told me he would give me some in a can. I got the sand, carried it to her and ran back to talk to the man. "I found a black boy, about my own age and we began playing tag on the long warf where several schooners lay moored on the river. A man soon began loosening some ropes on ene of the ves-sels and as we passed he called to us. He was a low-browed, evil-looking man-a white man, of course. When he saw us he shouted: " Here you youngsters, get aboard

'Here you youngsters, get aboard help to haul this rope in, and I'll

and help to haul this rope in, and I'll give you each a penny.' "We raced each other who should be first to take up his offer, and I thought how proud I should be to give my mother my first earnings that evening I So we jumped aboard, and were instantly caught up by two other fellows, carried down below, locked in a room and told we would be killed if we made the least noise. We huddled together and shiv-ered in speechless terror.

noise, we induited together that inter-ered in speechless terror. "Soon we heard the rushing back and forth of hurried feet overhead and felt the upward and downward motion of the boat. We were afloat and going — God knows where !

"Oh, how we wept in that dark room. "Oh, how my heart broke to think of my mother, my poor, dear manmy, hunting for me, her lost boy, her only boy, never to see me again!" He stopped over-

The pathos in that Negro's voice would have put to shame the tenderest, deepest feeling expressed by a cultivated white man, and I, too, felt my heart swell in sympathy, for I knew he was telling a true, simple fact. He went on : "Soon everything was quiet, and we, too new little derkies, nut, our arms

<text><text><text><text><text>

intores. My while near was set on getting to Baltimore and finding my mother 1 "I got here a week ago, Father, and I began to hunt for my mother, but," (and here his voice broke and his big oheat heaved; he couldn's go on for a few moments) "everything is changed. I couldn't find anything as I remem-bered it in the docks, the streets or the alleys. I found an old auntie who re-membered my name when I told her, and she took me by the two hands and looked up into my face while she cried : 'You I Jefferson Stewart I You ? Yes, indeedy, I 'members youh pooh mother, my child; youh mother broke be her heart and died when she couldn't find you I She pined and pined, and when the priest came to her poor bed an'gib her the Blessed Saviour I was there, an' she turns to me and says: " Rachel, if ever you meet my pooh boy on this earth, tell him his mother watches him day and night "--and den that night she died! I don't know where they burled her, for it was the war times and such things was done in a hurry." " I the sa hard blow. Father, a hard

eing. The Christian State was like a mothe

The Christian State was like a mother teaching her child to walk by assisting and encouraging it; the socialistic State resembled a grandmocher keeping the little one in a baby carriage trundl-ing it about, and giving it a bottle to keep it quiet. Father Vaughan urged his hearers by all means to resist being absorbed and assimilated by the State; to keep steadily in view that they did not exist for that State, but the State for them; and that the State had its definitely ap-pointed province and its definitely ap-pointed functions, outside of which if it attempted to interfere it was to be re-sisted as resolutely as any other thief who dared to break into premises not his own.

war times and such things was done in a hurry.'
"I twas a hard blow, Father, a hard blow I I could only bow my head and take it—but then I thought I must get to the Church my mother loved and be a good Catholic—for that's all I can do to please her, and, Father, I had a lot of trouble finding this church; it is much changed, but here I am, and when I saw you out there in that box I wanted to be a good Catholic like my mother, so it that I can see her some day in heaven.
Will you help me Father?"
Need I tell you my answer? My heart went out to that child hearted, big black man I I saw the grace of God had come to him through that poor old hard-working mother. Her teaching, I her influence had guarded his life and shaped his pathway to me, and I gave who dared to break into premises not his own. There were two volumes, said Father Vaughan, which he would like to see in the hands of every Catholic American citizen—in one hand the Ecoyclicals of the Pope on Labor, etc., in the other the Constitutions of his country. With those two works to guide and uplift and inspire him he could become a power in that New World for the p opagation of those principles of truth and liberty, before which socialism with its all-ab-sorbing State would vanish as darkness before light. her influence had guarded his life and shaped his pathway to me, and I gave him all I could of instruction and assist-ance day after day until I lett him a true ferrent, practical Oatholic ! Where he is now I know not, but I firmly believe that his life is one that his mother in heaven is not ashamed of. Oh, Christian mothers of the present generation, do you thus impress plety and faith on your children ? Learn a lesson from this lowly negro mother and her stalwart son. efore light. ence will be "Socialism

Next conference and the Family."

'STATION" MORNING IN IRELAND

A walk through an English industrial otty in the morning is dismai and de-pressing for an Irishman acoustomed to green fields, sunny valleys and fresh, in-vigorating monutain air. Narrow, smoke-begrimed streets of monotonous similar-ity, giant-like chimneys beiching out black clouds of impenetrable smoke, and a heavy, oppressive atmosphere that almost stops one's breath. Bells are ringing and sirens blowing, calling the workers to their task. The streets are filled with a hurrying crowd a raild stream of silent, gloomy, oheerless people, small in stature, cleanly dressed, and all wearing that languid, depressed expression so inseparable to the inhab-liants of industrial centers. Gradually the crowd knelt. From scores of fac-tories the hum of machinery is heard and inside the toilers are busy at their warlons.

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Invest. The book tells of a line of business that has and is paying enormous divi-dends, and which is being supported by Catholics to the extent of \$75,000,000 a year. It contains most complete facts and figures relating to this particular business and the astonishing dividends paid stockholders. It shows how Cath-olics may, for the first time, now become stockholders and receive their share of the profits of this great business. The stock of old-established companies in this line is worth ten to twenty times par value, and original investors are receiving 100 per cent. dividends. This is not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a high-class, legitimate business and the Catholic hierarchy and laity. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investion. If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. 604Z, Box 1301, Philadelphia, 'A. Mr. Harding request that no one write simply through idle curiosity, and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this partic-ular institution.

mony is begun. The priest's boy serves mony is begun. The priest's boy serves Mass and the congregation, now crowd-ing the room, are close up to the priest and the altar. It is a heartening scene, and one's mind wanders back ineri-tably to the penal days when the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the caves, or in the hidden recesses of the valleys, when a price was on the priest's bead, and watchers were planted on the hill-tops to give the alarm of the approach of the recemen.

of the yeomen. The congrestion was composed of young and old. The "station" was for young and old. The "station" was for the mill employees and all others in the townland, and so the farmers and laborers with their families, as well as the mill workers, were all assembled. Parents and children, employer and employee, all blended together. The prosperous farmer kneeling with his servant, the foreman beside the young-est apprentice, and the manager in the midst of his staff, proud to be associated with them. Young workers of fine

mids of his stat, prout to be associated with them. Young workers of fine physique, rosy-faced girls, a few old-aged, pensioners to complete the picture, all bent down devotionally over their books or beads as the Mass pro-

oup that obsers has a most exhilarating effect, and local topics, politics and elec-tions are the subjects of pleasant discus-sion. There is sufficient variety of opin-ions to make up a parliament, but all are in the best of spirits and take the good humand hants of the P. P. pleasants In the cess of spirit and take the good-humored banter of the P. P. pleasantly. The homeliness of the priests in the midst of their people is here strikingly manifest. Their gentleness, refinement and great consideration for their flock are more than ever visible in these little could require the phase there are able to social rounions, where they are able to speak, with unrestraint and open their minds freely on matters of practical in-

terest. The mill bell rings to call hands to work, and soon the workers, in their working attire, are flocking in. Con-tented looking young men, rosy-faced young colleens, all chatting brightly and with every evident light - hearted-ness. It is the sunniest of sunny morn-ings and the your all seems sweetened ness. It is the summest of summy morn-ings, and the very air seems sweetened with a fresh breath. The morning so gloriously begun has benefited all, not alone spiritually, but temporarily as well, and the daily routine has a fresh attractiveness after the uplifting of the "station."

"station." The covered car, the side car and the trap carry away the good priests to their other duties. The mill wheels are start-ing, the merry music of the machinery once more rings pleasantly in our ears, and a commercial traveller from Lan-cashire, who has come on the morning train, and who has been all the time waiting, and gazing with wonder and as-toniahment at the varied phases of the "station," is at last able to undo his samples. * /* *

Barnisters, S

* * * * "I'm afraid you selected a bad morn-ing for your visit," said the genial stationmaster, as the "commercial" sat waiting in the luxurious waiting room for the12:35 express. "Ye-es, you seem to do nothing but pray in this country. Just fancy a Yorkshire factory shatting down for two hours for prayers! By jove! I don't think !" "Oh ! va're all too good over there."

"Oh ! ye're all too good over there," dryly remarked the stationmaster, while he folded over his newspaper. "Ye have

he folded over his newspaper. "Ye have so many religions that ye don't want any looking after." "Righto i guvenor, that we have. Why, my father is a Congregationalist and my mother a Baptist, my brothers go to the Wesleyan Church, I am a Non-conformist and my sister is in the Salva-tion Army and—" But then the oxymess atcamed in and

But then the express steamed in, and, But then the express steamed in, and, as it steamed off sgain, the stationmaster waved an adien to the traveller and re-marked to himself, "Wisha, some of that family ought to get to heaven anyhow." —Dublin Leader.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH

(MARCH 19)

(MARCH 19) "Go to Joseph," said Pharsoh of old; "he will open to you the barns of Egypt." "Go to Joseph," says the Church to the faithful, in these times of great spirit-ual famine; "he will lead you to the Heart of Jesus and throw open to you Its treasures." St. Joseph, the plain artisan, was chosen to be the spouse of the Blessen Virgin, and the Foster-Father of the Incarnate Son of God—no king or em-peror, rich or prominent man, nor great philosopher was selected for this dig-nity. Is not this a sign that God re-gards things quite differently from the point of view of the world? Also that often He loves the humble and insignify their books or beads as the Mass pro-ceeded. Holy Communion is administered to the entire congregation with great solemnity. During the most sacred part of the ceremony a startling noise in the distance conjures up a vision of an exclising interruption, such as must often have been the experience of our forefathers—maybe in this very glen. When the alarm was given the Mass had to be hurriedly ended and the gather-ing dispersed, or perhaps the priest, robed in his vestments, had to fight with his faithful guard for his life, and be shot down on the very spot where, a

with his faithful guard for his life, and be shot down on the very spot where, a few minutes before, he had offered up the most Holy Sacrifice. But our also is harmless; it is only the noisy tooting of a passing motor car that has excited our easily distracted thoughts. Mass being ended, the priest in simple and eloquent language, delivers a homely lecture which, owing to its simplicity and practical application, goes straight to the hearts and minds of his hearers. He speaks on the cora-sion of sia." He pictures the family t seated at the fire at night, when Peggy or Shawn is reading a chapter of a story tracted by the ever-circling moth dash-ting against the lamp. It comes and to read a strength for new en-DRUGGISTS AND OPTICIANS odily health and strength for new en "God grants these marks of grace to "God grants these marks of grace to "God grants these marks of grace to all those who invoke Him through St. Joseph. All the children of Holy Ohurch should venerate him and they will ex-perience all this in themselves if only they invoke him earnestly. I would ex-hort all to serve this glorions Saint, be-cause I know from experience that he obtains much from God. I have never oppains much from God. I have never known anyone who really venerated and served him with special zeal who did not make raipd strides in virtue, for he bestows extraordinary assistance upon those souls who have recourse to him. these souls who have recourse to him. "For a number of years I have saked him a favor on his feast-day, and my re-quest has always been granted. If I might, I would gladly enumerate all the graces which this glorious Saint has ob-tained for others."

nd \$5 e

The greatest science man can study is the science of living with other men. There is no other thing that is so tax-ing, requires so much education, so much wisdom, so much practice, as to how to live together. We are studying

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too, poor little darkies, put our arms around each other and wept ourselves asleep. When it was daylight we were taken on deuk, given something to eat and found ourselves sweeping out to the "We were taken to Charleston and

"We were taken to Charleston and there sold at auction to different planters. I remember my purchaser be-fore he bid for me thrusling his fingers into my mouth, bending all my joints, trying my eyes, my teeth, my hearing. "One man bid a \$150 but I was sold bet a \$255 bud mad diversed over

"One man bid a plue at last for \$225, and was delivered over to this buyer. I was now a slave! I did not dare resist, but went passively

not dare resist, but went passively wherever I was told. "How lonely I was, living in the silent country with three hundred slaves, toil-ing from dawn to dark. How I watched them, their strange ways, their poor pabins, their wild stories and their religioal How different from Baltimorel And oh, how I pined for my poor mother I never saw her again ! "Almost the first thing that happened

"Almost the first thing that happened was a dispute about me. "The family I was sold to was half Methodist and half Baptist, the father holding to the Methodists and the mother to the Baptists. "They argued hot and strong with each other to possess me for their re-ligion. They quoted the Bible-lots of it. The bigger children laughed, but took neither side. But I was a ibold little darkey, and I waited for a lull in the dispute. I wanted my chance, for my dear mother's words came ringing into my head, and at last there was a moment's quiet.

"I moment's quiet. "I mustered up all my courage and stood up in my bare feet and my little shirt and pants, my hands in my pocket-holes, and called out: "The Methodists and Baptists are both nasty. I am a Roman Catholic, that's what I am ! It's God's only true religion!'

It's God's only true religion!' "When I got through and before they got over their surprise I thought I had better say it over agaia, because it didn't sound loud enough the first time, so I planted my feet firmly and fairly yelled out my good mammy's words. And, suh, I felt them deep down in my heart, and I would have said them if those people killed me, as indeed I thought they would! Not at all, suh. First they stared and glared at me, but I stared

Father Vaughan continued his course on Socialism and Christianity on March 3rd, at High Mass before an im-mense congregation. He said that at first sight there would seem to be much in common between socialism and Catholisism. Both pro-tected excluses the cerils of modern socialism and Catholisism. Both pro-tested against, the evils of modern Capitalism of ficree individualism, of in-iquitions competition, and of colossal wealth in the hands of the few. But there was a yawning gull between them. A socialist member of Congress recently had assured his comrades that the last and most powerful for marshalled against them was the Church of Rome. He spoke rightly. To start with, they both held conflicting views about Civil Society, and about the origin and des-tiny of man. In spite of all denials socialism was based on a materialistic theory of evo-

other and her stalwart son.

ISM AND THE STATE

LENTEN CONFERENCES

ATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN AT ST.

PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, ON

BOCIALISM .- CONFERENCE II-SOCIAL-

In spite of all denials socialism was based on a materialistic theory of evo-lution. As a living, going concern, socialism was not a mere economic, or politico-economic principle, but \growth deeply rooted in a philosophi repudia-ted by every Christian man. Boolalism, true to its philosophic temper, wanted to establish a State without reference to Ged. It had no use for God. It ignored Him when it was not convenient actually to deny Him. He might get "the moderate socialist's " view of the State from a widely read book : 'Socialism and Society." The average social-ist held views about the State that could not be made to fit in with Christian views about it. The comman-al life, they were told, was as real to

Christian views about it. The commun-al life, they were told, was as real to the socialist " as the life of an organism built up of many living cells." Behold the old biological analogy, masquerading in the dress of a reality i " The being that persists, that develops is Society ; the life upon which the individual draws that he himself may have life, liberty and happiness is the Social life." And it was contended that the likeness be-tween society and an organism like the

and happiness is the Social life." And it was contended that the likeness be-tween society and an organism like the human body was complete "in so far as Society is the total life from which the separate cells draw their individual life." The whole socialist position was summed in the distum : "Man is man only in Society ;" which done into other English speit : "The State is every-thing." Those brave statements about the State reduced man to the position of a mere function, a cell, a muscle or nerve centre in the body politic, with no personslity, initiative or enterprise of his own. The preacher said that this funda-mental misconception of the State as a real, living organism in which man was imbedded without personality, individu-

the crowd knelt. From scores of fac-tories the hum of machinery is heard and inside the toilers are busy at their various avccations. The day passes. The night comes with its numerous attractions. The Engliah worker lives for the music hall, and thither they flock, to seek that cheerfulness which nature is seem to have forgotten to bestow upon them, in the stupid inanilies of a variety entertainment. One day is like another; esting, drinking and "that halls" make up their lives. Acts of parliament look after the factory hands, and insist on all necessary pre-sontions for the safety of their bodies, the ditter is no act of parliament to look after their souls, and religion is a matter of very remote interest to most of them. If an Irishman happened to be on a to going tour in the sunny south of Ire-diand, and if, in his meanderings, he dropped in to visit a certain busy little dimil on the morning of the Easter sented to him as he entered the prem-e sented to him as he entered the prem-e in the yard. Yet notice the queue of of the mansger's house, and it existion" wonderment. There is no hum of the young women are wearing shaws in the yard. Yet notice the queue of the young women are wearing shaws in the the hall; all are dreased in theri best; the men's heads are uncovered the young women are wearing shaws of or the mansger's house, and it existion" wor their heads; all are evidently young men solem occessing the dist of a mosel of all residents in the young women are wearing shaws for or the mansger's house, and it existion" wor their heads; all are evidently young. Then you notice the pray-met is note of the missing sheep, and so he is always able to keep a watchful these is always able to keep a watchful the missing sheep, and so he is always able to keep a watchful the always able to keep a watchful the s

engaged in some solemn ceremony. You inquire and find it is "station" morning. Then you notice the prayer books and beads, and you know the people are waiting their turn for con-fession. Inside in the house, in separation to the missing sheep, and so fession. One by one the penitents enter, and, kneeling at the feet of the priest's blessing and good advice, each preses their sorrow. Then having the priest's blessing and good advice, each been prepared for a "mass house." The contens are hidden away under white show cards have been removed and re-placed by familiar plotures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The confession being over, all are assembled in the "mass house and the holy core-

Under all painful appearances, it is God who comes to us, our Saviour and our Friend. We can show our love by suffering for His sake and with Him, in adoration, realgnation, and perfect abandonment. How tenderly He will console us, and what peace we shall find, when we kneel every evening before Him, telling Him of all our trials and failures during the past day.

failures during the past day. Is your cross greater than you can bear? Measure it beside the cross of Ohrist. How it dwindles! Is your poverty a constant grief to you? Meas-ure it beside the poverty of the ragged, hungry, homelees child this winter night. Have you been wronged by in-gratitude? Measure your hurt beside the pile of fagots upon which Blessed Joan of Aro was burat alive for her sainly patriotism. — Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

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