

THE WORSHIP OF MAMMON.

By J. CLYDE LOCKE, in the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Man must worship something. Out of the deepest needs of the human heart arise prayer and praise. Man's instinct tells him of his own insignificance, tells him of a power higher than his own, tells him that somewhere there must exist an infinite mind to which he must show obedience; and if he be in ignorance of the existence of the true God, he must needs give form to his own spiritual ideas, and worship the works of his own hands. Thus it is that to-day in the darkness of heathendom, men set up their gods of wood, or of stone or of metal, and grovelling upon their face and knees in the dirt and filth before them, millions of humanity pour their prayers into ears that can not hear, appeal to a mind that knows no existence.

From the lofty eminence of our Christian civilization, we look with pity upon such scenes as these. The blessed repose of our confidence in God is interrupted now and again by the murmuring of the pagan as he appeals to the gods of his own creation. Far across the expanse of seas we send a warning cry. In our moments of wrath at the reckless indulgence of his practice, we would even hurl down the images from their pedestals, and mingle their fragments with the dust at their base. But all in the resentment of another's error, we forget that the first great sacred law thundered down from the summit of Sinai, was not limited in its application to the idols to which the heathen pays homage. We forget that in America, as well as in all civilized lands to-day, there is an idol far more hideous than even heathen hands set up: an idol at whose feet the millions are kneeling. Before us, like a god of the nether world, clad in golden attire and shining in yellow lustre, sits the idol—Mammon.

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
For heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific!"

This love and worship of riches, then, is the spirit that to-day characterizes not only America but every civilized nation. It is a spirit that knows no race, no religion, no nationality and no time. It is the same spirit that, six thousand years ago, entered the sacred precincts of the patriarchal home and robbed Esau of his birthright. It is the same spirit that the Saviour scourged from the temple where it discounted the sweat of Judean labor. It is the same spirit to which is traced the decay of nations and the death of civilizations.

But it must not be inferred that when we point out the folly of avarice and the iniquity of money worship, we overlook the fundamental necessity of wealth. Wealth has often been characterized as the life-blood of commerce, and commerce is at once the product and pioneer of civilization. In itself it means neither food nor clothing nor shelter. In itself it creates no joy, yields no comfort, mitigates no pain. With it alone, man would be as desolate as Crusoe among his sacks of gold before he found the single grain of wheat that contained the promise of food and life and wealth. Yet, without money, the complex mechanism of commerce would stop, and the vast fabric of what we call business would fall to atoms, and the world would relapse into barbarism. Money is to every occupation that enlists the energies of man what the plow is to the farmer, the pencil to the painter, the chisel to the sculptor. The real wealth of the country lies in the school, the library, the church, and all agencies for the culture of the race. The dollar is simply a means to conserve these blessings.

But to-day the relations are reversed, and the dollar is the object, not the instrument, of commerce. Instead of being the useful servant of man, it has become his master. The dollar rather than the highest human happiness is become the standard of our civilization. It is against this spirit of avarice, this tireless strife for wealth, that society must struggle.

Whenever we think of the demoralizing effects of money worship, we think of them as applying to the individual and to the community, or to the nation; and when we speak of its demoralizing effects upon the character of the individual, we have in mind no certain class of individuals, no particular few. The man that eats his frail meal of bread and sits before his humble hearth, if his end in life be money, is just as debased morally, is

just as great a menace to ideal society, as the man that tosses upon his luxurious bed and worries over the millions which he fears may slip from his grasp. The young man entering life with no loftier purpose than his material profit, will be of no greater service to the world than the haggard miser, who, in his solitary chamber, counts his gold in the lonely midnight hour.

Thrust out into the world, the young man comes face to face with material aims and ends; and of such aims and ends money is the universal equivalent. His one idea is success, and success is money. Money means to him power; it means leisure; it means display; it means self-indulgence;—it means, in a word, the thousand comforts and luxuries which in his opinion, constitute the good of life. He believes the rich are fortunate, are happy; that the best of life has been given to them. He has faith in the power of money, in its sovereign efficacy to save him from suffering, from sneers and insults. He believes it can transform him, and to take away the poverty of mind, the narrowness of heart, and the dullness of imagination, which make him weak, hard and common. But alas! only too late he finds the money world visible, material and external. Whether his early hopes prove delusive, or whether he realizes all his youthful ambitions; whether in the end he must lean upon the beggar's staff, and expose his grey locks to the pitiless wintry winds, or whether it be his lot to seek the comfort and luxury of a mansion—in any case a blight has fallen upon his nobler self, and his service to the world has been idolatry. The young man of such great promise is now the hoary-haired old man—lost to morality, lost to all that is lofty and noble. Crippled and maimed, he can only hope to hobble upon golden crutches across the few remaining years that separate him from the grave.

But great as is the demoralizing influence of the avarice upon the character of the individual, it is not there that its base and sordid nature is most clearly revealed. If avarice is to be deplored in its influence upon the character of the individual, it is more deeply to be deplored in its influence upon the character of the nation. Like a starved beast of prey maddened by the taste of human blood, it springs with gleaming eyes and dripping jaws to crush the vitality out of the nation. The bane of the nation to-day is the rush and clamor of money getting. Classes of men, made strong by the impious agent of the purse, arise and constitute the dreaded money-power. It is this power that confronts the nation to-day. It is this power that looks upon government simply as an instrument of self-aggrandizement. It is this power, that, by executing the corrupt conceptions of selfish minds, can control the price of commodities. It is this power, that, at its own will, can build a bridge of gold across channels of just opposition, and precipitate itself into the very halls of our legislatures. Once there, it can legislate in its own interests, careless alike of bankrupt industry and outraged patriotism. Once there, it loses sight of the manhood and womanhood of the nation. Once in control of the reins of government, the few reap where the many have sown, and gather where the many have planted.

This injustice of legislation loosening the ties that bind a brave people in respect and reverence to their government. It is breeding selfishness in the favored class, and exciting the hostility of their victims, and inviting all the penalties of trespass.

Now, we hear no malice toward the wealth of this land. We are not advocating a division of their wealth. We want not one dollar that they call their own. But civilization based on wealth alone can not continue; the eternal laws of the universe forbid it, and the witness that is in every soul testifies that it can not be. Those that believe that the business of a government can be thus demoralized, and the general mass thus oppressed with fortunate and peaceable results, have read to no purpose the history of civilization. Is it a light thing that the masses should be robbed of their earnings through corrupt legislation, while greed rolls in wealth? May not we also say: "After us the deluge? Nay, the pillars of state are trembling even now, and the very foundations of society begin to quiver with the pent up forces that rage underneath."

Then while the dark clouds gather along the horizon portending danger, we turn with anxious thoughts to the land we love. We hope that this land of freedom, purchased by its greater sum of gold than the purse of

Morris which sustained the straggling band of patriots at Valley Forge, will long continue to exist. We hope that the valley, which long ago served our bonds with the greed and avarice of another nation, will re-echo throughout coming ages. Yea, we hope, that when the shrill blast of the archangel's trumpet declares that all things earthly have their end, that only with the shock of earthquakes upon that awful day will the starry emblem of freedom, liberty and justice go down. But if this government of the people by the people, for the people should become a government of wealth, by wealth, and for wealth, (then the time may come when the Almighty God in His wisdom may decree that even America shall cease to exist. Then the Capitol shall crumble, and the ivy will creep over the mouldering marble. The serpent will lurk there, and the owl will cry in the darkness from the dismantled columns. Then an invisible hand will come forth and inscribe across the mouldy portal arch the ominous words—"God hath numbered thy nation, and finished it; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." And the burden of the night winds, as they moan through the lonely and deserted corridors, shall be: "Ye can not serve God and Mammon!"

NOTES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

February 3rd.

The grim reaper, Death, has been busy here of late, and a few of the old landmarks of the "Island by the Sea," are removed, and gone with the majority. The first, was that of James Tarehin, Esq., J. P., who for several years did business at Brigus, Conception Bay, and by his upright conduct and integrity, had gained the esteem of all who knew him. He was born at Fairfield, County of Waterford, Ireland, and about fifty years emigrated to Newfoundland. He then went into business, and dealt largely in the general trade of the country. He leaves a widow and one son, Rev. W. M. Tarehin, a priest of the Harbor Grace Diocese, to mourn his loss.

The second death was that of an old resident of the second city of Newfoundland, Harbor Grace, in the person of Mr. Joseph Godden, J.P., and late collector of customs at that place. He was in his seventy-first year, and had been ailing for only two weeks. The deceased represented Harbor Grace in the House of Assembly under the Thornburn administration, from 1885 to 1889, when he accepted a position in the Customs Department. He was a man of very liberal views, and was a general favorite among the people.

Mr. John Spence, another old landmark of Harbor Grace, passed away lately. He leaves a large family, grown up sons and daughters to mourn the loss of a good kind and devoted father.

The popular and much beloved Magistrate, Mr. William Christian, also joined the large army of the fallen. He was in his 82nd year, and his death will be regretted by all who knew him.

The herring fishery at Sound Island, Placentia Bay, has been very successful this season. One Williams of the Island, got 1,500 barrels in his seine, and the price the Americans offer is \$1.40 per barrel. Another man in the vicinity made \$3,000 at this industry.

The work at Bell Island has closed down at present but will reopen shortly again, and work will be rushed with increasing activity, and it is computed that 600 men will be engaged at the famous iron mines of the little island of Conception Bay.

Rev. Dr. O'Reilly delivered a very eloquent lecture in the hall, St. Joseph's. Mr. T. J. Goff introduced the speaker. Taking for his subject, "Canada and the United States," the learned lecturer vividly described, for two hours, to a large audience the many points of interest in the Dominion of Canada and in the Great Republic. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the reverend gentleman.

A Holy Name Society was inaugurated by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, on New Year's Day, on which occasion fifty members were enrolled as an Association, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—
Mr. John Goff, president; Mr. John McDonald, vice-president, and Mr. T. G. Goff, secretary.

The Rev. gentleman has also established a night school, in which the young men of the parish will receive a sound commercial education.

The "True Witness" wishes the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly every success in his new parish.

The annual meeting of members of the West End Club took place lately, and was well attended. President Morris occupied the chair, and the

financial standing of the club was most satisfactory. The officers for the ensuing year were nominated a short while ago, and the only office to be contested was that of assistant vice-president. The following were the officers elected:—

President, Mr. F. J. Morris; Vice-president, Mr. R. G. Johnson; Assistant Vice-president, Inspector O'Reilly; Secretary, Mr. Chas. Ellis; Treasurer, Mr. Thomas Wall; Committee: Messrs. John Rooney, M. Malone, T. Fitzgibbon, T. J. Freeman, W. F. Kielly, Tasker Cook, P. J. Dalton, E. Warren, T. Curran, and J. F. Grant. The president made a pleasing speech, and congratulated the club upon the election of such able officers.

A dinner was given to the officers and committee by the worthy president, Mr. Frank Morris, and was a great success. Mr. Morris is a young barrister of law, in St. John's, and is rapidly coming to the front.

Rev. P. O'Brien preached a timely and impressive sermon from the Gospel of the day in the Cathedral last Sunday. The subject was "Mortal Sin and its Awful Consequences." A deep impression was made on the minds of his hearers. The remarks of the reverend gentleman were a warning to all who continued living sinful lives, and especially to those who remain away from confession.

The Halifax "Herald" has a lengthy editorial on the incorporation of Jamaica and Newfoundland with the Dominion. Speaking of Newfoundland, it says:—"But there is union work, for all advocates of a larger union, much nearer at hand than the West Indies. We refer of course, to the union between Newfoundland and Canada. There are many good reasons for such extension of the confederation; there is no really good reason against it. Some in this country have looked with little favor upon the proposal through an unwillingness that Canada should mix up with the French Shore difficulties. These difficulties, however, must soon be removed, and it would be much more proper for Canada to co-operate and assist Newfoundland as far as possible in the removal of these difficulties, than to hold aloof from them. The Canadian press has recognized this, and for years past has done all it could to encourage the Newfoundlanders in their agitation for their Mother Country to the necessity of adopting measures to assert British rights in the oldest British Colony, and free the people there from the ruinous interference of the French Government.

At the present moment the Newfoundland question stands in the very forefront before the British government and people. A settlement of some kind will certainly be reached before the question disappears from the stage. That settlement will certainly involve that the French on the "French Shore," with all their aggressions and ruinous interference, will become things of the past; but if it stops at that the settlement will stop short of securing all that the interests of Newfoundland and this Dominion demand. The settlement should include the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which should be finally ceded to Great Britain, for some fair and reasonable compensation.

The interest of this British Dominion on this matter are many and manifold, and if there is any danger of there being a settlement of the French Shore Question which shall



Many people burn the candle of life at both ends. Some men who never go into vicious dissipation use up their energies just as much by overwork or late hours; and nearly all women are compelled by circumstances to use up their vital powers beyond all reason: it may be in housework; or social demands; or the bearing and rearing of children. At any rate the candle of life is too rapidly consumed.

Some people need to have their natural vigor constantly reinforced in the same proportion that it is used up. They need the fortifying help of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a powerful alterative and invigorant of the digestive functions and liver; it cleanses the blood, and makes fresh blood and healthy flesh. Nervous, debilitated women should take it in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which is specially designed for female weakness and nervous troubles.

By writing to Dr. Pierce who is chief consulting physician of the Inwards' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., careful professional advice will be obtained free of cost and specially adapted to the individual case. Dr. Pierce's great 100-page Medical Adviser will be sent free for 31 cents; the cost of customs and postage.

USE ONLY

Finlayson's Linen Thread.

IT IS THE BEST

not also include the final session of the French islands, and if Canada fails to urge strenuously the larger settlement, it will be a gross piece of plain and culpable neglect upon the part of our government. Now is the time for action; the British Colonial office is ready for business, and Canada should be vigilant that nothing that is requisite should be omitted from the settlement between Great Britain and France as to French territorial rights on the Atlantic outlook of the Dominion.

The financial statement of the R. C. Cathedral was given at vespers on Sunday evening, January 29th.

During the past four years \$25,000 have been expended on repairs to the exterior of the Cathedral. Of this sum \$20,000 was borrowed from the bank. The balance of \$5,000 was supplied from the general income of the Palace. On the \$20,000 borrowed from the bank, six per cent. was being paid. Up to date \$14,000 of the sum borrowed have been paid off by the Sunday offertory collection, without any burden to the people. This leaves a balance of \$6,000 due the bank, on which six per cent. is being paid. The Sunday collections are dependent on to wipe off the indebtedness. These collections have fallen off somewhat since new year, especially during the last two Sundays. At the present rate, it would take upwards of two years to pay off the debt. Repairs were badly needed to the interior of the Cathedral, also; but the work could not be thought of until the amount due was paid off. The collection may have fallen back owing to the severity of the weather. His Lordship, in concluding, made an earnest appeal to the people to make an effort to bring the collection up to the mark, so that the drain of paying interest may be stopped and, the debt having been wiped out, the necessary repairs to the interior may be undertaken.

His Lordship Bishop Howley preached one of the most practical, instructive and impressive sermons at the Cathedral January 29th, that was ever listened to in the sacred edifice. The text was taken from St. Matthew, from the parable of the workers in the vineyard, and the explanations were so plain as to be understood by the most illiterate. A deep impression was made on the minds of all present. The analogy of the workers who came in at the eleventh hour, to those who neglect turning their thoughts to their eternal fully worked out by the preacher, and hope with consolation unutterable was given in the words, "Those that are last shall be first."

The Cape Copper Company, of Till Cove, have settled down for their winter's work. The past year has been a very successful one; they having loaded twenty-five ships; total amount of ore shipped is 25,000 tons and have netted a profit of about £31,000 sterling. Great credit is due the officers for their able management. Capt. Phillips, in the West Mine, is now working on the nickle, of which there is a very good show. The East Mine caved in on Dec. 16th and about two or three thousand tons of ore fell down, but no one was injured.

His Lordship Chief Justice Little was appointed Administrator of the Colony until the arrival of the new governor. The appointment gives general satisfaction. Chief Justice Little is one of Newfoundland's ablest men, and the worthy son of a worthy sire. He is a member of the Roman Catholic Board of St. Bonaventure's College, and takes a general pride in the welfare of all Terra Nova's Catholic Institutions.

NO DEAD HEADS IN THEIR CHURCH.

(From the Ohio State Journal.)
I heard a good story yesterday that comes from Sylvania, a little town in the northern part of the State. Among the members of the Methodist Church at that place is an old railroad conductor, who has been retired from the business for ten years or more. During the morning service at his church not many Sundays ago the old railroad conductor was called upon by the minister to assist in taking up the collection—one of the stewards who usually helped in the work being absent.

The retired railroader started down the aisle with the contribution basket and passed it around like an old hand at the business. Everything passed off smoothly till he came to a good old brother who had nodded

himself fast asleep, and just as he was about to pass by him he was suddenly overcome by the force of habit acquired in his railroad days. Giving the sleeping brother a dig on the shoulder with the basket he blurted out:
"Tickets, please!"

RATE OF INTEREST IN NEW YORK.

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly to reduce the legal rate of interest in this State from 6 to 5 per cent per year. It is now before the committee on general laws, of which Robert J. Fish, of Madison County, is chairman.

The Merchants' Association will appear at Albany in opposition to the Bill. W. R. Corwine is in charge of the details, and F. B. De Berard is preparing literature to be used in the fight which will be made.

Mr. Corwine said to a local journal:—

"If the legal rate of interest is cut down to 5 per cent, the small banks throughout the state will be less willing to lend to the small merchant and to the farmer. By curtailing the borrowing facility of these classes, the channels of trade and commerce within the State would be hampered seriously. Another result of this bill would be to drive capital from the State. Everything ought to be done to bring capital here, not force it away."

A MONEY-MAKING BIPED.

James Tyson, of Australia, died recently, at the age of seventy, leaving a fortune of \$25,000,000. He owned 500,000 acres of land, besides several thousand square miles of grazing land which he leased for the feeding of millions of cattle belonging to him. He was a bachelor. He boasted that he had never entered a church, a theatre or a public house. He never used spirits or beer; he had never sworn, and he had never washed with soap, preferring sand instead. He was the largest land owner in seven colonies, and he lived only to work and for the fun of working. As Abraham Lincoln once said, "We can see what the Lord thinks of riches by observing the people to whom he gives them." James Tyson was not a miser. He was just a money-making biped.—Boston Pilot.

UPHOLDS THE WILL.

The United States Supreme Court has decided against the heirs in the contest of the Rev. J. H. Duggan's will, upholding the decision of the United States Circuit Court. The brothers and sisters of the clergyman were disinherited by the priest, who gave \$32,000 equally for two funds, one to establish a free library and reading room in Waterbury, Conn., for Catholics and the other a proctory for the homeless Catholic boys of the whole state. In addition there was small religious bequests, and a bequest of his large and valuable library to the Catholic university at Washington, D. C.

JOAN OF ARC FESTIVAL.

A despatch from Paris says that Archbishop Ireland has consented to pronounce a panegyric on Joan of Arc at the festival which will be held at Orleans on May 7th, the 350th annual celebration of which, without omission for a single year, has been held at Orleans.

THE DOUKHABORS.

If the Doukhobors were Catholics they would never have received so warm a welcome and their virtues would have been carefully ignored.—Northwest Review.

PREPARE FOR SPRING.

Don't let this season overtake you before you have attended to the important duty of purifying your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. By taking this medicine now you may save sickness later on. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you rich, red blood, good appetite, good digestion and a sound healthy body. It is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Its unequalled record of marvelous cures has won for it the confidence of the whole people.

Devotion is by far the best sedative to excitement; but then it requires great and sustained exertion (to speak humanly and under the supposition of Divine grace), or else powerful external help o both. Those mere dregs of the natural energies which too often are all that occupation leaves to the average man are fit for little beyond passive worship.—W. E. Gladstone.