

The Plea of a Drunkard's Daughter.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, hear what I have borne;
Sink beneath a father's debt,
And all the cold world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Till sole relief the scolding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
Over a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness changed to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt—
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers hark back to thy tears dried.

Go, stand as I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With quivering teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow,
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard:
The sob of wild despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revelations there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish from her hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye and furrowed brow
The grey that streaks her dark hair now—

Her toll-worn frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forsaken, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup.

And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there in wild want and strife—
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stunted on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight—"a drunkard's child!"

Go, hear and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then see within the wine cup's glow—
For this and more, can it atone?
Think if its dross you would try
If all proclaimed: "This drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word—
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
When'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.

CATHOLICITY AND THE AMERICAN MIND.

By George Parsons Lathrop, of New London, Conn.

CONCLUDED.

If we look for negative or passive tributes, what better could we ask than these?

They show that the non-Catholic Yankee mind and in fact the American mind, is in search of a religious truth which it has not yet found. It gropes; it dimly guesses at a revelation from God, present in the world to-day, which it has not been able to lay hold of in evangelical bodies. The American mind, all through the United States, contains a foundation element of strong and earnest religious feeling. Religious reading and aspiration occupy much of its attention. This may be seen from the character of some of our most widely popular novels and other works of current literature; also from the prevalence of meetings and movements based on natural religion, or upon a partial, fragmentary perception of perfect and supernatural religion. Great numbers of people, the most American of Americans, from the very beginning of our national history down to the present day, have perceived, and loyally accepted, the divine truth of a supernatural and universal religion, as set forth by the one true and Catholic Church. The non-Catholic American mind in general is really ripe for this divine truth; yet it is clouded still by mists of prejudice, indifference and careless custom.

Now, the parish priest cannot possibly, with his multifarious duties, go forth and attend to the needs of non-Catholics. Of course the church building is open to them as to all. They may come there and try to learn and try to worship. But, while the temple is crowded with the faithful, the others come rarely or by accident, and do not even understand the simple, holy rite when they do come.

I would suggest that in every parish there should be a small, efficient organization of laymen, who could take charge of the business of explaining Catholicity whenever it is publicly misinterpreted. A local Truth Society would fill the bill; and in our parish, we have begun to talk of forming one, or a Columbian Reading Circle, or both. Now, the main practical difficulties of non-Catholics, even when they are convinced of our consistency and that our logic is irrefragable, seem to be these two big bugs: That the church wishes to overthrow or unfairly capture the public schools, and that it seeks to subvert American institutions.

Millions of Catholics contribute to the support of the public schools under an un-American system of taxation almost without representation, since they are so little represented on the school boards, and still show their sincerity by voluntarily maintaining schools of their own, besides. Catholics were the first settlers in this country, the bringers of civilization. They were loyal to the American Revolution when many, and perhaps most, Episcopalians and Methodists were on the Tory side. Many scores of thousands of Catholics have laid down their lives in war for the upholding of American institutions and liberty. Catholics are absolutely loyal to the constitution, laws, government, and spirit of this Republic to-day, and they prove it in every way that it is possible to offer proof, by act and conduct. Yet all this seems to count for nothing when the prejudices above mentioned come into play. If so brilliant a man as Gladstone in England could so misapprehend the Vatican decrees as to imagine they might sap the loyalty of Englishmen, what are we to expect from the ignorant here?

It will not do to dismiss them by saying that they are too dense to be enlightened. We must find a way to reach them, and to make them see and know us as we actually are. Am I, whose

ardent and steady patriotism no one doubted before; whose family, of Puritan origin, has produced a line of evangelical ministers and has been solidly American for two hundred and fifty-eight years—I am I at once transformed into a disloyal citizen when I become a Catholic? An eminent man said to me: "You have turned your back on your own countrymen." I replied: "No sir, I am now the best kind of American these are." And with entire modesty—for the merit is not mine—I believe this to be true.

For what can make a man so good a citizen as the religion which teaches him the oneness of truth, fidelity to God, to his country, to marriage, to conscience, and applies itself directly every day to strengthening those forces which conserve or purify society and exalt the soul?

It is this that we must bring home to their minds.

And, while the circulation of books and documents is of immense use, there are other means of reaching those who will not read. Not long ago there came to New London one of those scamps who make a living by sensational lectures maligning all that is most sacred to Catholics. People who, all the year round, would never come near us to ask for a plain, candid, intelligent explanation of Catholic faith and practice, flocked to hear this deliberate falsifier. Such a lecture delivered against any other religious body would have caused a riot, and the riot would have been generally excused by the nature of the insult offered. As it was, we were all indignant and talked of letters to the daily papers—both of which in New London are owned or edited by Catholics—and of a public meeting. But we feared possible disturbance or futile bitterness, and so we remained silent. Now, a local committee of the sort suggested could have held that meeting; with calm, well-considered speeches; could have got the general public there; had the thing fully reported and so, without hurting any one, could have administered a crushing gentle rebuke and let loose a great deal of life-giving truth.

Still another point. Secular and national holidays belong just as much to us as they do to all other Americans. Why should not local committees of Catholic laymen call public meetings to celebrate the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and other fitting occasions, when their patriotism would be made apparent along with the high, religious spirit that animates it?

I would have lay Catholics take the initiative in celebrating the New England Forefathers' Day in such manner as to pay tribute to the great merits of the Massachusetts Pilgrims, and at the same time bring out the immense service of other settlers of the United States, notably the Catholic founders of Maryland, who established there the complete way of religious toleration, while the founders of Massachusetts based their State on intolerance. All this could be done in a friendly way, and would be very instructive.

It would have been a great thing if Catholic laymen all over the country had seized the 1891 anniversary of Columbus's landing, as a time for general celebration, and had emphasized the fact that the discoverer of America planted the holy cross here one hundred and twenty-eight years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock.

The secular daily press would be a powerful agency for the correction of misstatements, for the popular newspaper reaches the eyes of many who would never consent to examine a Catholic book or journal. But, while there are great numbers of Catholics employed on the daily newspapers, they are not their own masters. Under hostile editors they do not enjoy the free speech of American privileges of free speech. Everything they write is carefully examined, sifted, and cut down where there is the slightest chance that they may be saying anything which will make the Catholic position clear and place Catholicity in a fair impartial light. In many newspapers offices it seems to be a maxim that a man who believes nothing is a perfectly safe person to entrust with Catholic matters. It is also held to be a merit in any Protestant writer on the staff to do what he can towards reporting and presenting Protestantism favorably; but for a Catholic to put his convictions into what he writes for the daily columns, or to shed light upon the truth of his religion, is treated as something in the nature of a conspiracy.

The chief organized way in which you can use the secular press now, is for local committees to prepare short letters to the editor in due emergencies, and when such letters are not accepted, pay for them at advertising rates. Many editors will gladly publish them free.

The American people are honest and open-minded, and when once they realize that a large number of their fellow-citizens are asking to be properly heard and understood in this matter, they will not only listen, but will insist upon hearing more.

I know of one daily paper that has gone up for months past, that the mass of the American people should be led into the one fold of the one Shepherd, the true Church. Why do I pray that the American people should become Catholics? Because it is their natural destiny. The best people on earth ought to be loyal believers in the best religion. Catholic faith, in my opinion, is the only force that can save our national character and national greatness, already threatened by many dangerous elements and tendencies, from the peril of disintegration.

I, too, believe that the next century will see a tidal wave of conversion sweeping the majority of our country-

men into the Holy Catholic Church. At this Epiphany season how shine the words of Isaiah: "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy Light is come!" Those words the prophet uttered seven hundred years before the incarnation of Christ, yet he saw the event so clearly that he spoke of it as already present. We American Catholics of to-day do not need a title of his prophetic power to declare to our countrymen that their Light is come and will presently bathe the land in splendor.

FENELON.

One of the Noblest and Sweetest Characters in French History.

We find the following interesting, appreciative sketch of the great Fenelon, by T. J. C., in the current number of Dr. Conaty's excellent *Catholic School and Home Magazine*:

"We all love gentleness of character, and especially when combined with greatness of intellect. When such a man spends his life among the poor and devotes himself to the education of youth, we are not surprised to find him one of the noblest and sweetest characters in French history. He was born in France in 1651, of a distinguished family, and received all the advantages of the best education the Jesuit schools could give. Delicate and sensitive, his early training only developed that gentleness which became the leading trait of his life. His ecclesiastical instruction was received at St. Sulpice, that famous nursery of the priesthood of France and other countries. He gave his life to the poor in the education of youth, and in his early days wrote his famous letters to 'Young Women' and to 'Young Men,' which are not only models of elegance in style, but also full of exquisite spiritual thought. Sent on a mission to the Provinces to convert the Protestants, he won such success by his moderation and piety that the king selected him as tutor to his son. Fenelon's ambition was to make him a second St. Louis. He wrote for him the beautiful and classic story of the 'Adventures of Telemachus,' which is to-day one of the most choice bits of French literature. In 1685 he became Archbishop of Cambrai. There was at that time in the Church of France, another great ecclesiastic, the immortal Bossuet, whose name is the synonym for eloquence and learning. From friends they became rivals in eloquence and learning, and those two Archbishops shared the love and reverence of France. Fenelon became somewhat captivated by certain theories of the spiritual life then in vogue in France, and wrote a book in advocacy of them. It was attacked by Bossuet, and condemned by the Church. Fenelon, the very idol of the people, showed his greatness and his piety by retracting his errors and publicly condemning his own book because the Church had spoken. His life was afterwards spent with the poor. He seemed to live to ennoble the life of the French peasant whom he loved. He was loved by all, and died in the universal respect of all France. Rich and poor did him homage. Eloquence honors him as an eloquent preacher of God's Word. Science honors him as possessed of great learning. Mankind loves him for his greatness and love towards God's poor, and the young look to him as one of the great friends of youth. A writer has described him as 'a tall, thin man, with eyes from whence fire and talent streamed like a torrent, and an expression of face such as one could never forget; with manners of exquisite charm and modesty, he fairly captivated his contemporaries.' The gentle Fenelon, his name is one of the sweetest in French ecclesiastical history."

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind voice is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is so hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and griefs, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.

Other sufferers from cold in the head and catarrh have been prompted, why not you? Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R., and R. W. and O. Carberry, Prescott, Ont., says: I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the head. Two applications effected a complete cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it.

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THE SINS OF PARENTS.

Some sage has said that if a man wishes to be truly great he must first have the earnest co-operation of his great grand-parents. The mind is born with its limitations and its tendencies. We have all heard of the Juke family—a single family of criminals that in forty-five years cost the State of New York a million and a half of dollars. The information that comes from jails and prisons, from hospitals and insane asylums, where the jetsam and flotsam of human wreck find lodgement, is such as to make us feel that education at best is but a building on foundations laid in former generations. The number of beings who come into existence weighted with the "sins of parents" is not small.

"We know how vice her venom wreaks On the frail babe before he speaks, And how hereditary enclaves With ghostly hands that reach from graves."

The force of this inherited bias has come to be recognized in reformatory institutions, and efforts are now directed toward eliminating the criminal tendency and effecting a restoration to normal conditions.

One of the most interesting experiments of this kind was made by Dr. Hamilton Way at the Elmira reformatory in New York. It has attracted attention all over this country and Europe. The youthful tough and hoodlum of New York City, young boys from fourteen to twenty years of age—the products of generations of utter worthlessness or criminality—are sent to this institution to be reformed. Instead of continuing the old regime of cells and chain-stap and shoe-pegging, the doctor conceived the novel idea of trying to make some of these boys all over again. As a preliminary he stripped the thirty boys selected, measured their heads, chests, and biceps. Then for six months they were subjected to a rigid treatment to build brains, to improve their physical condition and moral nature. They slept so many hours each day, they worked, played and studied in strict accordance with a plan most likely to be fruitful of good results. They were fed so many ounces of brain making and so many ounces of bone and muscle-making food. They were steamed and fumigated and rubbed and slapped and exercised.

At the end of six months most of them were new boys. They had new clean skin, healthy complexions and clear eyes. Their muscles and chests were larger, the circumference of the head was greater. In many cases depressions in the head had disappeared. The whole moral nature had changed. Furtive hang dog insolence was replaced by habits of regularity and industry. Dull boys had increased their capacity to learn, and cunning boys were made honestly brighter. Best of all, a year's trial showed that these changes, except in a few cases, were permanent.—*Catholic Citizen*.

Some people are constantly troubled with boils—no sooner does one heal than another makes its appearance. A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best of blood-purifiers, effectually puts an end to this annoyance. We recommend a trial.

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