

REV. FATHER EMARD DELIVERS POWERFUL DISCOURSE ON ENORMITY OF SIN

Rev. Father Emard, O.M.I., formerly of Rat Portage, has been named assistant to the pastor of the new French Catholic parish in Winnipeg. Father Emard last evening preached at St. Mary's church, delivering a powerful discourse on the enormity of mortal sin.

The preacher opened with a text from the Prophet Jeremiah, wherein he weeps over the ruin of Jerusalem wrought by its sins. Jerusalem, once the queen of the world, the meeting place of all that was great in the east, was in ruins. No should sinners mourn the loss of their soul through mortal sin, for that soul, once a queen, is now in ruin. Mortal sin seems to realize the wish of the Roman Emperor who would that the people of Rome had a single head so that he could wipe out the whole with one stroke of the sword: mortal sin wipes out in a moment all the beauties of the soul.

Mortal sin, a sin grievous in matter, committed with full realization of its gravity, was considered from three standpoints, as a rebellion against the authority of God; as an ingratitude, for the sin is committed with those very gifts, the free will, etc., bestowed by the Creator; lastly, as an insult to God.

The sermon was concluded with a caution that while it is well for the sinner to recognize the gravity of his offences, he should never despair in God's mercy. David, once a shepherd, was elevated to the high position of king, after which he sinned grievously; yet, when he became repentant and said, "Have mercy on me, O Lord," he was forgiven. He urged those in the state of mortal sin to repair to confession, and then with sincere contrition, and a firm purpose of amendment to begin anew the Christian life. Winnipeg Tribune, Jan. 23.

A MINER'S HARD KNOCKS.

By Christopher P. Connelly in Donahoe's for January.

The story is told that Heinze in the early part of his career in Butte, when he had his hard knocks and his downhill kicks, as every man of genius and accomplishments has had them, and will ever have them, secured a lease with another party named Burton on a little Jim-Crow mining claim on the flat south of Butte and tried to extract a few dollars from mother earth to buy a meal ticket. He worked hard and faithfully, but luck was against him. He owed Billy Jack's hardware store in Butte two or three hundred dollars for tools, supplies and powder, and it looked very much as if the end of his credit would soon be reached. One day Jack looked over his books, discovered the account against Heinze and his partner, asked who they were, was told they were two young fellows struggling for a try-out in the great world of fortune; that they had worked hard, stood a good chance to make good, and in fact had just run across some ore. "Go down and see what's on their dump," said Jack to his man, "and report to me." His clerk came back and reported that Heinze had probably \$500 or \$1000 worth of ore on the dump. "Get out an attachment at once and levy on it," said Jack. This was done, and in due time the deputy sheriff presented himself at Heinze's lonesome digging where he and his partner were at work. He stated his business and said he would be back in half an hour to confiscate the ore and haul it to the smelter. When he had gone, Heinze called down to his partner to come at once to the surface. "Work, now," said he, "as you never worked before." Side by side with the ore, which was raised on a little platform, was about the same amount of waste-rock that was worthless. The two men worked like Trojans, shifting the waste on to the platform, and the ore on to the spot where the waste was. When the deputy sheriff returned, he did not, of course, notice the change, it being sometimes difficult for the unpracticed eye, as indeed it is for the practiced eye, to tell the difference between ore and waste. He carted off the waste to the smelter, where it was treated at the expense of Billy Jack, and Heinze immediately had the ore removed to another smelter and got his returns. When Jack called up on the telephone a few days after to get his returns he was informed by his friend, the Superintendent of the smelter, to which the deputy sheriff took the waste, that the ore was worthless and that Jack owed the smelter a neat bill for treatment charges. When Heinze got ready he paid Jack's bill.

LEGAL QUIPS.

Lord Brampton's "Reminiscences" is full of good stories. Almost as keen as one of the famous thrusts which Curran gave Lord Norbury was Henry Hawkins' retort to the judge who rudely interrupted his argument by saying: "Mr. Hawkins, what you are saying to me goes in through one ear and out through the other." "Well, My Lord, what's to stop it?" was the ready reply. Another anecdote, not recorded in the book, may be less appreciated here than in England, since we do not regard the pun as the highest form of witticism. Mr. Hawkins was arguing a case concerning a ship named the "Hannah" before Sir Arthur Channell. The judge was unable to sound an initial H, and always called the ship the "Anna." A waggish lawyer inquired of Hawkins what the vessel's name really was, to which the future Lord Brampton answered: "Her name is the 'Hannah,' but the H has got lost in the chops of the Channell." This is really a clever pun, worthy to be classed with that of the judge who deprecated criticism when obliged to hear an Admiralty case without being familiar with the workings of that Court: "May there be no moaning of the Bar when I put out to sea."—The Casket.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

There is an art in correcting mis-statements, as in all things, and the Peterborough "Citizen" undoubtedly has that art at command. It draws attention to a little paragraph in "The Weekly Dispatch," which ran as follows:

In a graveyard in Peterborough there is a coffin, containing the body of a man, perched high up in the branches of an old oak tree.

"There are several small errors," says "The Citizen," after quoting this, "in the announcement:

I. There is no graveyard in Peterborough with an oak tree in it.

II. There is no coffin in any oak tree in Peterborough, either in a graveyard or anywhere else.

III. There is no man in any coffin perched in a tree, either high up or low down.

"There is however one statement in the paragraph that is true. There is a graveyard at Peterborough." So now we know the facts.—London Monitor and New Era.

HIS KEY OF HEAVEN.

The following pointed little story was told by the late Archbishop Elder to a reporter who called to interview him not long before his death. "I will never forget a beautiful story of an old monk, which illustrates perfectly my idea. This venerable religious character spent his entire life in plain, useful work—he was a tailor. For fifty years he plied the needle that others might be clothed. He did his work faithfully and well. Then at a ripe old age the monk was prepared for the visit of the angel of Death. As he lay on his death bed he said to the other monks, 'Bring me my key of heaven.' And they brought him his Bible. 'No, that is not it. Bring me my key of heaven,' he repeated. And they brought him the Crucifix. 'No, not that. Bring me my key of heaven,' he again asked, and they finally brought him his little needle. 'Ah, that is my key of heaven,' he sighed, and passed away. The old monk earned his way to heaven by his years of toil for others, faithfully performed. So I wish all our people would spend their lives. The true, real life is the one spent cheerfully in the doing well of the many little things."

Lady—Generally speaking, women are—

Nasty Man (interrupting)—Yes, they are.

Lady—Are what?

Nasty Man—Generally speaking—Punch.

Father—So you took dinner at Willie Stout's house to-day? I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say "No."

Tommy—Oh, yes, sir; I said "No" several times.

Father—You did, eh?

Tommy—Yes sir; Mrs. Stout kept askin' me if I had enough.—Philadelphia Press.

"But you must have noticed that he likes you."

"Well, yes; I suspected something when all the girls began to tell me how disagreeable he was."—Brooklyn Life.

EPISCOPAL MINISTER'S CONVERSION.

Rev. George Albert Cain, lately a curate of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Holy Innocents, at Hoboken, N. J., has announced his conversion to the Catholic faith, and expects soon to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Hubert D. Gartland, chaplain of Newman school, a preparatory school for boys conducted under Catholic direction at Hackensack, N. J.

Mr. Cain, upon his ordination as an Episcopal clergyman, became a curate at Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth street, New York, leaving there later to become rector of St. John's church, Long Island City. For the last year he has been curate of Holy Innocents, Hoboken, the church erected by the Stevens family.

Mr. Cain's father, Rev. Albert Cain, of Andover, N. J., and his brother, Rev. Charles Cain, are Methodists.

The church of the Holy Innocents is classed among Episcopalians as a very high church. When Mr. Cain resigned as curate it was given out that he intended to give up the ministry and become a teacher.

THE FRENCH CONVENT CHILD.

By Katherine Tynan in Donahoe's for January.

Poor little Desiree; she didn't want to annoy anybody. She only wished to go back and finish her childhood in that quiet convent among the sea-flats. How gentle the nuns were! How merry the little French children! It was the convent of the Infant Jesus, and the atmosphere of childhood was all about the place. Even the nuns were no more than wise, grave, merry older children. Desiree had heard nothing of her fortune there. Only she was a little dearer to the nuns because she had no father and mother like the other children; and so she must be given to the Blessed Mother. How lonely Desiree was for the nuns' eyes, and the demure, bright romps in the playground, and the dormitory with its little white beds, and the glass corridor where they played when it was wet, and had their sewing-classes under the eyes of the great statue of the Holy Child.

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