"Father Conroy—that's kind of him, Danny."

The leaping flames grew misty before her eyes; she put up a furtive hand to wipe the tears away. Father Conroy was goodness itself, but she felt that no one could bring her comfort to-night. The day she had feared had come at last. Her little home had passed to other hands—she had only Danny left.

Outside the sun had dropped low; the shadows would be falling soon. She put another question to the child.

"Do you know who's bought it, sonny?"

"Not old Carson!" The boy's voice held triumph. "He was biddin.' I heard him, but he didn't get it, Mr. Richie said. Mr. Richie said it was another man—a big, dark feller. I don't know who he is—an' I don't care!"

"Mr. Ritchie'll tell us all about it." the mother said. "It doesn't matter who it is so long as Carson's not the man."

The boy knelt upright suddenly; indignation shone in his eyes and sounded in his voice.

"I hate old Carson, mammy! It's his fault, isn't it?"

He put his hand upon her lap eagerly. She laid her own upon them and answered with distress:

"Don't bother about Carson, Danny. You've got to be a man, dearie. You've got to make up to me for everything——"

Her voice broke. The fire burned now with strength, but beyond the flames her eyes looked back to other days. The child was awed; he spoke again with hesitation.

"But, mammy, dear, it's old Carson's fault, isn't it?"

"Yes, sonny; of course it is. He pressed me, when the others would have waited. But p'raps it's just as well. It's been a big struggle for us, Danny, and p'raps nothin' would have made it better. We might have owed 'em all a lot more than we do now. We've always got each other, dearie, and we'll be happy still in Thomson's little house, see if we aren't! Mrs. Ross says she'll give me washin' and cleanin', and Mrs. Ritchie'll do the same. So we'll pay the rent and get along all right."

"I'll work for you, mammy! I'll work!"

His eager arms were around her neck, his cheek pressed to hers.

"I could drive horses or work in the store and do a lot of things. I'll work for you, mammy!"

She strained her arms about him.

"Not yet, sonny; not yet. You've got to go to school still and learn a lot of things. When you're a man it'll be different. I'll work just now—a little bit longer.

Silence reigned. The sun had sunk behind the hills, shadows crept in the little room; the burning wood fell with a shower of sparks, and the flames sank lower. At length the boy spoke again.

"If Bobby was here he'd work for both of us, mammy. He'd look after us both and be good to us. And he'd fix old Carson!"

The mother sighed and shook her head.

"Bobby wasn't always good to me, Danny. He loved a lot of things better than his mother. You're my lad, dear; you'll be my man by and by."

"But Bobbie would be good to you now!" the boy persisted. "He's a man now."

She let his words go past and made no answer. Bobbie had been a man before the child was born.

Presently the boy's voice broke upon the stillness again with confidence in its tone.

"If daddy were alive he'd be the one! You wouldn't have to work if he was alive! He'd be the one to take care of us!"

She saw his eager face by the sinking fire; took it close to her and kissed the lips that had spoken, but kept to herself the words that were in her heart. How could she tell the boy that his father had died a drunkard's death?

Eight times the autumn winds had blown the thistledown over a grave in the little cemetery on the hill; eight times the summer suns had shone there since the man had passed from her life, and she had never ceased to thank God that the father had never looked upon the face of his youngest child. Between her first born and her last there had come other children. Her tears had fallen when each one died, but she knew that it was best. They had been taken from cruel things, for their father had lived and her first born had mocked her love. The child of her old age was hers alone; in him she should have compensation. Her whole soul was bound up in Danny now, and because she loved him so the shadow that had lain over her own life should not touch him yet a while. She spoke to him with a yearning:

"Come closer to me, Danny, darlin'. To morrow, p'raps, this strange man'll come an' turn us out, but to-night the little house is ours still. Come on to my knee, Danny; there's no one to see you. I want to put my arms round you an' think of the days when you was a baby. Come for once, sonny!"

In the gathering darkness the child crept on her knee. The mother spoke softly; made the room live with the scenes of other days, peopled it with forms of long ago. All that life had given her to bruise her soul and beat her down was thrust away and the greatest joys of her life came to her again.

"I used to set the cradle in this corner," she said, "by the fire. You all lay there; Bobbie an' you an' all the others. I used to hold you here, in the chair, where I'm sitting now. An' I used to poke the fire to send the sparks out. You all laughed at 'em, every one of you. It was here by the table I taught you to walk, dearie; an' Bobbie over there! Ah, he was a little beauty, just like you, Danny, with big brown eyes an' curly hair."

She rambled on while the dying fire grew gray, unheedful of everything but her memories. Then her voice ceased. Outside, through the stillness, came the click of the garden gate and muffled footsteps sounded on the path. She roused to life again.

"It's Father Conroy," she said; "you said he was comin,' Danny."

The child, looking wide-eyed from the window into the dusk, answered her with terror and passion.

"It's the big dark feller, too," he cried. "I know him! He's come to turn us out. But it's our house to-night, mammy! You told me so!"

He was fumbling at the latch, but the mother stayed his hand.

"It's Father Conroy, Danny," she said, "and if the other man comes to-night—well, the place is his."

She set open the door and Father Conroy stepped across the threshhold. But the stranger hesitated outside.

"Come in, sir," the woman said, with simple dignity. "The place is yours. Throw some more wood on the fire, Danny, dear, and bring a match. I'll light the lamp."

Father Conroy still held her knotted hand in his.

"You think I have come, Mrs. Sutherland, to console you, but I have not. I have come to bring you good news—to rejoice with you Once, in the old days, a story was told of a prodigal son who threw away his father's love, but returned to him. I have come to tell the story afresh, but this time it is a mother's pardon that the prodigal seeks. He has lived and suffered and repented, and now he comes to you."

"I—I don't rightly understand, Father," she faltered.

"Your eldest born is here—your boy, Bobbie," he answered softly. Then light broke in upon her as the stranger stepped forward, took her in his arms and spoke her name.

It was the child's voice that rang through the darkened room.

"It's Bobbie, mammy—Bobbie! It's he that's bought the house for you. I said he'd fix old Carson! I said he'd look after us! I said he'd be good to us both if he were here!"—M. H. Poynter in The Good Work.

## CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

The Tenth Biennial Convention of The Catholic Order of Foresters was held at Windsor on the 13th and 14th of June.

It wss attended by over two hundred and fifty delegates, who assembled in the City Hall on Tuesday morning the 13th instant, and after proceeding through the principal streets, headed by the 21st Regimental Band, attended High Mass at 10.30 a. m.

Mass was celebrated by Monsignor Meunier in the beautiful St. Alphonsus' Church; he was assisted by the Rev. Father Brady, of Wallaceburg, as deacon, and Rev. Father Laliberte as sub-deacon.

The music was beautifully rendered by the regular choir of the Church, under the leadership of Mr. Patrick Qullette, with Mrs. Oullette acting as organist.

His Lordship Bishop Fallon addressed the delegates after the Mass in a few well-chosen and much appreciated words of welcome and advice. He said in part:

"I desire to extend to you from the lips of the Bishop a welcome on the occasion of this the Biennial Convention of the Order of Catholic Foresters of Ontario; and after I have expressed those words of welcome I want to congratulate you on having chosen the Diocese of London in which to meet. If one were to believe all that he reads in the newspapers he might be tempted to think that Ottawa, or Toronto, or Kingston, or Peterborough, were the places of importance in this Province. But it is a long time since I have taken to discounting what I read in the newspapers. When I was a boy of ten years I read one day of the sea serpent out in the Rideau River just back of Ottawa, and I went out there with some of my college friends. Its dimensions were said to be 190 feet long and almost as broad. But I found that the creek would not hold such a serpent in its whole bed."

His Lordship, who was in his usual happy style, proceeded to relate another "newspaper story."

"Not long after this time, while I was still a boy in college, I read in the newspapers that down in Montreal there had been an enormous skeleton found, and I see that some of you remember the incident, and from the reports that found circulation, it was said that the inscription was found on the skeleton reading 'Loof Lirpa.' And I remember what a sensation was caused throughout the country—in fact all over America, the skeleton said to have been in that place where it was found for at least fifty thousand years. However, almost as great a sensation was caused upon its being pointed out that the mysterious words of the inscription, when spelled reversely, told the tale of the joke 'April Fool.'"

Since those days I am accustomed to discount a good many things that I read in the newspapers. Now there are some things that you have not read in the newspapers about the diocese of London. I want you to know that the diocese of London contains the garden of Ontario. It comprises the nine most beautiful counties that I have ever seen; and I have seen considerable of this North American continent: I have seen a considerable portion of our inhabited globe. I am amble to compare our fertile soil here with the beautiful prairie lands of the West, and I say I have never seen anything which is so fine as our lands in London diocese—no, not from the Atlantic to the Pacific slopes.

I am saying this for the sake of those of you who are come from the Ottawa district, from the Pembroke district and the Alexandria district and the Peterboro district and the Toronto district and the North Bay district and the Hamilton district. Such a glorious combination of God's gifts in the form of blessed fertility of soil I have never before seen. Some of you members of the Catholic Order of Foresters may at some time in the future come to seek a home here in our fair country and I want to tell you what to expect. I want to tell you too, of the kind of people we have here through all this blessed region from Lake Erie through to Lake Huron. You will, of course, meet them a good deal during the course of your convention here, and I know that you will be well pleased with the greeting they will convey to you. I wish to say just a few more words to you: You are a Catholic society, and I am the representative of the Catholic Church in the diocese of London. Now what it means to be a Catholic society is not merely to take the name "Catholic." Anybody can do that—anybody can take the name. What it means to be a Catholic Society is to be obedient to the authority of the Head of that Church; what it means to be a Forester is to be obedient to the authority of the chief officers of the Foresters: what it means to be a son is to be obedient to the authority of the father in the house where the children dwell. There are homes where the father is no longer the master of the household; he is the servant of the children. To be a citizen of a city means to be obedient to the authority of the chief officer of the city, and the man who is not obedient is not a good citizen. To be a good citizen of the Province of Ontario means to render absolute obedience to the laws of the province of Ontario. Similarly in the Roman Catholic Church there is one supreme master—our Holy Father Pius X. You cannot tell me that a man who sets himself up in opposition to the Holy Father is a member of the Catholic Church. Not always do you elect the ablest man to the chief office, but once you have elected him he carries the authority of the Order with him according to the constitution. So I say when from Rome there comes a message that some priest is to leave the peaceful atmosphere of his duties and come out to take the position of Bishop of a Diocese, that act of the Holy See constitutes that priest the head of that diocese, and the member of that diocese or the society that undertakes, having the name of Catholic, to act in the slightest degree in opposition to the direction of the Bishop of the diocese does not differ at all from the child who is disobedient to his father, or from the citizen who violates the laws of the city to which he belongs, or from the member of the Catholic Order of Foresters who has no regard for his officers rightly constituted according to the laws of the Organization to which he belongs. Because you are a Catholic Order you have my sympathy, you have my blessing, you have my welcome, and you have my hope that your convention will pass off in peace and harmony; and may bring prosperity to yourselves and to others concerned with it. It is good for brothers to stand together in unison, to come together and meet each other in council and bring back to your different courts throughout the Province the message from the convention hall of the wise resolves you have taken for the prosperity of your Order, and the blessing of the Church. The Catholic Church holds her members of the lay societies in the deepest affection. She is necessary to the lay societies, but the lay societies are not necessary to her. You need her more than she needs you. All the societies in the Catholic Church to-day might disappear to-morrow and she would still go on. She has a wonderful organization; she has a marvelous power. There is nothing like her in the history of the world. She is divine. Men turn their hearts against her; others turn their attention to her. Nations that were hers yesterday leave her to-day: nations that leave her to-day come back to-morrow, but she goes on, the same mother—desirous always to hold as close as she can to her divine breast the children of God—humanity in the world. But some she cannot hold. There may be fathers here that find their sons difficult to manage. They know much more than their fathers. And there may be pastors here that find so many men in their parish that could manage it better than they themselves can do, who have the proper authority and training to manage it. And there are in the Church a number of men and women who really talk and act as though they indeed had the management of the Church at its creation; who know all about its direction; who know what ought to be done and what ought not to be done. They must come to realize the sacred basis upon which the pastor of the church stands—that they can look upward in the storms of life and see the sun shining ever there, no matter what may be the little tempests reaching their feet. When a man comes to realize that then he finds that the Catholic Church has in herself absolutely that divine origin, and possesses the things that are necessary and are good for her temporal prosperity and for her eternal welfare.

You are now about to go in procession to open your convention proceedings. Go with the true spirit in your hearts that everything you do, everything you say, every action you propose and every decision you arrive at may be guided by the spirit of Catholicity. When you have that everything else will follow. Above all things have unity and harmony in your councils; and exert your selves in the practice of Christian charity in all things.

You did well, my dear friends, to begin this convention by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is the proper way. It is the traditional manner of the best Catholic societies to approach the Master in God's church that they may call down upon themselves in their deliberations the blessing of God, without Whose protection no work can be carried to a successful conclusion. Therefore, officers and delegates to this Convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters of the Ontario jurisdiction, pray that God may guide all your deliberations with His Holy Spirit, and that you may from this Convention bring back not only the conviction of the beauty and fertility of the soil of the Diocese of London, and the strength of its Catholicity; but that you may bring back with you from your discussions and decisions new strength, new force, new ideas, and a new and deepened dependence upon God Almighty, which will carry your splendid organization in ever increasing prosperity and beneficence over the period that shall extend from the close of this convention until the opening of the next. In that sense, my dearly beloved friends, I pray for you blessing of the divine grace, and the wisdom of His Holy Spirit.

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. FATHER HOWARD, OF ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH

Right reverend sir, reverend clergy, brother Foresters, and dear brethren,—I cannot refrain from expressing the sentiments of gratitude which I feel at having the pleasure of addressing the delegates of the Catholic Order of Foresters. As a member of the Foresters' Society it is my proud privilege to welcome to Windsor so many of the brethren on the occasion of our Biennial Convention. It must be gratifying to every brother to know that he has so many brothers bound to him by the fraternal ties of our noble order. It is indeed an inspiring sight to see to-day in this beautiful, prosperous and growing city of Windsor, so many of our members gathered in the bonds of brotherly love and good faith—gathered for the purpose of deliberating together on the best means of still further increasing the great and noble work for which the Order stands, that is, the assisting temporally and spiritually, of our fellowmen. And that the first act of our convention, to assemble in the house of God to pray for His divine assistance in the deliberations of the convention, is indeed a pleasing and gratifying sight. By so doing they show to all the world an example of the spirit which animates the Order, and which makes it a splendid and abiding force for good among our people.

I have been asked to address you. I can think of nothing more suitable for the occasion than a brief statement of the aims and aspirations of a fraternal organization such as the Catholic Order of Foresters.

Fraternity is founded on the social instincts possessed by every man. Fraternity gives mutual support—a helping hand to our fellow men. With the progress of civilization the bonds of fraternity have strengthened. But fraternity must be founded upon religion; and it is here that the Catholic Church plays its important part. Despite the influence of the Church, great social evils abound. The Church is very well aware of the existence of these evils and it is upon Catholic laymen such as the members of the Catholic Order of Foresters that it relies to cooperate with it in eradicating these evils and in curing the wounds these evils create. The Church cannot too strongly urge upon the faithful members that it expects their active assistance in coping with the existing conditions in the world to-day. In order to do that successfully there must be harmony in the teachings on the subject and unity in the efforts put forward to meet these conditions. In this way only will there be real results attained, and in this way only will the greatest possible good be accomplished. Individuals may do much good in their own way, but this is the day of organization: and in numbers and co-operation will be found the greatest force for good. Let unity ever be your watchword. Banish discord from your councils. In harmony and peace you will go forward doing the work of the Master. Drive out the demon "personal ambition." It will sow the seeds of discontent and discord. Let each one strive that he may do the greatest good he possibly can, having in mind not his own personal advancement, merely, but the greatest good for all. Personal ambition checks progress and breeds hatred. It prevents progress, and it breaks up the machinery of proper government and discipline. In its train will come trickery, hypocrisy and cunning. Unity is the first aim of our Order. Next comes friendship. Friendship is defined as the mutual love existing between two reasonable beings. The principle of friendship is easily understood but much more difficult to employ. In order that it should possess its true quality, we should be on an equal footing. The king is not the friend of the people unless he can come down to their level, mingle with them and share in their joys and sorrows. This age unfortunately, is an age of class distinctions. We have a number of aristocracies. We have the aristocracy of birth, the aristocracy of learning, and the aristocracy of genius and of wealth. In our Order there is no room for class-distinctions. Our Saviour became a man and lived amongst us in order to make men His brothers. Charity is third aim of our Order. As Catholic Foresters we should be ever ready to extend a helping hand to an unfortunate brother. Always be ready with kindand cheerful words. Oh, my dear friends, the power of the human tongue for good or evil! How it may be used to rob a friend or neighbour of that which is more precious to him than any other of his possessions here. No matter what a man has done, until he makes the public witnesses of his wrong doing, it is calumny to hold him up to the scorn and talk of his neighbours. The man who goes about talking of the faults of his brother, commits murder. He kills the character of that brother, and Oh! so cruelly and coldly. "I did not mean any harm. I did it just to amuse my company" is an excuse you sometimes hear. To amuse your company will you trample upon all the rights of a fellowman? Oh cruel, mean sport, to work such injustice with those tongues of ours which were given to us by God for such a different purpose! One of the worst forms of this terrible uncharity of the tongue, is that of the man, otherwise looked upon as a good man, who prefaces his slander with the remark, "You know I don't wish to say anything derogatory about him. I wouldn't harm him for anything," and then he proceeds to tear his neighbor's reputation, his character, to shreds.

You know how carefully you guard your own name, and how badly you feel when you think you have been spoken ill of. Let that knowledge preserve the reputation of your neighbor from harm at your hands.

Let us this morning before the Blessed Sacrament pray God to strengthen our minds, and aid us to keep well the resolve that if in the past we have sinned in this against this beautiful virtue of charity, that in the future we shall make amends for it. The spirit which our Lord expects from us is that of love and kindness towards our brother. That makes us ever ready to put forth every friendly effort to help, not to cast down a brother, or further injure a fallen brother. Charity is one of the most beautiful of the virtues. "Of these the greatest is charity" was not uttered in vain. May unity, fraternity and true Christian charity be the watchwords of your convention.

During the Convention the following officers were elected to the Provincial offices: Provincial Chief Ranger, L. V. McBrady, K. C., Toronto, (re-elected for third time) Provincial Vice Chief Ranger, L. V. Dusseau, Toronto; Provincial Secretary, Vincent Webb, Ottawa; Provincial Treasurer, R. L. Archambault, Toronto.

Provincial Trustees—Rev. T. J. Crowley, Warren, Ont.; M. J. Mogan, Toronto; W. J. Ryan, Toronto; Dr. M. Powers, Rockland; C. T. Bourbeau, Windsor.

The Convention transacted much important business during the two days' work. Amongst other recommendations to the delegates to the International Convertion of the Order, at Cleveland, next August, were opposition to the proposed increase in rates, and the admission of members at an earlier age than are now permitted to enter the order.

The next Convention will be held at Cornwall, in 1913, as that was the unanimous choice of the present Convention.

## CHILD SAINTS

Many little children imagine it is so hard to be good, the effort is not expected of them until they are older. Yet some of the greatest saints of the Church reached their high degree of of sanctity at an early age.

St. Peter of Verona was an eloquent preacher at fifteen. St. Catharine of Sienne was a zealous tertiary at the same age. St. Paschal Baylon converted the herdsmen of Aeragon when he was but a lad in his teens. St. Aloysius was a saintly child before he was nine years old. When a boy at school St. Dominic sold books to feed the poor during the famine then raging, and he offered himself in ransom for a slave when he was but fifteen. St. Louis of Brignolles, nephew of King Louis, was devoted to the glorification of God and the mortification of self at an early age. It is recorded of this child that he would steal out of his royal bed and sleep upon the floor in memory of the King Who had no where to lay His head.

So saintly was the childhood of St. Charles Borromeo that his singular virtues caused his elevation to the cardinalate at the age of twenty-two. St. Stanislaus Kostka was but seventeen when he died, after a life which, though but short, had its every minute devoted to God. St. Lawrence O'Toole was a model of virtue at the age of fourteen, and became abbot before he was twenty-five. St. John, the beloved disciple, was only a boy when our Lord called him to follow Him. St. Louis, the Crusader, King of France, was but twelve when he ascended the throne and voluntarily vowed to make the defence of God's honor the aim of his life.

St. Agnes, St. Cyril and a host of other child martyrs gave up their lives for their holy faith. These young saints needed not the maturity of years to teach them the better way.

Sanctity and genius, though often revealed at an early age, are occasionally of slow development. Some do not know themselves until the world has tried them. St. Francis Xavier, St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus were among those who found the heavenly path amid the tangled ways of earth.

Each one's life is his own to do with as he will. The qualities of heart and mind which God has given him must be used for God and man — the earlier the better, for we are not all set right when we make mistakes at first. Early virtue and early knowledge are sure to bring early reward.

## THE DIVINE PROVIDER

That God is essentially good and merciful, as well as great and powerful, we see on every page of Holy Writ. Mingling, as our Lord did, among men, He had abundant opportunity to satisfy the tenderness of His heart; He went about doing good—the blind see, the lame walk, the hungry are fed, the poor have the gospel preached to them. The miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes is an illustration of this. Forthree days a crowd of admiring people had followed our Lord; so taken up were they with Him that they lost thought of everything else; they were entranced by His divine look and fed by His words, "for man, indeed, liveth not by bread alone but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God." No pang of hunger or thirst was theirs as long as He gave them His refreshing and all-sustaining word; but now He ceases and they are to return to their homes; they have staid long beyond the time calculated upon, and the day is declining, and they have no provisions. The spirit relaxes, poor flesh must needs assert itself, and so hunger and want are felt on every side.

Shall Christ let them go away hungry, perhaps to perish on the way? Will it be any greater miracle now to feed them than it was to sustain them without food these three days? Our divine Lord, therefore, multiplies a few loaves and fishes and all are fed, and the fragments gathered up afterwards exceed that which was in the beginning. Truly could each one of that vast throng exclaim with the psalmist, "The Lord ruleth me; I shall not want." Seeking the spiritual they received at the same time the corporal, the lesser with the greater, and the words of Isaias are fulfilled—"I sustained them for three days."

What a lesson for us, this example of these five thousand held spellbound by the words of God! It is, alas, too often the case with us that these selfsame words fall upon dull and unwilling ears. We have no relish for them, nor will we permit them to remain in our minds, lest, perchance, they might change our hearts. We will not leave the bustle and confusion of everyday life, even for a brief few moments, not to say three days, to ascend, as it were, the mountain of God's goodness, or cross, as it were, the sea that separates time from eternity, that we may commune for a little while with God and our souls. "With desolation is the world made desolate," says the psalmist, "because nobody thinketh in his heart." And what an example of unbounded trust in God gave these poor people who left their homes, their friends, their business, their earthly all, to follow our Lord and find happiness in His blessed company. Their conduct is certainly a reproach to us, we who are so taken up with earthly things—our homes, our friends, our business,—that we have no time for God or His eternal truths. Nay, more, too often are we engrossed with sin and the gratification of our passions to even care to remember that there is a God at all. So general is this neglect of God and His divine word that we may well fear to be contaminated by its spirit. Men live in seeming forgetfulness of the end of their creation: they fail to acknowledge that they are not for this world, but for a world to come: that they have not here a lasting city, that they are not to live for themselves, but for God, and, as our Lord said, they should seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these little things of everyday life will be given them, inasfar as they have need of them.

But there is another lesson to be taken from the miracle of the loaves and fishes, that it was a shadow of that miracle of miracles, the giving, namely, of our Lord's Body and Blood. Whatever good our Lord did for the body while on earth was but a figure of that everlasting good He would do the soul. The ills of human flesh may be stayed, but they cannot be eradicated; it is the law of our being that we must all die, the body must go back to that dust whence it came, but the soul is immortal, and for its immortal happiness came lived and labored, suffered and died, the very Son Himself of the Father in heaven. And so He feeds these poor perishable bodies from out of His bounty, so does He still more sustain our immortal souls from out of His love. "My flesh," He says, "is meat indeed, My blood is drink indeed. Take ye and eat, take ye and drink. He that eateth the bread which I shall give shall never die. He that eateth My body and drinketh My blood shall have eternal life." It is this banquet that is spread on every Christian altar, the whole year round. Let us not be unmindful of it. Let not the busy world absorb in our mind, nor the love of its honors and pleasures fill our hearts. The material food, the wordly occupation, ought to be of but minor importance to us. It is for the word of God we should hunger, it is for His divine grace we should sigh. Happily for us, both may be ours as often as we choose to seek them. God's word is ringing in our hearts from every Christian altar, and His precious blood is ready to flow into every Christian heart desiring to receive it. Let us give our minds, then, to the divine word that we may have suitable and comforting reflection, and be doers as well as hearers of the same, while our hearts we shall give to God in the holy sacraments, that our souls may be filled and have everlasting life.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

## IRREVERENCE AND THE BIBLE

England is pre-eminently the land of the Bible—the Protestant version—and the British and Foreign Bible Society has probably distributed more volumes of the Scriptures than all the rest of the non-Catholic world put together. Yet it is notoriously the fact that in the British Parliament there is less reference to the sacred volume than in any other assembly in the world. This is because there is more reverence for the Scriptures than in any other non-Catholic land. In the United States the various legislatures are quite used to references to Holy Writ—oftentimes irreverent and disrespectful ones. The famous speech wherein the young orator from the Platte distinguished himself as the champion of bi-metalism was marked by the extremity of irreverence in a simile between the sacrifice of Calvary and the attitude of the single standard adherents.

In a similar extravagant outburst recently, a New York representative in Congress—a new member, Mr. Littleton—sought to establish a simile between the betrayal of our Divine Lord by Judas and a transaction which he was denouncing in the Legislature. It is the most shocking form of bad taste to strain argument to such a point as this. The awful sanctity of the Divine personality seems entirely powerless to shield it from the desecration of sordid party interests in the mouths of a certain class of lawmakers.

Mr. Bryan is once more in the limelight over the subject of the Bible—but this time in a much more fitting way. He has delivered an address to a young men's society in deprecation of the attacks now being made on the inspiration of the Scriptures, and this address is marked not only by thorough sincerity of belief, but by much originality in point of view and forceful metaphor in the expression of the thought. Mr. Bryan asks what other book in all the world presents any analogy to the Bible as a vast storehouse of the loftiest thoughts and the sublimest counsel. Nothing but Divine wisdom, he very naturally concludes, could imagine and carry out such a work. He has no doubt of its being what it claims to be—a book whose composition was designed by the Deity. In this belief he is sustained by the great bulk of mankind that is able to think rationally and look beyond the limits of to-day. But he seems to make a curious mistake when he limits the age of the Bible to nineteen hundred years. The sacred writings existed for many centuries before the Christian era. They were transmitted carefully from generation to generation, from the time of Moses until the time of the Messiah. Mr. Bryan omitted to mention the part played by the Catholic Church in gathering the mass of Scriptural writings and arranging them in sequential order. To the Catholic Church, and no other institution on earth, does the world owe the preservation of the Sacred Scriptures, although the world is just now filled with clap-trap about the King James' Bible and Luther's theatrical fulminations against the Popes and the Church's doctrines.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.


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