THE USELESS RICH.

A good many curious things happen

in New York. But then, be it remem. bered, it shelters curious people from all climes, and, moreover, the denizens of the soil are subject to a disease yelept Newyorkitis. We have never read an exhaustive description of this illusions. What the world expects is ailment, but from what we know it is that when we are going down into the safe to say it is a virulent disease with valley we shall be able to bring to symptoms varying according to the the tasks of the present, powers mellowed temperament of the individual it by maturity and perfected by effort and object fastens upon. When the average struggle, and the total abstainer can do fastens upon. When the average fastens upon. When the average fasters upon. When the average struggle, and the total abstainer can do this better than the moderate drinker.

A bishort time ago a wholesale liquor firm tried to induce a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man in this vicinity to go into the rum business. The young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused in a bizarre imbeellity, such as giving a dinner to pug-dogs or having a monkey a guest at a social function. Lately we read of some fashionables tendering a dinner to horses at an up-town restaurant. It struck us as we have in the fast of this better than the moderate drinker.

A bishort time ago a wholesale liquor firm tried to induce a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic young man refused. He knew it was no business for a Catholic tendering a dinner to horses at an uptown restaurant. It struck us as we saw the item, that the individuals who go questing for the "missing link" in Eastern lands would meet with greater success were they to confine their search to, in, and around the resorts of New York. But what can one expect from people who have nothing to do. With time heavy in their hands, and which they must pass somehow or other, they resort to de-vices which betray utter poverty of mind and heart. One knows of historic time-killers, who displayed a certain ingenuity and refinement in making the hours fly. They were, it is true, vicious and useless members of society, but they shrank from mere exhibitions of mindlessness. But these New Yorkers prefer, because, we take it, they are bankrupt in invention, to pose as upholders of the stupid and vulgar. Their wealth shuts out from them the beauty of life and deadens their sense of self-respect, and of their duty to their neighbors. And as a result we have seenes which gives one the suspicion that some persons with money and social position have reached the

HAPPY WORKING PEOPLE.

rock bottom of assininity.

Our friends who have enough to come and go on, and who have to work for it, whose days are filled with labor, and who can take pleasure in the simple, yet wonderful things round simple, yet wonderful things round about them, should be happy. For after all, work is the source of content we may expect this side of the grave. Its saving waters keep us vigorous and unspoiled and enthusiastic. It opens up vistas which are never seen by the idle. Its rewards are peace, and the knowledge that to be, and not to have, is the thing to aim at. And it is the only thing that pays in this world and

OUR YOUNG MEN.

We are glad to hear that the ranks of the "boys" are growing thinner. They are beginning to realize that the solid men of the community have nothing but contempt for them as such, and the fact of their being friends with the saloon-keeper is not a passport to public favor. It is beginning to dawn upon them that the Catholic girl does not regard the beer-swilling individual as the ideal of a manly man.

We hope the "boy," that is the gentleman with the aromatic breath who frequents the "country hotel," who is a disgrace to his parents and whose only ambition in life is to wear a white collar and to be a low grade counter jumper, will disappear altogether from this community; and there are signs which indicate that this hope is not unfounded. Among them we may mention the growing aversion to give him employment. The man who desires to succeed must keep his head free from the fumes of liquor. This is the cry all along the line. The total abstainer is the vanguard of success. The moderate drinker may succeed for a time, but he is out of the race at fifty or thereabouts-just when he should be doing his best work. He has overdrawn his account at the bank of Nature. He is not, of course, a physical and mental wreck, but his facul-

greatness, but co-mingling with our kind, and wise Experience shatters these

We say these words advisedly. Most walks in life demand some skill, but this business requires nothing but liquor and a being who is supposed to have a soul to dish it out to customers. It calls no mental or moral force into action. It is destitute of any refining and uplifting element. Disgrace and shame hang over it. It makes for degradation of body and soul. It is burdened with maledictions from its

dupes and victims. The young man was right when he refused the offer. He will not have the saloon keepers' pleasure of replenishing his brandy bottles in the morning and of counting the contents of the till in the evening, but he will have peace of mind and an easy conscience. His wife may not be able to sport silks and satins, but she also will know, and take pride in knowing, that her attire, however poor, is honorable, because it does not come out of a business that is menace and a curse to the community. Say the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore :

"We admonish those Catholics who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, that they seriously consider how many and how great are the dangers and the occasions of sin which suprement their averaging, however, light surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be. Let them adopt if they can a more decent method of gaining a livelihood.

If by their fault or co-operation relig-

UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

TEACHINGS OF FAITH ARE ONE, ONLY AND INCONTROVERTIBLE.

In speaking of the great work which the speaking of the great work which ture and organize, Monsignor Vaughan says that the singleness of His purpose should form a unity of faith for all peoples. He says:

Josus Christ came upon earth, and

yalked among men, to teach them the truths of eternal life, and to instruct them in all things necessary to salvation. And before quitting the world tinue this great work which He had begun, and to go forth over the face of He bade His apostles and disciples con the whole earth, and teach all nations. He furthermore added, that whosoever accepted His doctrine, and believed should be saved; whereas whosoever believed it not, should be condemned or, in plain English, should be damned

for all eternity.

The apostles were commissioned to teach others the truth which Christ had taught them and to make it known throughout every land. Now, truth is one and the same in all places and at one and the same in all places and at all times. It has none of the proper-ties of the chameleon. It cannot change its form or complexion to suit the con-veniences of men. This may be as-serted of all truth, whether secular or religious.

Hence to say that Christ came to establish the reign of truth, is the same thing as to say that He came to bind all men together in one and the same belief — in a word, to found a Church, wide as the world, co-extensive with wide as the world, co-extensive with mankind, every member of which was to profess identically the same doctrine. Hence, according to the intention of God, every mind was to bow in humble acknowledgment of the same divine

To appreciate the gigantic difficulty of the task undertaken by Christ, it will be useful to take a brief carvey of the nature and character of men. the nature and character of men. Consider what an innate propensity there is to differ among themselves. What endless diversity of opinion exists upon every possible subject under Heaven. What a countless multiplicity of views are constantly appropriately appropriatel

early years gave promise, remains ungarnered. He may solace himself with his one-time triumphs and regale his friends with their recital. The world, however, has little memory, less reverence, and no time for such. Few men leave anything worth harking back to. said to resemble in some measure the We may mistake the cackle of our native burgh for the call of fame and endow each production with the elements of of the point of veiw. The sun and the moon appear to the spectator on earth to be about the same size, though one is many million times the bulk of the is many million times the bulk of the other; so, too, they appear to be pretty equally distant from the earth, although we know alimade that while one is tens of millions of miles away, the other is but tens of thousands. So, again, an object which looks perfectly straight when lying on the dry ground seems to be crooked and bent when half immersed in water. A similar remark may be

Let me illustrate my meaning. A trial is about to take place. Twelve jurymen are summoned. They are men of mature age, of average ability, of fair education, and with a reputation for sound sense. In neither of the contending parties are they particularly interested. And what is more, they honestly and conscientiously resolve to set aside all prejudice, personal feeling and bigotry, etc., and to be guided in their judgment simply and solely by the merits of the case as it is set before them. Yet, incredible as it may fore them. Yet, incredible as it may appear, it often turns out that this handful of men cannot agree upon a verdict. Consider the whole circumstances carefully. All twelve jurors have assisted at the trial; all have carefully watched the procedings from the ovening of the case; all have the opening of the case; all have listened to the pleadings of the coun-sel for the defendant; all have gazed on the countenance of the judge and heard his summing up and final instructions and remarks. Precisely the same words, sentences, intonations, looks and gestures have come under the notice of each of the twelve men. There is no information afforded to one which is not afforded to all, and yet which is not afforded to all, and yet they cannot agree. Here is a clear proof that the same evidence affects some in one way, and some in another. One juryman deems 'the prisoner inno-cent, another rests quite satisfied that he is guilty. One would pronounce the death sentence with perfect equan-icity the other would set the accused

imity, the other would set the accused forthwith at liberty.

Here, then, we have a dozen men of a like station in life, living in the same in the same are and amid the like station in Me, living in the same age, in the same city, and amid the same surroundings unable to agree upon one definite point concerning which all have had the same evidence. which all have had the same evidence. If this be true, what chance, let me ask, in all fairness, would there be in getting the entire world to agree upon any single article of faith! How practically the processing the same evidence of the same evidence of the same evidence. any single article of lath: How prac-tically impossible it would be, by mere argument, to persuade all men to agree upon the whole summary of truth which goes to make up Christian faith! It would certainly be wholly imposible by any force of mere reasoning and

Men split up and divide upon every subject. If we set aside mathematical and exiomatical truths we may safely and exiomatical truths we may safely say that there is hardly any one subject upon which they are absolutely agreed. On question of music, painting and architecture; of history, literature and postry; how extraordinarily man differs from man. Who will persuade all men to agree upon the best systems of covernment, the best methsystems of government, the best methods of education, the best means of forods of education, the best means of for-tifying a city, attacking a square, razing a redoubt, or prosecuting a campaign, or for the matter of that, even the best way of cooking an egg or boiling a potato? On almost every subject that can engage the mind of man, there is disagreement, opposition and constant dissension. So much so

and constant dissension. So much so, indeed, that "as many men, so many judgments," has become a common proverb in every language.

Innumerable other examples might be given; but I think enough has been sail to show how little men are disposed to agree, and how extremely posed to agree, and how extremely difficult it is to find, I will not say any one race, or even any one nation, but any one county, town or city, in which all the inhabitants are united upon

any one point.

Bearing this in mind, we shall be in a better position to estimate the the enormous difficulty of the task undertaken by Jesus Christ. For what did He propose to do? To efface all differences in matters of supernatural faith, and to draw together in a bond of perfect religious unity not one race or one country, but all races and all countries; and not merely all men living at one period or country, but all races, tongues, nationalities and peoples who should be born to the end of time. He resolved to make it praccally possible to reduce to harmony the religious beliefs of hundreds of millions-or if we include those still un born, of millions of millions of men of ties are dimmed, his physical vigor impaired, and the harvest of which his in society upon every topic, from the dition, education, race and color, and

and explain; such as the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Holy Eucharist. Rich and poor, old and young, learned and ignor-ant, lords and laborers, masters and slaves, were to obtain eternal life by according the same revelation. The

"Whosoever believeth not shall be con-demned."

apply.

This principle exists nowhere save in the Catholic Church and is no other than the principle of authority. The Church of God which is spread throughout the world, is held together by an infallible Head. In all matters of doctrine and morals the millions of the faithful are dependent on their pastors and priests; the thousands of priests are dependent apon their Bishops and archbishops; and the hundreds of Bishops and Archbishops are dependent on their sovereign lord, the Pope. The Pope, as Vicar of God, and Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, is the center of Pope, as Vicar of God, and Vicegreen's of Christ upon earth, is the center of a vast organism, which branches off in all directions as the spokes of a wheel branch off from the hub, and wheel branch off from the hub, and has its ramifications in every country, and extends to the further ends of the earth. As every one of the radii of a circle meets at and is connected with the center, so every member of the Church is kept in touch with the center of authority at Rome.

The wisdom displayed in this wonder-

ful contrivance is truly divine. No one considering it can fail to be im-pressed. Indeed, one hardly knows which to admire more—its marvelous simplicity or its extraordinary efficacy. It is at once the most practical method of obtaining the desired end, and the relation of the country of the country of some coun easiest to work, and reminds us of some of those beautiful contrivances in nature which fulfills a most complicated purpose by the simplest possible

comment for a month, but a few years pass, he dies, and in a short time his name is forgotten; while the Church moves gloriously on, invulnerable, immutable, the bride of Christ,

and the glory of her children.

At the present moment the Catholic Church, though spread throughout the entire world, remains ever one integral organic whole. And why is this? Bethe self-same divine voice that spoke through Peter in the council shamber of Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago, still speaks through Leo XIII. All Catholics recognize im as the mouthpiece of the infinite God, and when he pronounces a decree, r defines a doctrine, two hundred milions of loyal subjects bow in cheerful, grateful obedience before him, and ac-cept his ruling and his authority. He watches over the whole flock. He has vatches over the whole flock. watches over the whole hold. The holden appointed pastor by Christ Himself. All are bound to listen to him as to Christ in person, and who despises Him despises Christ. (Luke

While others are tossed about on the while others are tossed about of the pathless sea of error, and are carried in the rand thither by every wind of the rand the ran doctrine, we are at peace. What a contrast between the Church and the fail to distinguish the work of God from Now the work of man?

Monument to Pope Leo XIII.

Rome, March 20 .- The International Committee for the erection of a monu-ment in honor of the Holy Father has so far been successful in its efforts that the proposal is now practically certain to be carried into effect.

It consists of a pedestal, and will contain four bronze tablets with lengthy passages from Pope Leo's different encyclicals on the labor question and of encyclicals on the labor question and of a typical figure of a Christian workman holding aloft the Sign of the Redemption. The tablets have already been cast, and have succeeded admirably. About half the necessary funds have been subscribed.

CAMPAIGNING AMONG THE SHACKS.

SEARCHING FOR SOULS IN THE COTTON FIELDS. -- "BUSHWHACKING."

I was newly ordained, and my vaca-I was newly ordained, and my vaca-tion was drawing to a close. The South was that part of the Lord's vine-yard to which I was appointed. Attending to twelve missions scattered over several counties, with but one church, was the field before me. As I had a few days leit, I decided to visit had a few days late, I declared to the missionary Fathers at R—, who are engaged in work similar to mine—in perspective. I found Father M— about to set out on one of his missionary trips ("bush-whacking," as some like to call it), and was accepted as a volun-

teer. Father M—— is a typical Southern missionary, and the Southern missionary is a picturesque figure. With coat to knee, crowned with a broad-brimmed hat, and United States knapsack on back, he strides over the narrow rural large per between his mission chapels. roadways between his mission chapels. His hands are free, and where his footms hands are free, and where his footing is sure he often squeezes in a little office, or makes his spiritual reading. The packing of that knapsack is a work of art. He contrives to get into it of art. He contrives to get into it every necessary altar fixture, together with cassock and berretta. He can un-pack, arrange, and begin Mass in ten minutes after reaching the chapel; and in seven minutes after his thanksgiving everything is back again in the knap-sack, and on his back.

I was given a knapsack too, but the sweeping coat, broad-brimmed hat, and

sweeping coat, broad-brimmed hat, and stride were wanting. The mission at A—is twelve miles. Luck was against our start; we met the 6 a.m. accomodation freight, instead of catching we. The next train, a freight, at 8; 12, we were allowed to board by special permit. Landing at A—we bought our breakfast, crackers and cheese, five cents worth of each, and two cans of sardines. Ten minutes walk brought us to the chapel. We served each other's Mass, and at 10.45 sat down to the

other's Mass, and at 10.45 sat down to the crackers, cheese, sardines, with a pot of smoking coffee, boiled on Mrs. Pinny's stove. Never were sardines sweeter, nor scarcer. While breakfast was settling we read some office.

Quarter after twelve found us rapping on Jimmie Jink's door. "How are you all?" addresses Father M—. "As good's common, thank ye, sir; and how'er you?" responds Jimmie Jinks. "I am well," responds Father M—. "We would like to have some dinner "We would like to have some dinner with you." "Come in," choruses the Jinkses: "you can have as good's we've got." In fifteen minutes we we've got." In inteen minutes we were seated to stewed squirrel, hot biscuits, strong coffee without milk, and the Southerner's matchless hospitality. For full half an hoar we cut, ity. For full half an bour we cut, forked, and elevated—and fought the persistent farm-house fly. All the while Father M— told his professional stories, sandwiched in with large, solid slices of Catholic doctrine.

nature which fulfills a most complicated purpose by the simplest possible means.

So long as a man has humility enough to obey the authority of the Vicar of Christ, which is no other than that of Christ, when disputes arise, when differences of opinion are expressed, no breach is formed, for the matter is referred to Rome, and the Pope decides the question, and puts an end to the dispute. For the disputant either accepts the decision or proudly resists. In the first hypothesis he remains a dutiful child of the Church, and in the second hypothesis he remains a dutiful child of the Church simply casts him out of her communion as a rebel. The unhappy man may be a cause of scandal for a week, and of comment for a month, but a few years pass, he dies, and in a short time his others are wrong. During the war, while my husband was fighting, I did the ploughing. When the plough got the ploughing. When the plough go out of the furrow I knew I wasn't plough ing; now the other religions are out of the furrow, that's all."

At A-there is one solitary Catholic grave which contains the remains of a man who for over fifty years—he died last winter at seventy-five—had waited, like the hely Simeon, "for the consolation of Israel." The church came at last, and this tried soul saw its salva-tion, received its Lord, and departed in

The evening was threatening, and, as we anticipated, the attendance was as we anatopated, the attendance was light. The "preachin" went on, however. Father M—, in cassock and surplice, kneeling at the altar, recited the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the the Lord's Frayer, on the Confiteer, and sang "Lead, Kindly Light." There was no audible response; but Father M—says, that since they listen well they are learning the Catholic prayers. He then took the little catechism, and for half an heavier tracted on the sacrament of " Lead, Kindly hour instructed on the sacran Penance. He had perfect attention. This was followed by the Universal Prayer, the Litany of t between the Church and the Who, but the stone-blind, can listinguish the work of God from k of man?

Prayer, the Litany of the Bresset Virgin, and the Apostles' Creed. Now came my turn, and I preached a short sermon on the value of the soul. Father M— closed the service by asking all to examine their conscience, and then to follow him in making a sincere act of contrition for their sins, which was followed by acts of faith, hope, and love,—a step towards the confession of sins. In the rear of the chapel there is a large confessional, without doors or curtain, that they may look in and examine.

One can scarcely attend such a meeting and not wanter a production of the control o and not venture a prediction that ten years hence these "dark night preachins" will be succeeded by the Saturday evening confessions. Bill Clark, the leading citizen of A-,

had his "platform wagon" at the door. We rattled a mile and a half door. We rattled a mile and a half down the road, between the tobacco,

corn, and cotton fields, to his comfortable dwelling. We were ushered into a spacious room, where two feather a spacious room, where two teams beds, broad enough to lie in crosswise, as well as lengthwise, were spread white to receive us. We sank into them, and never seemed to stir until the roosters and a pelting rain opened our ears on Sunday morning. Our host put a white canvas cover on the platform, and drove us to chapel. He returned home again, and came carrying back a basketul of breaktast,—chicken, "jell," biscuits, coffee, and real yellow butter. This we partook of in our combined dining-room and vaster. Since bined dining-room and vestry. Since the rain continued to pour, no one came out to "meetin'." But we got on other side of Bill Clark and talked Catholic Church to him for one hour and a half. He is at the church door;

just a little more grace and he is in. He is looked up to and respected by all, and many, no doubt, will follow him We returned home, tired from preachwe returned home, treat from the maning, but rejoiced in spirit. The material worked on is that of our Lord's—the pure and simple of heart. The rural south is poor and unlettered, but it is South is poor and well-mannered to an aston-ishing degree. No section of the country so needs the old faith, the true Church, Carist's pure doctrine. From the settlement of America to the present day, Protestantism has had the Southern people almost entirely to itself. In no part of this country is there so large a proportion of people— men and women of good hearts and clear minds—with no intelligent idea of Christ and His salvation. - The Missionary.

TENDEREST OF MOTHERS.

OLD SOLDIER UNCONSCIOUSLY IN KEEP-

ING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. And old soldier who for more than forty years had led a life of irreligion and dissipation, and who was not known by his companions or neighbors. ever to have been a Catholic, suddenly stopped the priest one day as he was passing the little cottage where he lived, and surprised the good man by telling him that he wanted to go

"But are you a Catholic?" inquired "Yes, Father," was the reply, "that

"Yes, Father," was the realy, "that is to say, I was once a Catholic" "Certainly you may come to confession whenever you wish," said the priest. "But I am curious to know what has impelled you to this step. It can hardly be fear of immediate death, for you look as well and hearty as ever I saw you."

as ever I saw you."

"I never was better in my life," replied the man. "For the last fortnight I have been feeling unusually well. But something has taken hold of me, Father; a vague unrest which I cannot describe. For several days I have been saying to myself that the next time I saw you I would ask if I might not be permitted to go to confession."

"And afterward?" queried the priest. "You intend to lead a good Christian life to the end of your days,

"Or the 'Han Mary?
"I have forgotten that also."
"Well, well! But you must have said some prayer now and then to have received the grace which Almighty God is working in your soul."
"No, I have never said any prayer,

because, as I told you, I do n any. But there are a couple of little verses my mother taught me more than fifty years ago. Often at night when I bed they come into my mindmatter of habit, you see, and frequently I have fallen asleep while murmuring them to myself."

"Will you say them for me now?" asked the priest, quietly. "I would like to hear them."

The old man began without the least

trace of self-consciousness:

O May pure, in thee!
Then show thyself a mother
And dally succor me.

"And when Death's hand shall touch me, Thy pity I implore; Oh. lead me, dearest Mother, To God-forever more!"

"My dear friend, don't you know," said the priest "that, though you may have been entirely unconscious of it yourself, the Blessed Mother of God, whom none have ever invoked in vain, has always had you in her keeping? You have great cause for gratitude. Come to me this evening; it will not take long to restore to your memory the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary and the Act of Contrition."

As the priest pursued his homeward walk he said to himself; "I believe, in spite of his apparent good health, that the hand of Death has touched him.

And so it proved. The old man made a good confession, and received Holy Communion the next morning. The following day he was found dead in his bed .- Ave Maria.

The more we imitate the first Adam by our disobedience and gluttony the farther we separate ourselves from Jesus Christ, the second Adam.—St.

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