

NEW ENGLAND BIGOTRY.

Efforts to Prevent Erection of Catholic Church in New Hampshire.

Rev. C. S. Lacroix celebrated the first High Mass in the new church of Our Lady of the Mountains, at North Conway, N.H., a week ago last Sunday. This marked the formal establishment of Catholicity in this village, whose residents placed every obstacle that bigotry could devise in the path of the energetic missionary priest in the hope of preventing him from building.

"We do not want a Catholic church here," said the spokesman of the Protestant villagers to Father Lacroix when he first made his appearance in North Conway about a year ago.

"And why not?" he asked.

"Well," said the Protestant, "we have churches enough here now and find it hard work to fill them and to support the pastors, and one more will be just one too many."

"But you won't have to support me," said Father Lacroix, "my own poor people will look out for that, and as for them, they have as much right to have a church of their own as you have, and as this is a free country we propose to have one."

Then Father Lacroix tried to buy what he thought a suitable site, but he found that none of the property owners would sell to him. Then he ascertained that one of the finest lots in the village, on the main street and opposite the famous Kearsage hotel, was owned by a liberal minded Bostonian, from whom he succeeded in purchasing it for \$500. Later he sold a portion that he did not need to such advantage that the site for the church cost him nothing.

The next step was to begin building and in order to superintend the work Father Lacroix took up his permanent residence there and made that place his headquarters. But he found that the opposition to him was still active. When he applied at one of the well known hotels for board and lodging the proprietor said he didn't want a Catholic priest in his house, but that he would try to accommodate him for twenty dollars a week. The highest price this house charges is half what Father Lacroix was asked, and as it was a prohibitive figure to the priest he had to find quarters elsewhere. Then he could find none of the Protestant builders who would undertake the erection of the church except at an exorbitant figure, thinking that in this way they would prevent the parish from proceeding with the work. But he surmounted this difficulty and found a man who was above the local prejudices and who accepted the contract. His men were hampered and annoyed in numberless ways, even the threat of a boycott being resorted to.

Father Lacroix only laughed at them. He kept his temper and had only a cheery word in response to their taunts, but he continued the work of building and labored as hard as any of his workmen, nothing about the building being too menial for him to do. Now he has the prettiest church in the village, in a prominent locality, and last Sunday the first High Mass was attended by such a large congregation of the Catholic summer boarders that chairs had to be placed in the aisles. A feature of the Mass was the music, which was impressively rendered in Gregorian chant by Father Lacroix's choir of Abenaki Indians. These Indians come from Pierreville, Quebec, the headquarters of the tribe, which is entirely Catholic, and whose pastor, Rev. Joseph de Gonzague, is a full-blooded Abenaki Indian. This little church is in the heart of the White Mountains and Father Lacroix's nearest brother priest is forty-three miles away, which shows the extent of his parish.

HIS SUCCESS.

A wealthy business man paid a short visit to his native town, a thriving, live place, and while there was asked to address a school on his success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your example would be inspiring if you would tell the story of

your life," said the superintendent.

"Are you a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I heard all about your early struggles. You went into Mr. Wilson's office when you were only ten years—"

"So I did; so I did; but my mother got me the place; and while I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged she told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you educated yourself—"

"Oh, no; not at all. My mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she did her work. I remember that I dashed my writing book, ugly with pot hooks and hangers, into the fire, and she burned her hands in pulling it out again."

"Well, it was certainly true, was it not, that as soon as you had saved a little money you bought some fruit and began to sell it at the railway station?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. The second lot of apples I bought for sale was speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. That night after I discovered that they were unfit to eat, I crept down to the cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They look very well on the outside, I thought, and perhaps none of the people who buy them will come this way again. I'll sell them and as soon as they are gone I'll get some sound ones."

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar steps. I had hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in a twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned," she said, in her clear voice, "what are you going to do with those speckled apples?"

"S—sell them," I stammered, feeling too guilty to advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son. Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!" And then she cried.

"I cried, too; but I have never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir; I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles; but I wish you would remind your boys and girls that their mothers are doing more than they do for themselves. Tell them to pray that some of the prosperity they will their mothers may live to enjoy have won for them, for mine did not."—The Leader.

THE HUMILITY OF GREATNESS.

I do not know in recent times a more stirring answer than that of Lacordaire, the famous Dominican, to the court of peers in France, who asked him what his profession was, when he replied simply: "A school-master," unless it be the answer of his friend, the Comte de Montalembert, the noblest specimen, I sometimes think, of the modern French laity, to the same question: "A school-master and a peer of France." Nay, it was but the other day that a learned and humble man of science, who will live in history as having declared that he had "no time to make money," began his will with the modest words, so great in their modesty, "I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."—Contemporary Review.

COULD REWARD HIS RESCUER BY REMAINING SILENT.

One of the officers of a certain Volunteer regiment is much disliked by his men. One evening as he was returning home he stepped into some deep water. A private in his regiment happened to see him, however, and after some trouble succeeded in pulling him out. "How can I reward you?" said the officer. "The best way you can reward me," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it!" "Why," said the officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?" "Because if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in."—Exchange.

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