

Catholic Doings In Eng

CATHOLICS IN
The broad and patri-
gard to promoting
marching along the
public domain in
ation of our elem-
was very well put in
cent banquet held in
the auspices of the
Society, to Cath-
Councillors who we-
ed.

The toast of "The
posed by the Chair-
would be superfluous
length upon the ex-
His Holiness. He
the people, and had
evidence of follow-
steps of his glorious

The toast was cor-
and in responding
said he was sure th-
ther would be pleas-
of that society in ho-
had taken part in th-
the country by be-
Councillors.

The toast of "Irel-
was given by the
said there were ty-
never yet escaped the
Irish people, and whi-
persecution had wipe
intellects and hearts
—Ireland a nation, a
Catholic nation.

The toast was enth-
eaved, and before re-
O'Hart read the foll-
from Cardinal Merry

Holy Father grac-
homage, and sends bl-
olic Councillors.

In responding to th-
O'Hart appealed to Ir-
together for the good-
try and the realization
tional aspirations.

The Chairman then
of "Our Guests," and
pleasure they felt at
Catholic Borough Cou-
regard to the Educa-
thought if it was pro-
tered it would be a gi-
to the community, and
the Councillors presen-
after the interests
schools and see they
fairly.

Alderman Canon Wh-
received with cheers,
company for the com-
which the toast had b-
and mentioned that he
Hammersmith Council
the education question
would be increased nex-
was the dying act of
Board; they would nev-
to have done that if
seen that Act was com-
He did not say Mr. Bal-
oring Catholics, but in
versal education he
favor on them as well.

members supported th-
Act to a man, and Eng-
would over be grateful
that. In conclusion th-
ed Catholics to move
earth at the next Co-
election to return men-
friendly to their cause.
Alderman Everett ar-
McCarthy also suitably
Other toast followed,
ing closed with the sing-
Save Ireland.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
who read and keep in to
aims and aspirations of
gionists in other lands,
many lessons which, if
applied to our own cond-
yield immense benefits to
There is need to-day for
Catholic rank, a unity
not be bounded by par-
that greater and mo-
unity which will bring a
ashes into closer commu-
Here is a report of th-
of a recent meeting of th-
Catholic Clubs of Lindo-
a striking case in point.
from "The Universe," o-
"Catholic newspapers of
metropolis:

The tenth annual Bohem-
in connection with the
the Catholic Clubs of L-
held in the Masons' H-
Basinghall street, E.C., o-
evening, the Hon. Ever-
in the chair.

The programme was o-
character, and was noted
the artistic contributions
Brookes and Miss Alice
which were greatly app-
the audience. There were



BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

ONE CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

It was Christmas Day. We had met again in the dear old village home. Two of us had returned from college, and all five rejoiced that the old coterie of our youth had come together once more.

The custom of the old village had been observed by an attendance at three Masses, and a late breakfast, with the Christmas candles still burning on the table. We had much to talk over, and as we walked along the roadway toward the deer-park, we concluded we would turn off to the woodland and enjoy a stroll amid the oaks. A little while, and we got around to the old manor park wall. Nearby was the pond with the many deer in the distance, and close at hand were the myriad hazel nut trees.

There we sat chatting of the days when we sat together at the village school, of the old school-master whom every one loved, especially when he dozed asleep by half at the desk in the corner, or, even better, when he sent us on a mission for some truant play boy, or still more so when we were blessed by the order to bring the old horse "Fox" from the neighboring hill. We talked, moreover, of the village wit, "Pad" Egan, who knew everything, who had been to London and brought back that well known glass case watch, and who spoke plain English though he had wide knowledge, and was not, as he used laughingly to remark, "like some people he know who had such a twist in their style of speech you would have to get a velocipede to understand them, sir!"

So the day wore on with our stories and our laughter, and we turned homeward for the late dinner. As we struck the roadway again it was almost dark. Some two miles from the village we were suddenly affront of a small cart and donkey which, as we approached, we saw beside the driver, who was a very old man, the singular load of a coffin. He spoke to us that familiar salute, "God save you all," and one of the group answered. Then came from the old man, "Could you direct me to Springfield graveyard?" He was alone, forlorn and old, and he was performing the last sad duty to the faithful wife and companion of fifty

years or more whose body was with- in the coffin. With one impulse we retraced our steps, and Ned, one of the group, went for a lantern while Tom, another, went for a spade, shovel and pickaxe. We journeyed to the graveyard, and there in a corner near the ruins of the old monastery we in turn dug the grave.

Finally, as the work was done, we knelt down to say a prayer for the soul departed. Above and around us were the beeches and oaks and the light of a dim moon flickered from the star-studded heavens. As we recited the final Hail Mary, poor old Denis Mullane, his furrowed face in tears, bade a last good-bye to Mary, and prayed that she might soon come for him and take him up yonder. It was a pathetic scene, unusual, too; and yet not unusual in its broad lesson of charity. Here were five young men—boys, indeed—standing around the newly made grave, giving as tender a care to an old timer as their hearts could carry, and yet it was only putting into practice the lessons they heard and saw around them, for surely in Ireland are the dear laid away with tender caress and parted from in heartbreaking sorrows. How often will you see there as a token of respect the hat lifted as you pass by the graveyard and the lips move in prayer for those that are gone! Though no artistic stones mark the mound, remembrance of the lost one is as vivid, aye, more so, than where, amid palatial surroundings in other lands, the last resting places are.

We walked from this home of the dead beside the old man to the village, and there, in one of our houses, was he made comfortable, and subsequently accompanied a part of his long journey homewards by the same circle of grave-diggers. He had come high twenty miles in his rude conveyance in compliance with an old custom and the dying request of his wife that she might "lie near her own people." He had counted on getting to the village earlier, and thereby be able to find some old friend to aid him, since those people who lived near had not, nor could they well, come all the way with him. Besides, it was Christmas Day, when every one wished to be home,

but Denis Mullane knew no duty more sacred for such a time than the burial of his good wife. And was he not right? Many Christmas Day festivals have come to me since, but none that does not recall the evening of this story.

Of all the friends of that time, the youngest and the noblest, and for whom life seemed to hold the most on the morrow, lies asleep in the same churchyard. There, also, poor Willie sleeps awaiting the last call. There, moreover, sleeps another and my best friend—the mother of my troubles and my joys. Another of the circle sleeps beneath the turf of the north in the land of the Clan O'Donnell; and two live, on in London and one in far Australia; and to the must also come back the burial of lowly Mary Mullane.—P. J. O'Keefe, in the New World, Chicago.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

PAUL'S CHRISTMAS DAY.—Mabel A. Farnum is the author of the following touching story, which we take from the "Sunday Companion."

It was the day before Christmas, and through the streets of the town people were hurrying to and fro, intent on their shopping, or gazing in to the resplendent shop windows, which abounded on every side.

The principal street was the most brilliantly lighted of all. Only one spot seemed dark and gloomy; the old, gray hospital, which stood over near the toy store.

At one of the windows, far up, could be seen the pale face of a young boy, as he rested his head upon his fragile hand, and looked wearily out over the gay throng beneath.

Opposite the hospital was a large store, whose windows were filled with everything that could delight the young heart at this season. Before this, with their faces flattened against the pane, stood a group of school children, chatting merrily.

Each one had been telling the others what she expected for Christmas, until it seemed as though there

would not be sufficient in the store to satisfy their desires.

"Oh! that is my doll," cried Jennie Lee, jumping at the thought of possessing an elegantly attired doll sitting in an Ellis, glancing at one of her class-mates, said:

"Why, Martha! you are not choosing anything at all; don't you care for any of the pretty things?"

The girl addressed was shading her eyes as if to see the things inside the window better, but in reality to conceal the tears that sprang to her eyes, and replied, after a moment's pause:

"May, if I tell you a secret, you won't tell?"

"Oh, no, Martha."

"Well, then, I am not going to have any presents this year."

"No presents? Why, Martha! what has happened? Surely your father can afford them?"

"Yes, he can afford them. But I have asked my folks to give me money, this year, instead of anything else, so that I can give a beautiful Bible to Paul Berkley, the crippled boy, who lives over in the big hospital, and sits in a chair all day. I heard Father Ryan tell my mother that he wanted a Bible so much, but he had no one to give it to him. So, you see, I am going to do it, so that he will not be disappointed."

"What a dear child you are, Martha! I wish I were half as good. I will keep your secret; but I must go now, so good-by, until I see you again."

May hurried off, and Martha entered the store.

"I want the nicest Bible you have," she said; "and it must be black, with a big gold cross on the cover."

The salesman selected a very nice one for her, and leaving nearly all her Christmas money on the counter, she took up the book and went out.

As she passed the hospital she waved her hand merrily to Paul, and as he raised his head to answer she almost thought she could see a great tear roll down his worn cheek.

"He shall be happy to-morrow," she said to herself, and tripped on. Early next morning Martha arose, and started before breakfast for the hospital.

Sister Angela met her at the door, and banded the glowing cheek, saying: "Dear child, what are you out so early for?"

"Oh! Sister, is Paul up? See, I have brought him his Bible. Isn't it lovely, and won't he be pleased?"

"He will be delighted, dear. He has been sitting in his window this last hour, waiting for Santa Claus, he says, but he was only joking. The poor child would not have had a thing if you had not come, for the wards are very full this year, and our expenses are very heavy. But go, child, you know the way."

"Oh, yes, Sister!" and Martha sprang up the stairs, and burst like a sunbeam into the children's ward.

Paul turned his beautiful face as she came in, and cried out:

"Oh! Martha, how good of you to come to see me."

"Dear Paul," replied the child, "see, I have got your Bible!"

"Oh! Martha, Our Lord did send it after all. I prayed so hard that I might only get it, and then I would be willing to die."

"Nonsense; you are going to get well now, you silly boy."

"Oh, no, Martha, never; but I have been thinking of something. Wouldn't it be lovely if I should die to-day; the very day Our Lord came to earth?"

"Why, Paul, you must not talk so. But I must go, or I shall be late for Mass; so good-by, until I see you again."

"Good-by, dear Martha. Thank you so much for my Bible. I shall be reading it while you are at Mass, and don't forget me, and pray that I may go home to heaven to-day, if it is God's will."

"I'll pray that you may get well, rather, you foolish boy. Here comes Sister Angela with your breakfast. Good-by!"

It was evening, and the flakes of snow were falling softly on the old hospital roof. From the church, far down the street, came solemn peals of Christmas music, and the city bells began to ring the evening hour.

Martha, sitting in her father's pew, was thinking of the Infant Jesus and the scene in the stable, when a messenger stole gently in, and whispered to her that Sister Angela had sent for her. Paul was dying.

"Paul dying? Oh, no," thought poor Martha, "that cannot be. God is too good. Oh, shall I ever get there?"

She hurried on past the shops and turned in at the hospital gate. Without stopping to ring she ran to Paul's room, and there she saw that it was true. On his white cot lay the boy, his beautiful face lit by a light not of this earth, and his worn hands clasped tightly around his Bi-

ble. As Martha entered he turned his eyes toward her, and said:

"Dear Martha, it is true, Our Lord has answered my prayer at last, and I am going to Him in heaven. Sister, give her my Bible when I am dead, and Martha, you will keep it for me, and whenever you see it you will think of me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," dear Paul. "But you must not leave us," sobbed the kneeling girl. "Sister, quick, he is dying!"

Sister Angela knelt by her side, and while Father Ryan, who had been sent for before, recited the prayers for the dying, they prayed for the fair young boy, so early called home.

Suddenly Paul opened his eyes, and turning to Martha, said:

"Good-by, Martha. My Blessed Mother has come for me, and I am going now."

He grasped his Bible closer and gently expired.

That night, as Martha sat alone in her room, reading Paul's Bible, she felt that she had never passed so happy a Christmas, because by her self-denial she had smoothed the crippled boy's path to the grave, and she realized, as never before, how true is the saying: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

"Papa," she said, softly and blushing, "young Mr. Simpson is in the dining-room and wishes to speak to you." Then she sank into an easy chair and her heart beat so fiercely that it made the gas fixtures rattle. Presently the father returned. "Oh, papa," she said, "did he—was he—what did he want?" "He wanted to borrow five pounds," said the disappointed old gentleman.

A NON-CATHOLIC VIEW.

Rev. Dr. George H. Guttererson, agent of the six Eastern States of the American Protestant Missionary Association, after his investigation into conditions in New England, says:

"Moral conditions in the rural districts of New England," he writes, "are far from encouraging. In some places they are unspeakable. The old New England stock in certain localities has degenerated in religion and morals, and, to some extent, in intellect and physique."