

Our Little Home.

When Mary and I built our first little home
Down the lane where the holly-hocks grew,
We thought there was nothing in all the wide world
So complete, and so cozy and new.

It wasn't so fine as the house on the hill,
Nor so large as the stone mansions tall,
But Love laid the rafters, with Faith for the beams,
And Content spread a roof over all.

A little bay window where Mary could sew,
And a mantelshelf—my special pride—
A cradle which rocked each wee bairnie in turn,
And the bedroom where little Joe died.

'Twas hallowed by sacrifice, that little home,
It was shadowed by tear-darkened eyes,
But sacrifice makes good foundation for homes,
And our sorrow but strengthened the ties.

And now down life's pathway the sunset appears
With the Mansions prepared shining through,
But still we look back to our first little home
Down the lane where the holly-hocks grew. —B. C.

A Happy Home.

A happy home is a little Heaven upon earth. There is no song more universally popular than "Home Sweet Home." Every honest, human heart at once responds to the sentiment:

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Yet how sad is the reflection that there are so many unhappy homes in the world. The old adage, "There is a skeleton in every closet," is a graphic statement of a fact too common to be denied. In view of this really melancholy fact the question, "How to make home happy," is invested with a degree of importance only second to which attaches to winning the happy life hereafter.

To make a happy home the first and principle requisite is to have a realizing sense of what home is for. Nothing is more lamentable than to witness the ignorance, the carelessness and frivolity with which young persons too often enter upon the holy state of matrimony. They seem to have no thought of its sacredness. They have no conception that the family and, therefore, the home, are divine institutions. They do not recognize the dignity, the sacredness and the really sublime honor and privilege of parenthood; they do not realize that the object of the family is to train the children for Heaven. What wonder, then, if they fail to realize the responsibility as well as the high privilege of having young immortal souls committed to their care, to be trained to a virtuous life here as a preparation for a life of eternal blessedness in the world to come.

A man may own a handsome and well furnished residence and yet may not possess a home—that is a home in its best and purest sense where domestic felicity reigns supreme; for only amid such surroundings can we find a happy home.

So understood, there is no sweeter word in the language than "home," and one has well said, "Few words lie nearer to the heart than the word, 'home.'" To those of us who were trained in good homes, how deep, how heartfelt is the pity we feel for those who were deprived of that moral and social stim-

us that is the concomitant of the happy home!

"Where is your home?" a little boy was asked by an acquaintance. "Where mother is," the little fellow replied, as he looked lovingly across at her.

The little boy's philosophy would be endorsed by many of maturer age. Undoubtedly the mother of a family, the mistress of the house, has much to do with the "tone" or quality of home life. The author of "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," says: "Of our mother I cannot think of anything to say. She is just the mother—our own dear, patient, loving little mother; unlike everyone else in the world, and yet it seems as if there was nothing to say about her by which one could make anyone understand what she is." In other words, the "dear, patient, loving little mothers" are sweetly indescribable.

Washington Irving must have known the full and abiding faith of the true mother heart when he wrote: "A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that a child may turn from its evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy." "The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never entirely effaced from the soul."

Great Scientists and Faith

A widespread impression prevails that there is an inevitable and irremediable opposition between science and faith. It is supposed that the more science a man knows the less is his belief in great religious truths, while, on the other hand, the more humbly he bows to religious belief, the less is the likelihood of his accomplishing significant original work in science. If this impression, the reason for which is rather difficult to find, were true, it should be borne out in the lives of the successful scientific investigators. Great scientists should be all unbelievers, and faithful belief should make great original work in science quite impossible. Any such conclusion is absolutely contradicted by the lives of our greatest scientists. In no department of science it is true, When Dr. Walsh's "Makers of Modern Medicine" was published, it was the subject of no little comment, because it showed beyond all doubt that the men to whom we owe most in modern medicine were nearly all Catholics, devout and faithful, and were all deeply religious men.

This same surprising contradiction of the prevalent impression proves to be quite as true with regard to other departments of science and especially in the latest of them all to develop, electricity. Medicine is usually considered the most unorthodox of sciences in its tendency, and as electricity is the very newest of the sciences, the one that has developed particularly under the influence of the modern scientific spirit, these two science departments should exemplify in the great investigators whose names are most prominent in them, the supposed rule that science is incompatible with faith, and that faith disappears just in proportion as science gains a foothold. The very opposite proves to be the case. Almost more than the physicians,

the great electricians were devoutly religious men. Take, for example, the men whose names were selected by the International Congress of Electricians as terms in electrical science. Galvani, Volta, Coulomb, Ampère, Ohm, were all Catholics; Franklin and Faraday were reverential believers, while, in the very recent times, Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin were not only faithful believers in religious principles, but they had no patience at all with the idea that science is supposed to foster materialism. They both proclaimed that science teaches the existence of a Creator and of a Providential order in Creation.

Probably in nothing is the present generation more foolish than in its assumption that only in comparatively recent years have men been interested in physical science. Men in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries were quite as much interested in scientific phenomena as we are and gave themselves to experimental investigation long before the value of this is supposed to have been pointed out by Lord Bacon. The true history of physical science has been sadly disfigured by the neglect of what was accomplished by men in the olden time who often succeeded in making discoveries that were then forgotten and had to be made over again with great blare of trumpets in the modern time.

A Genuine American Trick.

ROME.—Cardinal Merry Del Val laughed over what he termed "a genuine American trick" when a group of American soldiers and sailors visiting the Vatican under the direction of Rev. Father Edward Wallace, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who served with the 80th Division, brushed aside formalities, ejected the liveried guard at the Cardinal's palace and gained an audience with the prince of the church without either invitation or announcement. The men were sightseeing in the Vatican when Father Wallace pointed out Cardinal Merry Del Val's residence. "Let's call on the cardinal," suggested a Philadelphia lad serving with the Keystone Division. They all agreed and bolstered up their claim to call by the fact that the cardinal had visited America, and this would only be in the nature of a return call from hosts of his.

Headed by Father Wallace, they met the guard in his vari-colored uniform and halberd and made known their mission. "But you cannot call upon the cardinal except by invitation," said the guard. "We do not use invitations to call upon one another in America," returned Father Wallace in Italian. "All of us are Americans and Cardinal Merry Del Val will understand. He knows our customs for he has lived in America."

The guard accepted the situation and made known the identity of the callers to the cardinal, who ordered the men shown up to the reception rooms, where he went to meet them.

"I am so glad to see you, gentlemen," he said to them. "It is not often people get to see me but you have done it by a genuine American trick, which I enjoy immensely. I am always glad to see Americans."

To avoid numberless evils, it is very important that the pastors of souls do not cease to remind the faithful that they should abstain from contracting marriage unions with persons who are strangers to the Catholic Faith, that they should understand well and keep before their minds that such marriages have always been reproved by the Church.

—LEO XIII.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

(Special for St. Peter's Bote.)

—Here is where I have to watch my step and be careful. You see it's this way, I am a kind of a sort of editor-man myself, and besides . . . but no matter. Well, as I was about to observe before this interruption occurred, an editor occupies a particularly onerous position, something like that of a night watchman in a gun cotton factory. The public is just as liable to explode as is imperfectly nitrated cellulose.

—Hypocrites, according to the catechism, are all those who, in order to deceive others, assume the appearance of virtue and piety which they really do not possess.

—It's not always easy to pick out the hypocrites; some are past masters in the art of deception. Just read the following quotations from some of the speeches held at the Orangemen's Celebration at Watrous and see what you think of them.

—Mr. McDougal declared "Orangemen bore no malice toward Roman Catholics, but were only opposed to the Pope (Italics are mine) in his attempts to interfere with the British Empire." W. H. G. Armstrong said that "every Orangeman's aim should be one flag, one school system (therefore no Catholic schools) and one language." Mr. Armstrong said that "the Orangemen were the best friends that the individual Roman Catholics had and that every Orangeman at his initiation was obliged to not act in a bigoted manner towards members of the Roman Catholic faith." . . . All these observations are taken from the Saskatoon Daily Star, July 14.

—Now read what Mr. Armstrong further has to say, and if that "ain't" . . . I'd like to know. "So far as opposition to good British and up-to-date education in this province is concerned, I lay practically all the blame to the Roman priests. . . . If a lot of these fellows (you're very polite Mr. Armstrong) were deported out of the country it would be of great benefit to the province." Further on he calls the bishop of this diocese together with some priests, "a crafty lot." Then again "We are fighting a well organized and foxy system," and yet again he launches out to prove his freedom from bigotry by calling the Pope "an old foreigner who sits on the banks of the Tiber in Italy." In speaking of the founding of the Orange Order he says it was named after the Prince of Orange Nassau, then King William III, the man "who liberated the world from Romanism."

—The encyclopedia "The Americana" says that any member of this Order marrying a Roman Catholic is expelled (and yet they love the Catholics). The Order was always found opposed to Roman Catholics and wished to have them occupy a subservient position in the Body-politic. According to a Toronto paper, Register and Extension, there was an Orange plot in the time of Queen Victoria to depose the good queen and place another on the British throne. So much for their loyalty.

—It has always been the trick of the bigots, says Macaulay, to divide society, and to wonder it is not united.

—Let every Catholic make it a matter of conscience to write a letter of protest to each and every paper or magazine responsible for attacks upon the Holy Father. Tell them this is Canada, not France or Italy, and that an attack on the Vicar of Christ is an attack on you. Let's clear out this brood of vipers.

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