## THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

In the heart of darkest Africa, at the Franciscan Convent of the Vsambya mission, in Uganda, Colonel Roosevelt halted for a time in his pursuit of big game to pay his chivalrous respects to Mother Mary Paul, a New York girl, whom Mr. Roosevelt has made known to the world, and who for no earthly reward, but, animated with her zeal for souls and inflamed with sublime love for God, has put aside the gauds and glories of society and dedicated herself to a life of abnegation and heroism among the black children of Africa. In the current Rosary Magazine, Mother Mary Paul gives the story of her life and mission in Uganda. As the editor very justly remarks in his introduction, it tells a tale of heroic renunciation and exalted consecration to duty, that proves most clearly the fact that the generation of saints is not dead and God lives in His Church, finding faithful lovers ever willing to take up the cross and follow in His footsteps; *ad majorem dei gloriam.*

In the same magazine the editor draws attention to the organized and systematic vilification of all things Catholic in the columns of the daily press. One surely need not be a Sherlock Holmes to recognize this fact. The remedy is one that we have often insisted on—a virile Catholic daily and weekly press generously supported. In this connection we would direct your attention to that section of the Pastoral Letter of the Fathers of the Plenary Council of Quebec relative to Catholic journalism. We quote a few lines: "It is our cherished wish that the faithful subscribe for them and uphold them in every way and that the clergy give them every encouragement and labor for their greater diffusion. There is probably at the present time no more effective means of defending the stronghold of good than to solidly man the outposts erected by our faith with the fearless sentinels of Catholic journalism, and with our confidence and timely aid give them all the assistance possible in keeping faithful watch in following attentively the movements of the enemy, and in repelling every attack directed from the stronghold of evil." Every Cornerite should be an enthusiastic press propagandist. The field is white for the harvest. Help to gather the sheaves into the storehouse of Catholic truth.

Every time any newspaper or magazine treats the Church unfairly, write to the editor. Let at least the newspaper men of America learn that we are alive. Shame on us that they have not learned it long ago. I do not know of any American newspaper that is fair to us. You may read your newspaper and mentally deny the anti-Catholic statements it contains, but your children and the little ones of the flock read, and, for want of public denial, assimilate them. The foregoing is an extract from a very powerful and timely sermon of Father Handly of Washington.

The strangest funeral procession that was ever witnessed recently wended its slow way across the plains of gallant Tipperary, Ireland. Headed by fifty priests, a procession of about ten thousand persons, six hundred jaunting cars, and twenty bands of music, escorted from the old jail yard of Nenagh, for reinterment at Loughmore cemetery, the exhumed remains of the brothers William and Daniel McCormack, who were executed together in Nenagh jail on May 11th, 1858, for the murder of an estate steward named Ellis. Even at the time of the trial the McCormacks' innocence was conclusively established, but somebody had to satisfy the outraged majesty of British law and order in Ireland, and so they were done to death. Then the murderer came forward and confessed to the crime. Thus was British justice dealt out in Ireland half a century ago. Think of a judicial murder like this in Canada! And yet these Irish are not loyal! Nor is this a solitary example. There are many like episodes in the sad story of nineteenth century Ireland. Have we forgotten the Parnell Commission? And a few years ago in the British House of Commons the Unionist Chief Secretary, Wyndham, had to admit that the Dublin Castle authorities had actually in the ranks of the Royal Irish constabulary paid agents for manufacturing crime. Men had spent long years in prison for the supposed commission of the crime perpetrated by Sheridan and his like. And when at last the truth was discovered the Government sent these men out of the country to escape the unpleasant revelations of a public trial. And the victims of this awful tyranny were simply set at liberty and told they should be thankful for it. Beautiful British justice in Ireland!

I have heard the old people speak of the McCormacks' trial round the turf-fires of Tipperary. And they told how even the heavens were angry that day, how the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, even as on that other day when the dead walked on the streets of Jerusalem. Misfortune followed all who aided in the doing to death. Judge Keogh committed suicide and all the jurymen met terrible or unexpected deaths. (I know two of them myself.) The interment was made the occasion of a public holiday in the district. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Church of St. Mary's and then the procession set out on its long journey back to the brother's native parish where the bones of the martyrs were committed to the consecrated earth with the dust of their kindred. All the shops were closed, blinds were drawn, and every one was dressed in black or wore crepe armlets tied with green ribbon. Many old persons sobbed as the hearses passed.


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"Novice," you misunderstood my notes on the religious vocations in last week's issue. The Church teaches that the religious life is more perfect than the secular state, but that does not mean that no one can be a saint in the world. There are saints on her altars who never saw the inside of a convent or monastery. Every one has not a vocation to the religious state. It is God's crowning gift to the few. To enter religion without a vocation would be to directly oppose God's will in our regard. Some, indeed the great majority, are intended for the world, and they will save their souls therein if they utilize God's grace. And we must not think we have no field of usefulness in the world. A good Catholic layman or woman can oftentimes do more good than a religious. For the layman is brought into more direct relation with people. He lives with them and he cannot but influence them. A priest or a nun very often has but little influence on the people. As a doctor is supposed to know medicine, and a lawyer law, so they take it for granted religious have got to know somewhat of the science of the saints. But the example of a good practical Catholic layman or woman counts for more. They will begin to think there is something more in this religion that can get men to lead such lives. Hence it is that a society like the Knights of Columbus can do so much good for the Church. It is not the place nor the surroundings, it matters not whether we sit at family hearth-side or kneel in the monastic cell, it only matters that we are where God placed us and we are doing His will.

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FRIENDLY TALKS TO YOUNG MEN

I hear that you made some nice easy money last week. It is rather strange however, that the little game you beat so smoothly, is still doing business in the same old place. The man that runs it didn't look very bright, in fact, you showed that he was not in your class, because you ended twenty ahead. You have made up your mind to go again—the gambler was sure that you would—he is going to pull you some more, until you feel confident that you know the game thoroughly, and can't lose. You have also told some other lambkins about your success, and the sweet young things are planning just how they will fool the simple-minded gambler. He has fed your avarice until it is a fever, and you long for business hours to close, so that you may hasten into the net. Your system seems to be perfect, and has worked well—but, when the melon or the lemon (whichever way he spells it) is juicy, ripe and ready, then, oh, then, my rapid, young sport, just watch what his aeroplane will do to your wealth! The first time it vanished, you were sure that it was an accident. The gambler himself tells you so, advises you to be a game sport, gives you the same smooth talk that has worked so well with all his other sheared lambs, pats you on the shoulder, invites you to have a drink, calls you by your front name, takes you to the theatre, and introduces you to Miss Scarletta Sub Rosa. You are delighted with his generosity and vote him a mighty good fellow, even if he is a gamester. That last drink was a little too strong. When you got home, you rolled into bed without saying your prayers, then sunk into a restless sleep. In the morning a violent headache is a poor preparation for business, but you must face the "boss" and the customers. When they inquire the reason of your changed appearance, you reply that the trouble is either gastritis, lam (b) initis, or appendicitis. They let you think that you have fooled them, but they have met other wise and speedy youths, and know the symptoms caused by too much velocity. You are not vicious, but only conceited, and on reflection, you have begun to think that a slow down is in order, in fact you keep a way for a week or two, then Mr. Gambler lets your close friend win a hundred. Mr. Close Friend meets you, tells you of his luck. Your cupidity is excited, and you call again on good-hearted, jolly Mr. Swindler. He lets you win this evening, and compliments you on your skill. The drinks are ordered and you treat, and are treated, with the usual result. On your way home you order a bouquet sent to Miss Sub Rosa.

One of your few real friends now takes a hand in the game. He is only one of the plodders in the office. You have thought him pretty slow but he has a few thousand in savings banks, loves his home and his Church. He warns you, in a very gentlemanly way, that you are on the road to disgrace and ruin; that your associates are not worthy of you. He cites some recent cases, and tells you that the reason crooks are caught, is because they think they are smart enough to fool everybody else, and therefore, forget how smart other people are. They over-rate themselves and underestimate others. He wants you to go to Confession next Saturday. If you are too timid to go in your own parish, he will go anywhere else with you, and to soothe your fears, he will guarantee that the priest will not call the police after he has heard your story. Don't tell him to mind his own business, and that you are able to take care of yourself; he knows better than that, and so do you. He knows that our Lord, said, "Without Me, you can do nothing." He believes these words, and is sure that they apply to you, as well as to everybody else. He knows and so do you, that Scripture says "He that loves the danger shall perish in it." It also reminds everybody that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Not only is your friend concerned about your future, but he knows also, that your dear mother is suffering dreadful agony of mind because her boy is consorting with gamblers, thieves, drunkards and perhaps, worse. She knows that very little of your money now comes to her, she has to deprive herself of urgent necessities, in order that the gambler's sporty lady friend, Miss Sub Rosa, may have another diamond, and extra cases of champagne. Your sister has to hang her head in shame when your name is linked with that of Mr. Swindler and Miss Sub Rosa. You thought you could keep the whole affair secret, but it has leaked out. Miss Sub Rosa is very loquacious about her conquests, especially after hot suppers and cold bottles. She was in most questionable company the other night, and caused uproarious mirth by the recital of the names and adventures of verdant youth whom she had entrapped for Mr. Gambler. To make matters worse, the other day when you were out at lunch, she called at your place of business, met your employer, asked for you, boasted of your intimacy and so disgusted the "boss" with her vulgarity and her intoxicated condition, that he was obliged to telephone for Mr. Gambler to take her away. Your real friend tells you these things as prudently as he can.

Now to be honest, do you like this? Is this easy money worth its present and its future cost? Your reputation, your position, your freedom, your manhood, your home, your mother, your Church, your immortal soul, are all in the game you are playing. The odds are all against you. Better at once go to confession, make an act of heartfelt contrition, and most necessary of all, a firm purpose of amendment of life. — Boston Pilot.

WHEN A MAN IS A POWER

The greatest thing that can be said of a man, no matter how much he has achieved, is that *he has kept his record clean.*

Why is it that, in spite of the ravages of time, the reputation of Lincoln grows larger and his character means more to the world every year? It is because he kept his record clean, and never prostituted his ability nor gambled with his reputation.

Where, in all history, is there an example of a man who was merely rich, no matter how great his wealth, who exerted such a power for good, who has been such a living force in civilization, as this poor backwoods boy? What a powerful illustration of the fact that *character* is the greatest force in the world!

A man assumes importance and becomes a power in the world just as soon as it is found that he stands for something; that he is not for sale; that he will not lease his manhood for salary, or for any amount of money, or for any influence or position; that he will not lend his name to anything which he cannot indorse.

The trouble with so many men to-day is that they do not stand for anything outside their vocation. They may be well educated, well up in their specialties, may have a lot of expert knowledge, but they cannot be depended upon. There is some flaw in them which takes the edge off their virtue. They may be fairly honest, but you cannot bank on them.

It is not difficult to find a lawyer or a physician who knows a good deal, who is eminent in his profession; but it is not so easy to find one who is a man before he is a lawyer or a physician, whose name is a synonym for all that is clean, reliable, solid, substantial. It is not difficult to find a good preacher; but it is not so easy to find a real man, sterling manhood, back of the sermon. It is easy to find successful merchants, but not so easy to find men who put character above merchandise. What the world wants is men who have principle underlying their expertness, principle under their law, their medicine, their business; men who stand for something outside of their offices and stores; who stand for something in their community, whose very presence carries weight.

Everywhere we see smart, clever, long-headed, shrewd men, but how comparatively rare it is to find one whose record is as clean as a hound's tooth, who will not swerve from the right, who would rather fail than be a party to a questionable transaction!

Everywhere we see business men putting the stumbling-blocks of deception and dishonest methods right across their own pathway, tripping themselves up while trying to deceive others.

PLAYING A FALSE PART

We see men with millions of dollars filled with terror, trembling lest investigation may uncover things which will damn them in the public estimation! We see them cowed before the law like whipped spaniels, catching at any straw that will save them from public disgrace?

What a terrible thing to live in the limelight of popular favor, to be envied as rich and powerful, to be esteemed as honorable and straightforward, and yet to be conscious all the time of not being what the world thinks we are, to live in constant terror of discovery, in fear that something may happen to unmask us and show us up in our true light! But nothing can happen to injure seriously the man who lives four-square to the world, who has nothing to cover up, nothing to hide from his fellows, who lives a transparent, clean life, with never a fear of disclosures. If all of his material possessions are swept away from him, he knows that he has a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, in the affection and admiration of the people, and that nothing can happen to harm his real self because he has kept his record clean.—Success.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A FRIEND OF CINDERELLA'S

The new girl gave her name as Honora Harding. Some of the pupils looked at her sweet, sensible face approvingly, and thought they would like to be friends with her. But most of the girls No. 12 were ruled by a rather spoiled and overdressed young girl, Lucille Blake.

"We can't take her up," Lucille said, loftily, when they talked it over at the noon recess; "she looks so common, and her clothes are dreadful. If we make friends with everybody that comes into the school, our set well be spoiled."

Nora walked home that night with her pretty head held high. Not a girl in the school had spoken to her.

"I'm glad," she said vehemently to herself, "that we must stay in that little cottage for awhile, and I'm glad that the trunks didn't come, and I had to wear this shabby old sailor suit to school the first day. Now, I shall see just what these silly stuck-up girls think of me. If I had gone as Miss Harding from Oak Place, they would have been friendly enough. Then chidingly she went on. "Honora Harding, 'noblesse oblige.' You are actually calling them names because they didn't like you. Are you quite sure that you would always recognize a lady, even if appearances were against her? Oh, I do hope so! I should hate being such a snob that I could not."

Nora soon reached the house on a back street where the Harding family were, as they called it, camping out until the big house was ready for them.

"The trunks came to-day, Nora," said mother, cheerily. "You can have another dress for school to-morrow. That old thing is really too shabby to wear again."

"If you don't mind, mother," said Nora, "I think I will wear it a few days more."

"Oh, very well!" said mother, with a twinkle in her eyes. She could make a guess at the reason.

The next morning Nora went straight to her seat when she entered the school room. She had received no encouragement to join the group of girls at the reading table. She opened the unfamiliar books to look for the lessons.

"I wonder if I couldn't explain a bit about the history," said a gentle voice close beside her.

Nora looked up to see a girl whose dress was even more shabby than her own despised sailor suit. But the girl was smiling in a shy yet friendly way, and Nora smiled back.

"I noticed that you seemed confused over our topics yesterday, and I thought I might tell you how we use them. I am Barbara Franklin."

"Sit down with me, Barbara. It's lovely of you to help me, and it's twice lovely of you to come to speak to me.

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thought I wasn't going to have a friend in the school."

They bent over the history lesson, and when the bell rang Nora looked at Barbara and said, "I believe we're going to be the best kind of friends."

"Oh, I do hope so!" said Barbara, so fervently that they both laughed.

And they were. They spent the first day getting acquainted, and after that, as they said, they "just fitted each other."

"I must tell you," said Barbara, conscientiously, "that my mother is a dressmaker."

"My mother used to be a music teacher," said Nora, with a queer little smile.

"I suppose that's a bit more elegant," said Barbara. "I thought I ought to tell you, because some of the girls think it will not do to associate with working people."

"Dear me!" said Nora. "I'll never do, then, for all our family are working people, and there are eight of us. Father earns our living, and mother says she earns several livings looking after the rest of us. I'm afraid we are quite hopeless. We'll just have to hold together, Barbara." And Barbara agreed to that.

"Mother," said Nora one day, "don't you think a Cinderella has a beautiful chance to find out what people are really worth while?"

"Yes," said mother, "Did you find any?"

"I found one friend of Cinderella's that's a treasure, and several that are quite nice."

When the second week drew to a close, Nora invited Barbara to come home and stay with her until Monday morning. When they came out of the school house a carriage was waiting.

"I think we would better ride," said Nora, calmly motioning Barbara to get in. "It's so far, and we want all the afternoon for a good time after we get there."

"Why, Nora! I thought you lived on Baxter street!" cried Barbara.

"We moved to Oak Place yesterday," said Nora.

Barbara gave her one amazed but comprehending look, and then got into the carriage, and they rolled away in state across the city, and out to the hill where stood the most beautiful home in the county. Sweet, shy little Barbara was introduced to the jolly family as "my dearest friend," and she was welcomed royally.

"You'll really belong to us," a big brother assured her. "Nora's dearest friend has practically to live in the house."

Under their friendliness Barbara forgot her usual reserve, and showed what a charming girl she was. And the family agreed that Nora had made a wise choice.

On Monday morning the girls of No. 12 were fairly buzzing with excitement.

"It just can't be possible," said Lucille, petulantly.

"But it is," said another. "I saw them on Saturday. Nora and her mother and brother were in the carriage, and Barbara Franklin with them. I asked mamma about it, and she said that the girl in blue was Mrs. Harding's youngest daughter. And she knows, for she met them last winter before they moved here. We made a dreadful mistake in not being friendly with her. Mamma says she is such a lovely girl, and so clever."

"She acts now as if she thought Barbara was the only girl in the world," said another, watching the two girls as they came up the walk together.

"Well, I can't say much for her taste," said Lucille. "I never saw anything in that quiet Barbara Franklin."

But "Cinderella" and her friend were more than content.—Elsie Vernon.

SWEET INNOCENCE

Mary Howitt, of ballad-verse fame, who was born a Quaker and died a Catholic, looking back upon her past life, in her old age wrote: "Thanks be to the blessed Lord the great Botanist, for the simple, natural tastes which He had given me! It was the first link in the golden chain of His providence which united my life with one of the best and purest of men."

"Simple, natural tastes!"—what a world of meaning is bound up in these words. If every girl could but enter into the significance of such gifts, what a safeguard would lie about her way through life. There would be no mistakes in the beginning; no overweaning ambition, no perverted notions of pleasure to entrap and wreck a fair young life.

Is the girl of simple tastes any less charming because she leaves the role of social favorite to others? Why should she be? Is the so-called popular young woman, skilled in all the arts of coquetry, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of the froth of small talk at her command, the most attractive and interesting of companions? For the passing show she fills her place, a butterfly, but who would want to continue the association indefinitely? Who would care to live in the atmosphere of vanity's glitter or in the feverish absorption of a selfish ambition?

Any other gift in the possession of a girl is more enduring in winning and holding friends, and even admirers, than mere personal beauty and prettiness. True beauty is a great winner of admiration, but the poorest keeper in the world. A beautiful face attracts us, but how short-lived our interest if its beauty turns out to be all color and no fragrance. Personal attractions must be esteemed as a mere lustre, a bloom; the heart within is the life giving power of all fruition. Then, no matter how endowed with comeliness, the girl who would win and hold the esteem of her friends must cultivate and enrich her mental powers with good reading and with the association of those she believes capable of exalting her standards and conceptions of life. She must store within her heart reflections upon the noble careers of the world's best men and women, and the lesson of their lives will teach her the sweetness of simplicity and naturalness.

And may such a girl think to hide the treasures of her heart and mind? They are constantly shining forth and binding others to her in bonds deepest and most enduring affection.

And should reverses come—loss or fortune, loss of friends, shall her pathway be hedged in by temptation and ruin? No, though sin league its powers with the bitterest poverty to assail her, her character is founded upon principles that no disaster, no onslaught of evil, can shake.

No girl starting on upon life's career could offer up a wiser prayer than this: "Oh, keep me innocent; make others great."

## IF LEO XIII. WERE ALIVE

In connection with the flurry in Germany over the Pope's Encyclical, the secular press here and there emits a moan about the lack of tact exhibited by "the peasant" Pope Pius X. Leo XIII. would never have committed such a political blunder.

As a matter of fact, however, Leo XIII. committed the same kind of a political blunder, if they want to call it such; and it was only thirteen years ago; viz., in 1897; which shows what short memories some people have. Germany was celebrating its tercentenary of the Blessed Peter Canisius, the great man who so completely blocked the way of the Reformation that it never gained a single town, or a hamlet, after he came on the scene. It was to give importance to the celebration that Pope Leo sent to the Catholics of Germany his Encyclical "Militantis Ecclesiæ," in whose very title the timorous might find a menace. It is like the blast of a trumpet: "the Church at War." We detect no such militant sound in the mild "Editte" of Pope Pius. Moreover, unlike Pius, Leo did not deal with the Reformation in general, but such as it showed itself in Germany, and he stigmatized it, as "the Lutheran revolt." He even went on to say that it originated "in a corruption of morals that opened the door to heresy, which in turn brought about a cataclysm of morality." "The poison of heresy," he continued, "invaded every province and infected every class of society; and it was generally believed that in Germany religion was ruined irreparably."

There is no gentle cooing in all that. Nor did Germany regard it as such. It aroused a part of the Protestant population to fury. The Gustaf Adolf Verein opened fire on the Vatican with the most virulent denunciations. The Emperor's chaplain, or ecclesiastical vicar, berated the Encyclical as an example of "mendacious ultramontane infallibility." The Evangelical Alliance which convened at Crefeld distinguished itself by its furibund and blasphemous diatribes against the idolatry of Rome, and the Holy Eucharist. At the close of November, 1897, the General Synod of the Protestants of Germany, met in the House of Lords, and voted unanimously to protest "against the insult to the memory of Luther and the whole work of the Reformation."

Three months after the publication of the letter, the storm broke out anew, and with redoubled fury. An attempt was made to persuade William II. that his character of *Summus Episcopus* was assailed. There was question of suppressing the Prussian legation at the Vatican; and at Strasburg the Latin text of the Encyclical was seized by the police—a silly proceeding for it had been already published in German all through the country. Indeed another *Kultarkampf* was threatened. But just as now every one saw that the excitement was factitious, and had been manufactured for party purposes as a club against the Centre.

To the worldly wise, Leo did not then seem to be very diplomatic in all this; but he was not at all as undiplomatic as Luther himself, who said of his country in those days: "We are the mockery and shame of other nations. They look upon us as loathsome swine rolling in the muck," and four years after this delectable utterance, he wrote: "We are seven times worse than before. I have lost all hope for Germany." Melancthon joins him in his wail.

Suppose Leo had quoted Luther, what would have been the result? But it is like going to confession. A man may say of himself what he would not allow any one else to say. However, he cannot object if his confession is public. So the sensible statesmen in Germany in 1897 made haste to tell Pope Leo not to be alarmed by the tempest. They are doing the same thing now, and nothing is going to happen. In any case the Church is used to such whirling clouds and is not worried.—America.

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