

undeserving of their regard or slightest attention. If they could manage it they would banish her forever from the minds and hearts of all men. Ministers are afraid to mention her name or make it familiar to the ears of their congregations. They will debate with elaborate skill upon the Bible personages whom they admire, but never will they venture to extoll in their sermons the qualities which distinguished the Mother of our Divine Lord. At times Protestants lose all self-control and figure only as raving maniacs in the hatred which they bear her. The epithet which they refuse her has been always dear to Catholics. Only within the pale of our Church have generations existed that always called her 'Blessed.' Our pedigree is what is noblest and most enviable upon earth. We descend from those Christians who sang the praises of Mary in the crypts of the catacombs. We belong to a family that prides in all that has been most learned and saintly in by-gone ages. The most illustrious scholars and the greatest saints were children of the Catholic Church and our ancestors. All these scholars and all these saints loved to pay the sincerest homage to the Mother of Christ. By faith we claim a relationship with Columbus, who discovered this magnificent continent of ours—who sailed in a ship called Santa Maria, and styled the second island upon which he set foot Mary of the Conception; with Father Marquette, who named the Mississippi, which he discovered in his missionary travels, the Immaculate Conception, 200 years before the dogma was solemnly defined; with the first colonists of Canada, who founded this prosperous and peerless city which we inhabit, and called it Ville Marie, or City of Mary.

"It cannot be, therefore, unjustifiable on principle to erect a statue to the Blessed Virgin, and if it were erected it would serve as a triple monument—a monument of respect, a monument of gratitude, and a monument of edification. Mary should be respected. She is entitled to a special degree of sanctity on account of the dignity of the divine maternity with which she is endowed. What greater dignity can be conceived or bestowed upon an simple created being? Now, if we should respect the Blessed Virgin, we should manifest our respect, otherwise it would be only a mockery. One of the best forms which this respect can assume is unquestionably the form of a statue. We should be grateful to the Blessed Virgin. What would we be without her, and how without her could we hope for heaven? She has given us our Redeemer. Had she liked it she need not have become His mother. If she did become His mother it was by an act of her own deliberate choice; it was because she freely consented. She is the benefactress of the human race. Now, if the world shows its gratitude to those who have rendered it any eminent service by erecting statues for the purpose of commemorating them—if it perpetuates in bronze, in stone or marble its poets, orators, warriors, philosophers, statesmen and patriots, why should not all Christendom, why should not all men rejoice at the thought of erecting a statue to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer—to the privileged individual to whom, after Christ, we are indebted for the degree of civilization modern society is enjoying, for all the spiritual blessings we partake of in this life and for all the prospects which await us beyond the grave in the region of everlasting bliss. A statue of the Blessed Virgin would remind us of virtues which we will always require—which would embellish every family circle and render life meritorious. Mary excelled in every virtue. We cannot meditate too often upon her humility, charity, purity. We should be imbued with her spirit of prayer and generosity. If a statue were erected in her honour it would accomplish an incalculable amount of good. Should such an erection not take place, let us at least engrave her features in ourselves; let us constantly keep her as a model before our minds, and let us be living copies of this Virgin Mother of the incarnate Son of God—our loving and adorable Redeemer. Should the opportunity present itself let us raise to her honour a statue which will prove a worthy expression of the deepest respect, deepest gratitude and the most undying affection. It is in America that she should be honoured, and in every form that can be devised. With the highly gifted American poet, Longfellow, well may we say:

"This is the Blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,  
All hearts are touched and softened at her name.  
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,  
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present.  
And if our faith had given us nothing more  
Than this example of all womanhood,  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,  
This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

"MICK."

JAMES BOWKER, IN THE IRISH MONTHLY.

"Evenin' Talagraft?"

The speaker was a bare-footed little fellow, whose few rags left his breast exposed to the biting wind and the driving rain, and whose feet were mud-stained and glistening wet. The tram-car into which he peered anxiously was full of comfortable people wrapped in cosy overcoats and waterproofs, and, immersed in thoughts of the day's business or the prospective dinner, they paid no regard to the waif taking his minor part in Irish journalism.

"Stop-press edition!"

Still nobody heeded the quavering treble, and, after a pathetic glance at the two rows of stolid faces, the lad turned away wearily with a hopeless look in his dark eyes, and coughing painfully as he stepped down into the rain pool and the slush of the wintry street.

"Bad cough, that," said a burly man sententiously to his neighbour, a sharp faced, dissatisfied, well-dressed woman, who at first seemed inclined to resent the liberty taken in addressing her, and then replied tartly enough:

"It's very likely it is assumed, they're so deceptive, these beggar boys."

To me the cough had sounded only too real; and just as the car was moving my conscience smote me that I had not given the little fellow the price of a paper or two, and something within urged me to go in search of the lost opportunity that might some day rise up and accuse me of having wilfully allowed one of God's creatures to pass before me, chilled and hungry, without having done anything to comfort and relieve him. Obeying the prompting, I went out, and finding the lad under the portion of the post-office where, apparently, he was sheltering until another car was brought into its place at the Nelson's Pillar, I turned towards him.

At once he cried, hopefully, "Talagraft, sur?" and seemingly he was not accustomed to charity, for when I gave him a copper or two, thinking that would be the best introduction, he evidently found it difficult to believe that I did not want his entire stock-in-trade of papers. When the fact did dawn upon him his face brightened, and as he crossed one cold, rag-wrapped little foot over the other, he touched his apology for a cap, and said, cheerily, "Thank you, sur."

"What's your name, my little chap?" I asked.

"Mick."

"What else?"

"O'Brien," he answered, "but they only call me Mick."

"What's your father doing?"

"He's in 'Merica, they say."

"And where's your mother?"

"Buried," he said, softly.

"And where do you live?"

"Anywhere where they will let me," he replied.

A sad feeling came over me as I thought of that vague address. Yet it is the only one which can be furnished by hundreds of those little camp followers of that weird and ghastly army of those whom some of our rising and promising politicians do not hesitate to term the "surplus population." Huddling, as they are forced to do, night after night, in corners and passages, with the frosty wind wailing a lullaby for them—while your chubby children, my Lady Dives, are nestled beneath eider-down quilts in carefully warmed nurseries—what other address could these small outcasts give? Ragged, and unwashed, and penniless, they are of no importance in the eyes of the tax-collector, and their whereabouts, therefore, is of no moment to the State until they require a cheap contract coffin, and we are obliged, for our own protection, to give them a few feet of that earth which, with the fulness thereof, still is the Lord's. If only they were young calves or pigs, their housing and feeding