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SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Azarias," "A Woman of Culture," His Honor the Mayor," "Saranac," etc.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Why do you ask that question, Linda?" he said, looking down at her serious face.

"I thought, you know—that is, I heard, you extol the power of love so often, and well, the thought doesn't come to me. I mean wouldn't it hurt you a little to give her up—"

"If she didn't become a Catholic after all? Yes, it would hurt me."

They walked along in silence for a time.

"Ruth is so Quakerish, so thoughtful, and so determined," said Linda. "If she couldn't feel convinced, she wouldn't become a Catholic—not for twenty Florians."

"Her highest praise, that. I would never have given her my heart otherwise. If my wife is to be a Catholic she shall be a good one."

"But just think, Florian, if she didn't believe!"

"You are bound to think disagreeable things to-night," he said laughing, "but let us work on the m. In that case Ruth and I would part and there would be an end to it."

"A cool description of a hot affair," she said.

"Do you know, the Pere gave me a fright on this matter not more than two hours past. He thinks Ruth will not become a Catholic."

"It has often occurred to me," she replied with spirit; "nor would I, were I a Protestant, for the sake of getting a husband."

The next minute she laughed at his indignant face, and made an apology.

"No, no, Flory, you may be sure I did not mean that. Ruth has too good a heart, too strong a principle to do such a silly thing. She's in trrouble now over her poor father. You ought to go and comfort her."

He was not very enthusiastic in taking the offer, but at all events he must know something definite about her change of religious convictions before that night passed.

"I think I will go," he said. They were standing on the river shore, and his boat lay ready a few feet away. Linda pushed him into it.

"Try to make her promise to-night," she said, as he rowed off, "and here's good luck to you."

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLAND.

Squire Pendleton's dwelling stood a mile from the village on the south side of the bay, and was the first object which he saw that afternoon from the little island. The mistress of the house, at the same moment that her father looked with moist eyes upon his home, was pacing sadly the veranda which ran along the east side of the building; while Florian was listening to the priest's painful remarks about her religious inclinations she was still restlessly walking there; and yet later, when Linda urged her brother to visit her and he had put off from the shore, she had not left the veranda nor lost her nervousness. She had been in deep trouble ever since her father had been involved in the unlucky rebellion. His night-and-day journeying to escape the officers, the exposure which an old man must suffer from considerably, the accidents which might happen to him, kept her in a state of nervous dread.

Miss Pendleton was a very womanly young creature, of an original turn of mind, and a very plain address. The best point in her character was, she thought very little of herself. While her father was hurried on by the devil of delusion and Florian was racked at the thought of losing her, and Linda wept over the chance of her non-conversion, she alone thought of nothing but the foolish father taking his risks of exposure and consequent sickness. She had a single eye for her duty, and the truth. Her own risks did not present themselves to her consideration. It was this one quality that had won for Ruth the tender love of Linda, the regard of Pere Rougevin, and the devotion of Florian.

It happened at the same time that she was well read and clever, that her complexion was good and her eyes large and expressive, and that she had matronly ideas as to a young woman's dress, speech, and behavior. The habit of ruling the Squire, and looking after him had made her a responsible being. She was the mother of her own household at sixteen, and could have ruled and guided many a one as old as herself. Florian had reason to be troubled over the prospect of losing her. She loved the truth, and seemed to have little trouble in following it. He often smiled as he thought with what gentle but final persistence Ruth would push him and the whole world aside if they stood between her and the truth.

Thinking of these things as he rowed across the bay he finally lost courage. He would not press her to a final decision that night. A little strategy and tact ought to be used even with so sincere a woman. A soft wind was rising, and the mist that floated on the water was shaken apart to let the stars shine through. Growing stronger it made great rents in the mist, which remained open long enough to show the dark mass of an island and the lights on shore.

"I am so glad you have come!" cried a soft voice from the shore, almost before he touched it. He jumped out, drew up the boat, and clasped the hand outstretched to him.

"You are always so, Ruth," he said, with some reserve in his tones. "What's the trouble?"

"I have heard from my father," she said.

"And his head is on his shoulders still, and no one has the reward?" murmured Florian regretfully.

"Scott, that queer hunter, came to me after sundown," Ruth began, "and told me that my father was hiding in a cave among the islands, and was anxious that I should send him some money. Scott was to bring it, but I told him—"

"That you would get me to do it instead," Florian interrupted, "and bring him some news and help him to get out of the country."

"Not at all," said Ruth, "but that I would go myself, for I know how he wishes to see me."

"Oh! it is to be a night adventure," said Florian. The fog was gone and the wind was freshening rapidly. Dull clouds obscured the sky, but the faint starlight, shining down in broken beams, showed ugly white caps playing across the black waters.

"It will be a rough night—"

"Ah! but we shall not be out all night," said Ruth, "and for an hour this wind will be no stronger. But we must not delay, and I must get over to-night."

"Well, wrap up and we are off."

He got the boat ready, a common yacht of ordinary size, and presently they pushed off, and in an instant were scudding like birds over the angry bay. In fact, the wind was almost too much for the vessel, as some wild seas, which partly drenched them, plainly showed. Sometimes the waves which broke in their path found a lodging-place in the boat; and as they emerged from the channel into a broad bay where the shifting winds had full play, the little craft began to heave, and between altering their course and dodging seas they were a long time in getting to their destination. It was with great satisfaction Florian sailed under the lee of a pretty island not more than a mile distant from the Canadian shore.

"This is the place," said Ruth; "we are to look for a projecting rock, a house, and a light."

"That is, you want Scott's oratory, hermitage, ranch, or whatever you please to call it," he replied.

"Cabin is a good word, for I fancy the hunter is not a man of much prayer."

"He ought to be, in this solitude." All at once a light and a rock burst upon their view, and the hunter himself stood on the shore to welcome them in the darkness. When Ruth and Florian had landed and the boat was safely anchored, he led them into a double-roomed cabin, such a hut as men of his class are accustomed to build—stout and serviceable, with a table and stools, a single window, a great fireplace heaped with logs—for the nights are chilly so near the water—fire-arms and fishing-tackle in profusion, a print or two, and a few well-thumbed books. There was nothing noticeable in the hut save its cleanliness, neatness, and wholesome smell, as if no more offensive intruders than sun, air, and good cookery ever found entrance.

"Make yourself quite at home," said the hermit, placing the single candle where it would afford the most light. "Your paw is not here, Miss, but he'll be here right off as soon as I kin git to him. You, youngster, kin see to miss while I git her paw. He's not a thousand miles off, and if you want anything to eat thar's the door to the pantry."

This was quietly said, while Florian kept his keen eyes fastened on the speaker. For to him this hunter had always been a mystery because of his retired life and taciturn disposition. When he went out Florian began a minute examination of the whole place.

"Why are you so inquisitive?" said Ruth. "Have you another theory concerning this man?"

"No; but I wish to find one. He is an odd character and ought to have a history, a romance—something that will give the key to his present position. Whence came he? Was he crossed in love? Did he commit a never-to-be-forgotten crime? Has he friends?"

"Had he a father, had he a mother?" said Ruth, repeating all the delightful poem, while Florian examined and talked, and finally sat down disappointed.

"Not even a pencil-mark in these old works," he exclaimed, "nor a bit of writing anywhere, nor any indication of better days. Books on fishing and hunting; a cabin like all of its class; a man of fishy smell and look and speech—poor material to collect a romance from."

"Now, as to the look," said Ruth, "I fancy there is something poetic about him. His eyes are clear, blue as the sky, well-shaped, large but for bushy eyebrows. He has a fine head and beautiful hair, but that cap spoils or hides all."

"You are thinking of his magnificent surroundings," said Florian. "He looks well, because the image of him always carries this setting of nature. But matter rules this temple. There is no mind here."

"Father," murmured Ruth, slipping into her father's outstretched arms as that gentleman entered, followed by Scott. The hermit smiled on the scene till, looking at Florian, he seemed suddenly overcome, and shuffled into a corner.

"Florian, a thousand thanks," said the Squire, shaking hands violently with the youth, his face purple with emotion, restrained because the hermit had forbidden him to roar. "She is yours, and you will guard her when I'm far away on the billow."

"On your pillow?" cried Florian. "Why—"

"On the billow, sir!" said the Squire. "No tricks, sir; I can't stand 'em now. I mean, when I am sailing for sunny France, take care of her."

"I'll go with you," whimpered Ruth, beginning to cry and patting his white head.

"Ay, that's right," said the Squire. "Pat away. You may not know, my dear, how costly a piece of furniture that head of mine is now with two governments after it. You'll come with me? Not at all. You'll stay here with Florian and go to France on your bridal tour. I'll have a place for you. I'll be the thorn of those two rascally governments. I'll be lonely, I know, but I'll make up for it by fight. There, there, little girl, just sit down and get sensible again. You don't happen to have a pipe, Florian? This man here don't smoke—not enough fire in him for that."

Ruth made strenuous efforts to recover from a fit of sobbing, and her father lighted his dipe. Under its soothing influence he grew melancholy.

"When I'm in France, Florian—"

"But you're not there yet, sir, and we don't intend you shall go."

"You don't know the malice, the devilish what-d'ye-call-it, of these two governments. 'If we fail,' says Mackenzie to me, 'we're damned'—politically I mean. What's the use? I must go. I'm cut out for an exile; I feel it all over me, along with the rheumatism, since I began jigging around these confounded islands. Hear that sigh? It attacks me regularly night and day."

Ruth smiled.

"That's right, dear," said he. "I know what you're thinking of—that it will take many sighs to make the old man give up the last one. They may search and persecute, but I won't lose a pound of flesh for 'em. No, Sir!"

"What do you think, Scott?" said Florian to the hermit. "Isn't there some way to get the Squire out of this muddle?"

"Muddle, sir!" thundered the Squire in a crescendo which sank to a whisper at the warning gesture of Scott. "You mean revolution."

"I beg your pardon," said Florian, "revolution."

"There is but one way that I kin see," replied Scott modestly.

"You! What do you know about it?" said the Squire roughly. "Why, Florian, what can any one think of a man who says that it takes as much power in Almighty God to knock a thing into nothing as it did to take it out of nothing? He says that and swears by it. Don't you, sir—don't you?"

"What I was thinking," said Scott, "this young man might go down to the Governor of the State and just settle the matter in a quiet way without much talk—"

"Certainly! That ends it—a boy settles a revolution."

"No, no, papa," said Ruth. "He means that Florian shall bear your submission—"

"I'll never submit! Well, go on."

"To the governor, and may be he will accept it, and you will not have to go so far away and leave me alone."

"That's the hardest part of it—leaving you, dear; but what can I do—what can I do?"

Scott beckoned to Florian, and they went outside.

"You see," said the hermit, "as far as I kin learn, this country ain't so much against the Squire as he thinks. It's my opinion that if some friend went to the governor and said, 'Here, thar ain't no earthly use in drivin' an old man out of his senses because the British lion is roarin'; s'posin' he gives hisself up, wouldn't the government kind o' parole him and let him stay at home while he keeps quiet?'—that would settle the hull business, I think."

"I think the same," said Florian. "We'll persuade him to give me the authority to treat for him, and you will be kind enough to keep him for a few days until I return."

"In course, in course; he's welcome as long as he stays."

"You have a nice place about here," said Florian, desiring to draw him out. "A little lonely, perhaps?"

"Somewhat, but I like it," answered the man simply. "I couldn't stay in your towns now, and there isn't another place in the world I'd exchange with jist at this moment."

"You have not had much experience in towns?"

"A good deal," said Scott, reflectively; "but not for a long spell. I crammed a pile of fact into a short spell and got tired mighty soon. It's always the way, even here, I notice, though you don't get tired so quick, nor you don't stay that way long. When I get all out of sorts, be it night or day, I walk out on this island, and that's enough for me: I'm quieted right off, an' me and everything in the world seems to suit one to t'other. I look at them stars a-shinin' an' a-twinklin' so easy and careless up thar, an' then see 'em looking the same in the water, with a little tremble."

Florian had waked the hermit into a quiet enthusiasm, which showed itself only in the quantity of his words; for as to animation of gesture, or look, there was none. He thought it a fair opportunity to put a few leading questions. "I do not wonder at such feelings," he said, "for I have often thought that such a life would be a second paradise."

"It is, it is," interrupted Scott, earnestly. "I declare to you I never knew what happiness really was till I lit on this place."

"But its disadvantages are so many," continued the youth, "and loneliness is the first. Then when sickness overtakes you, or feebleness, the comforts of companionship, and particularly of religion, are wanting."

"Well, about religion I can't say much," taking the youth by the arm and beginning to walk up and down, "for I don't s'pose I've got a good pile of it. I don't care for the comforts of companionship. I have never suffered half as much from lonesome feelin's here as in the world. There's nothin' stands between me and God but this, boy"—and he beat his body. "And God is here," he added reverently, "and who can say that he is lonely with such a Bein' round? I can't. I found out when I was like you that you've got to be alone most of the time. Those you think most of are very near, but they only show you that you can't git any mortal man or woman as near your heart as you want. God only can fold you right up and satisfy you; and He's all I want or expect."

"I have often thought of trying it for a time," said Florian—"this life. I love these scenes so. I love the beautiful solitude of such a night as this—a solitude so full of voices that but for their harmony you might think yourself among men. But old ties are hard to break. You, perhaps, had no such ties to hold you to the world."

"I had my ambitions," said Scott, "but a breath blasts those foolish things. I had a few hearts bound to mine kind o' strong, but death makes short work of sich. No, of course I mightn't have had as many as you, but I had enough, I reckon; but still I got over 'em, and they never trouble me now."

"How did you happen to get a liking for this kind of life? Was it very hard at first?"

"No, it was never hard. I was kind of broken up and took to it for health's sake; then I stayed in it, and I'm goin' to stay in it till the end, if I can. Some morning they'll be lookin' for me and they'll find me dead. I'll be buried thar, I trust, whar the old house stands—unless," he added playfully, "the angels of the island will bury me quietly themselves, for I love 'em well, as they know."

"You are deserving of such a burial," said Florian; "no man has ever paid such honor to nature as you have in this section. I would like to be present when they bury you."

"The world doesn't come in to such funerals," Scott answered, laughing, "so you needn't expect to. Hadn't we better go in now and try to win over the old man?"

"One moment, Scott. I am going to ask a favor of you which you must grant me. I like this solitude and I like you. Will you permit me to come here sometimes and stay a week with you, and fish and hunt and talk with you? It will be only for a short time, as I will soon be going off from this place."

The hermit listened with patience to this bold request.

"I don't invite any one here," he said reservedly; "but if you want to you kin come on conditions. You're not to talk about me to any one as long's you live; and as to your comin', remember I don't invite any one, and they can't come too seldom."

Without waiting to receive Florian's thanks for so concise and negative an invitation, he went hastily into the cabin. Ruth had reconciled her father to the proposition of an embassy of peace to the governor, and from considering the woes of exile the hearty Squire had passed to the contemplation of a homely yet safe future, and he was ready with all sorts of advice for his young ambassador.

"Don't stoop, Florian—don't yield an inch. They'll be glad enough to listen to you when they hear your message. I'd rather an older man would go; but you have the ability, and 'twill be an opening for you. You'll get acquainted with the nobs, and a slight hint that you're related to me won't do any harm. A good deal may come of it. Revolutionists are the style of this age, and you reflect some of their glory. Mackenzie won't like it. He'll be in jail, and I'll be out; but pshaw! Why didn't he have gumption enough to hoe his own row in Canada? I did my share on this side. I'll be blest if I'll do any more."

"That's the way I look at it," Scott began.

"I don't want you to look at it," snapped the Squire. "What do you know about the matter? Get correct ideas of Almighty God, before you dabble in politics."

"Good advice," said Florian, "if politicians themselves will follow it."

"Now, see here, Pen'l'ton," said the hermit bluntly, "don't you know you've made a fool of yourself in this matter?"

"Yes, of course I do. I admit it. Go on, confound you! A fool wouldn't make a fool of himself talking with you! It makes me foolish just to look at you."

"Sh!" cried Florian, with sudden and tragic emphasis. A death-like silence fell on the place. Ruth threw arms about her father, and the hunter blew out the candle.

"I'll reconnoiter," said he, and stole away. Not a word was spoken until he returned.

"I think all's square," he said, relighting the candle, "but the best thing to do is to git to bed, or the next warning might have some meanin' in it. You, Miss, can have this room here, and take the candle along. Your paw an' the youngster kin take the floor with a blanket."

Ruth took the candle and kissed the Squire good-night with an anxious face. As she was passing into the room Florian whispered:

"Don't be frightened. I only did it to stop the argument."

She laughed and went in.

"There's your blankets," said Scott, throwing them on the floor. "Good-night."

And without paying any attention to their protestations, he opened the door and was gone.

"A nice fellow, but glum," were the Squire's last word as he glided into the bass of an all-night snore. Florian himself was already asleep, and his dreams were very beautiful when the moon looked in through the little window of the cabin and shone on his upturned face. It seemed to him that a sublime figure stood beside him. It was an angel, before whose radiance the moon grew dim, and his broad wings stretched from horizon to horizon, long spears of brilliancy. On his face rested a smile so heavenly that Florian stretched out his hands to invite his embrace. The angel stooped and kissed him; he felt the cold lips and the cheek on his own, and at once felt all his glory departing. With a cry of sorrow he awoke. All was stillness around him, and the moon was smiling through the window.

"A dream worthy of the place," said Florian.

"I'm going to see the island at two o'clock of the morning."

He jumped up and was preparing to go out when a low moan met his ear. It was smothered and distant, yet the agony was so exquisite that a sudden tremor of fear seized him. He tried to locate it, but in vain, and hurried out into the open air. The moaning never ceased for a moment, and the anguish was so keen that Florian ran hither and thither, but no trace of the cause could be found. The huge boulder on which the cabin stood was searched on all sides. Away from it the moans grew fainter, yet around it they seemed far off and smothered, and he continued the search until they died away entirely.

The charm of the night was far beyond the praise of words, so weird, so unreal, so supernatural was every tint that the moon's delicate brush laid on the canvas. For an hour he sat on a bench that overlooked the river. He heard a noise below him at the river's edge directly under the boulder. Taking the shelter of a bush that grew there, he looked down to see the hermit quietly standing there with his eyes turned to the sky. He was weeping, and his face was pale. Florian drew back and fled softly to the house. He had no wish to play the spy, however great his curiosity, and as he lay down his heart was full of a great pity for this lonely man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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It is a great act of charity to preach the gospel to heretics and pagans, to convert sinners, to confirm the good in their virtue and lead them gradually to perfection; but it is a greater charity still to work for the welfare of children. If we consider the self sacrifice required for this work, the needs of the children, and the lasting and far-reaching results of all that is done for them, no work of charity can be more noble, urgent or meritorious.

To work for the welfare of children one must sacrifice even the most innocent pleasures and advantages, leisure, recreation and the encouragement that one might take from the appreciation or applause for others, for it is a work that engages one night and day, and it must be done where few can witness it, in the schoolroom, asylum, orphanage or reformatory. It requires unalterable patience and a love that lasts in spite of ingratitude. At times the extreme need of the young soul may excite our pity and move us to more cheerful exertion, but the very extremity of its needs, its utter helplessness and lack of resource only make the task of caring for it more disheartening. It is such a difficult problem to awaken its first perceptions, correct its erroneous impressions and train it to correct views and pious practices, and the problem is doubly difficult when body as well as soul must be thus nurtured and developed. It would be some consolation were the results of the work immediate or tangible, but these appear only in later life and usually long after the child has lost the age of its tutelage.

The care of childhood is one of the special charges of the angels. "Their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father, who is in heaven;" and for this reason "see that you despise not one of these little ones." They are thought worthy to be the special charge of the angels, who, on their part, watch over them very jealously, and woe be to the one who looks down on them, neglects or ignores them, or who, by scandalous work, deed or omission, leads one of them astray or hinders them from going ever nearer to Him who said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." "But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea."

Christ loved children because He saw in those who had been regenerated by His grace the nearest approach to an image of Himself. He used them as an object lesson for us. All He could tell us about following Him and entering His kingdom He could best illustrate by calling unto Him a little child and setting Him in the midst of them. To the questions of His disciples, "Who, thinkst thou, is the greater in the kingdom of heaven?" He said, pointing to the child: "Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven. And he that receiveth one such little child in My Name receiveth Me."

Christ's regard for children is nicely accounted for by Saint John Chrysostom, in his commentary on this text of Saint Matthew, which we give in the translation of the Marquis of Bute. "To teach them (His disciples) to be lowly, and to be above the niceness of the world, He took the little children, and embraced them in His arms, and declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven—as also He had said above. And we also if we would fain be heirs of the kingdom of heaven, let us seek with great earnestness this virtue. For this is the highest peak of philosophy to be simple and wise: this is the life of an angel. The mind of a little child is free from all the diseases of the mind: a little child keepeth no remembrance of injuries, but goeth unto such as have inflicted them, as if unto friends, and as if nothing had happened. Although his mother give him stripes, yet a little child seeketh her and putteth her before all. If thou were to show him a Queen adorned with her crown, he would not prefer her before his own mother, in raiment how faded soever, and he would rather see her, albeit unkempt, than the Queen in all her glorious apparel. For his use is to account of things, whether they be his own or of others, not by the standard of poverty or riches, but by that of love only. . . . Therefore Christ said; 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' to make us do by force of will what little children do by nature."

This passage from Saint Chrysostom recurs frequently in the office, in the lessons of the Third Nocturn, for the Feasts of Saints, who have devoted themselves to the welfare of children. With true Christian instinct holy men and women in every age of the Church's history have recognized that it was better to keep a soul from sin and vice, than to restore it to grace and virtue. They prized the innocence of childhood, having in most cases preserved their own, and they would have been horrified to hear the opinion so prevalent since the days of Luther and his followers, that young souls must err and make mistakes, and fall into sin, which is attributed more to inexperience than to malice, in order that they

may learn from their very faults ho
evil a thing sin is and how they ma
best avoid it and its occasions.

God the Father of all men, who h
promised to aid the orphan, has i
spired His servants at different tim
to provide for the needs of childre
and to save them from every danger
destitution and perversion. Even fro
a desultory reading in the lives of H
saints we can recall with pleasure t
sweet example of Saint Germaine, w
acted as a mother to all the children
her village; the fatherly piety of Sai
Jerome Emiliani, who founded so ma
orphanages, the zeal of Blessed Hipp
lyte Gallantini, whom we owe t
order for teaching Christian doctri
principally to children, and of Bles
de la Salle and Peter Fourier, who
stituted so successfully their schools
young people, the former for boys,
latter for girls. All the great saints
God have loved children; many of
founders of religious orders and co
gregations have ordained that th
followers should devote themselves
the cause of the little ones whom Ch
loved. Saint Bernard was a v
apostle in founding schools for th
Saint Liguori loved to go about
streets gathering them together
leading them to the church for instr
tion; Saint Francis de Sales used
teach them Christian doctrine; S
Francis Xavier employed them to te
their parents and elders and the
bring them to the church, and on t
prayers chiefly he relied for the suc
of his missionary labors.

With the same holy motives and z
and with similar blessings from hea
on their work, good men and wo
have been working to save our c
dren and keep in them the innoc
for which Christ loves them.
names of Dom Bosco and John Ba
de Rossi have become household w
all over the Catholic world, and
have come to associate with them
names of men like Fa
Nugent and Drumgoole. T
are at work everywhere org
izing orphanages, asylums, refor
atories, homes, schools, Sunday sch
sodalities and the guild or club,
latest device for keeping the y
men from harm, and applying fo
these purposes the generous cont
tions of the faithful. A refineme
Christian charity has conceived
organized in our own century th
sociation of the Holy Childhood, w
for the love of Christ as an In
seeks to redeem and save chi
abandoned to death by their par
and which succeeds in eliciting fo
holy cause the very sympathy an
of Catholic children, who are qu
respond to appeals made to their
ress for those whom Christ would
as themselves.

With all the industry of Ca
charity for the welfare of chil
there are not too many nor
enough pious associations and
means for helping and saving
We must consider not only their
and their helplessness but their
and actual loss at the hands o
and women who will not suffer th
come unto Christ, simply because
do not value the true value a
beauty of their souls and care n
for their bodies, or for the natura
of their minds and hearts, ignori
supernatural life which each
them should live by divine grace
sectarians leave no means untr
pervert them; the secularists d
them of religious knowledge, a
ploy charities, so-called, schools,
and politics to keep control o
education. How jealous they
the training of the young w
judge by the laws which have b
force in Germany the past quart
century, and in France at many
vals the past one hundred years.
well they succeed we may see fr
state to which Italy has fallen
present day. How universall
strive to apply their irreligious
we know from our own experien
common schools in which God is
acknowledged, but in which no
ious principles can be taught.

We must not dwell on the zea
enemies of the true welfare of c
merely to take alarm, or to n
the evil results of their work,
be disheartened from our ende
resist and counteract it. On t
trary, their zeal in an evi
should only make us redouble
ergies in Christ's cause. We
plead ignorance of the needs
dren, nor hold aloof from the w
cause we cannot adapt our na
our manners to theirs. We
least try to do so, and fort
though we may never take a
part in laboring for them, we
must do our share by praying
devoted men and women, wh
the sanctuary, cloister or still
world, who are giving their
this holy work, and by cont
generously according to our m
the institutions in which chil
maintained, and particularly
parochial schools in which
being educated in the way of

We need not remind our P
and Associates that in Decem
keep the birthday of Christ o
It is fitting that we commem
Feast of Christmas by showing
and concern in a practical ma
the young souls who most h
know the Christ Child and wh
greatest in His kingdom.

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