

CURRENT COMMENT

All the Catholics of this diocese welcome with unfeigned joy the return from Europe and the Holy Land of their beloved Father in God, the Most Reverend Adalard Langevin, O.M.I. He is expected home to-morrow, Oct. 2, and every one looks forward to his graphic descriptions of persons and things, from the Sovereign Pontiff, who received His Grace so kindly, to the relatives of the Archbishop's humblest dependents, none of whom he seems to have forgotten in his travels through France and Belgium.

Is it not high time that Winnipeg, with its growing population and increasing culture, should secure the services of at least one cartoonist or newspaper artist able to draw the human face and figure? How long are our aesthetic tastes to be insulted by the schoolboy efforts of "Ida Lumb," "M. L." and "Timmy"?

Although the Archbishop of Canterbury has caught the American trick of the highest sounding platitudes based on the lowest minimum of fact, yet there are a number of really happy thoughts in his address to 30,000 people at an open air service near the city of Washington. For instance, there is nothing which a Catholic would not heartily approve in the following passage:

We, from across the sea, join hands with you in the endeavor to translate Christ's ideals into accomplished facts—fact, not fancy. What we are aiming at and striving for is a plain thing—the bettering of people's lives; to make women purer and men manlier; to uplift the weak and wayward, and to trample under foot what is selfish and impure; to make certain that every one of Christ's children shall learn to know the greatness of His heritage and shall have an ideal before him—an ennobling ideal of worship and of work. Christ charges us with that. We are trusted to work for Him among those for whom He died. No other period of Christendom can compare with ours in the possibilities which are set within our reach. No other part of Christendom, as I firmly believe, can do for the world what we, on either side of the sea, can do for it, if we only will. God give us grace to answer that inspiring call.

But when we come to "fact, not fancy," how can this beautiful ideal be realized in a nation which, apart from its Catholic and some other denominational schools, is trained in schools that are practically Godless and Christless? This one fact vitiate and stultifies another passage of that much lauded discourse. "It has been given to us English-speaking folk," says Dr. Davidson, "in the manifold development of our storied life, to realize in practice more fully than other men the true meaning of liberty—the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." That political liberty is better understood in Great Britain, though not in Ireland, than in most other countries of the world, is probably true; but the liberty of the children of God, "wherewith Christ hath made us free," is a very different thing. Those who have an atom of that supernatural liberty in their hearts would not tolerate for an instant the exclusion of Catholics from public schools by the banishment therefrom of Catholic truth. In this respect, Great Britain is vastly freer than Manitoba and the United States. Germany and Austria understand denominational liberty still better than Great Britain. Without Christ's definite teaching, all this talk about "the greatness of his heritage" is pure moonshine.

In connection with this subject of religious liberty in education we must protest against an article that appeared in the Toronto "News" and

has since been translated by many French Liberal organs. The purpose of the article was to prevent the revival of the school question in the coming general elections by striving to prove that the question was quietly settling itself. In order to produce this impression the writer makes several statements that are contrary to fact. One is that the text books used in the French schools are thoroughly Catholic. This is not true. The Advisory Board refuses to approve any text book mentioning Catholic doctrines or practices, such as the Real Presence, the Guardian Angels, the Blessed Virgin, prayers for the dead. Thus the finest passages of Newman, Wiseman, Faber, Allies, Brownson, and a host of French classics are rigorously excluded. For instance, the beautiful episode of Tarcisus, from Fabiola, was expunged from a proposed Reader.

Another false statement is that religious instruction, relegated by law outside of school hours is practically imparted at any time during school hours. This is most distinctly untrue. No, the lessons in catechism are restricted to the half hour that follows afternoon school, and Catholic teachers are continually complaining that this arrangement is very unsatisfactory. For the children, who learn their catechism lesson at home in the evening, and have their heads filled afterwards during a whole day with all sorts of other subjects, forget all about the catechism when they are fagged out at the end of the afternoon school hours, and so they make very little headway in religious instruction, as the parish priest: find when they have to prepare them for First Communion.

Of course the Toronto "News" could not speak of the Manitoba schools without mentioning Winnipeg, but it does so as briefly as possible, merely remarking that the arrangement of 1897 was never applied in this city, as if that were a mere matter of insignificant detail. But it is for us Winnipeggers a most portentous difficulty. Not only our Catholic schools have obtained no relief, not only do our taxes go to support Protestant schools, which we do not patronize, but our very school buildings have to pay an enormous tax. Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Greta, Morden, Oak Lake, in fact all centres of mixed population are in the same lamentable plight, and these with Winnipeg represent fully a quarter of the Catholic population of Manitoba, while in social, financial and political influence they constitute the most important Catholic body in the province. Is it not a mockery to say that the school question is quietly settling itself? Look at the new St. Mary's School. The \$42,000 it has cost must come from the pockets of those Catholics who are contributing to build all the fine public Protestant schools of the city, and not one cent do they receive from the Government or the Winnipeg School Board.

Looking over the "Statistical Year Book of Canada" for 1903, we notice a curious omission. At page 676, under the heading, "The Higher Educational Institutions of Canada," while eight Protestant Ladies' Colleges in Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are given with accompanying statistics as to endowment, value of property, income and number of students, there is absolutely no mention of such splendid Catholic Ladies' Colleges as Loretto Abbey, Toronto, the Niagara Falls convent and the Sacred Heart convent of London, Ontario, St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, the Calgary and Edmonton convents of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, and the Victoria (B. C.) convent of the Sisters of St. Anne. We instance only the more important omissions. Outside of Quebec there are probably many more boarding convents that would compare favorably with the Protestant Ladies' Colleges in the Dominion, and yet the Year Book af-

fords no hint of their existence. Quebec itself, where such institutions abound, is dismissed in this note: "There are good Ladies' Colleges in the Province of Quebec, but the returns of the Superintendent of Education for the Province of Quebec are so incomplete that no satisfactory analysis can be made." But could not the Government Statistician write direct to these convents for the required figures? Judging from the up-to-date information given on the preceding page about the colleges affiliated to the University of Manitoba, this must have been done in their case. The address of each convent could easily be found in the Catholic Directory.

A similar remark applies to this note appended to the list of nineteen classical colleges in the Province of Quebec: "The classical colleges in Quebec are a combination of school and college, attended by both boys and young men. It not being possible to separate them, the pupils in these colleges" (or rather, some of them) "are counted twice over, viz.: in this table and in the preceding one." But, surely, this double counting could easily be obviated by asking the Superior of each college to count as college pupils those only who study Latin, counting the others as school boys.

To be sure, it does not very much matter if Protestants ignore or minimize the great educational work of the Catholic Church. Facts are always more eloquent in themselves than the mere official recital thereof, and those of our separated brethren who witness those facts in their immediate environment are more strongly moved thereby than they would be by dry statistics. And yet for their own sakes we wish they knew more of our doings in the educational line. We have far more valuable hints to give them we expect to receive. Their methods are known to us, because they always court publicity; ours are but little known to them because we prefer acts to words, silent progress to noisy advertisement. These reflections are suggested by most of the papers read and speeches made at the recent meeting of the National Council of Women in this city. Catholic work in all lines was systematically ignored. Take, for instance, the question of "Home Study for School Children," on which an elaborate report was read from the Province of Quebec. Six-sevenths of that province, namely, all the Catholic schools therein, were simply left out. No doubt those Catholic schools will strike the balance between proper and excessive home study without the endless discussions of a Council of Women. Being less dependent on public opinion than Protestant schools are, they suffer less from the excessive stimulus supplied thereby to ambitious teachers who jeopardize their pupils' health in order to secure more striking results. But the Council of Women might have gained much useful knowledge from the experience of Catholic teachers. It is a mistake to suppose that these good ladies are all faddists, trying to air their views and aiming at novelty above everything else. On the contrary many, probably most of them, are sincerely searching after real improvement, and are capable of conferring real benefits on society. The able way in which Miss Derick, of Montreal, last Monday evening, handled "Modern Educational Experiments" shows how eminently practical and reasonable the leading spirits among them often are. She reviewed some of the recent educational nostrums, highly vaunted at first, and then found wanting after trial. One of the most convincing examples she cited, was the double-handed fad. It appears that, some years ago, teachers were strongly advised to make children practise all sorts of feats of dexterity with the left hand as well as with the right; they were solemnly told that this double handedness, this equal dexterity, would bring about a wonderful development in the hitherto unused

lobe of the brain. But, after some years' experiment, the best physicians have come to the conclusion that any prolonged effort to acquire ambidexterity, where this is not a natural gift, is positively injurious to the child's brain and general health. Miss Derick also threw a humorous flood of light on the question of home study when she said that many parents who complained of the long tasks imposed upon their children did not scruple to overstimulate those same children by late hours at parties or at the theatre, thus making them nervous and jaded, and therefore incapable of proper attention in school hours.

What the Council of Women needs is the infusion of many such independent thinkers as Miss Derick, with the added leverage of a lively Catholic faith, that matchless guardian of mental sanity. We have reason to fear that too often the Catholic women who are most conspicuous in these meetings are not the best informed, nor the wisest, nor the most firmly grounded in Catholic principles. Those who join are too often feather-brained, worldly creatures, whose only object is social prestige. The Catholic ladies who take an active part in these meetings should go there to teach rather than to learn.

That the most homely truths are the most acceptable even to this supposedly reforming Council of Women was proved by the earnest appreciation by these good ladies of Father Drummond's address on the paramount influence of the mother. He attempted no flights of theory, he ventured on no untrodden paths, but simply reminded the many mothers present that they must first win the love of their children, not by caresses or fulsome praise, but by devoting themselves to the care of those children, so that no exterior calls could divert them from their home duties. Then, when those little hearts were won, they should, with constant self-repression, train them firmly to obedience, bend their stubborn wills. Above all, they should give them great ideas, such as the superiority of eternity over time, the fleeting nature of all pleasure, the blessings of contented poverty. Children thus trained would be, when grown up, the comfort and the joy of the true Christian mother.

Persons and Facts

On Monday last, for the first time, the St. Boniface car went through, without change, and without toll on the Norwood bridge, as far as the C.P.R. station. There being only two cars on the line, the service is a 25-minute one. Now that the W. E. S. Car Company has begun to do the square thing, let us hope that they will put in an extra switch or two and furnish three or four cars, so that the service may become a 15-minute one.

The annual retreat of the St. Boniface College students began on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst., and will end on Sunday morning, Oct. 2. The French sermons are preached by the rector, Rev. James Dugas, S.J., and the English sermons by Father Reynolds, S.J.

In reply to a letter from the Very Rev. Administrator, His Grace Archbishop Langevin telegraphs from Montreal that he will arrive on Sunday morning. A procession of carriages will be at the C.P.R. station on the arrival of the train to welcome His Grace and Rev. Father Lacombe. The cadets of St. Boniface College will also be there with their bugle corps.

Miss Maria A'Becket, a distinguished American painter, and a convert of more than thirty years' standing, died recently in New York, fortified with all the rites of Holy Church. Her brother, John J. A'Becket, is a writer of wide repute and exquisite finish. He

is also a convert who went through a long course of philosophy and theology, but never received Holy Orders.

On Sept. 11th, at the annual convention of the German Catholic Centralverein in St. Louis, Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., said that in his opinion there ought to be in the United States to-day at least forty million Catholics, whereas really there are only from twelve to fifteen millions. He said he would not, on this occasion, enquire into the causes of the leakage, but that there had been a tremendous leakage was absolutely undeniable. When he added that the leaks were now stopped, and that we were not only holding our own, but making heavy inroads into Protestantism, he betrayed an optimism which was not shared by many of his hearers.—"The Review," St. Louis, Sept. 22.

On Friday morning of last week the Fathers of St. Boniface College were deeply grieved when they read in the Telegram of that date, Sept. 23, that "the home of Father La Marche," a residence costing nearly \$20,000, had been destroyed by fire during the previous night. The despatch was dated "Fort Frances," but this was evidently a mistake, as there is no priest of that name there, and, besides, the context showed that the despatch really referred to the Indian Mission at Fort William, the principal building of which is a large stone edifice originally built by the Jesuits with a view to lodging Indian boys. Fortunately, however, the whole story turned out to be a misunderstanding. Brother Delille, S.J., who arrived from Fort William and reached St. Boniface College that very evening, was able to explain away the mistake. There was a fire in a house occupied by an Indian family near Father La Marche's residence. As soon as the priest noticed the fire, he telephoned to the fire hall in the town of Fort William on the north side of the Kaministiquia river. The answer came back in the form of a query: "Is the fire at the Mission?" "Yes," replied Father La Marche, meaning that the fire was in the Indian village. But the people in Fort William town often speak of the priest's house as "the Mission," and so they thought the large residence was burning. But, happily, it was not touched by the flames, which died down after consuming the Indian cabin.

James R. Randal is authority for the statement that the richest woman in the United States is a convert to the Church, the widow Walker of Philadelphia, heiress of the late William Weightman's many millions of dollars. His wise reflections on this fact will be found in another column.

Mr. Brahma-bandhav Upadhyay, a distinguished convert from Buddhism, writing to an English paper, concludes a learned article on the "Prospects and Difficulties of Christianity in India" with these words: "No country is more responsible for the well-being of India than England. Therefore, I appeal to the English Catholics to look upon our people with the eyes of charity. It is often said that they have too much to do at home to think of foreigners. But charity covereth a multitude of sins. May God Almighty cover the great sin of English apostasy through the charity of her faithful children towards our fallen race."

Toronto, Sept. 26.—John Redmond, P. O'Brien and Capt. A. J. C. Donegan, three Irish members of Parliament, were speakers at a largely attended meeting held to-night under the auspices of the local branch of the United Irish League. In collections and subscriptions the meeting gave \$1,250 to the home rule cause.

The twenty-five minute service on the St. Boniface electric car line produces a rather inconvenient timetable. Cars leave both ends in the morning at 6.15, 6.40, 7.05, 7.30, 7.55,

8.20, 8.45, 9.10, 9.35, 10, and so on till eleven o'clock at night. Thus the start is made from both ends at the even hours every five hours, for instance, at 10 a.m., 3 p.m., and 8 p.m.

On Friday morning Father Drummond drew lots for the Obediencia picture and the winner was Mr. T. J. Langford.

One Sister of Charity was wounded and two were killed by Japanese shells in the severe fighting at Liao Yang.

Foster having predicted, on Sept. 10, that "the most severe storms of September are expected within the period from the 14th to the 24th," that period was particularly calm, except for one storm on the banks of Newfoundland, which is, of course, an expected occurrence at this equinoctial season. Otherwise the weather of late has been mild and often beautiful.

On Monday evening, in Maccabee Hall, Mr. L. N. Carrier read a very scholarly paper on the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8, before a large French-speaking audience. Father Cherrier and Messrs. Dubuc, Fournier and Gelly spoke. Mr. Gelly, president of the St. Jean Baptists Society, announced that similar lectures would be given monthly during the winter.

"Fedelina" will have to wait till next week for an answer.

Clerical News.

Rev. Father Bosquet, O.M.I., of Qu'Appelle, was a guest of the Fathers of St. Marys at the end of last week and the beginning of this.

Rev. Joseph Prud'homme, son of Mr. Justice Prud'homme, will be ordained priest on the 9th of October by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Next Tuesday, feast of St. Francis of Assisi, is the name-day of the Very Rev. Francis A. Dugas, administrator of the diocese.

Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, parish priest of St. Alban's, Vt., was recently re-elected to the Legislature of Vermont. He had a stronger fight to make this time, as his opponent was a clever, popular lawyer, who ran because Father O'Sullivan had said he would not re-enter the political field. At Governor Smith's entreaty the priest consented to run. His friends at St. Alban's would have been better pleased had he kept out of politics and they all hoped he would.

Rev. Father Beigert, S.J., accompanied by Rev. Albert Kulawy, O.M.I., went on Wednesday evening to Honor, fifteen miles east of this city, to visit the Galician settlement there. They have timed their visit for Thursday, the feast of St. Michael, a great day among the Galicians.

It is not Father Groetschler, O.M.I., but Father Cordes, O.M.I., who is pastor of the new Winnipeg German church, which will be opened probably Sunday after next.

Archbishop Agius, the newly appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, had a farewell audience with the Pope on Monday, Sept. 19, and left at once for England. He will sail for America on Nov. 10, on his way to his new field of labor.

Mr. Antonin Dubuc, son of the Chief Justice, left on Thursday morning for the Grand Seminaire de Montreal, where he will begin his theological studies next Monday. His varied experience of life in many phases in Canada, France and the United States will stand him in good stead in the noble career upon which he enters with full knowledge of its high ideals and great responsibilities.

Rev. Father Blais, O.M.I., is here at present on a flying visit to his headquarters, the Archbishop's palace.

Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, the eloquent Paulist, leaves New York to become rector of the Apostolic Mission House at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Father Woodcutter, of Kaposvar, dined with the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface College on Wednesday. He is spending a week here on business connected with his parish.

On Wednesday evening, at the annual reunion of the Children of Mary, of the Immaculate Conception parish, Rev. Father Charrier, the pastor and director of the Sodality, was presented with a neat little sum of gold and the best wishes of the Sodality on his birthday. The evening was spent in card playing, a guessing contest, a distribution of pedro prizes, and various other amusements.

The Right Rev. Mathias C. Lenihan, formerly pastor of St. Mary's Church, Marshalltown, was consecrated Bishop of Great Falls, Mont., Sept. 21, by Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, in St. Raphael's Cathedral, Dubuque. Archbishop Ireland preached.

Regina Notes.

Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., passed Sunday in the city. Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., was at Arat, and Rev. Father Kasper, O.M.I., was at Moose Jaw.

We are enjoying ideal weather. We all expected mud to greet Lord and Lady Minto, but instead a lovely autumn day. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Madam Forget gave a reception at Government House in honor of the vice-regal party. It was a delightful function and all who attended were charmed with the excellent manner in which every detail was carried out.

Mr. Beck, K.C., of Edmonton, spent Sunday in the city. He is here as a delegate from Edmonton to the Legislative Assembly.

Gena McFarlane.

Obituary

JOSEPH GUAY.

The last summons came unexpectedly on the 21st of September to a young man, whose apparent physical and mental vigor was full of promise. Joseph Guay, son of Mr. Raphael Guay, of St. Boniface, was born April 28, 1883, spent some years as a student at St. Boniface College, and was working on a farm, when, on the day before his death, he went to St. Boniface Hospital to be treated for acute pains in the abdomen. Although his great stature—when the body was laid out for burial it measured six feet four inches—and his healthy appearance gave no warning of dissolution, he himself had felt serious misgivings for two or three months past, and as soon as he reached the hospital he calmly prepared for death, saying frequently that this life now seemed to him a very poor thing. He would talk of nothing else but the passage to eternity. After having made his last confession with intense earnestness, he suddenly collapsed and breathed his last.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Guay sympathize with them in their sudden bereavement. Of their eleven children Joseph is the first to die when grown up; the only one they had hitherto lost was a child of three years. Two of Mr. Guay's daughters are Grey Nuns.

At the funeral, which took place on the 23rd ult., at the Cathedral, the Very Rev. Father Dugas, administrator, sang the Requiem Mass in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends. Rev. Fathers Belanger, Blain, S.J.; Nadeau, Ruelle, O.M.I.; and Trudel, were present in the chancel.

A special Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Joseph Guay, a late member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, will be sung on Saturday, Oct. 1, in the chapel of St. Boniface College, at 8 a. m., by the Rev. Father Rector.

RUDOLPH BERNIER.

Another, and a still younger victim, fell before the grim reaper on the 22nd ult. Rudolph Bernier, son of Mr. Elzear Bernier, of L'Islet, Que., died on the morning of that day, of typhoid fever, in St. Boniface Hospital, at the early age of seventeen. He had been, for several months past, employed in Burke & Co.'s store, Main street, where he was a general favorite. On the day of his death the remains were conveyed from Clark Bros. & Hughes' parlors to the C.P.R. station, there to be shipped, accompanied by Mr. Burke, of Burke & Co., to L'Islet, where interment takes place in the family plot. The pallbearers were: P. Proulx, W. H. Quinn, T. Gareau, O. Huot, J. Martel and J. Thibeault.

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ALEXANDER MACGILLIS.

On Monday evening last Mr. Alexander MacGillis died at his residence, 326 Edmonton street, in his 72nd year. He was born in Lancaster county, Glengarry, Ont., on Dec. 23, 1832, and had been for many years employed in the Post Office Inspector's department, formerly at Barrie, Ont., and since August, 1881, in this city. Some eight or nine years ago he was struck by a street car, which was backing up, and dragged him quite a distance. From this accident he never recovered completely. On June 1 of last year he retired on a pension, and of late his health had been steadily failing. Several months ago his condition was so critical that he received the last sacraments; but he afterward rallied, and was even able to get about and attend some of the exercises of the Passionist Mission last June. His death last Monday was sudden, though happily, not unprovided.

A member of the C.M.B.A., and of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, he was ever zealous for Catholic interests, and some fifteen years ago edited the Northwest Review with conspicuous ability. Belonging to one of the oldest Scotch families of Glengarry, he was a member of St. Andrew's Society of this city, and full of interesting reminiscences of the early days of that famous settlement. His bright mind was a storehouse of varied information, the outcome of wide reading and long experience of men and public affairs. He leaves a widow, nee Le Sueur, the worthy helpmate of his literary labors, and an only son to mourn his loss.

The funeral took place on Thursday morning at nine o'clock from his late residence to St. Mary's Church, where Rev. Father Cahill, O.M.I., officiated, and thence to the Catholic cemetery.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Broughton, Fletcher, Simmons, Stains, Jas. McIlroy, and W. J. Bawlt. R. I. P.

Home Column.

MY BEADS.

Sweet Blessed Beads! I would not part With one of you for richest gem That gleams in kingly diadem; Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief In all the days of twenty years, And I have moistened you with tears, And in your decades found relief.

Ah! Time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died; but in my needs Ye were my friends, my Blessed Beads! And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell Of mine life, to all unknown; I trusted you, and you alone, But ah! Ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am but the slave In life and death beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

—Father Ryan.

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WOMEN OF COMMON SENSE.

A learned man, once giving a toast to a company of younger friends, said: "I wish each one a good wife, but don't marry her just because she seems pious. Marry her because she has good common sense. If I had two women to choose from, one having common sense and the other only piety, I would take the woman with common sense."

Shocking as this may seem to some, yet there is more truth than poetry in it. "Common Sense" in woman includes a certain portion of piety, but piety does not always include "Common Sense." It is much easier to be good than to be good for something. While common sense is demanded in every walk of life, its exercise is especially necessary in "that beautiful realm called Home." The tact which springs from common sense transfers many a threatening domestic storm into sunny weather, allays strife, and promotes peace. There is an offensively obtrusive form of wifely piety which is more distasteful to the average husband than even unseemly frivolity—the piety that is more remarkable for faith than for works, that, in short, lacks common sense. An excellent illustration of that sort of sham piety is afforded by the woman who spends a whole afternoon attending religious societies while her children are suffering for the society of a religious mother at home. Common Sense! Who can define it? Elusive in its nature, its modesty shrinks from analysis. Difficult of definition, but how easily we can detect its presence, or its absence, in those about us. The more we weigh the learned man's toast the more we realize that the man himself possessed in no small degree, this most practical of all the virtues—Common Sense.

THE LOVE OF LABOR

General Intention for October Blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

For the larger portion of mankind labor is a necessity as the only way to get a living. With sin a curse fell upon the earth never to be lifted: "with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." Labor and toil forevermore is the condition on which earth will yield to man its fruits, its mines of wealth and measureless resources. Some work with their hands, others with their brains, but nobody, rich or poor, high or low, is exempt from this penalty incurred by sin. "A great labor," says the wise man, "is created for all men, and a heavy yoke is upon the children of Adam."

OBLIGATION.

Next to those solemn obligations which bind man directly to his Creator come the duties of state, the neglect of which is incompatible with anything like a virtuous or Christian life.

Nor, to satisfy this obligation, is it sufficient to be merely occupied or even busy with one's affairs. To labor means to embrace the work of our station with earnestness, to bear bravely the weariness and fatigue whether of body or mind that it begets, to preserve with diligence and constancy till the action or time is finished. The valiant woman of Wisdom "hath sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. She is like the merchant's ship, she bringeth her bread from afar. She hath put out her hand to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She shall not fear for the house in the cold of winter: for all her domestics are clothed in double garments. She hath made for herself clothing of tapestry. Strength and beauty are her clothing. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her."

One of the curses consequent on modern systems of education is the contempt they inspire for hard work. It was recently reported by a member of an educational commission that not ten in a hundred of the youths leaving U. S. public schools even thought of entering a career of toil. In fact they regarded a curriculum through the various school grades principally as a means of escape from hard work. They go forth to become clerks, accountants, traveling agents, fired with an ambition to go through life in fine clothes and to get on in the world by any means but work. Fortunately the

inflow of immigration furnishes hands for the farms, the laborious tasks and what is called the drudge-work of the great enterprises. How many youths loiter away on the benches of high-schools and institutes the precious years when they ought to be acquiring habits of sturdy labor in the trades and occupations which will afford an honest livelihood to themselves and those who ought to depend on their industry. Lacking the intellectual and moral fibre necessary for a successful college training and professional career, they acquire but scraps of superficial knowledge, which inspires disgust for hard and constant work and ends by consigning them to the large class whose plaint is: "To work I am not able, to beg I am ashamed."

Our labor unions and federations, far from encouraging labor, rather regard it as a burden to be shaken off by shortening its hours, rendering it impossible by strikes, or so dear as to forbid hire. Formerly a large number of girls found an occupation befitting their sex and state as housemaids, but under the inspiration of modern progress they have turned to clerkships and offices among the busy thoroughfares of men for shorter hours, more liberty and less drudgery. We must therefore acknowledge that conditions of life in our age and civilization are not favorable to labor in the multitude, and that love of labor is a fitting intention for our prayers.

CONDITION OF HAPPINESS.

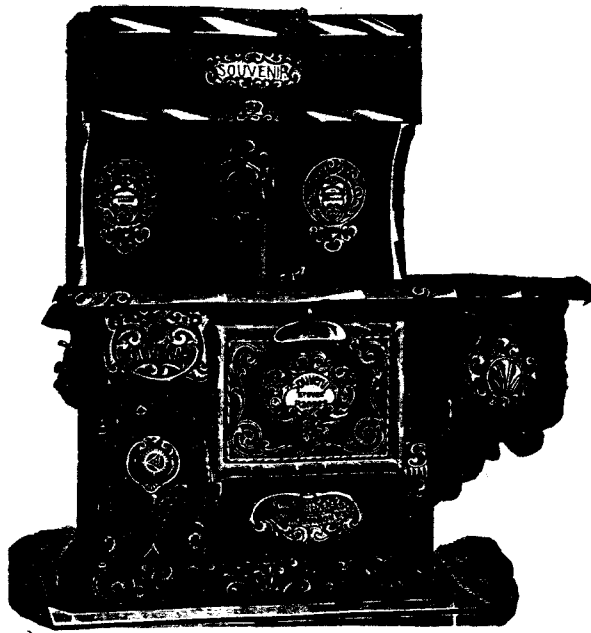
But work, however laborious, is not a penalty only, it is an essential condition of man's true happiness both here and hereafter. Before our father Adam had sinned at all God gave him the garden of Eden "to cultivate and to keep." Man can be happy only in the exercise of his powers, in the expansion of his activities and in that fulness of life resulting from their development and application to their highest objects. Life in whatever order denotes action. It is the soul's stirring and reaching out to its proper good. Such action not only begets fruition but reacts on the faculties themselves, perfects them and intensifies their capacity. The blow of the hammer on the anvil, besides shaping the iron, develops muscular strength in the arm that wields it. It has been remarked that men who have distinguished themselves in any art, pursuit or calling, have been invariably great workers. Genius itself has been defined by some as the capacity for great labor in any particular line. At least no work of genius, no great discovery, no signal victory has been achieved except by one possessed of great capacity for work and almost infinite painstaking. On the other hand the brightest talents and natural gifts have been useless and positively pernicious when not controlled and applied by hard labor. The plowshare that turns not the furrow is consumed with rust. The richer the soil the more exuberant the growth of noxious weeds without the toil of cultivation. An idle life is the prey of the devil's fiercest temptations. The gliding river in its banks is not beaten by the winds and tempests, but the stagnant lake is lashed into foaming billows.

CONDITION OF PROGRESS.

Again labor is the condition of all progress on this, our planet. Earth will not yield its fruits in marvelous variety unless as a recompense to the husbandman's sweat; its mines of gold, silver and valuable metals will not give up their prodigious stores of wealth but on the condition of hardship, toil, danger and disappointment. The wonderful elemental forces, water, steam, electricity, which every day more and more, applied in a thousand inventions of human genius, contribute so much to the satisfaction of our wants, to our conveniences and to our pleasures, will place their power in our hands only at the cost of danger, toil, ingenuity and skill. Everywhere in nature we recognize the hand of a beneficent Creator, who, having made man to labor as the bird to fly,

(Continued on Page Six.)

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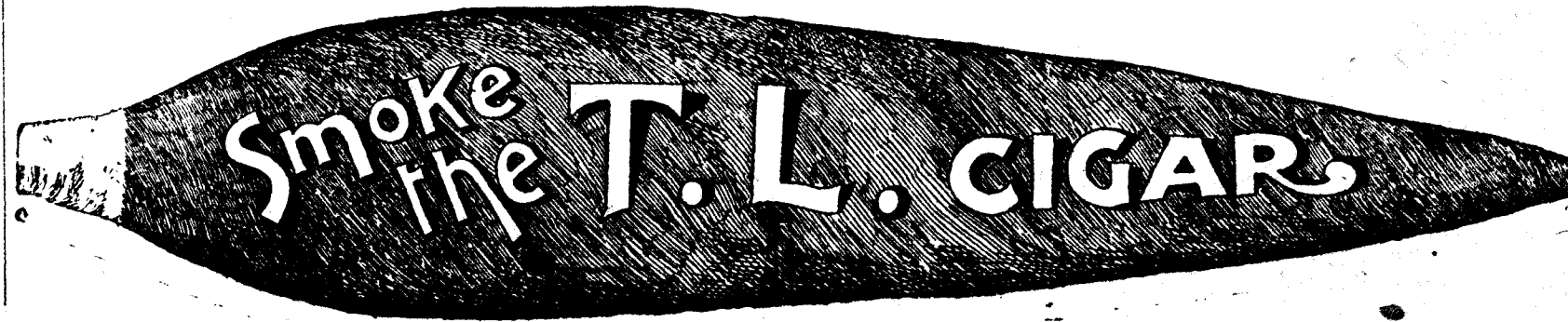
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THE LOVE OF LABOR.
(Continued from Page Three.)

stored in fields and forests, in mines and water depths, teeming wealth and incalculable energy, awaiting only the magic touch of industry to spring into productiveness, to pour out their treasures, and raise the level of life and civilization. After all it is the power of subduing nature and mastering its resources, acquired by intelligent labor, which marks the contrast between the untutored child of the forest and the rich denizen of the flourishing city. The great law of progress supposes the law of labor, and the moment progress becomes a substitute for labor or seeks dispensation from its law, deterioration sets in, and there is an end to individual and social development. Hence the test of education is work; and that system of education is most perfect which develops the greatest capacity for work and best enables its possessor to concentrate all his powers on whatever task is set before him.

TO BE SANCTIFIED.

That labor be profitable to man and a help in the pursuit of the one object to which all the paths of human endeavor ought to tend, it must be Christian. It ought to be performed not merely in view of a temporal gain, but with the hope and desire of an eternal reward. That repugnance which man feels to the subjection of his will and application of his energies to a definite purpose, specially a duty, must be generously overcome. Nor should he only resign himself to his work, but accept it with love from the hand of Providence as the means of procuring God's glory and his own happiness. It is the first example which the Heavenly Father set unto His children, when in the beginning He worked six days before taking His rest on the seventh. With an omnipotent hand directed by an infinite wisdom, he fashioned the universe and made this world a magnificent habitation for man, furnished abundantly with means for his destiny.

His Divine Son, too, coming as the true way and perfect exemplar, led a life of labor from His youth. Till His thirtieth year He worked as the carpenter's son. He went about doing good, He laid deep and solid the foundation, and prepared the materials, of an everlasting and worldwide kingdom. Thrice did He sink under the weight of the cross which He carried up Calvary's side for our salvation. After His ascent to heaven He is still in His Church working by His Spirit in all orders of the hierarchy, and in the souls of men through the mysterious operations of grace. This sublime pattern set before us for imitation will inflame our desire to copy His life of labor, it will sweeten our toil, and strengthen us to shoulder our cross and die, if necessary, in the fulfilment of duty.

Our Apostleship is not only an Association of Prayer but of work. "A work" is the title given it by the Constitutions. By the offering of our daily actions in union with the Divine Heart it sanctifies them, it keeps before our eyes the sublimest model and secures for us the most abundant and efficacious helps for the perfect accomplishment of all our duties. More than that it furnishes the strongest motive to action by imparting to all we do an apostolic efficacy unto the salvation of souls. We become and more engaged with the interests of the Divine Heart, our endeavors are enlisted in the great combats of the Church and in those great Catholic movements blessed by the Supreme Pontiff to which no Catholic now-a-days may show himself indifferent. Thus our Apostleship is an association of work because it is an association of zeal, enkindled at the very source of life and activity. Love of labor for the highest interests is not only its characteristic but its very essence. All who are stirred by its spirit become strenuous and profitable laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and after deriving from their efforts many consolations in life they shall not go empty-handed before their Judge.

For the month of October our prayer to the Divine Heart through the Immaculate Heart of Mary shall be that all Christians may be animated with the spirit of labor.—J. J. C., in "Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart."

WORLD'S GREATEST LINGUIST
A HUMBLE ITALIAN.

Bologna, Italy.—Possibly the telegraphic dispatches already have conveyed to America the tidings that a new genius has arisen in Italy in the person of Alfredo Trombetti, who, competent judges have declared, knows more languages than any other man in the world. Fame has come to him as suddenly as it did to Byron, for, although he is a perfect encyclopedia of polyglot learning, he was unknown even in his own land until recently, when he wrote a book entitled, "Connections Between the Languages of the Old World," and sent it to the Italian Academy of Sciences to compete for the special prize offered by that body of wise men. The next day all Europe was talking of the author and lauding him to the skies.

The work showed such extraordinary erudition that students were amazed and Italians were rather ashamed that such a person should have lived so long among them without being discovered earlier. It is said that there is not a spoken language or dialect of which Trombetti has not at least the rudiments—and he has never been out of Italy and is only 38 years old.

Cardinal Mezzofanti was a kindergartner beside the new wonder. He spoke only eighty languages, while Trombetti is said to know 400 of the native dialects of North and South America alone. Even if this is an exaggeration, he may be safely said to know vastly more about them than any other man ever did know.

Trombetti was born of poor parents in Bologna, but he was sent to school and allowed to follow his bent until the death of his father, which took place when he was about 14 years old. Then came days of great distress, when there was often little or nothing to eat, and when the little brothers and sisters cried for bread. His mother, who seems to have been a woman of discernment and energy, allowed him to remain at school, however, encouraging him in his studies, but ways and means became more and more narrow, the children grew larger and hungrier, and the neighbors frankly called her a fool for having "a great boy idle at home." So she permitted her own instincts to be overruled and apprenticed him to a barber. Fortunately, nature in this case could not be suppressed, and the boy spent every moment which he could snatch from his razors and brushes on his books.

Up to this time he had never studied any other tongue than his own, and it was a mere accident which revealed to him his marvelous gift and caused him to make the acquisition of foreign languages his life work. He got hold of a German grammar, bought it because it cost only a few cents and "looked queer." With this he made himself master of the language. It was the same thing with English and French; two more grammars fell in his way and a few months later he had acquired both these languages.

With Latin it was different. He picked up a book which he was told was Latin, and, although he could make little of it, it was sufficiently like Italian to rouse his curiosity, and he gave his mother no peace until she took him to the priest to beg him to teach the lad Latin. The good man was delighted, thinking that the little Trombetti wished to become a priest, but the connection did not last long, as the pupil soon outdistanced the master; so much so that the priest thought there was something uncanny in such cleverness, and was rather relieved when his duties were over. Persian came next, followed by Arabic and Greek, and so on—dead and living languages, dialects, variations of all kinds became to him a daily food, until there are few more left for him to learn.

Trombetti says that he has been particularly fortunate in always getting hold of simple and easy books with which to begin the study of a new language. This was due to mere chance, as he always had to take what came his way, not being able to pick and choose. He never has possessed more than one dictionary—a present from one

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of his school masters—and even that he never used. "I have," he says, "written books in both German and French, but absolutely without a dictionary."

His career as a barber ceased after a year or two, as some eminent men of letters, learning of his wonderful gift, induced the municipality of Bologna to allow him \$120 yearly that he might devote himself exclusively to his studies. With this income he felt so rich that he spent nearly all of it on books and was continually in trouble to find money to buy food and clothes. For all his extraordinary learning Trombetti was, after all, a mere man, and lost no time in falling in love. When he became professor of languages in a public school, at a few hundred dollars a year, he took the maiden of his choice to wife, and now has six children to rejoice in his good fortune, as the Government has decided to find him a good post where his talents shall have full scope.

This gifted man has never known what it is not to be hard up. With a home to maintain, and a wife and six children to clothe and feed, every cent was required and had to be accounted for, so that he had to resort to great stratagems to find the money to buy books, and could afford only the cheapest editions. On one occasion he was called to a near town to superintend some examinations, for which he was allowed eight cents for carriage hire. He walked, bought a book for which he had longed many weary months, went home and went to bed, where he stayed two weeks, having caught cold during his long walk and paid the doctor—\$3. This was not all! The \$3 were to have bought him new shoes and a hat, so he was obliged to wear his old ones six months longer. Whenever he came home particularly shamed and with a propitiatory gift for his wife, she always knew what it meant.

"Alfredo," she would say, pointing her finger at him, "let me see it." Then from under his coat he would produce a new book, but his delight in his new treasure was so sincere and even infantile that she never scolded him, although it meant fresh economies for her in a house where all was economy.

Although so much attention is now being paid to him, Professor Trombetti is in no wise affected by it; he is as simple as ever, and declares that he has no intention of changing his mode of life. After gaining the prize of \$2,000 from the Academy of Sciences, he was received by the King. The evening before that event he was with some friends, when the conversation turned on what he would wear the next day. The professor allowed them to discuss the matter for some time and then said quietly:

"But I am going as I am now."
"Never!" they all cried.
"But I am," he insisted. "I have never had a frock coat in my life; why should I begin now? No, indeed! I have other uses for my money! I have seen a lovely book—"

And in fact he went to the palace in tweed jacket and trousers, his only concession to convention being a black tie, which he wore because it was the only one he possessed. Professor Trombetti has announced his intention of going to America next year to study the Italian dialects. Though he knows

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DION AND THE SIBYLS.

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Ah! they are gone," murmured Agatha; "they do not like you to gaze so at them."

"It is but a Roman," returned Plancina, "looking at barbarians. They always shrink in that curious manner. And why this Greek lunacy?" muttered she; "and why this Attic mania?"

"Attic, what?" asked the half-Greek girl.

"Nothing, my dear," replied Plancina; "only you are not Greek, you know; your father's race and the name you bear settle that question; your very mother is now, and has long since become, a Roman citizen; you must always prefer Rome to Greece; never forget that rule; or you and yours will perish."

Agatha opened wide the ingenuous young eyes, and seemed to be more seriously alarmed.

Plancina smoothed her pale brows, which had been frowning; and continued with a stern smile,

"I am only giving you a friend's warning. Your mother and brother have a suit to urge at court. There exists a pestilent Greek faction which are all doomed to destruction; tell your mother that you must all beware of being mixed up with them, and you will escape their perdition. A Greek, like your mother, with something to ask, is peculiarly liable to make the mistake of seeking Greek friends. If she do, she is utterly lost, however powerful may seem the prince who patronizes the accursed cabal."

Agatha shrank and trembled, murmuring like an echo Plancina's last adjective—*exitiabilis*.

"Do not stare at me so, my little dear," continued Plancina. "There is the Prince Germanicus. Only for him—everybody knows it, and everybody says it; the thing is no secret—Piso, my husband, would be now prefect of Syria; and like Crispus Sallust, when I was a little girl, would have recovered ten times the fortune out of which he has been cheated at dice. I am called a rash, violent, and an untamable woman. The moment, however, that any body gives you any information about court parties and political factions, everything I am saying will be mentioned. I do not hide my disgust. Foreign barbarians of all sorts swarm; they creep through postern doors; they privately influence all the destinies of that world of which Romans have the name publicly of being masters. We are trodden under the feet of Greeks, Jews, and Chaldeans; the first beat us by genius, by eloquence, and artistic skill, by general intellectual force and subtlety; the second by superstition inspired obstinacy, by incredible and unspeakable importunity, by steadfastness in sordid servility, by sorcery, divination, necromancy, and delusion; not all delusion, I grant you; for I myself have seen the demons of Thrasylus, the Babylonish Greek."

"What!" cried Agatha, "seen demons? And what does a Babylonish Greek mean?"

"A Greek initiated in the Babylonish mysteries."

"And who is Thrasylus?"

"A magician."

"What is that?"

"A man who calls demons and spirits of the air, as you would call your pet birds, and they come to him."

"May the unknown God love me!" cried Agatha, shuddering.

"What are the demons like?"

"Not like our sculptures, believe me," answered Plancina. "I dare not tell you; I have seen what no words can say."

She paused, shrugged her shoulders, and then added,

"Some forms were like the human, with red fire in the veins instead of blood, and white fire in the bones instead of marrow; eyes they possessed that had no comfort in them. They had the air of being utterly without interest in any

thing, only that their eyes were filled with fear; yet it seemed to me with knowledge, too: unspeakable fear, immense knowledge; wells and pools they appeared, full of fear and knowledge. When they glanced upon you, there were pale rays of hatred strangely combined with an expression of indifference, fear, knowledge, and hatred. If you looked at the eyes, when they looked not at you, you saw nothing but an expression of fear and knowledge; but when they did look at you, you saw fear, knowledge, and hatred too. All these facts mocked without smiling, and scoffed without enjoyment. Something, I thought, was dripping down the wan cheeks, and there was a look of fixed surprise long ago, of long-past astonishment—the trace left, and the feeling gone. The emotion of boundless amazement had once been there; the signs of it were left all over the countenance, but, if I may so speak, petrified—an indelible scar, an ineffaceable vestige. The character of the countenance was that of a dead astonishment—the astonishment was dead; it was no longer an active sentiment. It had been some boundless wonder; the greatest which that creature had ever experienced, and the event which had caused it had apparently been the most serious which that being had ever known."

"What a truly tremendous description!" exclaimed Agatha.

The other made no reply; and before any further conversation could occur between them, a young man, in the dark-brown habiliments of a slave, entered the garden from the inn, and after a hasty glance in various directions, approached the bower. His features were very good; he was well made, of a pleasing address, and had a look of uncommon intelligence. He possessed, in a small degree, and a humble way, that undefinable air of elegance which mental culture sheds over the countenance; but with this advantage he betrayed certain symptoms of awkwardness and timidity. Standing at a little distance from the door of the arbor, he made a low bow to Plancina, and said he was the bearer of some commands.

"Commands from whom?" she demanded.

He answered, bowing low again, by merely stating that his name was Claudius.

Plancina instantly rose, and took leave of Agatha, enjoining her not to forget the warnings and counsels she had given. Agatha then saw her hastily reenter the hotel, followed by the handsome slave. Thereupon, buoyantly recovering her spirits, which the presence and the words of this woman had depressed, she ascended the staircase to the landing overhead, where she was joined by her mother from the room within.

Agatha immediately told Aglais everything which had passed between her and Plancina.

"I don't think, my dear child, we shall be likely to trouble her in her nice house among the willows and beeches of the Viminal Hill," said Aglais; and as Paulus now came out upon the landing, a second edition of the narrative was produced for his information.

"Germanicus," said he, "is more like the last of the Romans than in any sense reprehensible or degenerate in his tastes. His love for Greece and his admiration for Athens are an honor to his understanding. They are nothing else. This has nothing to do with preferring barbarians and barbarous influences. My education, *edepol!* has to be completed; but I am educated enough to know that Rome goes for schooling to Greece as much as ever she did. Was not Julius Caesar himself what they call a *Graeculus*? I rather think he was even deeper than Germanicus in Greek lore; but, therefore, all the more fitted for Roman command. The Romans continued to be barbarians long after the Greeks had

become the teachers of the world; and were it not for Greece, they would be barbarians still. As for warning us not to dare to make friends for ourselves of this person or that, or of any who appreciate intellect—for this means to appreciate Greeks—it is like warning us to remain friendless, in order that we may the more easily be crushed. It is the wolf's advice to the sheep, to send away her dogs; but I am more dog than that myself. This pale, beetle-browed lady ought to have enjoined those to be timid who know how. Dare do this! Dare do that! For my part, I am not afraid to do anything that I think right."

His mother pressed Paulus's hand affectionately, and his sister's high spirit, which had cowered under the dreadful conversation of Plancina, shone in her eyes as she smiled at him.

CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile, in the large room within, breakfast had been prepared for the wanderers on a table drawn opposite to and near the open folding-doors of the arbor where they were conversing; and the landlady now summoned them to partake of that repast.

After breakfast, at which Crispina herself waited on them, Agatha asked where Benigna was.

The landlady smiled, and stated that a friend of her daughter's had called, and was doubtless detaining her, but she would go at once and bring the girl.

"On no account," interposed Aglais; "Benigna, I dare say, will unfold to my daughter all about it by and by. Unless you have some pressing business to take you immediately away, will you kindly inform us of the news, if there be any, and let us sit in the arbor while you tell us?"

Accordingly they went into the bower on the landing overlooking the garden, and Crispina told them the news.

In the first place, she told them that the emperor's expected visit to Formiae was delayed on account of the state of his health. It was now thought he would not arrive for two or three days more, whereas he was to have entered Formiae that very morning. Crispina added that it would not surprise her if he did not come for a week yet.

In the second place, Queen Bernice with her son, Herod Agrippa, and her daughter Herodias, who were to have occupied those very apartments, had arrived at the inn, but had now gone forward.

"Mother," said Agatha, "those must have been the persons who, an hour ago, looked into the arbor below this one, when that pale woman was talking to me. The elder called the younger Herodias."

"The same," continued the landlady. "Finding that they cannot be accommodated in my house, young Herod has proposed to proceed with all their train to Formiae, where—royal though they be—they will be nobody's guests; and as there is not a place of public entertainment in that town, and the weather is delightful, he says they will pitch two or three tents, and one splendid pavilion of silk, on the verge of the green space outside of Formiae, where the games are to be held."

"Only fancy!" cried Agatha, clapping her little hands.

Thirdly, Crispina told them, with fifty gossiping details, that the entertainments to be given in honor of the emperor and the opulent knight Mamurra, from whom the town took its name, would be stupendous. Formiae, we may mention, was frequently called *Mamurrarum*, or *urbs mamurrana*, from the colonel or chiliarch Mamurra. This gentleman had devoted his boyhood and youth to the cause of Julius Caesar, and afterward of Augustus in the civil wars; had gained considerable military reputation, and, above all, had amassed enormous wealth.

(To be Continued.)

Lady: "Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

The Tramp: "Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"

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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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Northwest Review

RANDOM REFLECTIONS

RESPONSIBILITY OF ENORMOUS
OPULENCE.

If it is any consolation to some of our co-religionists, they may take a kind of worldly comfort in the fact that the richest woman in the United States is a convert to the Church, the widow Walker of Philadelphia, the heiress of the late William Weightman's many millions of dollars. Her son, an only child, died when he was 28 years old, but was the first of the family to be converted. The mother and father followed him into the true fold. I am informed that this lady, now about 60 years of age, is a devout Catholic, and as such, she must value her religion more, infinitely more, than her father's many millions of money and property. The vast fortune was built up chiefly by manufacturing quinine—discovered by the Jesuits—plus a high protective tariff, for a very long period. Though the old gentleman, who died at 91 years, did not leave a dollar to charity, he did bequeath his entire estate to his Catholic daughter. He himself lived and died a Protestant, but evidently respected as well as loved his daughter, his only child. What Mrs. Walker may do with her money eventually I do not know, and as far as the perpetuity of the Church is concerned, it does not matter at all. Her lot is not an enviable one as an enormously opulent lady. She, no doubt, is pursued and annoyed by a multitude of beggars, high and low. Her one inestimable treasure is her faith and her millions may not improve it. She is very apt to make a wise use of her fortune, and it is nobody's business what she does with it legitimately. The Church is not always bettered, humanly speaking, by riches, but the reverse. The Church in France had accumulated a vast sum, but the revolutionists and Napoleon robbed her of it all. That was a dastard, sacrilegious act on their part, but she shone, in her poverty, more resplendently than in her wealth. It is said that Cardinal Manning prayed that the Church in England should never become a rich establishment. Money, much money, is needed even by the Church, and many great works are frustrated by the need of it; but I take it that when God, through His providence, allows her to be poor, He will also aid her at times, as frequently happens, as has happened in the case of the Drexels and others, in this country. It may be that He has raised up Mrs. Walker for the help of our suffering missions or for some purpose of that kind, but that is all speculative, and, to quote the jargon of the day, "in the air."

THE BENEVOLENT PIZATTIS.

The Italians in New Orleans form a most exemplary colony. There are a few bad ones, as in all nationalities, and they had a terrible lesson, some years ago; but the overwhelming majority, I understand, are all that could be desired as Catholics and good citizens. Many of them have prospered, in all kinds of ways, and one of them, Captain Salvatore Pizatti, in conjunction with his pious wife, is distributing his large fortune during his life time. He has already given \$115,000 to Catholic schools and missions. His next projected charity will be a home for aged and needy Italians, in New Orleans. When these noble and generous Pizattis come to die they will probably be relatively poor, because they were true stewards of the Lord. Meanwhile they retain enough to support them decently. They are evidently determined that lawyers and pretended claimants shall not quarrel over and fatten on their estate.

INTERIOR PEACE AND EXTERIOR
CARE.

Talking with an old priest, belonging to one of the religious orders, recently, he said, in answer to some stated perplexities: "I have no cares and no anxieties." He came from an ancient and noble Irish family. He had, for many years, been, in turn, novice, scholastic, priest, teacher, missionary and pastor. He had been largely instrumental in the erection of some splendid churches and colleges. How grand a thing it is, in the evening of one's days, to be free from care and anxiety! That situation comes, in part, not only from a well-spent life, but from the security, in several ways, of living in community, where ordinarily there is no trouble about food, lodging and raiment, no trades-

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man's bills, individually, to settle, and no carking difficulties known only too poignantly to men of the world, with dependent families. Rodriguez, in his great work on "Christian Perfection," addressed chiefly to his religious associates, demonstrates that hard as the evangelical counsels may seem, they are, when properly appreciated, infinitely more conducive to true happiness than the freedom of worldlings. The secular or diocesan priest has larger privileges, but, I think, much more care and anxiety. I know of one priest who, once a valiant soldier, has a hard struggle in the temporalities of his career. He has dependent female relations to succor and support. His income is a small one. He denies himself and has long denied himself many conveniences. He has never, in all of his pastorate, had as much as \$100 he could call his own. It would be a veritable miracle if he had no cares and anxieties. He is one of the most hospitable and attractive of human beings; yet, in some strange way, in God's providence, no rich person has ever come to his succor or relief. I take for granted, in such cases, that our dear Lord permits this for future reward and for a milder purgatory. But, if it were not an obstruction to Divine intentions, I have wished sometimes that I had it in my power, as so many Catholics have, to lift some of the burden from such brave, self-sacrificing persons.

TWO SOLDIER FRIENDS.

A few days since I happened to write a short but sympathetic article on Father John B. Tabb and Sidney Lanier, who were fellow Confederate soldiers and prisoners. Lanier was master of the flute and poured his whole soul into the music. After the war he was desperately poor, and I alluded to that episode. I sent the article to Father Tabb and he replied as follows, after acknowledging the receipt:

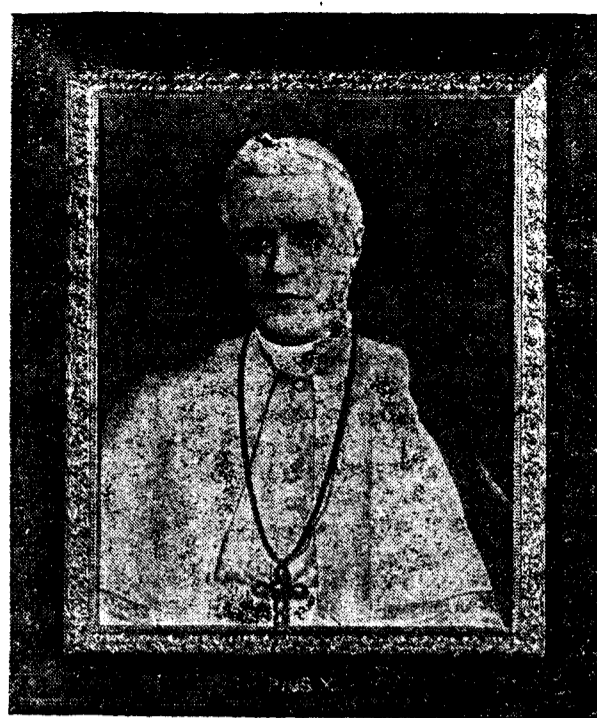
"You call us, Lanier and me, 'scholars and poets'; but in our prison days Lanier had written little, and I not a line. To scholarship, beyond the a, b in my name, I can make no pretension.

"Lanier was never poorer than was I when Mr. Alden, the editor of Harper's, accepted my 'Cloud.'

"As I wrote him, years afterward—One day, with foot upon the ground I stood among the crowd;
The next, with 'sole' renewed, I found

A footing on "The Cloud."
"Very sincerely yours,
"JOHN B. TABB."

Somehow I have never met Father Tabb, and I regret the failure. The loss is all mine. I dearly love to fore-



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gather with a priest who was once a Confederate soldier. Such a one stands doubly dear to me, not only as a brave defender of a cause he deemed right, but as a soldier of Christ, in a cause that is eternally founded, undying, inextinguishable as the throne of God.

James R. Randall in "Catholic Columbian."

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