

STORIES OF VENERABLE NEUMANN.

Some Anecdotes and Incidents Which Illustrate the Beautiful and Holy Character of the American Prelate Who is a Candidate for Canonization.

The Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia relates the following incidents in the life of the venerable John Neumann...

His humility, always his dominating virtue, extended to his habits of dress, and it is related that on one occasion a Brother at one of the convents mistook him for a sacristan...

HE ENCOURAGED ALL THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS. He admitted the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart to the diocese, and the Sisters of St. Francis...

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AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF 98.

Among those who enrolled themselves in the ill-fated body called United Irishmen in the county Down...

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erty it is related that while in Munich, having wet his feet, some suggested a change of shoes, but he smilingly replied: "Were I to change it would be only from one foot to the other, as I have only one pair."

OF A RETIRING DISPOSITION, he desired to avoid all social functions and only participated in them when he believed the honor and glory of God was to be promoted...

OF HIS GREAT CHARITY it is related that he was met on a Sunday by a priest who was shocked at his shabby appearance and suggested that he change his coat...

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Monroe was immediately tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, which was carried out the same day.

A dragon seized the bleeding head and flung it into the air, shouting: "There goes the head of a traitor!"

Another at the stroke of noon. A battle cold for dinner; Then bravely, just my nerves to tune: No more, as I'm a sinner!

There are fifty-four temperance newspapers published in Great Britain.

Organize the boys: teach them the evils of intemperance; teach them the danger of the first glass.

The following declaration was signed by more than two thousand members of the medical profession in the United Kingdom: "That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages..."

Edison, the inventor, gives a wise reason for not drinking intoxicating liquors. He has "better use for his head."

Poverty never drives a man to drink unless he wants to go, but drink drags a man to poverty whether he wants to go or not.

According to Dr. E. Smith, alcohol does not increase the production of heat in the body as a chemical agent, but by the power it possesses of stimulating the activity of the vital functions.

A brief but cogent argument in favor of abstinence from intoxicating drinks is contained in two sentences from a foreign journal: "It is computed that about sixty thousand persons commit suicide in Europe every year. Alcoholism is said to be the chief cause."

There is a note to celebrate Queen Victoria's sixty years' reign by a magnificent temperance demonstration in Crystal Palace in 1897. In England they have nearly two million children enrolled in Bands of Hope, so they can get fine material for their temperance jubilee.

The famous English cricketer, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, who is a total abstainer from principle, says, with regard to quenching thirst, that he has always found it best to drink as little as possible of anything, and recommends hot tea as the best for a strong thirst.

The average working-man has an idea that beer or liquor of some sort is necessary to his health, strength and comfort. This notion is so deeply grounded that it will be hard to eradicate it.

THE HONEYMOON AND HOW IT MAY BE CHANGED TO THE MOON OF STORMS.

The time succeeding marriage has popularly obtained a name suggestive of sweetness and mildness. It is called the honeymoon. It is a time of mutual confidence and of mutual tenderness.

Alas! why is this happiness too often of so brief duration? Behold that glorious sky covered with clouds, its sunlight fading, lightning flashes upon the horizon presage a storm, which will make havoc in its furious course.

Then farewell to the beautiful dreams of the past, farewell to domestic happiness. Hearts become hardened against each other, bitter words are spoken, laughter is changed to tears, sorrow crosses the threshold where joy reigned supreme.

What is the matter? Is the union an ill-assorted one? Are these two temperaments so antagonistic that they can never hope to agree? By no means. In most cases, it merely requires a little prudence on the one hand, a little charity on the other, to prolong the honeymoon indefinitely, or, perhaps, forever.

After marriage, instead of continuing as before, to control their tempers, the two thus joined seem to allow their defects of character the fullest scope, so that the peace of the household is seriously endangered.

The youthful household has entered upon what has been facetiously but forcibly called "The Moon of Storms," with a chance of staying there some time, if not forever.

Let us suppose, then, a young couple who desire to turn the honeymoon as speedily as possible into that other stormy luminary. Considering their behavior may enable some others to avoid that disagreeable experience.

Before entering upon the subject proper, these preliminary observations may be made. First, that the young people must each have a part in the undertaking, otherwise it may be postponed indefinitely, or fail altogether.

Second, that the mother-in-law often plays a considerable part in the drama, so considerable that I think it necessary to glance at the dispositions which would enable her to cooperate successfully in the domestic upheaval.

Third, and most important, disposition.—The mother-in-law, if she is to be a living model of all that is said and done, must retain her authority over her daughter as she is in a position to advise her according to circumstances.

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Not Crude Material. Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil refined and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human stomach; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

IN PRESBYTERIAN SCOTLAND.

A very interesting illustration descriptive of the changes which Presbyterianism has introduced in the Scottish Highlands is afforded by the paper which Charles G. D. Roberts, a Catholic writer, by the way, contributes to the current number of the Century.

Speaking of the baptism of a child, Mr. Roberts says, descriptive of that ceremony: "When the baptism is over, the party adjourns to a tavern, and the caps and the dresses are duly criticized or admired."

Parents are expected to do the handsome thing by the godparents and the friends. God-fathers and god-mothers are also given a present of money, but not a round sum—it is unlucky—always a little over. There are reminders of other old Catholic customs in this same writer's declarations that, after its Christianization, "the child must not be left alone; at least, a bird or beast must be left with it to banish evil spirits."

The older god mother carries the child to the church, the younger from the sanctuary. But before they re-enter the home, some one lays symbolical tools across the threshold over which the baptismal party must pass.

There is interesting information conveyed, also, in our writer's assertion, still descriptive of baptismal ceremonies in the land whereof he writes, that "as she steps across, the younger god mother bearing the child in her arms, says aloud: 'We carried away a heathen, and bring back a Christian.'" One may not agree with Mr. Robert's evident contention that the so-called reformation was deserving of the name, but as a contradiction of many things that are claimed by Protestant writers for Martin Luther, the following passage is worthy of being put on record.

"Philosophy and science," says Mr. Roberts, "may be said to have begun for northern Germany with Leibnitz and Vend; and universities with that of Prague in the land of the Czechs, who can boast of the first school of art in Germany, and of a reformer of the Church before Luther, namely Huss, and the first pleader for rational education, Amos Comenius."

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London, Saturday, Feb. 27, 1897.

THE HON. E. BLAKE AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

A strange despatch from Quebec is published to the effect that the Solicitor General of the Dominion, the Honorable Charles Fitzpatrick, wrote to the Hon. Edward Blake under date January 19 that "The Roman Catholic Bishops of the Province of Quebec have stated to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome, that the effect of the judgment rendered by the Privy Council was that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba are entitled to their Separate Schools as they had enjoyed them previously to the Manitoba Act of 1890."

In view of this Mr. Fitzpatrick wished Mr. Blake to state whether or not this is a fact, and asked him what, in his opinion, the judgment means, and what are the powers of the Dominion Parliament under it.

In reply Mr. Blake states:

"I think it is an entire misapprehension of the judgment of the Judicial Committee to say that its effect was that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba are entitled to their Separate Schools as they had enjoyed them previously to the Manitoba Act of 1890."

We entertain great respect for Mr. Blake and a high estimate of his legal opinion, and we have no doubt that his interpretation of the law on this subject is correct. In fact there is nothing in the opinion given by Mr. Blake differing from what we have always held in regard to the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. We have never imagined that the decision by itself restored the rights of Catholics. We have all along been quite aware, and have frequently stated in our columns, that its effect was to constitute the Dominion Government and Parliament the judges of the nature and extent of the redress which should be given to the minority in any Province when their rights were interfered with by the majority, whatever might be the religion of the minority and majority respectively. Besides: the judgment does state distinctly what rights belong to the Catholic minority, and there is certainly a moral obligation to restore these. Mr. Blake keeps this fact in the background.

This view of the case is confirmed by Mr. Blake's answer to Mr. Fitzpatrick, for he goes on to say:

"The gist of that judgment was that, contrasting the state of things under the laws prior to 1890, the rights or privileges which the Roman Catholics had enjoyed under the former had been affected by the latter laws, thus rendering admissible an appeal to the Governor General in Council under the Manitoba Union Act, and giving the Governor General jurisdiction to proceed under that Act."

The Manitoba and British North America Acts define this matter very clearly. In regard to Provinces where Separate Schools existed at the time when Confederation took place, the right of interfering with privileges already enjoyed by law before Confederation was expressly reserved from the Provincial Legislatures. Regarding Manitoba, the intention of the Dominion Parliament was undoubtedly to make a similar reservation, not only where there were laws, but even where there was a custom under which Separate Schools were in existence.

We cannot shake off the belief that, even under the provisions of these Acts, justice demanded the legal recognition of Catholic Separate schools, but the Judicial Committee decided otherwise, and we are compelled to suppose that the Canadian legislators did not frame their Manitoba Act with sufficient care to express properly their intention.

But the rights of minorities were not left dependent solely on the original provisions of the Manitoba Act. A law was enacted unanimously by the first Legislature of Manitoba to establish Separate Schools, and the fact of its doing this brought the Separate School system of the Province under the jurisdiction of the Federal Govern-

ment, for there is a provision in the constitution which protects the minority even when Separate Schools are established in any Province, after its admission into Confederation. It was under this provision that the Judicial Committee made its second decision that Catholics had been aggrieved by the legislation of 1890.

Now it is to be remarked that the Dominion would have no jurisdiction unless an injury or injustice had been inflicted. This is specially laid down in the Manitoba Act, as well as the Act of Confederation. We say, therefore, that in pronouncing that the Dominion Government has jurisdiction in the Manitoba case, the Privy Council virtually pronounced that the Catholic minority has the right to have its schools restored, though it did not pronounce that there is any power which can force legislation by the Dominion Parliament. It is a matter of right and not of might.

We must say that we believe Mr. Fitzpatrick to be mistaken in his statement regarding the Bishops of Quebec. It cannot be denied that Archbishop Langevin in the first place was fully aware of the situation, and it is scarcely credible that the Bishops of Quebec were less acquainted therewith, or that if their understanding of the matter were somewhat less complete than that of Mgr. Langevin, that he would not have advised them to correct any wrong statement of the matter in their communications with the Propaganda.

We have no doubt that if the correspondence of the Bishops were to be seen, it would be found that they stated the case correctly, and in all probability somewhat in the same manner as we have done in this article.

Mr. Blake says also of the duty of the Dominion Parliament: "It is a political matter, and the court did not prescribe the steps to be taken." We admit the court did not decide on this point, but the principles of justice point out what ought to be done when an injustice has been perpetrated. It should be remedied, and the only remedy which can be applied is to restore Catholic Separate Schools and to place them on the same legal basis as the Public Schools of the Province.

We do not mean to say that the old system ought not to be improved. Every human institution is capable of improvement, but the abolition of the system was an outrage, and the matter must remain in Dominion politics until the outrage be repaired.

Mr. Blake says in conclusion that "Having considered the provisions of the (Laurier-Greenway) settlement, I think them infinitely more advantageous to the Roman Catholic minority than any Remedial Bill which it is in the power of the Parliament of Canada to force upon the Province of Manitoba."

We have no doubt that Mr. Blake is honest in this expression of opinion.

We cannot, however, much as we respect Mr. Blake, look upon him as the proper judge of what Catholics need as an effectual mode of giving religious instruction. It is very possible that Mr. Blake does not consider it of much importance whether or not children should have any specific religious instruction in the schools. Mr. Blake is a Protestant, and he naturally views the importance of religious education from his own standpoint. But Catholics have very decided views on this question, and we cannot be satisfied until the rights of Catholics to a real Catholic system of education be recognized.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND THE A. P. A.

It has been announced as highly probable that Judge McKenna, of California, will be appointed Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President McKinley, which will enter into the duties of office on March 4. The judge is a Catholic, and his fitness for the position is universally admitted, though there is no doubt that many non-Catholics, Protestants or non-descripts in religion, could be found who are also quite competent.

It would be a graceful act on the part of President McKinley to appoint Judge McKenna, especially as the spirit of the Constitution of the United States is that religious belief must not be a bar to promotion to any civil position. For forty two years down to the present time no Catholic has held any Cabinet position in the Federal Government, but the profession of the Catholic faith ought, certainly, not to be an obstacle to such appointment; still it is strongly to be suspected that successive Presidents have been influenced by this consideration, and have passed over Catholics, either through personal antagonism to the

Catholic religion or because they feared to face the opposition which fanatics would offer to such an appointment.

The fact that Judge McKenna has been named as likely to obtain the position now is an indication that President McKinley is above the bigotry of Apaism and kindred societies, notwithstanding the fact that the Apaisms made an effort to make the world believe at one period that the colonel was their favorite candidate, and not only their favorite, but actually their nominee.

This pretence was exploded by the refusal of the new President to recognize Apaism in any way, and the A. P. A. were so indignant at this that they formally declared their opposition to Colonel McKinley's nomination on the Republican ticket, and it was only because within a few days after they had thus committed themselves to an act of idiocy they discovered that the colonel would be nominated in spite of them, and would most probably win, that they thought it advisable to withdraw their opposition, and they did so with reluctance.

The A. P. A. cut a sorry figure in the whole transaction, and it is a piece of superlative impudence on their part now, that they are deluging President McKinley with letters and petitions remonstrating against Judge McKenna's appointment, and they lay stress upon the fact that there has been no Catholic in the Federal Government for so long a time, as if that were a just cause for perpetuating an ostracism which ought never to have existed.

We do not imagine that President McKinley will pay any attention to the representations of the fanatics. He has already shown himself superior to their influence, and we believe he will continue to be so, and that Judge McKenna will be his nominee in spite of A. P. A. protests. President Cleveland paid no attention to these bigots who on every occasion endeavored to prevent the appointment of Catholics to prominent, or even honorary, positions, their representations having been in every case disregarded, though the positions were not of such importance as that which it is expected that Judge McKenna is to attain.

Catholics assisted greatly in the establishment of the American Republic, and George Washington publicly thanked the Catholics of the country, Irish and English, for their patriotism during the Revolutionary war, and to the French and Polish Catholics, Lafayette and Kosciusko, the United States are greatly indebted for their existence as a nation. Indeed it was admitted by Washington that without their help the independence of the country would not have been achieved. A Catholic won the first naval victory for the United States in the war of 1812, and many Catholic regiments and Catholic generals distinguished themselves in helping to preserve the union during the civil war. It would be an act of the basest ingratitude now to ponder to the bigotry of the A. P. A. by ostracising Catholics in the selection of members of the Cabinet.

We may add here the secondary consideration that many Catholics, and notably Mr. Bourke Cockran, of New York, contributed by their means, their oratory and active work toward Col. McKinley's election. The new president is not the man to show ingratitude, and the A. P. A., who are now busying themselves by sending in petitions against the appointment of a Catholic to any high office, are simply beating their heads against a granite boulder.

The latest intelligence as we go to press is to the effect that Judge McKenna's appointment is decided upon.

THE BIBLE AND PROTESTANTISM.

The Rev. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church, New York, appears to take great delight in the notoriety he has gained by his eccentricities in doctrine and especially by his repeated attacks upon the truth and inspiration of the Bible. Two weeks ago he read in his pulpit a travesty on the book of Jonah, and last Sunday he followed this up with a denial of the inspiration of Ecclesiastes and its authorship by Solomon. He said that it is the work of a poet who identifies himself with Solomon as the wise man whom he idealizes.

Carrying out this idea he said that it has been usual with poets in all ages to assume the names of great men, and it was "to set forth his sentiments on the subject of true wisdom more graph-

ically that he treated the problem of life in the assumed character of Solomon, but the book is not inspired; it is the truth of human experience, larger and deeper than the truth of verbal inspiration."

It is almost needless to say that such sentiments are subversive of the foundation of Christianity, and the most remarkable thing about them is that they should be preached in a so-called Christian church by one who claims to be a Christian clergyman. The fact that such a teaching is given Sunday after Sunday shows beyond dispute to what Protestantism of the present day is tending. If further evidence of the fact were needed we have it in the frequency with which Protestant ministers create a sensation by enunciating similar views. Thus at a meeting of the New York ministers held on the 16th inst. in the Methodist Book Room, a paper was read by one of the ministers combating Dr. Abbot's contention in regard to the books of Jonah and Ecclesiastes in particular, and maintaining the authority and authenticity of the Bible as a whole. But one of the most prominent of the ministers of the city, the Rev. W. J. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, the official organ of the Methodist body, boldly proclaimed that he does not believe unreservedly in the infallibility of the Bible and especially of the English version, and he added emphatically, "I think there are scarcely four men in this meeting who do."

It is true that the majority of those present vigorously protested against Dr. Buckley's statements, but there is no doubt that his views are entertained by a rapidly increasing number of ministers in all the denominations, and this being the case, what becomes of the very foundation of Protestantism, which has constantly proclaimed that the Bible is its bulwark and only rule of faith?

It is not a matter of much surprise that the Protestant system should thus degenerate into infidelity, for the rejection of the authority of the Church naturally ends in the denial of all Christian truth, and this tendency has manifested itself in Protestantism from its very beginning. Thus we have Luther speaking disparagingly of the very book of Ecclesiastes which is the most recent object of Dr. Abbot's attacks. Luther said:

"The author of Ecclesiastes seems to ride without boots and spurs, but only with sandals. Ecclesiastes, like the Talmud, is patched up from various books, and Solomon's table-talk having been at first heard as he spoke by word of mouth, and then arranged into books."

It is in fact on the authority of the Catholic Church that the whole Scripture canon rests, and without that authority we may expect just such confusion as now exists among Protestants in regard to the authority of the Bible.

We may add that the book of Ecclesiastes itself attests its authorship, for it opens with the declaration: "The words of Ecclesiastes (the preacher), the Son of David, King of Jerusalem." It is full of that true wisdom which leads to eternal life.

THE FINANCIAL ASPECT OF THE MANITOBA QUESTION.

Senator Landry has a communication in the Courier du Canada commenting severely on Mr. Edward Blake's legal opinion on the Manitoba school question, which is treated in another article. He disputes the contention that the Dominion Parliament cannot make any grant or dispose of public moneys for the support of Separate Schools in Manitoba, and cites the Revised Statutes of Canada—chapter 54—whereby two sections of land have been reserved in each township of that Province and the North West for educational purposes, the lands to be sold at auction, and the moneys accruing therefrom to form a fund in the hands of the Canadian Government, the interest of which is to be paid annually to the Provincial or Territorial Government for the maintenance of schools in said townships. Mr. Landry maintains that the Government which made the law can amend it and devote the moneys thus set apart to Separate School purposes. This appears to us satisfactory reasoning, but it is a matter of law on which we shall not venture to give a decided opinion. We must remark, however, that as we understand Mr. Blake's letter, that gentleman does not assert that the Dominion has not the power in question. He merely says that there are "a limitation of power as to money" and "overwhelming difficulties" as to the appropriation of public funds.

We have always thought that the jurisdiction given to the Dominion Parliament to intervene to remedy injustices inflicted on provincial minorities implies the right to apply public funds for the purpose. When the law authorizes a governing body to do a work it seems a necessary consequence that it confers the power to do that efficiently. Still it must be admitted that the late Government appeared to be doubtful of their powers in this respect, as the Remedial Bill made no provision for the maintenance of Separate Schools from public funds. We believe there was a difference of opinion as to the powers of the Dominion Government in this regard, but we have no doubt that if the Manitoba Government had persisted in refusing to appropriate a suitable share of the Government grant to the Separate Schools which that Bill proposed to establish, there would be at a future time Dominion legislation to do justice in this respect also.

We are inclined to believe that Mr. Blake purposely abstained from stating it to be his opinion that the Canadian Government has power to place the finances of the Separate Schools on a just and proper basis.

A PRETEXT FOR DELAY.

We must not be over-sanguine that Ireland will at once obtain redress for the over-taxation to which she has been subjected ever since she ceased to have a Government of her own. It is true that even when there was an Irish Parliament, it was representative only of the minority of the population, nevertheless on financial questions it had in view the best interests of the nation as a whole; but as soon as the Legislative Union took place all this was changed, and Ireland was governed only for the benefit of England as the most powerful partner to the Union, and the one which was able to impose her will upon the weaker one.

It was to the interest of England that the landlords who spent their money in England should be coddled, and made able to dominate their tenantry in the fashion of Carleton's magistrate, Periwinkle Crackenfdudge, who "had no favorite who did not frequent his court," that he might "put the fines into his own pocket."

An Irish Parliament truly representative of the people would legislate for the real good of the nation in all matters, but this is not what Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour want and so they are bitterly opposed to Home Rule, and they are equally determined to delay as long as possible any rectification of the inequality of taxation.

The Tory and Unionist Irish members of Parliament from the North who made recently such a show of insisting upon justice to Ireland in the matter of taxation have been silenced for the present at least by Mr. Balfour's promise to appoint another Royal Commission to examine into the whole question. His pretext for thus putting off the difficulty is that it is necessary to include Scotland in any investigation of this kind. The Commission will probably require some years to investigate, before it can give its report, and it will then be an easy matter to invent some other pretext to delay the granting of justice. It is to be seen whether the fiery landlords who spoke so threateningly a few weeks ago unless some measure of justice should be given at once, will be satisfied with Mr. Balfour's policy of delay on this troublesome question.

The appointment of a Royal Commission is a very convenient method for a Government which is desirous of getting rid of troublesome questions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are delighted to learn that, after a protracted period of absence, granted under medical advice, the Rev. E. Boubat, who is now in the fortieth year of his priesthood and pastorate in the Diocese of London, and who is the only surviving priest of all those who were with us in the days of his ordination by the late lamented Bishop Piusoneault, in 1857, has returned among us and is now in charge of the English parish of Raleigh, in the county of Kent. His many friends throughout the Diocese, which is dotted with the monuments of his long and devoted services, will join with us in extending him a hearty welcome back to the fields of his former labors, and in wishing him health and a long period of further usefulness.

IMPORTANT news comes from the scenes of Turkish outrage. Mr. John Morley, the British Liberal statesman, graphically describes the position by

saying: "The pigmy power of Greece has done what the great powers of Europe are powerless to accomplish." The Cretans, who have been long struggling to throw off the atrocious Turkish yoke, earnestly sought for the annexation of Crete to Greece, and while the great powers in their anxiety for the "European concert" were debating what ought to be done to settle the Cretan difficulty, and were fearful of hazarding any action, Greece boldly sent a torpedo fleet to the Island and took possession, not withstanding threats from the Admirals of the other powers, who are as numerous there as blackberries, that they would use force to keep off the Greeks. Prince George is in command of the invading force, and King George leads in person the land forces on the Turkish frontier to defend his country from Turkish invasion. The Greeks are enthusiastic for this war, as they claim that Cretans are Greeks by race and language. It is scarcely possible that the European fleets will actually interfere with the Greeks. The people of France and Great Britain openly sympathize with them, though the Governments do not desire to see Turkey dismembered.

GERMANY seems very desirous to restrain the Greeks, and the Kaiser proposed the bombardment of Athens and the Piræus by the combined powers for this purpose, but Lord Salisbury refused to consent to this, and Lord Salisbury's course is universally praised in England. It seems very inconsistent with this action that the two British men of war, lying near Canea, together with one Russian, one German, and one Italian ship, opened a bombardment on the Cretan and Greek position where the Greek flag was raised. Seventy shells were discharged, but little damage appears to have been done, and the Greek flag is still flying over the bombarded camp. The Greeks express their determination to adhere to their aggressive policy even though all Europe should combine against them. The Emperor William is said to be displeased with Greece, because his sister abjured Lutheranism for the Greek Church when she married the Crown Prince of Greece six years ago, and this is the unworthy reason why the Kaiser would now curb the aspirations of an oppressed people for freedom from the grossest of tyrannies.

SOME members of the Utah Legislature have proposed that a statue of Brigham Young be presented to Congress to be placed in the statutory hall in Washington, as it is a standing rule of Congress to thus honor distinguished persons whose statues are presented by the State Legislatures in memory of important services rendered to the States, entitling them to be regarded as worthy of public honor. We may be sure that if the intention be carried out, the A. P. A. will make no objection against placing the polygamist's statue in the hall, nor will they take pains to deface it, as they succeeded in doing to that of Father Marquette, whose services to the whole country were beyond calculation. But if the author of the diabolical Mountain Meadow massacre is to be honored by being given a place in Statuary hall, the statues of the eminent persons which have already a place there would, if they could act and speak, be disposed to protest energetically and to move away from such companionship.

FREDERIC TAYLOR, a wealthy New Yorker, died recently and on his will being read it was found that he had left conditionally a sum of \$25,000 to his niece, Miss Jewell, as a bribe to induce her not to become a nun. Miss Jewell is an inmate of the convent of the Sacred Heart at St. Louis, and it is expected that she will soon be a professed religious. Her friends say that she will refuse the conditions made in her uncle's will, which is to this effect: "One of my nieces has embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and is soon to become a Sister of the Order of the Sacred Heart. Should she not become a Sister and sever her connection with the religious orders, then a sum of \$25,000, which is to be set aside by my executors, is to be held for her in trust, and the income paid to her."

MR. GLADSTONE is preparing a book on the Pope's Bull declaring the invalidity of Anglican orders. He has said concerning the character of the volume: "I leave to properly qualified persons the exposure of the Pope's feeble arguments. I offer a few comments upon the strange want of forethought, courage and prudence which he exhibited." We can understand that from Mr. Gladstone's point of

view, he finds apathy for thinking that showed a want of dance, for the expressed his declaration would cause in the put obstacles in. But we fail to see the decision, which would displease, gileans, whom (tainly desired) ness. But the is the mission of the world from e (very desirable) know their re might not conti selves with the priesthood with offering sacramen tery sacrifici act was one of the reasons for frangible instead Gladstone says.

The appeal of Governor-General come to the aid lions in India ha cess, and from a lion contribution increase the fun saries of life to are starving. they are our though charity all in distress, nationality an selves, yet the e as that between sovereign make ings the more joined to see that in this matter, British press ma the apathy of deed be confessed apathy before L appeal, but the Canadians to s tions is an evid necessary to cal ly to the presi cure a generou

Rev. James Me good work in a Press Association has greatly reduced books. The Cath for 80 per copy, acquired control has reduced the price of Catholic to their more gene receive every clergy. His ad New York city.

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CATECHISM.

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gny power of the great powers... who have been... of the... to Greece... powers in their... concert... to be done... and were... action... to the... not with... Admirals... as numer... that they... of the Greeks... command of the... George leads... on the Turk... his country from... The Greeks are... ar, as they claim... by race and... possibly that... actually inter... The people of... openly sym... the Gov... to see Turkey... desirous to re... the Kaiser... of Athens and... powers for... Salisbury re... and Lord Sal... universally praised... very inconst... that the two Brit... lying near... one Russian... one Italian ship... on the Cretan... where the Greek... shells were... damage appears... and the Greek... express their de... to their aggress... enough all Europe... against them. The... said to be dis... because his sister... for the Greek... married the Crown... six years ago, and... reason why the... the aspirations... for freedom... tyrannies... the Utah Legislat... at a statute... presented to Con... the statutory hall... is a standing rule... onor distinguished... are presented... attitudes in memory... rendered to the... to be regarded... honor. We may... be carried... will be no objec... the polygamist's... or will they take... they succeeded in... Father Marquette... the whole country... But if the... Mountain... is to be honored by... in Statuary hall... eminent persons... place there... act and speak, be... energetically and... such companion... a wealthy New... on his will... found that he had... sum of \$25,000 to... sell, as a bribe to in... come a nun. Miss... of the convent of... St. Louis, and it is... will soon be a pro... friends say that... conditions made in... which is to this effect:... has embraced the... faith, and is soon to... the Order of the... she not become... her connection with... with, then a sum of... to be set aside by my... held for her in... me paid to her."... preparing a book... declaring the in... an orders. He has... the character of the... e to properly quali... pose of the Pope's... I offer a few com... range want of fore... and prudence which... We can understand... adstone's point of

view, he finds apparently good reason for thinking that the Pope's action showed a want of foresight and prudence, for the great statesman had before expressed his opinion that such a declaration would weaken the Christian cause in the face of infidelity and put obstacles in the way of reunion. But we fail to see a want of courage in the decision, which it was foreseen would displease a large section of Anglicans, whom the Holy Father certainly desired to conciliate by kindness. But the truth must be told. It is the mission of the Church to warn the world from error, and it was highly desirable that Anglicans should know their real position, that they might not continue to delude themselves with the notion that they have a priesthood with the power of administering sacraments, absolving and offering sacrifice. Hence the Pope's act was one of wise forethought, and the reasons for his decision are irrefragable instead of being feeble, as Mr. Gladstone says.

The appeal of his Excellency the Governor-General to Canadians to come to the aid of the famishing millions in India has met with great success, and from all parts of the Dominion contributions are being sent in to increase the fund to furnish the necessities of life to the unfortunates who are starving. They are far away, but they are our fellow-subjects, and though charity should be extended to all in distress, even those of different nationality and religion from ourselves, yet the existence of a tie such as that between subjects of the same sovereign makes the appeal to our feelings the more powerful. We are rejoiced to see that Canada has done so well in this matter, though at one time the British press made severe criticisms on the apathy of Canadians. It must indeed be confessed that there was much apathy before Lord Aberdeen made his appeal, but the present earnestness of Canadians to send in their contributions is an evidence that it was only necessary to call their attention strongly to the pressing need of help to secure a generous response.

Rev. James Meagher has done a great and good work in establishing the Christian Press Association Publishing Company. He has greatly reduced the price of Catholic books. The Catholic Dictionary used to sell for \$5 per copy. Since Father Meagher has acquired control of that very useful book he has reduced the price of it to \$1.25 per copy. The Baltimore Council prayer-book that used to sell at \$1.25 is now supplied by him at 50 cents per copy. He considers the high price of Catholic books the greatest obstacle to their more general circulation. He should receive every encouragement from the clergy. His address is 31 West 12th street, New York city.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It is to be regretted that there are some Catholic publishers in the United States who will persist in charging enormous prices for books of which they hold the copyright. We know of some excellent Catholic books which are practically out of the market because of the unreasonable price charged by the publishers. A sample of things as they should exist is furnished by the book entitled "Plain Facts for Fair Minds." This is supplied by the Paulist Fathers of New York at less than one fourth the price charged by other publishers for works of a similar size.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

All Catholics should belong to the Apostleship of Prayer. Its essential obligation is to offer up the prayers, works and sufferings of the day for the intentions of the Sacred Heart, for the general intention of the league for the month and for the intentions of all the members of the organization. One half minute in the morning will fulfil this obligation.—Catholic Columbian.

A clerk in the employ of Col. Robert J. Ingersoll Wednesday made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by means of poison. He is the fifth person related to the notorious infidel lecturer or employed by him who has put in practice his teachings on the lawfulness of self destruction within the past eight months. In commenting on this most recent incident of the kind Mr. Ingersoll remarked "It is a wonder to me, looking at the misery there is, that more persons do not kill themselves." This is what it is to be without God and without a hope of Heaven. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—Church Progress.

The man who lives only for this world and for himself, giving all his time and attention to accumulating wealth by fair means or foul, was the subject of severe censure from Evangelist Moody the other day. The epigraph, he said, that the angel will write for such a man will be: "Thou fool!" "We should remember, on the contrary," he added, "that the current is always hurrying us along to another world, whether we like it or not," and no one should allow it to be said to him or of him, as was said to the man in the Gospel, "Thou fool!" Mr. Moody is right: there is too much neglect of preparation for the "life after death,"

especially among the money-making people of this world.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The way in which the mustard seed grows into a mighty, sheltering tree is sometimes very extraordinary. The Rev. Thomas F. Rice, writing in the *Missionary*, observes that twenty-seven years ago there was not a Catholic in all the country round about Newton Grove, a village in the interior of North Carolina. But the local physician, Dr. Monk, becoming convinced of the truth of Catholic teaching, and knowing no one to whom he could apply personally, addressed a letter to "Any Catholic clergyman in Wilmington, N. C." The letter was delivered to Bishop (now Cardinal) Gibbons; and, after a brief correspondence, Dr. Monk and his wife were baptized. At intervals missionary priests visited this solitary Catholic family, and preached in the open air to all who would hear them. The good example of the new converts had the usual effect. Prejudice was gradually broken down, the number of converts increased; and to day there are nearly three hundred Catholics, all converts or the children of converts. It has now become necessary to enlarge the little church at Newton Grove in order to accommodate the faithful—and the Protestants who come to hear the preaching.—Ave Maria.

Catholic priests have ever been the champions of virtue, and the Church was always a barrier to tyranny and social disorder. Virtue! virtue! is their constant theme. They inculcate it to the powerful as well as the weak, to the rich as well as the poor. They protect the innocent and save the oppressed from violence. They insist on the observance of law and the keeping of the commandments. Children learn from their lips the obligation of obedience, and parents are reminded of what they owe to their offspring. Husbands and wives are taught fidelity and the necessity of mutual forbearance. Compassion for the afflicted, mercy toward the erring, almsgiving to the needy, and charity for all are among their frequent lessons. When selfishness corrupts the hearts of men they hear echoing and re-echoing the solemn duty of bearing each other's burden. These are the doctrines taught by the priesthood. There is not a virtue necessary for the individual or society that has not its teacher, its champion, and its model within the ranks of the clergy. They are ever ready with arguments to show the beauty of virtue and the horrid deformity of vice. With a zeal all their own and a power all their own, they illumine the intellect, fill the soul with grace, purify the heart and rescue the sin-laden from eternal misery.—Freeman's Journal.

Appropos of the Bishop's address is this anecdote of a Western Archbishop. He was lately in Baltimore. While there he sojourned with some relatives. During his stay, he invited a niece of his, who was in town on a visit to New Orleans, to take breakfast with him. On the appointed morning when the young lady appeared, she was introduced by her uncle to a colored priest who had been welcomed to the meal. Quick to respond to her Louisiana traditions, the idea flashed through her mind to feel herself insulted and to refuse to sit at table with the other guest; but her better nature instantly asserted herself, her veneration for her uncle, and her respect for the priesthood, and no outward sign gave indication of the momentary inward struggle. Later in the day, when alone with the archbishop, she told him of the storm in her mind that he had caused. He laughed good-naturedly at her vehemence and responded: "So you did not like to eat with his reverence. Why, that's nothing. When I was in Rome, a student at the Propaganda, we had to take turns in waiting on the priests of all races there and we thought it an honor to serve them while they ate!"—Catholic Review.

Why do so many parents try to prevent their grown sons and daughters from getting married? They act as if the married state were evil. They will have to bear the blame if, through their interference, unions that should have taken place, never occur, and lives that should have come are never born.—Catholic Columbian.

The Reverend Doctor Charles A. Briggs ought to become a Catholic. He is more than half Catholic now. He sails for Europe this Saturday. Speaking of his trip to a reporter, he said: "I expect to spend the first part of my vacation at Oxford preparing a commentary on the Psalms, and the latter part of my vacation in Rome in the study of the Roman Catholic controversy, with special reference to the question of the reunion of the churches. I have a great admiration for the present Pope, Leo XIII. I think he has the cause of Church unity at heart, and that the words he has issued to the various Protestant and Oriental bodies for unity have been able and statesmanlike. I am of the opinion that he has gone as far as any one can reasonably expect him to go until more cordial response to his proposals has been given. I have learned through my studies to look upon some of the Roman Catholic positions more favorably than I usually do, and I am anxious in the interests of Church unity to state the Roman Catholic position for Protestants in a different way from that in which they have been stated thus far. I myself, feel very hopeful of the progress of the cause of Church unity, although it is true that

some opposition to it has been developed within the last two years; but that opposition is an evidence of the strength of the movement. When the movement was weaker, its enemies did not think it worth while to oppose it. I think that there are possibilities in the future of a reunion of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches. I think that the door is open for such a movement." A safe journey, doctor, and a happy return!—Catholic Review.

"DIANA VAUGHAN" CON-DENMIED AT ROME.

"Connellan," the Roman correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, writing under date of Jan. 30, says: Diana Vaughan and her Memoirs make a sensation in the calm current of events during the present week. No greater shock has come to the simple and glibble since the day when the immortal Betsy Prig expressed her incredulity of the existence of Mrs. Harris in the memorable words: "Bother Mrs. Harris! I don't believe there's no such a person!" than that which came upon them in Rome when it was announced that the Roman Commission of Inquiry declared, "that it has no peremptory proofs either for or against the existence and the conversion of Miss Diana Vaughan."

In the anti-Masonic Congress of Trent the question of the existence of Diana Vaughan was, says the *Voice della Verita* of Rome, "resolved by the characteristic disloyalty of Leo Taxis." This journal also says that what it published recently against decribing minutely, as certain newspapers do, atrocious and shameful facts, is to be extended to those books and publications of a similar class, which conspire against the faith and the morality of Catholics, and insult Christian civilization." The Memoirs of Diana Vaughan are of this class of writings which, in order that they may be kept far away from every honest family, have no need of a special prohibition of the Church; they are comprised in the general rules with which the Index proscribes irreligious and immoral reading.

Father Portalle, in the *Etudes Religieuses*, has published an article on the so-called Memoirs, in which he answers those who maintain that too much has been said and the condemnation has come too soon. Perhaps enough, he says, has not yet been said. Perhaps people have counted too much on the good sense and the incredulity of Catholics, instead of raising their voices and doing justice to this unhealthy literature. The moment has come, thinks Father Portalle, to prevent this unbridled propagandism of the played out adventurism, and to put a limit to the deception of the simple, fooled by these superstitious productions.

"It was necessary, then, at all cost," he says, "to warn souls and to take away the doubt that the Church was a party to these manoeuvres."

To the objection that there are no absolute proofs to establish the mystification, he replies that now the proofs abound. And it is on the narrator of marvellous and supernatural facts and not on the critic that the rigorous duties of furnishing positive and sure proofs; now when have there been spoken at any time for the revelations professed about? And, since serious doubts affect the truth of these extraordinary tales, the Church prohibits the author to propagate them and us to hear them.

"The example of circumpection," writes Father Portalle, "comes to us from on high, from the Vatican; the visionaries and cranks have always had fear of Rome."

"We were not surprised, therefore, in reading in a most worthy article of the *Contemporary Review*, written by Mr. Legge, that the Vaughan question, this grand testimony rendered to the prudence of the Pontiff Leo XIII:—

"In his letters against Masonry, contrary to the method of Leo Taxis and company, never did he abandon the land of sure history to enter on that of disputable theories and above all of fantastic revelations.

"It is necessary to remember this: that this is the secret of the success of the struggle against Masonry."

And so the fantasy of Diana Vaughan, the chaste Palladis, falls to the ground. Enthusiasts here in Rome, of English origin, went round to their friends making a sort of saint of the non-existent—so far as evidence goes—Diana Vaughan, and canvassing subscriptions for the book she was said to have written on Signor Crispi, ex-Premier, in which she showed him up as a monster of infernal iniquity. Signor Crispi is not a paragon of saintly life; he is a Freemason; he is as lax in principle as other politicians—if not more so;—he hates the Catholic Church, while declaring himself a Catholic; but he is not quite the monster which the so-called Diana Vaughan would paint him.

The revelations that have inundated Catholic society for some time past have been of a sensational character that belonged more to the unhealthy dreams of a diseased mind or prurient imagination than to any real and genuine facts. The great shadow of Diana Vaughan, which seemed to justify all these extravagances, is found to be as pure a myth as Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris.

What matter is it how much or what I suffer so I come at length to the haven of salvation.—(2 Mach. vii., 36)

You never know what child in rags and squalor that meets you in the street may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the store house of beautiful things or nobis acts.

AN INFIDEL ENLIGHTENED.

A Texas Priest Handles "Ben" Williamson Without Gloves.

Some time ago the editor of the *Iconoclast* received the following letter:

Dear Brann: I am no A. P. A., but was raised a Catholic and know more about Catholicism than you ever will know. If you admire Jesuits and nuns, why don't you become a Jesuit in the holy city of the Pope? Six Popes issued Bulls against witchcraft, whereby they became the real investigators of witchcraft persecution and caused the torture and burning alive of hundreds of thousands of innocent people. Those Bulls were *not* Catholic documents, hence they contained infidel truths. This is a Catholic doctrine. You don't know much about nuns. They go into convents because they can't get married, or because they are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, to struggle for existence. You admire nuns because they are nurses in hospitals, etc. Don't you know that thousands are waiting for a place (like a nurse) in an hospital or anywhere else? Don't you know that it is considered good luck to get similar positions in a convent? Don't you know that you would not know and write that Catholic nuns build hospitals and orphan asylums only because they can beg for money easier, thereby feeding and clothing themselves, and priests and Bishops and Popes. Nuns are the unhappiest creatures after the first few years of confinement in a convent. I may also mention the fact that no girl without money is admitted into a convent. There you see the finger of Rome money? A convent is a real penitentiary; gloom and despair the lot of most victims. Don't you know that the most effective and destructive enemies of the Popes and Bishops were raised and educated in Catholicism? Voltaire was educated by Jesuits, Theodore Parier was a Catholic, Luther and Calvin were monks, Napoleon was a Catholic, and abolished the Spanish Inquisition and played ball with the Pope; Joseph II. of Austria, a Catholic, confiscated the property of convents and churches; so did Catholic Bavaria. Munich, a Catholic city, sent two socialists to Parliament in Berlin for their views on the Catholic Church. Reichstag, Socialists, though, are materialists, infidels, godless atheists, because they believe in humanity, not gods. Where now is your Gibraltar? Where now is your first French revolution, when priests were killed by the hundreds like mad dogs? Ben Williamson.

Editor Brann, who is himself a free-thinker, but an admirer of Catholic institutions, turned "Ben" Williamson's letter over to Rev. P. F. Brannan, pastor of Wexford, Tex., and here is the priest's reply.

To answer him fully would occupy too much of my time, which I can employ to better advantage, and also too much space in the *Iconoclast*, which can be used more profitably.

He says six Popes issued Bulls against witchcraft, etc. Which were the six Popes and the dates of their issuance? This man so hates the Popes that he mentions no one else in connection with witchcraft. The idea is implied that Protestants ignored the subject completely. The belief was thoroughly current in Protestant England, which is indicted in many works of dramatists in the Elizabethan era, including the great Shakespeare himself, who, however, was not a Protestant. It is a very ancient thing, and a chapter of the code of Justinian deals exclusively with the subject. It is mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. In the Old Testament it is mentioned in 1 Sam. 15 c., 23; Chron. 33 c., 6; Exodus 22 c., 18, and several other places, and by St. Paul in Galatians, 5 c., 20.

It was an indictable offence at common law and made a felony by an act of Henry VIII. In the time of Elizabeth (not a Catholic) it was made a felony without benefit of clergy and punished by death. So great a lawyer as Sir Matthew Hale believed in it. Seldon, Coke and Bacon, all eminent lawyers, believed in it, and a stone said that its elimination from the category of crimes was not to be taken as a negative of the possibility of such an offence, though he would not give credit to any particular modern instance. Even Luther, favorably alluded to by Mr. Williamson, believed in witchcraft. So also

THE PROTESTANT PURITANS

of New England in the United States. The devil, of whose existence I have no more doubt than of the existence of God, has many ways of magnifying his Protean powers. The evidence of his possession of some people is manifested by a violent hatred of the Catholic Church and the Catholic Church, calumny of the Sisters of Charity and the denial of the existence of a God. That's the shape in which he has Mr. Williamson, and if the devil has any special favorites in this world, and I am satisfied he has, the guardian of excellence will be awarded to those who deny the existence of Him whom the devil hates, but cannot deny himself.

He says "The Sisters go into convents because they can't get married, or are too cowardly to fight the battle of life," etc. The cruel malignity of this infamous accusation! It would paralyze the genius of the English language to furnish suitable phraseology to express myathomless contempt for any man who would make such a brutal charge against women. This malignant and loathsome defamer says in one place that they go into convents because they are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, and immediately after says that no girl who has not money can get into a convent at all. His black calumny has overlapped itself, and he makes one assertion cut the throat of another. A girl with money can fight the battle of life anywhere, and it is an important element in this utilitarian age in enhancing matrimonial opportunities. Besides, he says, the convent is a penitentiary, and yet girls pay money for the privilege of being "victims of gloom and despair." Mr. Williamson possesses a unique interest from the fact that most men who are liars are so from one point of view; but this man proves himself to be the chief apostle of Ananias from every point of observation.

LIFE OF A NUN.

Women who leave parents and friends, home and kindred, devoting their lives in zealous fidelity to the physical and spiritual interests of others, nursing the sick, feeding the orphan, comforting the widow, reclaiming the outcast, blunting the sting of melancholy, gilding the gloom of sorrow and painting the fragrant rose of hope in the wilderness of despair, often ending their lives, which have been lived for others, by earnestly entering the portals of death contagion, and in their efforts to subdue the fierceness of the great monarch of desolation, have become willing victims of his devouring wrath. Are such women cowards?

It has been said:

That whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he lies for man.

Measured by this criterion, in what vocabulary can we find language that would fitly damn a man to eternal infamy for calling her a coward who would even risk her own life to save the life of her impious traducer?

He says: "Don't you know the most effective and destructive enemies of Popery and priestcraft were raised in Catholicism?" We likewise know that the most effective and destructive enemy of Jesus Christ was one of His apostles. He talks of the cruel treatment of the Pope by Napoleon. What became of Napoleon after that? He was dragged down from the empyrean power of aggrandizement to unsounded depths of humiliation and degradation. The poet Byron said of the hero of Marengo and the genius of Austerlitz when at St. Helena:

"Is done!" but yesterday a king
And now a wretched captive,
And now thou art a nameless thing!
So abject, yet alive.

The Pope, whom he had imprisoned, said this to him after being offered a cockade through General Berthier, a French symbol and as a compliment: "Sir, I

CAN ACCEPT NO ORNAMENTS

except those with which the Church invests me, the pastoral staff and this little crown on my head. And, remember, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will soon be confined to the grave, and this little crook and crown I wear will govern the universal earth when your name and race and power are forgotten among men."

He tells of the exploits of some bad Catholics. A Catholic may go to the devil like any one else if he wants to, and they very often do so. Mr. Williamson is a very lively exemplification of this truth.

He says priests were killed like dogs during the French revolution. So were Jesus Christ and eleven of the twelve apostles.

Mr. Williamson, by implication, says he is a materialist, an infidel and a "glorious atheist"; that is, he don't believe in spiritual existences, he has no faith and he dare not believe in any God.

He says in his letter that Napoleon played ball with the Pope. Whether he did or not, in the sense meant by Mr. Williamson, is open to question; but there is no doubt whatever that the devil has got everything fixed up to play hell with Mr. Williamson.

REV. WALTER ELLIOT.

Renewed interest in the personality of Father Elliot is occasioned by the line of missionary effort in which he is engaging.

He will hire halls, speak in churches, distribute books, pamphlets, leaflets, go into villages and country districts, and there expound and explain to non Catholics the doctrines and practices of the Church in plain and simple language that cannot be misunderstood.

He believes, from his twenty years' experience on the mission, that the dislike or distrust of the Catholic Church which exists in the minds of non Catholics is due almost entirely to wrong ideas concerning her teachings. It will be his aim to break down this wall of prejudice by showing the Church as it is.

Father Elliot is learned and able, an eloquent speaker, plain, logical and convincing, a man of experience and zeal. During his missionary labors of two decades he has instructed and brought hundreds, if not thousands, of persons into the Catholic Church and fully understands the difficulties to be met with. He is, therefore, thoroughly in touch with those among whom he expects to labor.

He is also a man of most engaging personality, a six footer, broad shouldered, manly and with a voice deep and resonant. He is in the prime of life, about fifty, with full reddish-brown beard slightly flecked with gray.

He was born in Detroit of Irish Catholic parents, and is not a convert, as many people suppose. His father came to the United States by the way of Canada, his arrival being at the time when England was trying to build up an Irish population in Canada and insisted upon landing all its emigrants there.

Father Elliot began his career as a soldier in the Fifth Ohio Regiment, and was engaged in fifteen battles during the war. After the war he went back to Detroit and studied law, where he afterwards hung out his sign as an attorney. When he was twenty-six years old he heard a sermon preached by the late Father Isaac T. Hecker, which changed the whole after current of his life. He decided to enter the priesthood, went to New York and studied with the Paulist Fathers, and was ordained by Bishop

Rosecrans. Since then his work has been mostly on the mission, but he has found time to write a biography of Father Hecker, and has also been a frequent contributor to the *Catholic World Magazine* and to other Church papers and periodicals.

Two of his brothers were killed in the war and two others live in Detroit,—one a lawyer and the other a high officer of the Fire Department of that city. He also has a married sister in Chicago.

In the work which he is about to undertake he has the hearty friendship, encouragement and support of such well known converts to the faith as Prof. W. C. Robinson, of Yale University, George Parsons Lathrop, and others of like standing. In fact the movement which is now to be put to the test has long been a hobby of the Paulists, many of whom are converts, and of other leading Catholics of the stamp of those named.

THE PONTIFF'S SURPRISING VIGOR.

James Creelman's Cabled Description of His Appearance.

Pope Leo XIII. is without doubt the most interesting personage in the world to day—interesting, first, because of his exalted office; secondly, and in a more general sense, because of his wonderful intellectual gifts, and interesting, too, because he is said to be nearing the grave. The glorious Pontiff's "imminent dissolution" has during the past year formed the basis of thousands of "scare" heads in the secular press of the world, and these startling announcements have been followed probably the next day by very modestly headed record of His Holiness having held an audience or officiated at some fatiguing function with "surprising vigor and strength." The present week furnishes an example of this kind, the widely-circulated report of "a very serious fainting spell" being followed Tuesday by an account of his participation the previous day in a service in the Sistine Chapel, when he "appeared to be in his usual health and spoke in a strong voice."

Reports of the Pontiff's weakness have been more than usually alarming and persistent of late, and the Press of this city, showed commendable enterprise in arranging with James Creelman, the famous correspondent, for a special cable report of Monday's ceremony, a Requiem for Pope Pius IX.

The Pope's voice ringing vigorously over the heads of the kneeling multitude in the Sistine chapel this morning was the best answer to the declaration that the august "Prisoner of the Vatican" is dying, cables Mr. Creelman.

I watched him for an hour this morning while he assisted at the Requiem Mass in memory of Pius IX., and his eye was as bright and his tone as clear and sonorous as when I interviewed him in the throne room seven years ago.

The Pope's head drooped and his shoulders were bowed with age, and as he advanced his hands trembled and his head shook, but it must be remembered that in a few weeks Leo XIII. will be eighty-seven years old, and for nineteen years he has not been outside of the Vatican grounds. But there is not a man of his age in the world who could have spoken with such a voice as that which pronounced absolutism to day.

I could see the Pope's limbs shake and his mired head nod while the ponderous master of ceremonies adjusted his robe. He is by nature a tall man, but his body is so bent now that he seems to be not much more than five feet. His once smiling countenance seemed stern and austere; the wasting of his flesh gave a sunken look to his clear brown eyes; his nose appeared to be unusually prominent and bony, and his mouth seemed larger, and there was a pathetic—almost tragic—droop at the corners of the lips.

The triangular furrows which marked the contraction of the muscles on either side of his mouth showed plainly the effort of the venerable man to conceal the ravages which time has made and to prevent the lower jaw from drooping.

When the mitre was lifted from his head I could see that his hair was thinner than before, and his delicate, large ears stood out with startling distinctness.

Yet notwithstanding all these changes, he had the same old high glance of authority, and no one could look into that commanding face this morning and believe that his mind was failing or that he was less a man and Christian captain than he was when he accepted voluntary imprisonment, nineteen years ago.

I have seen the Pope many times in the past few years and I have talked with him face to face for an hour, and I am certain that I never saw stronger signs of intellectual vigor than he showed to day.

Again and again the Pope descended and ascended the throne step and knelt down and stood up, and each time he seemed to grow stronger and more erect, and when at last he read the absolutism his voice filled the whole hall, his eyes flashed and he gestured in the old way familiar to those who knew him when he was young. Every word was pronounced with energetic emphasis; his shoulders were straightened and his head thrown back and the old smile was on his face as he swept out of the chapel, surrounded by his attendants. Twenty years seemed to have fallen from him.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The measure of a man's ability is found largely in his capacity to bear disappointment. A man who succumbs to disappointment is a weak man or a man of only mediocre strength, a man not to be depended on in a grave crisis.

Little Duties. We are all tempted at times to slight the little duties that come in our way. We imagine that by so doing we can better reserve our strength for what we consider great occasions.

Create Your Opportunities. Do not wait for opportunities. You would only resemble the stolid traveler in the fable, who, having come to a river which lay in his path, sat down on the bank till the waters had all flowed by.

An Inspiration. William J. Bryan's book, "The First Battle," just published, ends with the following poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "An Inspiration."

However the battle is ended, Though proudly the victor comes, With fluttering flags and prancing nags And echoing roll of drums, Still truth proclaims its motto In letters of living light: No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor May grind the weak in the dust And the voices of fame, with an acclaim, May call him great and just, Let those who applaud take warning And keep this motto in sight: No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

O man, bowed with labor, O woman, young, yet old, O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast And crushed by the power of gold, Keep on with your weary battle Against triumphant might: No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

The Use of Time. There is nothing so important as time. Time in which we may do much. Time in which we may say much. Time in which we may think much.

Dimness of Vision. If the Christians who are condemning Dr. Abbott because he does not consider the Bible an infallible guide to faith would bear in mind a stanza by glorious old John Dryden they might be more consistent in their treatment of the lectures by the Plymouth church minister which have created such a hub-bub.

Let us look this fact in the face. What am I doing with my time? I am very busy. I am tired at night, and I have no time to go to confession. What! can I not spend an hour once a month to square my accounts with God? I can spend hours over worldly affairs, can I not give a few moments to God?

time is not my own, it is God's precious gift to me, a gift to be used. Have I been throwing it away? For the New Year I will resolve to use it for the end for which it was given me.

You will all remember that heart-rendering disaster which transpired during the World's Fair in Chicago. We refer to the conflagration of the cold storage building, when over two score of valiant firemen were literally hurled into eternity.

On that sad day the writer was assisting Father York of San Francisco, who had charge of the California display in the Catholic educational exhibition. Suddenly the fire alarm sounded, then one of the Christian Brothers hurried and called Father York, who followed and beheld a never-to-be-forgotten sight!

"Father," said the dying man, "I went to confession last night, I received Holy Communion this morning, I belong to the League of the Sacred Heart."

These were his last words, it was the first Friday, and our Lord had fulfilled the twelfth promise made to all souls devoted to the Sacred Heart. "I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the first Friday in nine consecutive months the grace of final penance; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving the sacraments. My Divine Heart shall be to them safe refuge in their last moment."

This man had redeemed the time, the time which God had given him in which to save his soul; let the fact that the New Year is ushered in by the first Friday act as an incentive for our increase of fervor to that compassionate Heart, which will bestow a great blessing upon all our undertakings.

When time shall be no more, and eternity is begun, God forbid that it may be ours to say, "I killed my time!" but rather may we be able to boast that we used the inestimable gift of time to the honor of God, the edification of our neighbor, and the sanctification of our souls.—The Herald.

John Ruskin and St. Francis.

There is a pretty story told of John Ruskin concerning the origin of his admiration of St. Francis of Assisi. It seems that he had a dream in which he fancied himself a Franciscan Brother, but he soon forgot all about it.

"It is not much to look at," said the grateful mendicant, his eyes filled with tears; "but it is a bit of the robe of the holy St. Francis of Assisi."

Then Ruskin thought of the forgotten dream, and shortly afterward went to visit Assisi, where many of his happiest days were from that time spent. One who tells the story remarks: "I personally should like to believe that the mendicant was himself St. Francis appearing in the garb of a beggar to his great disciple."

Thus Ruskin came to know and love St. Francis and the order he founded, and he writes to a friend: "I shall be soon sending a letter to the good monks at Assisi. Give them my love always."

As long as words a different sense will bear And each may be his own interpreter, Your airy faith will no foundation find, This word's a weathercock for every wind." Dryden's weathercock had ample experience in religious beliefs at different times—as a Puritan, as a member of the so-called Church of England, and finally, as a Roman Catholic, and he knew whereof he spoke when he so wittily condemned the right of private judgment in matters of faith.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is known to be an honest medicine, and it actually cures when all others fail. Take it now.

HEROES OF THE CROSS.

Missionaries Who Minister to the Eskimo.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE WILDS OF ALASKA.

Is the age of heroes forever gone? When we read in the pages of history of men who left everything near and dear to them and who took as their portion toil, solitude, privation, hardship and death for the sake of Christ's name we are tempted to stop and ask ourselves does the Church produce any such children to-day?

Take up a map of Alaska and look at the wild North-West Territory. The Mackenzie River flows through it and empties itself into the Arctic Sea. The country is the bleakest and poorest of the earth; the climate is the most inclement; the inhabitants are poor simple creatures who eke out their existence by fishing in the streams or hunting the reindeer or caribou.

The meeting was certainly under strange circumstances. As the missionary returning from Richards Island in the Arctic Seas, whither he had followed his flock, he was caught in a storm and his frail bark was in danger of being submerged.

These missionaries belong to the Oblate Order. The Jesuits take charge of the Alaska Territory. It is much easier to approach the Jesuit missions, and they are not so completely cut off from civilization as are the Oblates.

Col. Higginson contributes another delightful instalment of his "Cheerful Yesterdays" to this number of the Atlantic Monthly. We have only room here, though, for this graphic pen portrait of one of his fellow students at the Harvard Divinity school.

From Unitarianism to Catholicism. Col. Higginson contributes another delightful instalment of his "Cheerful Yesterdays" to this number of the Atlantic Monthly.

I am a French Canadian. God has found willing souls in my race whom He has sent to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel to men of good will and to make known the glorious tidings of salvation. May the name of the Lord be blessed for such a favor!

You will not be surprised, dear benefactors, at the small extent of our resources when you learn of the high price we must pay for merchandise. Lately we paid to the Hudson Bay Company, which conveys freight, a sum of between \$20 and \$25 for every 100 pounds.

The large majority of the former are Catholic, and their devotion to our holy religion gives us great consolation.

Catholic, and their devotion to our holy religion gives us great consolation. This is not the case with the Eskimos, who have not yet embraced the Christian faith. These unfortunate people seem to harden their hearts to grace and to blind their eyes to the light.

Shall I tell you of the length and inclemency of our winter? It begins in October, when the ground is covered with a white mantle of snow. The heavy frosts soon set in. I have sometimes seen in the first days of November the thermometer registering 40 or 42 degrees below zero.

Provisions during these months should be most plentiful, but unfortunately the contrary is the fact. The fish on which the Indians live disappear from the rivers, and the poor Indians must travel long distances to chase the reindeer and the caribou.

If the poor Indians were better supplied they could lay up provisions for the long winter. It is for them that I explain the condition of my mission to the generous Christian people who may contribute something in the way of provisions or money.

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And other some fell thorns growing up with Luke viii. 7.

We, my dear brother, received the seed of life and we have kept it fallen away from them in Christ and His God's help we never fastness in the sign earth, and whatever may be, we are at awful crime of a worst of all reproach laid to our charge.

How many a false supernatural faith around us becomes the thorns of the temptations, because taken to resist them out! The thorny our faith and render the sight of God and there is one in particular destructive than all I need hardly name.

Could we but be blight of intemperance, our glorious life all its strength in its hundred fold gross and scandalous-called Catholics stop the onward.

We know very only true religion every help that to overcome our upright lives. E knows little or n it only looks at every day conduct asks, Where is Catholic religion?

DR. WOODREFF, No. 188 QUEEN'S AVE. E. Defective vision, impaired eyes, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

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Mother Graves the largest sale in Canada, sold by restoring Cholera and all quick in their death is upon the aware that danger not delay in getting a dose of Dr. Cordial, and you It acts with swiftness to effect a cure

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

St. Ignace Sunday.

PLACING SCANDALS.

"And other some fell among thorns, and the thorns growing up with it choked it." (St. Ignace.)

We, my dear brethren, have received the seed of the Divine word, and we have kept it: we have never fallen away from the true faith as it is in Christ and His Church, and with God's help we never shall. Our steadfastness in the faith is our greatest glory in the sight of heaven and of earth, and whatever our shortcomings may be, we are at least free from the awful crime of apostasy, and this worst of all reproaches can never be laid to our charge. The good soil that produces a hundred-fold is ours; but alas! the thorny soil is ours also, and our faith though firmly rooted is often choked by the pernicious jungle growing up around us, in which we suffer ourselves to become entangled.

How many a glorious promise of supernatural faith and virtue in those around us becomes utterly blighted by the thorns of the world's ways and temptations, because no proper care is taken to resist them and stamp them out! The thorny growths that stifle our faith and render it worthless in the sight of God are many indeed, but there is one in particular that is more destructive than all the rest beside. I need hardly name it to you, for you know it but too well—the deadly Upstart of Intemperance—that casts its withering shade over our hearts and homes and altars. Is there a single person here this morning that does not know of more than one generous soul taken to resist them and stamp them out! The thorny growths that stifle our faith and render it worthless in the sight of God are many indeed, but there is one in particular that is more destructive than all the rest beside. I need hardly name it to you, for you know it but too well—the deadly Upstart of Intemperance—that casts its withering shade over our hearts and homes and altars. Is there a single person here this morning that does not know of more than one generous soul taken to resist them and stamp them out!

Could we but cast out this baneful blight of intemperance from amongst us, our glorious faith would appear in all its strength and beauty, and yield its hundred fold. If it were not for the gross and scandalous lives that so many so-called Catholics lead, nothing could stop the onward march of our faith. This is the one objection raised against us that we cannot satisfactorily meet.

We know very well that it supplies every help that we need to enable us to overcome our passions and to lead upright lives. But the world at large knows little or nothing of our faith; it only looks at the dark side of our every-day conduct, and scornfully asks, Where is the influence of the Catholic religion on the venal politician, the low liquor seller, the drunken reveller, the mercenary street-walker, the abominable fathers and mothers who make their homes a hell upon earth, and drive their unfortunate children to destruction? And what reply can we make? We cannot deny that many who claim to profess our faith are an utter disgrace to it, and a scandal to the world. They, of course, have shaken off all sense of obligation to their religion and its teachings, and have no more conception of religious duty than the cow or the horse. Theirs is a purely animal existence, they live only for the gratification of their lower nature, and we disclaim all responsibility for them. What responsibility has the Catholic Church for those who seldom or ever darken its doors, who never approach its Sacraments who spend their Saturday nights in the saloons, and their Sunday mornings in drunken slumber? What responsibility has the Church for those recent rowdies who hang around the corner grog-shops, and the fallen flirts who frequent the sidewalks? They may have Catholic names, but that is the only evidence of their Catholicity. The thorns of dissipation and sensuality and sin of every kind have choked the seed of truth in their hearts, and they are outside the soul of the Church, though they may still claim to belong to its visible pale. But take our consistent Catholics, men and women who are in touch with the spirit of their faith and honestly endeavor to live up to its teachings. Are they not in very truth the salt of the earth? and does not the divine seed planted in their souls produce a hundred-fold?

That the blood should perform its vital functions, it is absolutely necessary it should not only be pure but rich in life-giving elements. These results are best effected by the use of that well-known standard blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPER.

BY LOTTIE SHIPMAN.

It was a cold bleak day in November, with a drizzling rain that seemed to penetrate through the warmest coat, and a dreary wind moaning around the corners. A very depressing day. But little Jim McCarthy seemed as happy as usual in his well-worn coat, adorned with many a patch. He was plying his broom most vigorously at a busy street crossing in the pretty little town of N—, and his whistle was as merry as ever, while his thoughts ran on in this style:—"I guess my feet are getting wet, but my stockings can't spoil anyhow, for there are no feet to these, so it don't much matter. How bad poor Mollie would feel if she only knew that I had given away the pair she had mended so nicely for me? Mended! Well, I should think they were mended. In fact it was all mending, and my stockings. Her fingers must have ached when she got through. But they were warm; and I fancy they would feel pretty nice now. Yet how could any fellow keep them and see poor Dan's foot all bruised and swollen. Guess he got them all right, for I marked on the paper, 'To Dan, from a friend,' and dropped them just inside his door. What a cold attic he sleeps in, and how lonely he must feel in the evenings! Oh, Jim McCarthy, what a happy fellow you should be with a good sister Mollie to darn and fix things tidy; brother Ben to keep your spirits up, and dear little Hope to kiss you as mother used?" And here a worn sleeve was brushed quickly across the boy's eyes, and the whistle nearly as clear, when little Ben McCarthy came running up to the crossing. "Jim Jim, I have had such good luck," and a little red hand went down into a pocket, bringing up a good handful of cents with a few silver pieces intermixed. "Why, Ben, that is splendid! What a lucky little chap you are." "Little! Now I like that Jim, when you are not much bigger yourself. But there goes a coin as looks good-natured and comfortable." And Ben disappeared around the corner once more, while his shrill little voice calling "Telegraph, sir, last edition!" was borne back to the young crossing sweeper. The McCarthys had two rooms in a long white house, which was divided into tenements and situated in the east part of the town. They were a little band of four—Jim, a lad of fourteen; Mollie, twelve; Ben just ten; and little Hope aged eight. Three years previous to the opening of our story they had been in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Their father was a night watchman in one of the small hotels of N—, and their mother one of the principal dressmakers in the town. But one Saturday morning as John McCarthy was returning home he met his wife just entering the Catholic chapel that faced the hotel. "Why John, what a lucky meeting! I am going to confession, for to-morrow will be the first Sunday of the month, you know."

"So it will, little wife. Well, I'll follow your example." "Good old fellow, and she squeezed her husband's arm affectionately. "But you look unusually tired this morning, John. Don't you feel well?" she asked anxiously. "To be frank, Mary, no. But of course I need my nap, and then the good priest's counsel this morning will brace me up wonderfully." And so saying he followed his wife into the church. It was still very early and there were not many near Father Brady's confessional, so Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy were not kept waiting long; and both were soon kneeling before the altar to make their act of thanks giving after confession. It was very still and quiet. The morning sun gleamed brightly on the flower-decked altar and handsome silver crucifix. A stray sunbeam rested very lovingly on the bowed heads of husband and wife. John McCarthy's arms were folded on top of the Communion rails, and his head rested heavily upon them. Presently Mary McCarthy rose slowly from her knees—feeling strangely reluctant to leave the sacred place—but a busy day lay before her. She placed her hand upon her husband's shoulder to attract his attention, and wondered a little at his attitude. Suddenly the worshippers in the chapel were startled by a wild shriek as Mrs. McCarthy fell heavily across her husband's feet, for John McCarthy's soul had gone before its Creator! Gentle, pitiful arms bore the poor woman home, but she never regained consciousness, and husband and wife were laid to rest on the same day. Since then the children (willing to do anything but separate) had struggled on, doing any work they could get, but they must have fared very badly had it not been for Father Brady. He was a man of about seventy years of age, and had not only married Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy but baptized all their children. He was still erect and sturdy in his bearing, but his snow-white hair fell about a face eloquent of truth, telling of a soul sanctified and strengthened to endure, and a generous heart full of loving sympathy for the flock intrusted to his care. It was he who procured for the little band so sadly orphaned the rooms they now occupied, paying the rent out of his own small pittance, and three times a week the children were summoned to the presbytery to receive, not only religious instructions, but lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic; after which the young orphans were sent home happy and grateful with a well-filled basket on little Jim's sturdy arm. He assured the good priest's name was mentioned most fervently in the earnest petitions sent up every evening by four grateful young hearts. But we must come back to our little hero. Bennie's voice was still echoing in his ear when he was roused by a cab stopping suddenly at the crossing, and the door being opened by the cabman, a lady leaning forward beckoned him to advance. As he hastened to comply with her summons a very ragged street Arab came limping up the street, and seeing poor Jim enter the waiting cab, stared in wondering amazement as it went rumbling quickly out of sight. "What is in the wind now, I wonder?" and the boy (who was about fifteen years of age) gazed with wistful eyes after the disappearing vehicle. "I hope it is good luck for the little chap, anyhow," and the hard young face softened as the lad pulled a small package from a sadly torn pocket. He thought I would never know who sent them—as if his little socks would fit me—not that I would wear them even if they did, for I guess I can stand the cold better than such a little chap, though I ain't got his bright spirits and happy way of looking at things. I suppose it is because am so awful wicked." And where Dan Stubbs looked very thoughtful. But then the boy mused very bitterly. "I never had anyone to say a good word to me, or to tell me to be good, until I met Jim McCarthy, and poor Janet Smith who sells apples at the corner. Yes. She always has a smile for a poor chap like me, and often an apple. Ah! She is a brick; and may always count on Dan Stubbs to fight her battles when the other boys come teasing." And here poor Dan squared up as if for a fight, to the great amusement of young Bennie, who had just appeared upon the scene. "Hay, old fellow! But who are you fighting? Come and have a trial at me, for I often long for a fight, only Jim won't let me have one." But Bennie dropped his papers and stood very erect before the elder boy. "Why, youngster, I could knock you down like a feather," and Dan smiled good-humoredly as he stopped to pick up the few papers remaining. "Business seems to have been pretty fair to-day," he added, as he handed them back. "Why, my pockets are full, Dan, and if I had only known this yesterday would have told you to put on your dress coat so as to be ready for the invitation I am going to give you to come over to the store opposite and eat a hot bun with me." "Thank you, youngster, but I—I ain't hungry." Yet even as he spoke the boy's eyes wandered to the window where the buns were arranged in the tempting array. "Well, I am then, but I'll have to remain so, for it would choke me to eat alone. Say, Dan, don't be so mean but help to make a chap enjoy himself." And then the child darted into the store, appearing presently with two very large sugar-coated buns. Little Bennie felt very happy as he saw Dan's face brighten. Indeed the generous little fellow would have gladly forced the two buns upon the elder boy, but the child's quick instinct had read Dan's sensitive nature, so he ate his own cake with happy relish, knowing that thus only would poor Dan enjoy his share. "Now, I wonder," mused Bennie. "If Father Brady could help Dan also. Well I will tell him about the poor chap when we go to our lessons this evening." Dan Stubbs had but lately appeared in the town of N—, wandered in from the country to try and get something to do. "Don't you remember your father and your mother, Dan?" Jim had enquired, very pityingly, upon first making his acquaintance (which was but a few days previous to the opening of our story). "No, never knew any one but an old woman as I always called 'Granny,' cause she let me have a room in her hut, and I got food by doing odd jobs for the villagers—who were not much better of themselves—but when old Granny died I thought I had better come into the town to see if I couldn't strike on something." "Say, Bennie," said Dan, suddenly, as he swallowed the last piece of his bun, "look at that little girl just passing! Ain't she a pretty little thing, and golly, how warm she must be in that ulster!" "Yes, but as Jim was saying this morning if Mollie and Hope—"

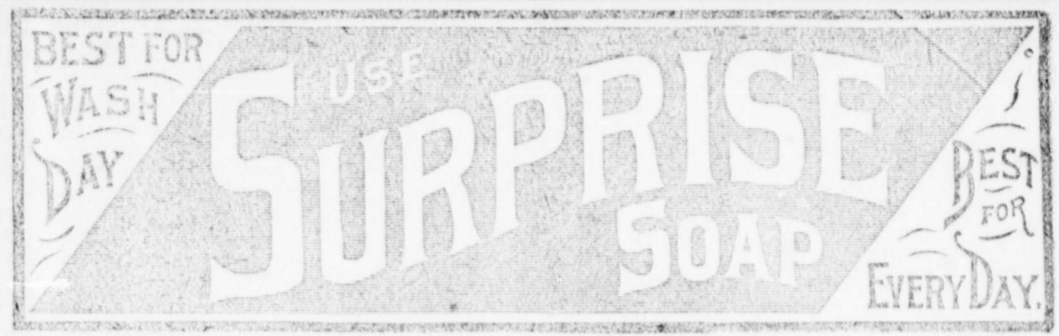
"Oh, interrupted Dan, quickly, "you know what they say about talking of angels, young 'un? Well here come your sisters, and Janet, the apple girl, with them." Ben turned hastily as the three girls approached—Mollie, Hope, and Janet Smith—the latter a girl of about sixteen years of age, with a basket containing one red apple upon her arm. "Why, Dan," she exclaimed as soon as they came within speaking distance, "I have been looking for you for some time. See, I have sold all my apples but this one—so I want you to eat it for luck." "When you put it in that way I can't say no, Janet, but I am afraid you must have saved it for me as it is a mighty fine one to have been left at the bottom of the basket." "Dan, Dan," called Bennie, who had been talking earnestly with his sisters, "Come and hear this wonderful news." Dan looked pleasantly expectant as he saw the bright faces before him, and recollected how Jim had driven off in the cab. "Well, Miss Mollie, what is it?" he asked eagerly. "Oh, Mollie, you must tell from the beginning," interrupted little Hope, in strong excitement, "for its just like a fairy

ing, writing, and arithmetic; after which the young orphans were sent home happy and grateful with a well-filled basket on little Jim's sturdy arm.

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CHAPTER II.

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It is near time they were starting for home. Yet even as she spoke, Arthur entered the room, followed by Dan, Jim, Bennie, Mollie and Hope. They were soon seated at the temptingly laden table, with Frank, Percy and even little Eileen in close attendance. The supper was progressing merrily, when Eileen, looking earnestly at Jim, said gravely, "Do you know, Jim, we often talk about you during the day, and wonder how you can be so happy, even when it rains. Are you never lonely?" "How can I feel lonely, little Missie, with Hope always waiting at home for me? And as for the rain, I just think of a piece I read in a book Father Brady gave me. It is called 'Good Resolutions,' and I liked it so much that I learned it off." "Will you say it for us, Jim?" Mrs. Noble asked gently, for the children had now risen from the table. "With pleasure, Ma'am," said our little hero bravely, although blushing very red from anxiety to do justice to his beloved Father Brady's teaching; and, standing very erect, he recited very clearly:

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret
When the weather is cold,
We must not shiver
When the weather is warm,
We must not store
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

At the last two lines the little band joined hands (as they had been taught to do by Father Brady). Mrs. Noble was deeply moved, and Mr. Noble, who had also been assisting to wait upon the children, placed his hand gently upon the young lad's head. "Truly, those are good resolutions, my brave little man, and I only wish my own children would learn them." "Well, Father," Percy answered suddenly, "Jim has taught us all a lesson that we shall not easily forget." The children were now dressed for their departure, and Jim went gravely up to Mrs. Noble and with his young voice trembling with emotion, said sweetly: "Lady, sir, young misters and misses, I want to thank you for my friends, Janet, and Dan, sister Mollie, Hope, brother Ben and myself, for the most pleasant evening that we ever spent." "Thanks, my dear children, for your sweet gratitude," Mrs. Noble answered very tranquilly, "and to-morrow we will speak to you about some plans we have formed for your future, for I trust this evening will prove for you all, but the commencement of many as pleasant yet in store."

Miss Lottie Shipman,
29 Genevieve Ave., Quebec.

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NEW YORK.

DIocese of Hamilton.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT IN THE DIOCESE.

1. All days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fasting days—no meat and no milk.

2. All persons who are twenty-one and under six years, are bound by the law of fasting and abstinence.

3. By virtue of powers granted us by Apostolic Indult, we permit the use of meat on all Sundays, except the Sunday of the Resurrection, and on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week, and Holy Saturday.

4. Fish and flesh are not allowed at the same meal.

5. The use of milk, butter, cheese and eggs is allowed on all days.

6. The use of dripping, tallow or lard is allowed as a condiment in preparing food on all days except Good Friday.

7. Those exempted from fasting are: all persons under twenty-one, and all over that age who are infirm, women carrying or nursing infants, all employed at hard labor.

8. All who cannot fast should give more abundant alms, be more assiduous in prayer, and attend more frequently to their religious duties, so as to make up for the want of corporal mortification.

9. Further dispensations, when occasion requires, can be obtained from the respective pastors, who are hereby empowered to grant them.

10. During Lent all public amusements should be avoided, and the faithful are exhorted to assist at the public devotions to be held in churches at least twice a week.

11. The most suitable instructions are to be given, followed by the recitation of the Blessed Sacrament.

12. For private devotion among families every evening the recitation of the holy Rosary is recommended.

13. Thomas Joseph, Bishop of Hamilton.

By order of His Lordship the Bishop, J. P. Holden, Secretary.

Sunday evening last His Lordship the Bishop was present at St. Mary's cathedral at Vespers. He blessed a beautiful new group of statues representing the Holy Family, presented to the cathedral by Mrs. Thomas Duffley.

The Sanctuary Boys' Choir chanted the Vespers, and the blessing of the group of statues they sang the "Ave Maria Stella," with a correctness which reflects great credit on their leader, Mr. Laliberte.

The Bishop addressed the congregation. He thanked the donors of the statues, and said that one of the most suitable ornaments of churches was statues representing or emblematic of the great deeds of the saints of God.

Another book from the pen of the distinguished Jesuit Rev. Wm. Humphrey has lately been published by Thos. Baker, 1, Soho Square, London W., England.

The bell which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen decided to place on the Point Church, in recognition of the marvellous escape from drowning of the latter and the kindness of the residents of the Point, has arrived in Ottawa, and will shortly be put into position in the steeple.

MISS TERESA MULLINS, SOMBRÉ, ONT. On Sunday night, Feb. 14, after only a short illness, Teresa, aged seventeen years, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mullins, passed away.

London, Feb. 13.—John E. Redmond, M. P., the Parnellite leader from the Waterford constituency, who recently returned from America, through which country he made an extended tour, was met tonight by a number of his friends and escorted from the hotel to the Independent Club, which was decorated with American and Irish flags and brilliant illuminations.

Mr. Redmond, in the course of his speech to the members of the club and guests assembled, said that he had just visited the great cities of the United States and Canada, and was feeling somewhat fatigued and in no condition to talk. He would say, however, that at their backs they had the overhurling

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF THE POET-PRIEST AND HIS CONQUERED BANNER.

Perhaps no poem ever touched and thrilled the hearts of the people of the south as did "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. It came from the heart of the poet at a time when the southland stood in grief and in untold sorrow.

It was several years ago that Aquila met with a young lady from the south who related to him the following beautiful and touching incident in the poet's life.

"One Christmas (I was then a little girl," says the young lady) "I came to Father Ryan with a book-mark—a pretty little scroll of the 'Conquered Banner,' and begged him to accept it. I can never forget how his lips quivered as he placed his hand upon my head and said (a little kindly remembrance touched him so):

"Call your little sisters and I will tell them a story about this picture."

"Do you know, my little children," he said as we gathered about his knee, "that people said that the 'Conquered Banner' is a great poem? I never thought so," he continued, in that dreamy, far off way so peculiarly his own.

"Yes," he answered, "and I am going to tell you how a woman was the medium of its publication." Then a shadow passed over his face, a dreamy shadow that was always there when he spoke of the 'Lost Cause,' and he continued:

"I was at Knoxville when the news came that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox court house. It was night and I was sitting in my room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain, were quartered, when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All is lost—General Lee has surrendered.'

"I looked at him. I knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. I simply said: 'Leave me,' and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them. That banner was conquered, its folds were furled, but its story had to be told. We were very poor, my dear little children, in the days of the war.

"I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping paper that lay on the table about an old pair of shoes that a friend had sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote 'The Conquered Banner.' Then I went to bed leaving the lines there upon the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away, and I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of the spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in a Louisville paper.

"When I got to be a woman," said the young lady, "I am going to write that story." "Are you?" he answered. "Ah it is dangerous to be a writer, especially for a woman, but if you are determined, let me give you a name," and he wrote on a piece of paper the word "Zona." "It is an Indian name," he said in explanation, "and it means a snow bird. You will always remember like a snow bird, to keep your white wings unsullied. A woman should always be pure, and every mother should teach her boys to look upon a woman as they would upon an altar."

Thus far the incident related to me by my southern friend.

Many and many a time in the hurry and bustle of the noisy world the words of the gentle poet-priest come back to me, and in writing this little sketch for the Colorado Catholic, of how it was through a woman's thoughtfulness that the great southern epic was given to the world, I cannot refrain from repeating this little talk, which was the outgrowth of this story and which might prove a help and a benediction in many a woman's life.

No aspiring column marks the spot where the priest, patriot and poet is sleeping, but his words still live in the hearts of the people, and the regard, the respect, the high esteem, he held for women bespeak the purity of his soul.

Rest thee, saddest, tenderest, most spiritual poet, heart that has sought

our hearts and breathed in it a music that the lapse of years cannot still; sleep and rest on. The visions that came to the mind of the priest as he "Walked down the valley of Silence Down, the dim, voiceless valley alone" are living on, for they are prayers.

THE LATE BROTHER JOSEPH. Some of the Accomplishments of the Christian Brothers' Superior.

A Month's Mind Mass for the late Brother Joseph, Superior-General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was celebrated on January 31 in the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville.

Brother Joseph, died in his seventy-fourth year, near Marseilles, France, and his body was interred in the Mortuary Chapel, near Paris, used as a sepulchre for the Superior-Generals of the Congregation.

Brother Joseph's life is identified in such a manner with the history of the contemporary development of the Christian schools, that it counts, so to speak, minutely its smallest details.

When Brother Joseph was born, in 1823, at St. Etienne, the order was rising again from its ashes, at Lyons; and it was indeed a complete resurrection; for never had any institution seemed more entirely crushed.

The Brothers established their novitiate at Lyons, in the building granted by the Municipality, and began to increase rapidly, wherever feasible accepting the call of the Communism for teachers. Their difficulties and hardships were many, but they were aided and encouraged by the protection of Cardinal Fesch, who once wrote to a relative: "Had I but a piece of bread, I would divide it with the Brothers of the Christian Schools."

The history of the second beginning of the Institute is recalled in its only to offer an opportunity of measuring the extent of the progress realized by the disciples of the Blessed De La Salle, from the time when they started from nothing, down to the present year, 1897, when they reckon fifteen thousand members and nearly half a million of pupils, distributed in more than two thousand schools throughout the world.

Such phenomenal growth deserves the closest study: for if considered in a spiritual view, it can be attributed to the Divine protection; it must also have a raison d'etre in matters merely human. Considering the method used by the Brothers, the explanation of their success is perceived.

These educators, supposed by their adversaries as bound by the rules and customs of another age, have marked the time of every reform in methods of pedagogy. Much importance is attached to technical education in our day; but the Institute of the Brothers was the pioneer in this field. Their school of St. Nicholas, Paris, existed long before all municipal attempts to establish technical schools.

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

The Catholic Club of this city deserves credit for the active interest its members are taking in the work for which it was organized. On last Friday evening a very interesting debate took place, on the subject of whether it would be better to have the government of the city attended to by three paid commissioners or by the present system of aldermanic control.

The debate was largely too large, made capital addresses, and each was warmly applauded as he finished. The officers of the debate were: Mr. D. Regan, a gentleman who has a goodly store of knowledge regarding municipal matters; Rev. Father Tobin and Mr. H. Beaton, acting as referees.

A choice programme of vocal and instrumental music, given at intervals during the evening, made the occasion a very pleasant one. Miss Martha Forrestal and Miss Katie Moore rendered instrumental selections, which deservedly received hearty applause.

Miss Nellie Moore gave a vocal selection, "The Kingdom Home," which was very well received by the audience. The untiring president, Mr. T. J. Murphy, occupied the chair during the evening. At the close of the debate Rev. J. Tobin congratulated the Club upon the progress it has made, and he trusted the members would continue to be energetic in the good work they have undertaken.

The attendance was large—too large, for the accommodation of the room afforded. There were also present, besides the members of the Club, a large number of ladies, who seemed to take a deep interest in the proceedings.

NEW BOOK.

The bell which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen decided to place on the Point Church, in recognition of the marvellous escape from drowning of the latter and the kindness of the residents of the Point, has arrived in Ottawa, and will shortly be put into position in the steeple.

A Valuable Present.

MISS TERESA MULLINS, SOMBRÉ, ONT. On Sunday night, Feb. 14, after only a short illness, Teresa, aged seventeen years, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mullins, passed away.

OBITUARY.

London, Feb. 13.—John E. Redmond, M. P., the Parnellite leader from the Waterford constituency, who recently returned from America, through which country he made an extended tour, was met tonight by a number of his friends and escorted from the hotel to the Independent Club, which was decorated with American and Irish flags and brilliant illuminations.

Mr. Redmond, in the course of his speech to the members of the club and guests assembled, said that he had just visited the great cities of the United States and Canada, and was feeling somewhat fatigued and in no condition to talk. He would say, however, that at their backs they had the overhurling

gave the last absolution.—N. Y. Catholic News.

The Old, Old Story.

He was one of the fellows Who could drink or leave it alone, With a fine, high scorn for common men Who were born with no back bone.

Deny to himself the use Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine Because of its weak abode?

He could quote at a banquet, With a manner half divine, Full fifty things the poets say About the rosy wine.

And he could sing a spirited song About the eyes of a lass And drink a toast to her fair, young worth In the sparkling, generous glass.

And, since this lordly fellow Could drink or leave it alone, He chose to drink at his own wild will Till his will was overthrown.

And the eyes of the lass are dim with grief, And the children shiver and shriek, For the man who once could leave it alone Is a pitiful slave to drink.

Two Months to Live.

That was what a Doctor Told Mr. David Moore—The Remarkable Experience of One who was an Invalid for Years—Six Doctors Treated Him Without Benefit—He Owe his Renewed Health to Following a Friend's Advice.

Mr. David Moore is a well-known and much esteemed farmer living in the county of Carleton, some six miles from the village of Richmond. Mr. Moore has been an invalid for some years, and physicians failed to agree as to his ailment.

From the Ottawa Journal.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. — Wheat, 72 to 76c per bushel. Oats, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2 per bushel. Barley, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2 per bushel. Buckwheat, 15 to 16 per bushel. Rye, 28 to 30 1/2 per bushel. Corn, 22 1/2 to 23 1/2 per bushel.

Montreal, Feb. 25.—The only business in grain and flour was in oats, which were sold at 22c. Flour was dull and unchanged, and there was no sale of oatmeal and hay.

PORT HURON. — Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Vegetables and Fruits.—Potatoes, 15 to 20c per bushel. Onions, 10 to 12c per bushel. Cabbage, 8 to 10c per bushel. Apples, 10 to 12c per bushel.

Stocks.—Cattle, 10 to 12c per lb. Hogs, 8 to 10c per lb. Sheep, 6 to 8c per lb. Poultry, 10 to 12c per lb.

Chicago, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

St. Louis, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

St. Paul, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Minneapolis, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Buffalo, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Albany, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Syracuse, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Pittsburgh, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Cincinnati, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Columbus, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Indianapolis, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Richmond, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

Philadelphia, Feb. 25.—Wheat, No. 2 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 3 white, 83c; No. 3 red, 82c; No. 4 white, 81c; No. 4 red, 80c; No. 5 white, 79c; No. 5 red, 78c.

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