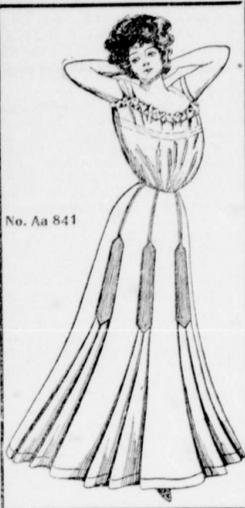


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THE HALF SIR

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

"I will never be done again," replied Mr. Hunter, "and it was then rather the result of indolence than actual fear. However peace be with politics! Let us talk of something else. You have some fine paintings there."

"A few," said Hammond.

"That is a good copy of Poussin, only (if my memory serve me right) a little more piquant than the original."

"I have heard it said (for I am no critic myself) that that was a general fault of poor Barry's coloring. You see I am a patriot in my pictures."

"All fair, sir, all fair. I like Barry myself. But if you're fond of historical paintings, I should recommend you to look at some of Allen's. Ah, sir, that will be a brilliant fellow—you'll see."

Hammond, while he could not avoid smiling at this piece of nationality in his northern friend, promised to avail himself of his suggestion, on the first opportunity.

"That is a bonnet which you which you have the green curtain drawn," said Hunter.

"Only a portrait," said Hammond, in a careless tone, blushing deep crimson at the same time.

"Now that you talk of portraits, sir," said Hunter, suddenly recollecting himself—"you remind me of a commission which my wife gave me, when she knew I was coming to see you. There is a cousin of hers lodging in your neighborhood at Mr. Falahoe's, a Miss O'Brien."

"I have heard of her," said Hammond, "but I have no suspicion that she was a relative of Mrs. Hunter's. Even the identity of the names had escaped my recollection. She had a fever lately, I believe?"

"She had—almost immediately after your convalescence. It was a most extraordinary circumstance how she could have taken the contagion, for though she was attentive to the people about her, she never went in danger of the disease. However, she has, it seems got some message for you, which she longs to deliver in person."

"From—from whom?" Hammond asked, hesitatingly.

"From a friend of ours, with whom she spent a considerable time on the continent. Excuse me, my dear sir," he added, laying his hand on Hammond's arm, as he observed his head droop suddenly, and his cheek whiten—"I am intruding strangely on matters of so deep an interest to you, but I am a mere agent—yet no cold one either."

"Pray, do not use ceremony with me," said Hammond, still trembling with an agitation which he could not command. "Talk of Lady Emily and her friend, as you would of indifferent persons. My heart is interested in what you said, rather from a long and bad habit in which I indulged it, than from the positive existence of any strong feeling, one way or another."

"Since you permit me to use the privilege of an old acquaintance already," said Hunter, "I will tell you that Lady Emily, after the death of her husband, of which you must have heard"

(Hammond bowed)—"expressed in a letter which she wrote to my wife, a strong wish to see you—in order to explain some mistake, which had at the first occasioned the misunderstanding that led to your separation. That wish she again expressed, more recently, to our friend Miss O'Brien."

"I understand you," said Hammond, with firmness, "but my answer to this is brief. When Lady Emily rejected me, and married another, she exercised a deliberate judgment, and I did not seek to obtrude my vexed and disappointed feelings upon her. I forgive her sincerely—fully—but I never will—never can, see or speak to her."

"And yet you forgive her! Ah, my dear friend, that is not the language of forgiveness. It is not the forgiveness which is required from us, in return for the pardon which we all need for our own transgressions. How would you feel, if when you solicited that pardon from the Being Whom all offend, more or less, the answer returned from the seat of mercy, 'I forgive you—but I never will see you—leave my paradise for ever.'"

"Your rebuke is just, Mr. Hunter—but admitting that it is so, of what use could it be to renew an acquaintance that would only bring back intolerable recollections to both parties? Our hearts and our persons are both changed now. I suppose I should scarcely know Emily, nor be known by her. For myself, I am conscious that the world and my own—ill temper, perhaps—have altered me strangely; and where Emily might expect to find some remains of the warm and enthusiastic nature that she once said she loved, she would only be shocked to meet a dark and morose temper, a furrowed cheek, and broken spirit in her old love. Let us not meet, then, to give pain to each other. We are not very far, perhaps from the close of all our anxieties; let us then step quietly from the world. Let us not vex the fallen evening of our days (since fate has made us hurry through our noon) with storms which are only the right of youth and youthful passion."

"If you knew the circumstances under which she expressed her wishes," said Hunter gravely, "it would not be so difficult to prevail on you."

Hammond looked keenly into his eyes.

"You are aware," the other continued, "that her health had been suffering for many years?"

Ever ready to anticipate the most gloomy posture of affairs, Hammond now listened with a suspense approaching to agony. Hunter, too, seemed to pause as if affected by some unusual emotion.

"The fact is," he resumed, "part of my commission is conditional; and as I have the liberty of reserving it to myself, in case you should consent to come and see us, I am anxious to prevail on you—for it is of a nature that I had rather trust to other lips than—" Hammond here interrupted him.

"If all this, Mr. Hunter," said he, speaking in a hoarse low voice, and almost sinking with apprehension—"if this has been only a preparation to let me know that Emily Bury is—that the worst possible calamity in this world has befallen me—it would be better, perhaps, that the conversation should rest here."

"I will only confine myself to my

commission," said Hunter. "Our cousin has a message for you."

"I understand," said Hammond, endeavoring to command himself while he gazed on the other with an absent and dreadfully ghastly eye. "I thank you, Mr. Hunter—you have discharged your part well and feelingly."

"I will not leave until you promise to meet Miss O'Brien at our place."

"Well, I will, but not now,—O not now."

"In the next month then?"

"Be it so," said Hammond, rushing out of the room.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Hunter, as he rode away, "it will be a long time to keep him in pain—but the women will allow nobody to meddle with matters of this kind but themselves."

CHAPTER X.

If thou be'st dead, why dost thou shadow
Frick me! 'tis because I live; were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the privilege to mix in silence—
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen!

—The Night Walker.

We now find ourselves in the position in which our tale commenced, when, as the reader may remember, we let Mr. Charles Lare seated at Mr. Falahoe's fireside, and expecting the entrance of their fair lodger. In a few minutes the lady made her appearance, prepared for the excursion which she meditated, and in a very few more, she and Mr. Lane were on the road leading to the house of Mr. Hunter, where she proposed spending the remainder of the day.

Whether it was that the lady did not feel pleased with her company, or that she had some secret cause for anxiety, her young squire observed that she was more, far more than usually meditative after they left the house—so much so, as on two or three occasions to have paid no attention to observations which caused him no slight degree of labor in concealing. They rode by Knock Patrick (a hill which is said to rise by a gradual ascent from Dublin), and he pointed out to her with his switch the chair of rough stones, near the ruined church, in which the great patron, St. Patrick, had rested, after his apostolic toils, including all the western district, in one general benediction he showed her the well at which the holy man had nearly escaped poisoning, and related at full length the legend of the Munster Dido, the foundress of Shanet Castle, a singular and striking fortification, which occupied the whole summit of a craggy hillcock towards the south. But all his eloquence was in vain. Miss O'Brien said "no" when he expected her to say "yes" laughed when she ought to have been shocked, and used an exclamation of really appropriate horror or compassion when politeness should have made her laugh at some piece of barbarous joke-slaughter. He was perfectly satisfied, nevertheless, that this inattention could not be the result of pride in Miss O'Brien; for though she was no favorite of his, he always remarked an almost too acute anxiety in her manner to avoid the slightest possibility of giving pain by any assumption of superiority. Indeed, she sometimes carried her condescension to an extent that young Lane would have thought a step too low for himself, and was very careful to observe and

acknowledge, with the ready sweetness which is so peculiar to high rank and intellect, the homely courtesies of the poorest peasants that passed her on the road. Mr. Lane, too, was quicksighted enough (although he was a kind of blockhead in his own way) to perceive that this eager humility was an assumed or engrained portion of the lady's character, and that her natural temper was directly opposite to it.

They parted, at length, at Mr. Hunter's door (the young gentleman not half satisfied with the impression he had been able to make of his own cleverness on the lady's mind), and Miss O'Brien entered the house of her friend. The lady of the house was alone in her drawing room.

Welcome, a thousand times, and a hundred thousand Irish welcomes, my own darling friend," she exclaimed affectionately, as Miss O'Brien entered. The latter endeavored to speak, but could only fling her arms about Martha's neck, and weep loudly and bitterly.

"Is he come?" she at length asked, in deep agitation.

"Not yet—but we expect him every hour. He renewed his promise most earnestly yesterday evening."

"Oh Martha, I fear I have miscalculated my firmness. I could find it in my heart to turn back this moment, and run into some secret place, and die at once, and in silence. My heart shudders when I think of what I have undertaken."

"Ah, now, what weakness this is, my dear friend! 'Tis but an hour's exertion, and consider what peace of mind I will purchase you. For the sake of my poor friend Hammond too, I would advise you to sacrifice your own feelings as much as possible. Do, now, love!"

"I will, Martha—but I fear—I know how he must feel. However, I will try to exert myself."

They remained silent for a few minutes, Martha Hunter (so like the liberty of retaining the familiar appellation of her youthful days) holding Miss O'Brien's hand between both hers and turning towards her a face which was filled with the sweetest interest in the world—a face in which the sedateness of the mother and the wife had not, in the slightest degree, overshadowed the beaming affection of the girlish enthusiast—a face as clear, open, and serene as a summer forenoon, while her eyes felt any stormier changes than that which it was now gently clouded—the grief of ready sympathy for a dear friend's woe. But Martha had passed through life without a care or disappointment of any serious kind.—She was born to a moderate fortune—she met a young gentleman whom she liked for a husband, and she married him—she longed for children, and she had them—three boys—then she was left a widow, and a girl appears—everything, in fact, had run on so limberly with her, that if it were not for some rogue's tearing down her garden fence on one occasion for frigate—and that the drawing room window was three inches too high to enable her to see the Shannon from the sofa, she might be said to be a happy woman.

To judge, however, from the appearance which she now felt any stormier changes than that which it was now gently clouded—the grief of ready sympathy for a dear friend's woe. But Martha had passed through life without a care or disappointment of any serious kind.—She was born to a moderate fortune—she met a young gentleman whom she liked for a husband, and she married him—she longed for children, and she had them—three boys—then she was left a widow, and a girl appears—everything, in fact, had run on so limberly with her, that if it were not for some rogue's tearing down her garden fence on one occasion for frigate—and that the drawing room window was three inches too high to enable her to see the Shannon from the sofa, she might be said to be a happy woman.

once loved Emily—his first and last affection. This true lover had led a wretched life from the day of Mr. Hunter's visit; and all the exertions of his religious and philosophical mind had been wasted to suppress the rebellious sorrow that labored at his heart. The change that had taken place in his person, as well as in his mind, may, however, be most easily indicated, by introducing the reader into his apartment, as it appeared when Remy O'Leone entered it, kettle in hand, on the morning of this very day a few hours after the Wren-boys had departed.

Hammond was then seated at his solitary breakfast table, in the same dress which we have seen him wear on board the hooker—a blue frieze jacket and trousers, with a black silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck—his hand clenched fast, and supporting his forehead, as he leaned upon the table. He suffered Remy to make the tea, lay the toast, and go through all the necessary preparations, without seeming to be once conscious of his presence. When he raised his head, at length, in order to answer a question put by the latter, the appearance of his countenance was such as made Remy start and gape with horror. His eyes had sunk deep in their sockets, while the lids were red, and the balls sunken and bloodshot—his lean and rather furrowed cheeks had assumed the pallid yellowness of death—his forehead and temples were shrivelled, dry, and bony, his hair sapless and staring, like that of a man who has been laid in a coffin and dragged—and altogether an air of desolation and anxiety about him, which nothing less than a luxurious indulgence of long sorrow could have produced. His voice, as he spoke to Remy, was rough, harsh, and husky, and the sharpness and suddenness of his manner showed as if his mind were in some degree shaken by the continuance of painful and laborious reflection.

"I will walk there," he said in reply to Remy's question. "Leave me now, and do not come until I send for you."

Remy left the room.

"Yes!" said Hammond, starting up from the table and making the door fast. "I will meet this envoy. A dying message—or dying gift, perhaps. No matter! Inhuman as she was, I can't forget that I have loved her—and her last thought and her last present will be dear to me, for they can never change. Oh, Emily, why did you wrong yourself and me so foully? When all the world left you—when you were lying on your death bed in a foreign land, did you remember old times? did you think of Hammond and his injuries with regret? and if so, why was I not apprised of your repentance? why was I not kneeling at your bedside, to commend her spirit that I loved with the words of forgiveness and affection? But no!" he added, stamping his foot against the floor, and setting his teeth hard in a sterner mood—"Let me not fool my nature. She died the death she earned for herself—the death of the proud and the high-hearted. Let me rather rejoice that it is so—for in her grave alone could she become again the subject of Hammond's love. I could not tell her, living, as I now tell her dead, that her image is still treasured among the dearest memories of my heart—that Emily Bury, the young, the gay, the tender, and the gentle, is still the queen of that blank and desolate region.

"My heart is worn, Emily," he went on, raising his outstretched arms as if in invocation of some listening spirit of its gentle decay had been accidental rather than natural. The contrast in the expression and appearance of both countenances was such as a painter, fond of lingering on the pictures of female loveliness and interest, might have seen with a delighted eye.

While both remained thus silent and motionless, indulging the long caress in the mute intelligence of old affection, they were suddenly startled by a knock at the hall door. Miss O'Brien rose from her seat.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mrs. Hunter, "perhaps 'tis only Hunter."

"Oh, it is he, Martha—the very knock—that hesitating knock—how often has my heart bounded to it!—but 'tis over—All is over now!"

"Be comforted, I entreat you," Miss O'Brien added, grasping at that arm which she had just seen her husband's hand from her seat.

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Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

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Agents for Ontario, Mr. James Power.

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Agents for the Inside, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the Outside, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the Within, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the Without, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the Above, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the Below, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the Before, Mr. James Power.

Agents for the After, Mr. James Power.

hammedanism, both being a huge fraud upon humanity, and both being man-made religions—rather, he should say, Eddyism is woman made and therefore cannot be the religion of Christ.

A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION.

Catholics have just cause of complaint against certain newspaper correspondents because of their frequent distortion of facts in matters connected with the Catholic Church.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Dear Sir:—I have read your issue of the 13th inst. and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

The Dominion Government has come to the conclusion that stringent measures are necessary to put a stop to the Doukhobor fanaticism which has manifested itself for the last three years by senseless and indecent pilgrimages.

EDDYISM.

A bitter controversy has arisen in Traverse City, Michigan, owing to attacks made from the pulpit on Christian Science, so-called, or Eddyism.

Bishop Grafton and his coadjutor as well as on Rev. Trudell for trespass on my property, as the old church title was still vested in myself.

WILD REVELS.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and in order to impress upon our readers the importance of Temperance and the dangers of the drinking habit, it is not necessary to have recourse to the imagination to depict the direful consequences of that habit.

THE ANGLICAN GENERAL SYNOD.

The General Synod of the Church of England in the Dominion began its sessions in the city of Quebec on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, with an attendance of 17 Bishops, 90 clerical, and 55 lay delegates.

WIFE DESERTION.

The Detroit News has recently made an investigation into the poverty stricken parts of Detroit, and has discovered the startling fact that within the past few months seventy-four wives have been deserted by their husbands.

and singing. They abjure all animal food, and their only food is said to have been peanuts.

These incidents should surely be sufficient to convince young people especially of the danger of indulging even moderately in the insidious habit of drinking, lest they should be led by degrees to become crazed with drink.

THE ANGLICAN GENERAL SYNOD.

The American Bishops were present rather as sympathetic visitors invited through courtesy to assist on the occasion, though they could not take part in an official capacity.

WIFE DESERTION.

The sufferings of the mothers especially in these instances are beyond description. Their whole time is taken up from early morn till late at night working to provide themselves and their little ones with the absolute necessities of life.

It is his opinion evidently, that the parents have the inherent right to have religious teaching in the schools for their children, and it is only because they cannot get their rights that he supposes they should consent to be wronged on this point.

This being the case, we can now understand how it happened that the Bishops of Rupert's land joined in the outcry against Catholic schools in the North-West, and that some other Bishops in Ontario joined in the same hunt.

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more difficult for the deserted to discover a way to earn a living. But under any circumstances the criminality of the men who have abandoned their helpless families cannot be overrated. They have thrown the burden of sustaining their families upon the community at large, in which they have lived, and their children are exposed to evil influences which will result in the increase of the criminal classes.

is considered the thing to drink a little beer or wine. When the patrons of these places learn that drink is passe, however, many of them will crush the habit. The women who are interested in this movement do not believe the drinking habit is spreading among women to any demoralizing extent. Our society will spring into being with the wave of temperance reform that is just now sweeping the entire country."

been taught on sufficient grounds to observe. And we had recently the assurance of one of the Bishops of the Anglican Church in Canada that the alarming state of affairs which has long been known to exist beyond our national boundary, exists also in Ontario. This is a matter of course. Nearly all the sects in Ontario repudiated for themselves schools in which religious teaching should be given to the upgrowing generation and we now see the result. One of the chief pastors of the Anglican Church declares that they are about as guilty of race suicide as are the people of the United States of America.

teachers and philosophers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The numberless sects generated in the great rebellion of the Reformation, self contradictory and mutually repellent as they were, were certain to act as a solvent of all belief in the minds of thinking men. It needed only time to make the world, divorced as it was from the centre of dogmatic truth, disgusted with the pretensions of sectaries, who ranged along the line of historical fantasies from the "conversions" and "gift of tongues" of some Moravian sectaries to the Apocalyptic visions of Swedenborg. But it is not sufficiently recognized that in more recent times the pretensions of science gave a fatal impetus to this growing unbelief. And, strange to say, it was not the discoveries of science, but the denial of those discoveries and the retention of those principles that were supposed to result from them, that really plunged the world in infidelity. Science, with all its insolence, could not deny the existence of God.

Fruit-atives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from fruit with tonics. Nature's remedy for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases.

defied with impunity, civilization would end in a cataclysm, and all social life would perish without the possibility of being reconstructed on any other basis. The necessity of some moral code may then be taken as generally admitted. But (say the non-dogmatists) this moral code must be considered independent of propositions, doctrines or decrees emanating from Churches. Nay, would it not even tell in favor of morality if the wars of the sects should cease, and if the ears of the world were no longer tormented with disputations about dogmas or controversies about abstruse and metaphysical questions which the human mind will never solve and if we were left at peace to pursue the avocations of life within the limits of the moral law, about which there can be no question?

or murder, or bear false witness; and whosoever holds this criminal theory is only fit to be put outside the pale of civilization." Where here is the difference in the formula? The veriest non-dogmatic has "anathema" on his lips as well as the dogmatic church. Yes! but we are not speaking now of moral precepts, is the reply. There we are at one. We admit that the basis of all morality is the dogmatic principle. What we repudiate is your Councils, your decrees, your dogmatic definitions and distinctions about articles of Faith of whose inner meaning you can know nothing, much less teach us. We feel that the moral teachings of Christianity are very beautiful; and we try to fashion our lives thereon. But we stop there. As to the person of Christ, His origin, His nature, His mission, His miracles, His power, we know nothing. We accept His moral teaching as quite in consonance with our "moral sense." We reject all dogma connected with His person, His mission, or His miracles.

RACE SUICIDE.

A good deal has been said recently of the evils of "race suicide," as the crime of destroying children even before they have seen the light of day has been called by President Roosevelt. The Catholic Church has always denounced this sin as a murder, and it is truly such; but the Protestant world has come to regard it as a very pardonable act, and in fact as no sin at all when parents have made up their minds that they do not wish the trouble and responsibility of rearing large families.

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

We notice by American papers that in Chicago an association has been formed by a number of Catholic ladies, the purpose of which is to enforce total abstinence among women by a new method which is based upon that adopted by New York Catholic ladies to stop the divorce evil. Our readers are aware that the New York society, under the name of the "Daughters of the Faith," was instituted to check the evil of divorce, and this it attempts to do by socially ostracizing women who have been divorced. Those women who have been divorced from their husbands are not to be admitted by the "Daughters of the Faith" of New York to visit their houses or to be present at social gatherings therein.

A "RELIGION" WITHOUT A CREED.

Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D., in the New Ireland. It has been well said that a new heresy is to-day an impossibility. It cannot even be imagined. The world has so completely passed beyond that stage of antagonism to the Church, that it can never recur to it. The great controversy of the past, which was regarded as a divine appointment, has been permitted to die, destined to make contact the whole body of Christian tradition, are now regarded by a large and influential section of thinkers as childish, because metaphysical. The world has cast aside the shreds and patches of doctrinal truth left by the Reformation; and now stands forth in all the bareness of its agnosticism, naked and unshamed. It is an evil symptom, and yet a good symptom. Evil, because it argues, nay, as we shall see, proves, the existence of indifference, the impartial repugnance to all Christian traditions and beliefs. Good, because it clears the ground and simplifies the issues between the great antagonist of Revelation—the Church, and its traditional and hereditary antagonist: the world. Henceforth, and forever, we are done with legal and partial controversies about the Incarnation of Saints, the veneration of relics, the devotion of Catholics to our Blessed Lady, the utility and necessity of confession, the supreme excellence of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Much more may we regard as antiquated and out of date the historical questions and the historical dogmas which agitated past generations. It is quite possible that even yet in far places on the outskirts of civilization there may be found preachers or readers, brought up in all the narrowness of Sunday school traditions, who try to save their slippery footholds on human credulity by catching at the ancient phantoms of Galileo and Copernicus and the little skirmishes that went on for a while, just as freebooting and guerrilla warfare continued long after the defeated general of a great army has handed up his sword to the conqueror. But in the great centres of intellectual progress in the world—in London, Paris, Rome, New York—these minor and petty questions are ignored, and the mighty forces on both sides are being sifted and rearranged along the two great lines of Faith and Unfaith, Dogma and No-Dogma, Life, as it presents itself to our bare senses, and Life as it is revealed to us with all its vast issues and responsibilities by Him Who sitteth above the stars.

THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE.

Nay, by its very insistence on the truth of facts, and its deductions from them, as well as by the tremendous insight it gave into the stupendous workings of nature, it certainly enlarged man's vision and gave human thought a wider horizon. And when that vision fell short of the supernatural, when in answer to elementary questions about the origin of matter or of being, the men of science shook their heads and muttered: "Ignoramus et ignorabimus!" (We know not, and we shall never know!) But when, in our own days, Science itself has the ground cut from under its feet by fresher and more recent revelations; when every new discovery disproves some preceding theory that was regarded as beyond refutation; when the views of the greatest thinkers of past generations are now regarded as childish and absurd ideas about space and time, color, sound, light are proved to be absolutely spurious when the philosophy of atoms has been revised, disproved, reconstructed and still remains an enigma; and when no scientist can yet say whether matter is a condition of force or force a condition of matter the world that learned its faith on the dogmatism of science has ceased to be even skeptical and accepted jecting or disbelieving its dogmas has every kind. But, because the common sense of mankind declares that in the lowest condition of human society, and still more in its higher and more complex forms, some kind of religion or ethics is necessary to keep the frame of things together, unbelievers have adopted the following formula: "A religious life is compatible with disbelief in dogmas."

THE UNMOVABLE INFINITE.

The newest development, then, of what is generally called Protestantism (and Protestantism, being negation, finds its logical outcome in it), is the denial, not of one or two particular dogmas or articles of belief, but the denial of all dogma, and the substitution of a system of ethics whose foundations are unstable and undefined. This ultimate result of the Reformation was inevitable, because the principle of Dogma having been denied when the principle of Authority was set aside, it naturally followed that all that remained would sooner or later be called in question: but that that pre-emptory challenge should come, first in universal skepticism and then in blank denial. This radical change from the Christian ideal of revealed doctrines (entailing in their imperious precepts: "Thou shalt not kill"; "Thou shalt not steal"; "Thou shalt not bear false witness" could

THE DECADE OF SECTARIAN DOGMA.

The decay of sectarian dogma is the revival of the Christian life. It is a sign of greater religious vitality. "Christianity—not belief in Christ's divinity, but living according to Christ's maxims." HOW MEN POOL THEMSELVES. This is the most popular form of what is known as "Independent Morality" in our age. And it is the most specious because it admits and appeals to a moral sense, the existence of which, even in the worst of times, men have not controverted, although they might be in an easy under its restrictions. The schools and universities may contend about propositions, but however evil men might rebel against its restrictions, it is a Walt Whitman once in a century, who can be found to argue a return to nature. It is quite true that Prof. Haeckel and other evolutionists admit the impossibility of reconciling a moral code based on humanitarian or social principles with the theory of natural selection. If this latter is the law of the universe it is quite clear that the ancient Greeks and Romans were but following the finger of Nature when they promptly extinguished every life that did not make for the welfare of the State. It is also true that Positivists, like Frederic Harrison, calmly repudiate the doctrine of Christ as incompatible with human progress in our time, and that he too advocates a reversion to Nature, or such an adaptation of ethics to the laws of Nature as shall meet social and political necessities. And it may be remembered that Tennyson threw dogma into the winds when he declared: "There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds," he ever after floundered hopelessly in his attempt to reconcile the wild savagery of Nature with some occult law that made for righteousness. "Oh, yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill."

THE MERE MAN.

For this "moral sense," innate or acquired, must rest on some principle. If we accept, the principle from which it originated and on which it depends must be accepted also. Surely it is not a mere whim or caprice of humanity that keeps men's hands from being imbrued in the blood of their fellow men. It is not a sentiment of mercy or compassion, or mere humanitarianism that protects the world from promiscuous murder. How valueless such sentiments are in a whirlwind of rage and passion, such as is let loose in war, or in a theatre panic, we know well. There must be some underlying principle, tacitly acknowledged by the entire race, and which is formulated in men's acquiescence: "It is wrong and criminal to shed the blood of another." But that is dogma. Therefore, in accepting the common religious and social principle, you put the yoke of dogma around your neck. The same rule applies to every moral principle by which society is cemented and solidified. The Church says: "Whosoever doth rob, or murder, or bear false witness, let him be anathema." The non-dogmatic says: "Every man possesses a moral sense; and this declares that it is criminal in sense, and subversive of all moral order, to steal,

THE MERE MAN.

And we must say we see a great difference between the two societies. That which has been organized by the ladies of New York is intended to correct what is absolutely a moral evil which threatens the sacredness of marriage and the very foundations of society, whereas the new Chicago society appears to us to make a crime of what is not a crime, and to carry out its object it must institute a system of espionage upon every Catholic family in the city with the object of boycotting them if they use liquor even in the greatest moderation.

THE MERE MAN.

We are advocates of temperance in the highest degree, and we counsel total abstinence, as we have always done in our columns, because it is the safest way to prevent the inroads of the demon of intemperance. But we do not go so far as to denounce those who make a moderate use of alcoholic beverages as guilty of a crime against Christian and Catholic morality.

THE MERE MAN.

We believe, therefore, that the proposed constitution of the Daughters of Temperance goes to an extreme in its manner of advocacy of total abstinence, by proposing to inflict upon persons who are innocent of any fault, penalties which are deserved only by those who are guilty of serious offences against Christian morals.

THE MERE MAN.

We have no intention by these remarks to anticipate the judgment of the Holy See upon the constitution and by-laws of the proposed society and much less to oppose that judgment; and if we have here said anything which may conflict with that judgment, when it is given, we shall gladly retract our opinion, as we are and we intend to be true children of the Church under every respect.

THE MERE MAN.

Mrs. W. C. H. Keogh, the lady who has been elected President of the new association, remarked: "Everywhere, temptation in the form of the wine-cup awaits young persons. At all the summer gardens and at the outdoor concerts it

THE MERE MAN.

is evident that this race suicide is an act of disobedience to the law of God, which from the beginning commanded man to observe, and which in the decalogue was inscribed on the stone tablet of the law given by God and promulgated from Mount Sinai: "Thou shalt not kill."

THE MERE MAN.

We do not mean for a moment to assert that all who are educated in school in the principles of religion will be good Christians and will obey the law, but we do unhesitatingly say that those who are not taught the law in Christian schools must grow up in ignorance of it, and will almost by an absolute necessity follow what it has been taught, but will neglect the important duties which they have never

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By a Protestant Theologian. CCLXIX. We have seen that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Protestant leaders had on their hands the proof of the most astonishing proposition conceivable, namely, that the Gospel had perished out of universal knowledge at the death of the Apostles, or at least by the age of Constantine, or at very farthest soon after the time of St. Gregory the Great, and yet that the regenerating name and power and word and Spirit of Christ had been working through all the centuries. In other words, they had to prove that the Gospel was and was not, had been and had not been, at one and the same time and place.

Now it is plain that the proof of this astounding proposition would require either consummate philosophical capacity or consummate power of sophistry. In either case the controversial works of the Protestants ought to have towered prominently, either in substance or in the art of presentation, above those of their antagonists. Yet this is not the case. Undoubtedly the Magdeburg Centuries, a great historical, and incidentally a great controversial work, show vast learning and eminent ability (which most of us have to take on trust), and undoubtedly they powerfully contributed to fortify the Protestants in their positions. Yet I do not understand that the Protestant scholars claim for them any decided superiority above the Annals of Baronius, written in answer to them. Indeed, from all that I know of these two famous works, mostly through Protestant channels, I suppose that it is a sufficient compliment to the Centuries to say that they are not unworthy of the response which they evoked.

It is true that Flacius Illyricus, the great Centuriator, had a strain on his abilities from which Baronius was exempt. Flacius had to make out that St. Peter as the first Pope, was at once the leading Apostle of Christ and yet the forerunner of Antichrist. Baronius, not being obliged to rack his brains over any such inexplicability, could afford to write with a more peaceful ease. See the exquisitely comical language of Flacius about this matter, as quoted in Jansen.

As we have already seen, the immediately controversial works of the Protestants compare but poorly with those of Bellarmine, since Calvin's Institutes treat on a doctrine which most Protestants detest, and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, magnificently controversial is controversial against the Puritans, not against the Catholics. It should appear then that in the field of controversy the Catholics, in view of Bellarmine's eminence, had on the whole the ascendancy, down to the eve of the eighteenth century. Then appeared Bossuet's incomparable Variations des Eglises Protestantes. Since then nothing like it has been given out by the Catholics. They have felt no need. Their work has been done, and has not required to be renewed. Nothing like it has been given out by us, not, by any means, because we have had no need, for our need has been crying but because by some malignant fate our ability has come sadly short of our necessity.

Let us not misunderstand the purport of the Variations. The Bishop of Meaux does not set out, primarily, to prove that Catholicism is true, and Protestantism false, the former Scriptural, the latter anti-Scriptural. Incidentally, it is true, he sometimes falls into this strain, and is as effective then as he is in every other part of the work, as might have been thought unlikely of a mind so absolutely saturated with the Bible as Bossuet's. See his reasonings on the Eucharist, let a Protestant read them, and although he may not be convinced of the truth of Transubstantiation, he will be apt, after that, to be very shy of all substitutes for it. Dean Stanley and Father Hyacinthe, however, declare that Transubstantiation, as expounded by the great French divines, is a thoroughly rational and spiritual doctrine.

However, the great Bishop's immediate aim is, not to prove the erroneousness of the Protestant religion, but to disprove its reality, to show that there is no such thing. In this he does not differ much from Dr. Perowne, the late Bishop of Worcester. Perowne was not only a Protestant, but almost a Presbyterian. Yet when it was proposed to modify the King's declaration at accession, making him affirm simply "I believe in the Protestant religion," the Bishop of Worcester objected that he had never been able to define what "the Protestant religion" is. In this he concurs with Bossuet.

Undoubtedly the Bishop of Meaux has no thought of denying that Protestantism has a certain unity of instinct, if not of thought. It is not by mere caprice that the Christian denominations founded on the great break of the sixteenth century have a collective name. Yet the Bishop shows with a distinctness and logical order all his own how absolutely impossible it is to present Protestantism as a concrete and apprehensible reality, expressed in mutually compatible propositions, receiving the adherence of Protestants as such.

Of course everybody knows this now, but Bossuet seems to have been the first to bring distinctly to the consciousness of Protestants the fruitlessness of past and hopelessness of future efforts for doctrinal unity, with any attribute of the old authority. The competition with Catholicism in this field has by Bossuet been rendered lucidly ludicrous. The petulant fruitlessness of such an effort as the Evangelical Alliance only emphasizes Bossuet. I do not mean that the Alliance can do no good, but it must be in other directions.

One of the most eminent divines and writers we have ever had in America, and himself active in this movement, once laughingly said to me, in substance: "Let the Evangelical Alliance

hold an international meeting, and the world, recognizing in it simply a gathering of several hundred worthy Christian gentlemen, glances at its proceedings with a kindly inattentiveness, and soon forgets them. They have no grip on the general conscience. On the contrary, let the Pope gather his subordinate Bishops into a Council, and this convocation is what the Germans call a 'world event'—eine Weltbegebenheit and it causes an agitation throughout Christendom and beyond it, and lays hold of the belief of millions on millions. Now it was Bossuet that first showed the Protestants distinctly, as in a mirror, the futility of endeavoring to compete with Rome in this direction. It would require a convincing revelation that the Redeemer has transferred the guidance of His Church to another centre, to raise this impotency into effectiveness.

Another thing on which the Protestants laid great stress, or a good while, after the Anglicans, care much about the unbroken Episcopate, and, as we know, have mostly thrown it over. Yet for a long time the Protestants were very solicitous to prove that they could show in the past an unbroken succession of virtual Protestantism, mostly outside the Roman communion. At first they had high hopes of being received by the Greek Church, which would certainly have been a great victory. However, they were soon rebuffed here. They found that, apart from the Primacy, Greece and Russia were substantially one with Rome. Indeed, it was from the Latin Church that Greece at length defined the number and characters of her sacraments, while long after the separation, she completed her Canon of Scripture, after the determination of Trent, and only the other day informed Bishop Grafton that he must not find fault with the orthodox definitions of Trent touching the Eucharist.

The failure of their overtures to the Greek Church led the early Protestants to endeavor to find the unbroken Succession in their own quarters. We will next speak of these attempts.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

DESPAIR OF SALVATION.

First in the common category of sins against the Holy Ghost is mentioned that of despair of salvation. It is defined as a want of confidence in God's power and the promises and merits of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The lack of confidence may arise from several causes. Consequently there are several ways in which we may be guilty of the sin. We see this first in those individuals who, weighed down with sin, abandon all hope and desire for their salvation, despairing of God's forgiveness. Forceful illustration of this is found in the case of Cain and Judas, the former exclaiming: "My sin is greater than that I deserve pardon"; and the second, casting away the pieces of silver, "went and hanged himself."

Another way is unfolded to us by those who abandon hope of correcting their evil inclination and sinful habits which are the result of frequent relapses. Again, we may be led to the sin of despair by placing our confidence not in God but either in ourselves or in other creatures. Then, when the awakening comes, we abandon all hope of correcting our mistake and securing forgiveness. Yet to such apathy apply the consoling words "that none have hoped in the Lord, and hath been confounded. Who hath continued in His commandments, and hath been forsaken. Who hath called upon Him and been despised?"

What great hope and consolation these words should inspire even in the greatest of sinners! We should never lose sight of the fact that God has promised forgiveness unreservedly to all who do penance. We should remember that there is no sin which cannot be remitted in the Sacrament of Penance. No matter how many or how scarlet our sins there is forgiveness for them. Therefore, despair of salvation should find no place in our thoughts.—Church Progress.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT A MAN SHOULD NOT BE TOO MUCH DEJECTED WHEN HE FALLETH INTO SOME DEFECTS. I am still living, saith the Lord, ready to help and comfort those more than before, if thou put thy trust in Me, and devoutly call upon Me.

Keep thy mind calm and even, and prepare thyself for bearing still more. All is not lost, if thou feel thyself often afflicted or grievously tempted.

Thou art man, and not God; thou art flesh and not an angel. How canst thou think to continue ever in the same state of virtue when this was not found in the angels in heaven nor in the first man in paradise.

I am He, Who raiseth up and saveth them who mourn; and them who know their own infirmity I advance to My divinity.

O Lord, blessed be this thy word; it is sweeter to my mouth than honey and the honey comb.

Honor Your Father and Mother.

"Too many children forget what they owe to their parents," says the Catholic Universe. "This is evident from their neglect and from their conduct which speaks so loudly and with such penetrating sorrow to the parental heart. The old people may be so simple in their ways and so old-fashioned in their manners that they do not please the 'new set' that is welcomed to the homes and hence they must be relegated to back rooms."

Let Catholics be Catholics.

Every Catholic should be a shining light setting forth the pure, the beautiful, the truly Christian teaching of the great religious body of which he is a member. Let Catholics be Catholics, and America will be redeemed.—Catholic Union and Times.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday After Pentecost. BROTHERLY LOVE. But the fruit of the spirit is Charity. (Ephesians 19)

Mark these words, brethren; for they describe the Christian religion, at least as far as its practical effects are concerned. The presence of the Holy Ghost is known by a kindly disposition, a friendly feeling towards others, a longing to make others happy, an affectionate sympathy for their sufferings—and all this for the love of God. So St. John says: "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." The necessary result of sanctifying grace is a deep attachment to our friends and a loving forgiveness towards our enemies. "For all the law," says St. Paul, "is fulfilled in one sentence: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Kindness of heart, generosity, self-forgetfulness, done to be like your neighbor, the beginning and the end of our holy faith.

"I give you a new commandment," said our Lord to His disciples, "that you love one another; as I have loved you, that you love one another." Again: "By this shall men know that you are my disciples if you have love for one another." He thus tells us that his law is—fraternal charity; that is the newness of life man got from heaven above; that is the torrent of heavenly influence rushing down upon us and that is the mark set upon us by which we know ourselves, and others may know us, to be the fruit of the Holy Spirit.

But somebody might say, How about the love of God? Is not the love of God the end of all religion? Is it not our first duty to love God so strongly that we prefer Him to all things else, even our nearest relatives? Is not the love of God the one absorbing duty of our lives? In answer, my brethren, I have only to say that that is but another way of looking at the same thing; for since the coming of our Lord among us God has become man, and we are born in holy baptism, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." When our Lord, true God as He was, took human nature, He took our poor nature just as it is, carrying its sinfulness; and it is His blessed will that one by one every man, woman and child in the world should personally be joined to His divine nature by baptism, and as St. Peter says, be made partakers of the divinity He possesses. And even the poor, unbaptized heathen, they are to be gifted with this divine privilege by our love for them and our loving efforts to give it to them. Now do you not see why our Lord, His Apostles, and His Church made so much of the love of one's neighbor? And do you not see that, whether you begin to love with God or with man, if you do it with the God-man, and therefore always in God and never out of man?

Yet another might say: But, Father, what about the sacraments, and what about the practice of prayer, and what about the laws of the Church? My answer by a comparison: Why do men plant and then reap a field of wheat? That they may in due time get the grain, make bread of part for themselves and families, and sell the rest to their neighbors. Now, some may use the very old-fashioned way of thrashing out the grain by the tread of oxen, and others by the beating of the sickle, and others by the great rearing thrashing-machine. The last way is the quickest and cleanest and best. So our Lord, when He became man, invented the sacraments; He established His Church as the new and best way of obtaining the ripe fruit of the Holy Spirit, and that way He commands us to use. So the man who really loves his neighbor, as well as the laws of the Church? My answer by a comparison: Why do men plant and then reap a field of wheat? 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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To-day's duties, to-day's joys, to day's opportunities—these demand our instant and undivided energies.

Boys are Watched. When we see boys on the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Every day should be hallowed by service. If a day without worship is null and void, so is a day without some deed of service.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

When we believe firmly that we can do a thing, and go ahead in that belief, and do our best, it is very rarely indeed that we are defeated.

Truth, sincerity, courage! These surely must underlie all our work if we would make it of lasting benefit to men and nations.

Speech is meant to express thought. It is one of God's noblest gifts to men. It distinguishes us from the animal.

The best way to praise God is to live a happy life. A happy man is a compliment to God.

Every conquest over wrong, every loving service for God or humanity, every brave day of effort and patient night of watching, every word of sympathy or note of cheer that has comforted a lonely heart or upborne a struggling soul—all these are transmitted into the building of the heavenly city, the joy that makes up our eternal home.

Energy of will is the soul of every great character. Where it is there is resolute character; where it is not there is faintness with inefficiency, dependency, neglect of duty, and failure.

Where They Lost Their Luck. In dawdling. In indecision. At the race track. In poor judgment.

In overconfidence born of a first easy victory. In choosing a silly, extravagant girl for a wife.

In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along. In dreaming of great things instead of doing the little ones at hand.

In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends. It was burned up by a hot temper,

which drove their employers and customers away. In waiting for somebody to help them or to give them a boost, or for some rich uncle to die.

It often happens that people who are in trouble, lose hope and courage, and do something that they should not do. For instance, a man named Max Schwartz, thirty-nine years old, in New York City, who had been long out of work, abandoned all trust in Divine Providence a few days ago and killed himself by throwing himself from the roof of a tenement to the stone floor below.

God lets no one be tried beyond his strength. Resist, therefore, confident that resistance can be made; resist, because the temptation to desperation will pass away; resist, because a great reward shall yet compensate all tribulations patiently endured for Christ's sake.—Catholic Columbian.

No boy can expect to rise in the world when he is all the time saying to himself: "I can't do this thing; it is useless to try, for I know I can't do it. Other boys may do it, but I know I can't."

How many people there are who have lost everything they had—even their homes and those dear to them—but who have kept their cheerfulness, have never let go of their optimism. Is not this success? Who can say that their lives are failures, no matter whether they have managed to lay up money or not.

Most of our successful men began life without a dollar. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world:

- 1. Be honest. 2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. 3. Enter into that business or trade you like best, and for which their gifts are fitted. 4. Be independent. 5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty.

Ordinarily a great fortune is built up like a stone wall—a stone at a time. The young man who declines to lay the first stone because it comes so far short of a wall will never make progress in financial masonry.

A pledge given, if it be an honorable one, should always be kept faithfully. To break an engagement may be a matter of convenience to us, but it will cost more than it will bring.

Life is, and we must make good use of it while it is. The chance that presents itself to-day will never come again. Instead of business from religion, the deed of being apart, they should be together.

To live life new, as it comes; to forget all of the past except what will help us to be and to do better; to think of the future as a consequence of the present—this is the plan that profits.

One of the greatest safeguards to those about to enter upon the state of matrimony is the law of the Church requiring that the names of the contracting parties shall be announced in public. Its wisdom has been demonstrated on occasions without number.

He has a wonderful power of making the patient feel better after he has called. His jolly face and cheerful disposition seem to take the sting out of pain. He replaces despair with hope, discouragement with confidence and a cheerful reassurance, so that the sick one feels a decided uplift and has a stronger determination to get well.

There is a great restorative force in cheerfulness. It is a sovereign remedy. The physician who can inspire expectancy of something better to come, who can give you confidence in your power to overcome disease, and can make you feel that it is a shame for a man made to do a great work in the world to be ailing, has very little use for drugs.

Cheerfulness is one of the great miracle workers of the world. It reinforces the whole man, doubles and trebles his power, and gives new meaning to his life.

How to Get Along in the World. Most of our successful men began life without a dollar. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty.

1. Be honest. 2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. 3. Enter into that business or trade you like best, and for which their gifts are fitted.

4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties. 5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty.

6. Do not try to begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top some time. 7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work.

8. Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time, even if you have to lose dinner to do it. 9. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket.

10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust. 11. Spend less than you earn. Do not run in debt. Watch the little leaks and you can live on your salary.

12. Make all the money you can honestly; do all the good you can with it while you live; be your own executor. Value of To-day. To-day, now—these are the secret words of doing anything and being anything.

Principle is principle, despite its disguise. Truth may change her dress and her living place as often as the sparrow chirps, and yet she is Truth. Life is, and we must make good use of it while it is.

To live life new, as it comes; to forget all of the past except what will help us to be and to do better; to think of the future as a consequence of the present—this is the plan that profits.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBER. The Nativity of our Lord. NO ROOM.

"We must have some light on the subject soon, I can't see, and I want to get on with this piece of work. I hope it will be good enough to exhibit," said Agnes.

"I must go to a committee meeting this evening," said Betty. "So tiresome; it's just at dinner time, so I shall only have a sandwich and some milk. It is a committee about the free breakfasts for children."

"How energetic you all are," said Ida yawning. "I can't think where you get the energy from."

"I have a good deal," said Betty. "Perhaps we inherit it. I should hate to be idle even if we were not obliged to work, as we most certainly are."

"I detect the very idea of working," said Ida; "and I am so much obliged to dear old Father for saying that I need not do anything until next Easter."

"I rather wonder you don't stir yourself up, Ida," said Agnes. "We are all taking our share of pulling the boat, and it seems only fair that you should take yours."

"Yes," said Ida calmly, "but you see I haven't any special gifts or talents as you all have. I don't care a bit about going to the School of Art and fagging at wood-carving and book binding, and all that kind of thing, as you do, Agnes."

"I hope to make it pay," answered her sister, and Ida, who was a small, plain, dark girl, went on: "I could not do Susie's work. Be a fashion editor—why, I hate chiffons and dress, and I could never understand it as she does; and I am quite, quite certain that I could never go poking about poor people and teaching dirty children, as Betty does."

"Oh, well, I like to feel that I am a little use in the world," said Betty. "and if I do undertake those things they do not interfere with my doing work that brings in money. I like my life to be paid for."

"New I must go upstairs and type, and then sort all that old clothing Mrs. Devereux sent this morning, for I want some of it for two poor chicks to-morrow whose mother has died, and they really are terribly off."

So saying Betty ran off, and was soon in her own room, which certainly showed signs of a usually busy occupant. In the corner were large parcels of the clothes she was going to sort; a typewriter stood on her writing table, which was crowded with loads of papers, pamphlets and books; on a chair there were two dresses of Ida's which needed mending, and that young lady generally went on the principle of doing nothing for herself which any one else could be got to do for her.

In a minute Betty had turned up the gas stove and the burner above her writing table, and the click of the typewriter was presently heard. At 5 Susie brought her up a cup of tea, and sat down in the one unoccupied chair while her sister drank it.

"I am going to ask you to type some articles for me," said Susie, "if you have time."

"This evening?" "Yes; well of course only if you can manage it. I write such a horrid list myself, and these are rather special, and it would be such a grind to copy them very clearly."

"I have had a very full day," said Betty, "and this evening will be busy too, for I fancy we shall have some fuss over the penny dinners which I want to start. I wonder where Aunt Angela has been all day."

"I came in. She had just come from confession, I suppose. I told you she began bothering about church."

"THE WHISPERER AND THE DOUBLE TONGUED."

The tattling gossip is a fruitful source of trouble in any community. Almost every parish is afflicted with a gossip, and she is generally a woman who spends much time in (apparent) devotion. Yet with all her devoutness, she does not miss any happening in the parish. And the more untrue or scandalous the happening, the more lively she is to be aware of it.

"The tongue of a third person hath disquieted many," she hath cast out valiant women and deprived them of their labors. He that harkens to it shall never have rest, neither shall he have a friend in whom he may repose." No wonder the inspired writer admonishes us to beware of listening to gossip, or of indulging in it ourselves. He says: "Hedge in thy ears with thorns; bear not a wicked tongue; and make doors and bars to thy mouth."—Sacred Heart Review.

The Kind of Education that Fails. "Clever, well-educated men fill the penal institutions of this and other countries," says the Michigan Catholic "men who should have been citizens to be proud of, but through lack of proper training have ended their careers behind steel bars. The godlessness of the age has much to do with the unfortunate ending of these men. Lack of proper reading, neglect in home training and inclination to live up to their own selfish ideas have brought them to ruin. Religion's denied them at school, and society keeps it out of the home. The result is—disgrace."

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Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00. All druggists

"I really do think," said Susie, "that, without wishing to praise myself too much, they are pretty decent, and that the Fleet Street Gazette takes them and that will be a nice little pot of money."

"Yes, I really want a new winter dress badly. I hope the man won't keep them an age. Dear me, I have idled ten minutes," and Susie jumped up and left the room banging the door after her, and Betty heard her whistling as she ran upstairs, for her room was over that of her sister.

Presently in came Susie, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. "Betty, do you know I cannot find those articles anywhere, have you touched them?"

"No," said Betty stopping her typing, "I have not been in your room."



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