

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON ROSEY. AUTHOR OF "COAINE," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. CONTINUED.

BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WIN THEIR PALMS.

His sense of nobility to rescue her from her fate, stung and enraged him; he had done all he could, but how little! He mounted his horse, galloped down the broad, beautiful avenue, and out of the wide-open gates, careless whether the mettlesome animal bore him, so that it was a way from Rome.

On the following day Nemesius was led before the tribunal and questioned by the judge, the examination being attended by all the formalities usual on such occasions; for the iniquitous proceedings had to be draped with a semblance of legality, to subject the Roman laws to the despotic will of the reigning tyrant.

Nemesius' answers were firm, and worded with such simplicity that it was impossible to misunderstand them. He declared himself a Christian; he expressed his strong abhorrence of idolatry, and when threatened, made answer that he coveted no higher blessing than to be permitted to seal his faith in Jesus Christ by the shedding of his blood.

"Despite thy wicked obstinacy, the Emperor is inclined to be merciful, Nemesius, and will afford thee some more reasonable thought; meanwhile it will be consoling to those keeping thee in custody that thou art a Christian," said the judge with a malignant sneer; but he held back the information that every effort was to be made by his new protector to corrupt the child's mind, and force her to worship the gods.

"Wouldst thou see for thyself?" "My daughter!"—what of her?" exclaimed Nemesius, starting, as he glanced around.

"Go look from yonder open casement into the court below; she is there, unless they have removed her," responded the judge. "Make way for him, soldiers!"

The soldiers moved back, and, attended by his guards, Nemesius quickly reached the window, and, on looking down, beheld a sight which nearly froze his blood. There, surrounded by the most infamous women in Rome, whose house was a resort of the vilest characters, could it be that his pure child was to become the inmate of such a den, and under such tutelage as Lippa's? Could fiercest malignity go further? A storm of natural emotion surged through the strong, noble soul of Nemesius, almost rending his heart.

Had they broken his body, torn his flesh with slow tortures on the rack, could he have equalled the "inexpressible anguish" caused by the sad condition of his child. He thought of the cruel treatment she would receive, the horrible suggestions she would be obliged to listen to; and might they not succeed by their devilish arts in corrupting her innocence? Oh, bitter cup for a man like this to drink! Oh, terrible assault of nature and hell to shake the integrity of his soul!

It was but a little while that the dark shadow oiled his spirit; and, although the pain was not removed, he, remembering in Whom he trusted, offered her to Him, and implored the protection of His Virgin Mother for his innocent one. She had disappeared from his view; he turned away from the easement and faced his enemies, who waited with fiendish glee and curiosity to see and extend the effects of their cruel and malicious work; but his heroic, majestic countenance gave forth no sign of the passion of pain that had torn his heart; his tongue, no word. His lips, perhaps more firmly set, and a gray pallor overspreading his face, were all that but faintly expressed his agony.

"Crucel parent!" cried the judge, as Nemesius once more resumed the criminal's place on the casement. "Will thou not, even to rescue thy beautiful child from a fate like that which awaits her, cast a few grains of incense into the brazier?"

"She and I are in the hands of Him Who created and redeemed us; He is strong to deliver her out of the jaws of the devouring wolves to whom you have cast her, and to punish forever in hell those who would destroy His innocent one. Again I say," answered Nemesius, with such majesty and impressive determination that the judge fairly cowered; for it occurred to him that there had been many terrible examples of what the prayers of the Christians could bring down upon their persecutors; had not Nemesius himself only yesterday killed Maximus, the consul, by his incantations?

"Her fate and thy own be upon thy head," said the judge. "Soldiers, back with him to the Mamertine!" In the solitude of his dungeon, Nemesius prostrated himself on the rough,

slimy floor, and, pouring out his tears, lifted up his heart with intense fervor and unshaken faith to God, and besought Him to deliver his child out of the pit prepared for her destruction by the malice of the idolaters. From the fetid depths of this place of sorrow, cleaving through its impervious walls, swiftly arose his prayers to Heaven, and soon was his resignation rewarded beyond all human conception.

We will follow Claudia as, full of fear, she was led by Lippa to her house. Making her way through the rabble—there was always a rough crowd hanging around her door—that pressed forward to stare and ask questions which she declined to answer, and, without relaxing her grasp on the child's tender hand, she passed quickly through the vestibule into a room, where several men—wrestlers, gladiators, and a soldier or two off duty—were gathered around a table, noisily engaged in a game of *nicaræ digitis*. (The oldest, and most popular now as then, Mora, it is as popular now as then. Its name signifies flashing of the fingers.) Their stake a bottle of wine. "Tutti," had just been shouted, and wild excitement prevailed; for there had been a fraudulent count of thumbs. Oaths, frantic gesticulations, a wild uproar of voices, and flashing knives, were the sounds and sights that greeted the innocent, sensitive child.

Lippa called to them to clear out, fearing the episode would end in some one being murdered, and the reputation of her house be thereby ruined. They turned their heads at her voice, and at once their attention was attracted by the beautiful, richly-dressed young girl clinging to her hand. One more daring than the others rushed towards her, but a well-aimed blow of Lippa's sinewy fist caught him between the eyes, and he fell back with a staggered memory of the woman, who had not delivered the child in defence of the child, but because she feared that Guercio might wrench the jewel from her tunic, or the glittering chain from her neck, knowing what adroit thieves the men were who intested her drinking-rooms.

The depraved women felt the child's arms clinging around her, the delicate, trembling form pressed against her, and it touched some far-off hazy memory of the days of her own youth and innocence. It woke no pity in her now callous heart towards the gentle little creature to whom she spoke harshly, and shook off. Then, leading her into a small, gloomy room reeking with unsavory smells, she stripped off her beautiful garments, secreted the pearl clasp and gold chain in her own bosom, clothed her in the cast-off dirty dress of a slave then went away, fastening the door on the outside.

Finding herself alone, at last, a stream of tears flowed from Claudia's eyes, sob convulsed her breast, and the only ray of consolation she had was in calling upon the Holy Name of Him Who was ensnared in her pure heart. Was this suffering for Him? Then welcome. It was not death, but would He be well pleased if she bore it patiently for the love of Him? Then for His sake she would make no moan as He pleased; all she asked was His love, and grace to resist evil, and to be at last with Him. Happily she was ignorant of the nature of the perils that environed her, and a sweet composure stole over her. When at night some coarse crusts and a cup of water were brought to her, although nature turned from them in disgust, she tried to eat; and when later she was ordered to go into a close closet to sleep on a heap of rags and other refuse, she lay down in peace, knowing that the dear Christ was her refuge, and would watch while she slept. She thought of her father with tender affection, happy to know—as she imagined—that he was in safety in the Catacombs.

And so this lovely, sensitive child, who had been reared in softest luxury and guarded from every word, sound or sight that could shock or sully little stainless innocence, was, for her father's sake, cast down into the very depths of human cruelty and depravity, while every effort the enemy of souls could suggest to his human instruments was to be put into operation to corrupt her, and force her to return to the worship of idols. But the language of depravity and lewdness was as incomprehensible to her as if she had suddenly been transported to a distant and barbarous land, while many things she was compelled to look upon frightened and sickened her with insupportable disgust.

Day after day new trials beset the little heroine; she was required to burn incense before a statue of Hercules, the favorite deity of the house, and commanded to deny Christ; refusing to do so, she was beaten, and sent to work with the slaves. Nothing that could wound or fill her with horror was spared. Lippa often left her without food, but the brave little heart never faltered, and at last—as it is never sweetened—her heavenly patience, her sweetness and innocence, touched the savage natures of her persecutors, who began to feel ashamed of their depravity and cruelty.

There was one of Lippa's women, a coarse handsome creature, who had at first been the harshest and most wicked of them all in her assaults on the brave Christian child, but who now, grown softer and kinder, spared and protected her whenever it was in her power to do so. Her name was Cypris, and day by day the influence of Claudia's example impressed her more deeply. One evening Cypris questioned her as to the name and rank of her father. It was the first time any one had spoken to her on the subject, and she answered readily, with tears in her eyes. "My father is named Nemesius; he was the commander of the Imperial Legion, but now he is a soldier of Christ."

"Oh! is it indeed so? Art thou the child of that brave officer who once saved me from Ceco's knife just as he was about to cut my throat?" cried the woman, falling at Claudia's feet, kissing and bathing them with her tears. "And now thou ledest me to a better life. I, too, will be a Chris-

tian. Teach me; forgive me!" They were alone. Claudia lifted up the woman's wet face, kissed off her tears, and exclaimed, joyfully: "I will tell thee about the dear Christ, and He will lead thee, and His Virgin Mother will be thy Advocate."

"Oh! will they not spurn me for my wicked life? Oh! there is no evil that I have not done!" she cried. "No; for such as thee, too, did He suffer death," she answered, in soft tones. "Oh! no, Cypris; He loves thee with everlasting love, and He will welcome thee to His fold. By and by, when my father comes to take me away from this dreadful place, thou shalt go with me to one who will give thee Holy Baptism, and instruct thee better than I can; for I am only a child."

Later Cypris told her that a pale woman, bowed with sorrow, came to the door every day, praying for tidings of her; but she was always driven away, and ordered not to come again, still on the morrow she was there at the same hour, asking the same sad questions, which were answered only by gibes and insults and derisive laughter.

"I know that it is my nurse, Zilla, who has been a mother to me ever since I was born. O kind Cypris! see her, and give her my love; and tell her that I am well, and that no harm has befallen me; for the dear Christ has sent His angels to watch over and guard me," she said, her countenance irradiated with such a soft light that the woman turned to see whence it came.

Cypris promised, and kept her word; for it was, indeed, the broken-hearted Zilla.

The very next day Fabian was summoned to the Emperor's presence. He would have been possible; for his very soul he revolved at the thought of him. He had a motive, however—although he was not hopeful as to its results—which induced him to obey, instead of going with all speed to Ostia, to embark on his galley and put out to sea, as he had at first resolved.

Valerian, on the other hand, having learned that there was ill tidings among the soldiery on account of the arrest of Nemesius, of his lovely child, had grown cruel and resolved to manifest a more unrelenting severity, which, if rejected by Nemesius, would throw upon his own head the responsibility of all that should follow.

Fabian was at once conducted to the Emperor, whom he found alone in his private cabinet. After the usual salutations, the imperial tyrant, fixing his cruel eyes on Fabian's countenance as he would read his very soul, said: "If he would read my soul, to relate what has fallen Nemesius through his own perversity, as thou art doubtless informed."

"I know all," answered Fabian. "Thou knowest that I confided in him and honored Nemesius above all men, until he ungratefully betrayed both my friendship and trust, by giving himself up to the delusions of magic, and united himself with the enemies of the gods for the overthrow of religion; and the destruction of the State—both capital offences," continued the Emperor, affecting a dignified and injured tone; "but, even so, I am disposed to be merciful, and to use every possible effort to recall him to his senses. Therefore, knowing thy life-long intimacy with him, it has occurred to me that, if thou wilt take the matter in hand, he may be induced to heed thy persuasions, and recant his folly; in which case he will be restored to his military rank, to his child, and to the enjoyment of his possessions."

"It would be but time wasted, Emperor, for me to attempt such a thing; for, although Nemesius has, in my judgment, done a most foolish thing, and I have made use of every argument to dissuade him, he, being a man of great integrity and uprightness, and of a singularly noble sincerity, and of a right mind, will not be induced to do anything just as he has," said Fabian, with gravity.

"What! right that he should become a Christian?" angrily cried the Emperor.

"Yes, right even to that extreme, from his point of view; and, such being the fact, and I having failed to convince him to the contrary, a fresh attempt on my part would be needless insult—let me say, 'as the efforts of Enceladus, who with a mountain pressing upon him, throws rocks at the gods, which all fall short of their aim.'"

"Perhaps thou sharest his delusion?" cried Valerian, enraged; "if not, prove it by casting spices in yonder brazier before the statue of Mercury."

"A measure if thou wilt; not only here, but before every deity in Rome!" exclaimed Fabian, with suppressed fury, as he strode to the spot, and threw a handful of frankincense on the glowing coals, which instantly filled the room with a cloud of aromatic smoke, that was at the same time pungent and suffocating.

So fitful are the moods of tyrants that, although coughing violently, and nearly suffocated by the incense—which, being a religious prince, he always kept on hand for his private devotions, as well as for emergencies like the present—Valerian laughed as soon as he recovered his breath; and, his good humor restored, he told Fabian that he had abundantly satisfied him of the sincerity of his fidelity to the gods. In the midst of the smoke Fabian wished he had been more prudent, fearing that he had been more prudent, fearing that he had marred the success of the object he had in view; but, reassured by Valerian's extraordinary mood, he thought the moment was propitious.

"Imperator," he said, "I wish, with thy gracious permission, to submit a proposition to thee."

"I am willing to serve thee, Fabian; name it."

"It is this. I offer to the treasury of the State one-half of my enormous wealth for the ransom of the child Claudia. I propose to adopt her as my own, and remove to Britannia Prima, where I have an estate."

"It is a generous offer—more than the spawn of a Christian is worth," replied the scowling tyrant. "It depends on Nemesius himself whether or not the ransom will be accepted; for if he persists in his madness, he shall suffer through her to the end."

"All, Imperator—all that I have, even my life, for both!" urged Fabian.

A hoarse, rumbling laugh was Valerian's answer to this noble offer. "By *Fidius!* it is equal to anything in the tragedies of Euripides; but remember, Fabian, that this is real life, not a stage."

"Such things were once realities in Rome," was the proud answer. "Thou knowest the only conditions on which Nemesius and his daughter will be spared," returned the Emperor, rising. "I regret losing thy agreeable society; but this being the hour I go to the Baths of Sallust, I must say farewell."

Fabian, on being thus abruptly dismissed, bowed and withdrew.

"The Cranes' Bayons still fly, and will find thee at last, thou monster!" muttered Fabian, as he passed beyond a gilded leather curtain. His last hope destroyed, he returned dejectedly home and gave orders to be denied to all visitors.

At last a day came when Claudia was to leave the infamous abode of Lippa. That morning everything had gone wrong with the depraved creature, and her fiery temper spared nothing that came in her way. She saw Claudia working among the domestic slaves, called her, and ordered her to lift an article which it was beyond her strength to move, although in a spirit of sweet obedience she made an effort to do so. Lippa snatched up a scourge, and gave her a sharp cut across the shoulders; another lacerating blow was in the act of descending on the tender flesh, but she was arrested by Cypris's running in, breathless, to announce that the Emperor or the Prefect, or somebody, had come to take Claudia away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

"If you have made all your preparations, Dulcie, and can leave at once, we shall have time before the Orient express starts to buy that Chantilly lace with which you were smitten yesterday at the Bon Marche."

"Oh, that is lovely of you, dear darling papa! Please to order the carriage around this very instant, for I am quite ready."

And springing up from her seat at an elegant breakfast table in a sumptuous private sitting-room of the Grand Hotel at Paris, Dulcie, the only child and heiress of the American millionaire and widower, Mr. Cyrus B. Blow, quickly drew on her traveling costume.

It was raining; but what matter wet weather to Dulcie when seated in the landau, accompanied by her indulgent father, who lavished his entire affections on her. She was a bright young creature of eighteen summers, who fluttered hither and thither in the sun of absolute wealth, without a care, without an object, except that of giving pleasure to her parent, to herself, and being naturally kind-hearted, to every human being that crossed her path.

"She had, however, one sorrow. In the tour which she and her father were making round the world, no capital so fascinated her as gay, beautiful Paris; and as her still untutored soul never revolted against the pride of the eye or the joy of the world, she would find that she had amused herself longer in the earthly paradise. She had, of course, ever had—of the dumb agony of thousands of her suffering inhabitants. She had that summer day could not hear the sad wail of starving humanity which reached the trained ears of the magistrates, the police and the ever-attentive Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity."

How could she know as the carriage smoothly conveyed her past magnificent palaces and brilliant pleasure grounds that owing to the departure of their wealthy and fashionable possessors and frequenters, and the bankruptcy of numerous employers, some scores of old and young artisans without any fault of their own had fallen into such absolute destitution that they had no bread, not even clothing for their children or themselves; and being turned out of doors and unused and ashamed to beg or to steal, if they had lost their faith, committed suicide, or if they still cried to their Heavenly Father for daily bread, were kept only in absolute starvation by His army of martyrs in Paris, the priests and the religious.

Dulcie, one of the best dressed, best fed, prettiest, most charming creatures in the world, who amused herself from morning till night, was utterly ignorant of such a very dark side to her fascinating Paris. Her mind at that early hour was enraptured at the thought of the exquisite lace, as soon to become her very own, in exchange for her father's thousand francs. This joy left her absolutely no time or inclination to occupy herself with "the man in the street."

Let us, however, who have not Dulcie's preoccupation, cast a pitying glance at that tall, emaciated young man, whose large brown eyes shine with such a very sad, but honest expression. His threadbare coat is buttoned to the throat to avoid any display of shirt. He has no umbrella, although it now rains heavily.

He has just turned into the Rue des Sevres from the Rue Dupin, when, until a few moments ago he occupied an empty garret on a fifth floor. He has paid the portress of the house the last quarter's rent, and put the receipt she has given him into his breast pocket, and also the letter which providentially the postman delivered to him as he was descending the steps for his last time.

It comes from his first and best master, and only instructor in the trade of shoemaking, a manufacturer in the Northampton of France—Fourgeres,

once more offering to him, "Monsieur Maurice Arnaud," permanent employment; and it concludes, "come back quickly to the arms of you affectionate Cocheek."

Truly most willingly if he can! But how can he accept this welcome offer? He has not a cent in the world where-with to defray the cost of a postal card to say nothing of a railway ticket, but earlier he, an orphan, six months in quitting his native land, and his employer to make his way to far distant Paris; over the goal of his youthful curiosity and more mature ambition. During the past winter he had procured constant work with fashionable shoemakers; but at the end of the season the wealthy regular customers had departed for their country seats, and in consequence of the slackness of trade, he and the other extra hands had been dismissed.

It had from the first been more easy for him to gain his food than economize a sufficient sum to pay his quarter's rent, which represented a comparatively high sum. And thus when permanent work failed, he had many bitter struggles to keep a roof over his head. He privately muttered Fabian, as he passed beyond a gilded leather curtain. His last hope destroyed, he returned dejectedly home and gave orders to be denied to all visitors.

At last a day came when Claudia was to leave the infamous abode of Lippa. That morning everything had gone wrong with the depraved creature, and her fiery temper spared nothing that came in her way. She saw Claudia working among the domestic slaves, called her, and ordered her to lift an article which it was beyond her strength to move, although in a spirit of sweet obedience she made an effort to do so. Lippa snatched up a scourge, and gave her a sharp cut across the shoulders; another lacerating blow was in the act of descending on the tender flesh, but she was arrested by Cypris's running in, breathless, to announce that the Emperor or the Prefect, or somebody, had come to take Claudia away.

No, he endured hunger and cold, and the pangs thus caused made him roundly and gradually bad tempered. Gradually, however, the craving for food left him and debility and what was worse, an inaptitude for work, set in. Nevertheless, by means of heroically finishing odd jobs, and by constant deprivation, he had managed to collect the entire sum needed for the last quarter's rent. And we see him free of debt, but home-penniless, the street for his abode, and starvation staring him in the face, he wished that all was over and he quickly died.

He had not lost all faith. He was proud and too shy to solicit charity from Christ's folk, the struggling monks and nuns; but he had a lingering confidence in ministering Saints and Angels. Thus partly to pray and partly to escape from the pouring rain he crept into the church of the Mother-house of the Nursing Sisters of St. Thomas of Villanova.

In the ante-chapel quantities of fragrant flowers and myriads of burning tapers testified to the power and popularity of Archangel St. Michael and of the Roman saint, Expeditus, before whose statues these offerings were displayed; whilst the white marble tablets that covered the walls witnessed in golden letters to the perpetual aid of these heavenly ambassadors; at the sight of such faith and gratitude from hundreds of supplicants, he, too, was inspired to invoke their aid. "Nighly St. Michael, sustainer of the weak, Patron of arguent cases, help me speedily," he sobbed.

Nor was that the end of poor Arnaud's supplications. He felt impelled to enter the interior church and to pour out all his trials and all his temptations at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, honored at the high altar by the graceful title of Our Lady of Good Deliverance. Mass was being said; and at its termination he arose consoled and singularly cheered. Help he felt was at hand; nor was he mistaken!

In the meantime, Dulcie and her father had unconsciously been conveyed past that sacred spot, to the vast entrance of the Bon Marche. The great spaces of the world-famed emporium of fashions were at the early hour still deserted, and the gay, happy child of fortune could easily pilot her father to the lace stall and secure her costly Chantilly. The payment was speedily effected and to the surprise of the pur-chasers was a hundred francs cheaper than they had estimated.

The cashier handed a note for that amount to Mr. Blow, who in his turn gave it to Dulcie. "Take and make some use of it," he said, "for I have already got rid of all my French money."

She had no wish unfilled, no place in her packed portmanteau for any more purchases; the Chantilly lace must travel in her hand bag.

"Perhaps some means of disposing of it will turn up between here and our hotel," suggested Mr. Blow. "Make haste, Dulcie, we have no time to lose."

Still holding the folded banknote in her hand, she raised her skirt to cross the wet pavement to the carriage, and in so doing dropped it. She had taken her seat before she was aware of her loss. The millionaire who followed her, unwittingly trampled on it with his heel.

In another instant a cadaverous-looking youth had picked up the soiled but easily recognizable note, and without a moment's hesitation had offered it at the carriage window to its owners.

"It is my money," said Dulcie, "but it is muddy. I don't like to touch it with my glove! and the man is a mere skeleton, may he not keep it, Papa?"

"Yes, as a reward to honesty," replied her father.

So, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, Dulcie told poor Arnaud (for it was he) that he was to keep his treasure trove.

And Mr. Cyrus Blow also felt very pleasantly affected by the incident, although he was a man of few sympathies, and was quite indifferent to the fact that a thousand men and boys were sweltering and grinding out their poor lives for him.

"To judge by the fellow's countenance," said the millionaire, complacently, "it is evidently a great windfall."

Arnaud, however, called it by its true name, "a Godsend," when a few minutes later he poured out his thanksgiving in the church of our Lady of Good Deliverance.—Australian Messenger.

A NEW TEMPLE TO THE MOST HIGH.

SERMON OF THE RIGHT REV. MGR. P. F. O'HARE, LL. D., AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA, PORT WASHINGTON, L. I. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"And the Lord said to him: I have sanctified this house, which thou hast built to put My name there forever, and My eyes and My heart shall be there always." (3 Kings, ix. 3.)

Brother—Every human act, viewed from a moral standpoint, is either good or bad, and gives cause for either rejoicing or regret. The completion of a great undertaking, the accomplishment of some great design, is the last act of good or evil, and becomes the occasion of the height of joy or of intense sorrow. What is generally one of human action is particularly applicable in the completion of a great design, the carrying out of a noble wish in architecture, in the erection of a home, in the building of an institution or benefice, and especially so in the rearing of a house set aside for the worship of Almighty God, particularly under the new dispensation where such a house becomes truly the place of His abode. This is a feeling common to mankind, prevalent in all ages, and never wanting in any race. The completion of a building, be it a home or an institution, is the last act of many human actions, the last incarnation, as it were, of many noble emotions, of varied feelings of struggle, anxiety, fear and hope, a perpetual testimony of man's ambitions and view point of life, a living witness of his taste, of either domestic felicity or his idea of the happiness of virtuous acts. Hence the completion of such architectural undertakings is usually an occasion of festivity and rejoicing, an hour of congratulation and a source of happiness to all interested parties.

The completion of the building of a church becomes a more occasion of jubilee and thanksgiving, because the aspirations, ambitions and wishes which promoted the undertaking and the courage and conviction which carried it to completion are the highest and noblest which the human breast is capable of, and the purpose of the structure has its roots in the faith of the supernatural, becomes the link between the mundane and the spiritual, connects heaven with earth and becomes the source and center of human life, and is the perpetual reminder that we are but pilgrims upon earth and that our true citizenship is in heaven above. Hence when the faithful have finished their plans, designs and wishes in the erection of a church, God Himself comes in the person of His duly consecrated servant, the Bishop of the diocese, to expiate the climax of victory, to stamp the action of the faith with His divine approval and to clothe it with the highest dignity in the act of dedicating the temple.

The full meaning and specific import of this day are expressed in the utterances of God Himself addressed to King Solomon upon the erection of a temple and which form the text of this sermon. In it I find that the completion of a house of worship in the ceremonies of dedication represents the combined efforts of God and man, and God's perpetual, continued operation which reacts and has effect upon the actions of man and become the means of his elevation. The triumphant culmination of Solomon's ambitions, the crowning glory of his achievements and the greatest victory of his royal life, were all represented and united in that one supreme effort in the erection of a temple to Jehovah. But in the words of my text the great king is reminded by Jehovah Himself that that effort must be combined with another divine effort, in the act of sanctification which thou hast built."

"I have sanctified this house which thou hast built." He is reminded which thou hast built. The structure stands a living testimony of the sanctification of the people of earth: "To put My Name there forever." He is told that the effort of man in building a temple which ceases at its completion, is followed by the divine operation which continues in His watchfulness over man's actions and in His unceasing and yearning love to him: "And My eyes and My heart shall be there always."

1. COMBINED EFFORTS: MAN BUILDS AND GOD SANCTIFIES.

The inspired prophet David, the father of King Solomon the wise, made the following utterance in holy writ: "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it. This seemingly paradoxical and contradictory statement is fully explained in the words of my text. In the building of a house of worship man labor in vain unless their efforts are combined with God's effort, unless what they rear in stone is aided by God's erection in sanctification; in a word, they labor in vain who build the house unless God builds also in the act of sanctification: "I have sanctified this house which thou hast built." In Solomon God addresses the human race in all its actions and particularly the efforts of the faithful in the erection of a temple for divine worship. "What, O ye children of men, are your efforts," says the Lord of Hosts, "but material and perishable? How insignificant, futile and undignified are thy works, O man, made of dust! In vain, indeed, do ye labor, ye mortal pilgrims upon earth, in vain your plans, in vain your coming and designing; in vain do ye build, for to its true completion it is necessary that I build in sanctification. All your heroic efforts, all your sublime plans, all your artistic designs, must have their roots in your God, can participate; of which I, your Redeemer, can approve, and which I, your Maker, can sanctify; or else they will be empty of significance, void of merit, wanting in effect and will not abide." This is a lesson which God teaches, philosophy sustains and experience confirms. The supreme actions of the greatest of men in the past, the combined efforts of nations recorded in history, the march of seemingly splendid and startling civilizations of the ancients all failed and decayed, because the builders of these were engaged in the vain undertaking in which

God could not participate. They had reared the house but God could not sanctify it. They had reared the house but God could not sanctify it. They had reared the house but God could not sanctify it.

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God could not participate. They had built the house but God did not sanctify it. They had reared empires, but as they were not exalted by righteousness God could not sanctify them and they crumbled into dust.

And so is the Church which I established upon earth. That can be applied to the Catholic Church wherever established. Its tenets are the highest deliverances of God to man and remain ever the same, not being affected by time, environments or the opinions of men.

And My Name shall be there forever. That Name is the Almighty, invincibility. The Catholic Church is guardian of its source, God; in its teachings, truth, and in the confirmation of history for two thousand years.

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For two years past I was in pair night and day through an attack of Rheumatism. I was unable to move and I was in great pain.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. THAT HE WHO LOVETH GOD BELIEVETH HIM ABOVE ALL THINGS AND IN ALL THINGS.

Cleanse, cherish, enlighten and enliven my spirit with its powers, that it be absorbed in thee with ecstasies of joy.

THEY KNOW ITS POWER. Of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church none, perhaps, is the subject to-day of more misstatement on the part of non-Catholics than that of the Sacrament of Penance.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXXII.

I have already given various facts which have led me to recede from my original assumption, that vulgar virulence towards the Catholic Church is most largely rife among the Methodists, and to close with the opinion of the Ave Maria, that this evil emanates, in this country, belongs rather to the Baptists.

Of course I am not speaking of such gentlemen as would be found in the teaching forces of Brown or Rochester University, or Newton or Rochester Crozer Seminary, or other Baptist seats of learning, than which there are none better.

High scholarship (setting aside that illustrious school, the University of Virginia) is less common in the South than in the North, and also more of speech. Therefore it is natural enough that my examples of Baptist virulence and calumniousness have been chiefly from the South, which moreover is the chief seat of this great denomination.

Yet there is one influential Baptist paper of the Mississippi Valley, bordering on the South, which, although commonly more temperate in its forms of speech, has no more care of truth, or justice, or charity, towards the Roman Catholics than either Lansing or Christian.

A dear friend of mine, now above, a theological professor, once wrote to me: I wonder when our religious papers will be religious. This is an inquiry which still awaits solution. Our so-called religious papers are a queer phenomenon for the most part.

However, the Baptist organ in question appears to go beyond all admissible bounds, and to speak as if it held, with Anne Hutchinson's followers, that the moral law, above all the law of veracity, lays no obligation on the consciences of the elect. I do not name it for family reasons, (although the editors are no kinsmen of mine) but its name may easily be guessed.

Of course the dull commonplace of their usual tone is not to be imputed to the editors as a sin, besides that it is nothing uncommon anywhere. Nor should we reproach them that they are no gentlemen, for perhaps they would be gentlemen if they only knew how.

Still there are certain principles of morality which I think we have a right to urge upon the consciences of the most orthodox editors. One is: Thou shalt not lie. Another is, that we are strictly obliged to give a candid explanation of any fact when there is absolutely no evidence to the contrary.

Now to these two principles of common honesty in the case of Roman Catholics. I know of only one exception. They lately, to throw discredit on certain rather eager Methodist candidates for the General Conference, urged against them the disinterestedness of Rampolla and Sarto in the Conclave, who worked and energetically for each other and against themselves.

The error of the Nestorians, however, was no less serious than that of modern sectarianism, which attacks us for the use of the words, "Pray for us, sinners." It is because of them that we are falsely accused of worshipping the Blessed Virgin in place of God, by our separated brethren. But they were mistaken. Catholics worship God. They adore His Mother. They regard the Blessed Virgin as the most powerful advocate in heaven. They feel that as the Queen of Heaven, and the Mother of God she can intercede for them to her Divine Son. By invoking her aid they in reality pray to Him. They confess themselves as sinners, therefore, in need of her assistance. As we see the influence of the power of the world in affairs, so we seek the aid of Mary in our spiritual necessities.

We ask her aid "now," because the dangers that beset our souls are ever present. Constantly, therefore, are we in need of her protection. We ask it at the hour of death, for then above all times do we need a defender against our spiritual enemy. We ask it after reciting the Lord's Prayer, that our intercession coupled with her own petitions be the more readily secure for us the petitions of the Our Father. If the Church has so honored the Mother of God, how becoming in her children to do likewise?—Church Progress.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Sunday Within the Octave of Christmas.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

What is the real business of life? The answer to this question is found in the words of our text: "Did you not know that I must be about the things of my Father?" What is meant by the things of the Father? It means to carry out the commands of God, who is the Father. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who was perfect man as well as true God, points out to us that the chief end of our existence here, and our chief duty, is to do the will of our Father, and only real business of God and man is His will. As it was His will that man to do this in the greatest perfection, so it is our business just as much as it was His, and the more we appreciate this great truth the better it will be for us, both here and hereafter, and the happier we shall be now as well as in the other world.

To fulfill the commands of God, or do the things of the Father, is not always pleasant to human nature. It was no pleasant to our Saviour to leave doubt painful to Him everywhere for three long days without finding Him. But it was the will of His Father, who wished to teach us all, and for all ages, a lesson of patience and conformity, and our Lord did not hesitate; and He was willing to suffer Himself, and that His Mother and St. Joseph should suffer, in order that the great good would be accomplished.

He knew that His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph would derive great profit and merit out of this painful abandonment, because they would willingly accept the pain of it, and present it over and over again as an offering to their heavenly Father, who does everything right and for the best.

The example of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph should always be before us and make us accept the things of our Father in heaven, no matter how painful they may be, with resignation, and constant prayers for it if we do not feel it, and for help not to give way to murmuring and dissatisfaction because God does not treat us in some other way than He in His divine wisdom and love actually sees fit to treat us.

If we would only say constantly, and on all occasions, "What is the business of my Father?" I must make it my business to do it, it would save us many a sorrow and many a sorrow, and constantly accumulating merit. O my brethren! what fools we are, and how short-sighted, not seeing what is perfectly plain, and what no reasonable being can think of denying.

Everything we do should be one of the things our Father in heaven. We should consider His will about rising from sleep in the morning, and about going to rest at night, giving ourselves sufficient repose and not spending the hours of rest in dissipation and luxury. All the business of the day should be done, first and above all, as a thing of the heavenly Father, acting with honesty, with fraternal charity, and with sobriety, serving our Lord Jesus Christ, and not men or our own selfishness.

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And all that happens—bad weather, sickness, failure to carry out our duties, death of friends; all come from the permission of the Father, and are handed out to us. In all these things let us conceal the most glorious opportunities of pleasing God and securing our salvation.

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A CONVERT'S DEFINITION OF "CATHOLIC."

From the Glasgow Observer.

Father Angus, of St. Andrew's, who writes so pleasantly in the Tablet of an article, "Here and There," in which he furnishes some entertaining and illuminative remarks on the use of the word "Catholic."

The word "Catholic" is much in use here and there among our Episcopalian friends. Of course they may call themselves Catholics; the difficulty is to get other people to do so. But the fact is that they are using the word in a sense differing from that in which we use it. An Anglican seems to think that he becomes a Catholic by believing in the teaching, but I accept the teaching because of the Teacher. I belong to a divine society, and I accept, simply because she is divine, and therefore infallible, and I accept her teaching as proposed and proposed to me by her divinely appointed Head and Mouthpiece, the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ."

Father Angus modestly disclaims possession of what he calls a "theological mind." We imagine that theologians will find nothing to quarrel with in the sentences quoted. If the writer has not the gift of a theologian's mind, he has evidently the gift of clear perception and lucid exposition.

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND THE EMBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Meade, Protestant Bishop of Cork; Lord Justice Holmes and Mr. Savage French, J. P., constituted a diocesan court of inquiry which sat in Cork on Saturday to hear an appeal of Mrs. Axford, wife of a staff surgeon in the royal navy, for permission to re-erect a cross over her brother's grave in Kilbrogan Cemetery. From the evidence it appeared that the lady had caused a plain Celtic cross to be erected over the grave in April last, but it had been removed and thrown on the roadside by the Rev. B. C. Fawcett, B. A., incumbent, and two church wardens, Mr. Samuels, K. C., who appeared for Mrs. Axford, urged her case in vigorous language. He could not see what objections there was to the cross which was the emblem of the common faith. Evidence was then given as to the strong feeling which existed amongst the Protestants of the parish against the cross. The judgment of the court was that it does not interfere with the refusal of the defendants to permit the erection of the monument, although the Bishop said that there could be no more appropriate emblem put over the grave of a Christian man or woman than the cross. What a precious judgment! It should be treasured up by opponents of the Cross everywhere. "Strong feeling" is all that is necessary in order to have it banished or thrown on the roadside.—Dublin Correspondence of the London Catholic Times.

SCIENCE SUSTAINS REVELATION.

A favorite theory with the materialist school of philosophers is that matter (which they substitute for the Deity) is, while ever mutable, ultimately indestructible. This theory, like some others is tottering to destruction, owing to the recent extraordinary discoveries. While a change of elements from one substance (radium) to another (helium, the matter of the sun as disclosed by the spectrum) is demonstrated by the latest experiments, the total annihilation of both as the final result of transmutation has also been observed. The facts of the case, as told by Sir William Ramsay, are simply astounding. In his lecture before the London Institution he said that radium gives off a heavy gas which slowly changes into helium and then vanishes. This gas can be collected in tiny flasks, measured and weighed and used to display the characteristic properties of radium. It is not permanent, however; in about a month it entirely disappears. The question then arises, what becomes of it? Sir William Ramsay claims that he caught this emanation in the act of vanishing. "He found that after it had been collected for a couple of days it's spectrum—which previously was entirely unlike and yet studied—began to display the typical yellow line of helium, the gas first known and christened by its presence in the sun. In four or five days the helium lines grew brighter, and in another week the spectrum of helium was positively blazing in the hermetically sealed tubes that had been filled with the pure emanations or gaseous output of radium. In other words, one element had been literally seen to change into another of quite different nature under the eyes of the experimenters." This other finally became sought. The whole case, as it stands, disposes of the grand theory of the indestructibility of matter, and proves that as God created the whole visible universe out of nothing but His almighty will, so can He dissolve it at a breath.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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CHATS WITH

At the beginning of our lives we are wholly to Jesus. I live even more earnestly, to seek His glory in Him. Let us as the whole century to our Most Holy Christ.

I passed a stagnant life beneath a rockling wall. No sorrow pool was I thought. "How long And clean and white."

Next day from out the I passed a novel from The signs of penury I saw the grim and I saw the walls of iron I said: "The gates I to those within the I from out the I Came one to rule the —Strickland

Faithfulness is many a successful life, ability and the that may be given one's efforts, but daunted faithfulness in the very face hindrance and obstacles. The developed by devoted smallest undertakings for glorious achievements found the secret of

The Best Type The annual report of the Catholic Young Men's Union was held at the Cathedral, P. The sermon was Rev. Mr. Justice. It was in substance "I am deeply grieved and sorry to present this mind with many Twelve or thirteen augured the cure for the altar of order to give evidence of your faith and datum presented. The measure Cathedral was not duplicated. We the custom has organization has its and depression. The right idea was amply. What was ers and leaders freely because I was drawn inward. The object of these religious young men. That than that of Cat It is an intellect faith. They are row of the bones would give up it.

"The best type one who is present is frequently seen most edifying at the altar. Such young men thousands in our industrial, honest of aged parents. Are they every What is there are they lacking a lack of apostolic men religion is to be spoken a religion a subject of conversation would not act a yet we are told is ripe for the young men cannot do. T into contact with those in the work of conversion, it must be done by the laity. It has been in religious training has been given educated than in many instances instruct those true as are the opportunities are. If much were done by the young men and the preaching, showing that God abiding in lips, but being world and blameless life Church can save world and be what scandal The world is at us when the in the college the majority, be proud. Their daily life them. They imbue with whom they how the men societies and accordin delphia Cath

Center Y There is more than a receiver. He generously, he would detest, if he would Give or starve of your own starve, men The man what he has the farmer w the convict drought and of crops, the corn. He is the crib, the

Send no money. Just mail to your name and address, the name of your nearest express office and we will send you this new, fine scarf for scarf by express. You can examine it, try it on, and if you don't like it, the most wonderful value for the money, such a scarf as would cost \$10.00 or \$15.00 at any exclusive furrier, as you have to do to get one from I can't tell you how well it suits you at our express. It is a long scarf for scarf is a new up-to-date fur garment, and will be worn by the dressers everywhere. It is 92 inches long, 4 inches wide, and is made of the black Tropicana Fur, trimmed with beautiful snow-white imitation ermine, a striking contrast with the black fur. It is lined throughout with the quality of the fur, and finished with a long black silk cord, ornamental with balls of black and white fur. The long fringe hangs very gracefully and each terminus is a cluster of three long full fur balls, as shown in the illustration. This handsome fur garment is as little as \$10.00, and your dealer would think he was selling it cheap as double our price. This is a rare chance for any lady who desires a warm, stylish fur for the winter, or for any gentleman who wishes to give a lady a useful and very acceptable present. Address: Johnston & Co., Dept. 517 Toronto

JANUARY 9, 1904.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

At the beginning of the new year, let us give ourselves and that new year wholly to Jesus.

I passed a stagnant marsh that lay beneath a reeking sun of green. A malarious puddle by the way; No surfer pool was ever seen.

Faithfulness. Faithfulness is the explanation of many a successful career.

The Best Type of a Young Man. The annual religious celebration of the Catholic Young Men's Association Union was held on Sunday evening at the Cathedral, Philadelphia.

The sermon was preached by Right Rev. Mgr. James F. Loughlin, D. D. It was in substance as follows:

"I am deeply grateful for your reverend director for having invited me to be present this evening. It fills my mind with many sacred reminiscences. Twelve or thirteen years ago was inaugurated the custom of gathering here around the altar of the Cathedral and around the archiepiscopal throne in order to give evidence of the vitality of your faith and piety.

"The best type of young man is the one who is punctual at Mass and who is frequently seen at the altar. It is a most edifying sight to see young men at the altar receiving our Divine Lord. Such young men are numbered by thousands in our cities.

"The habit of doing good, of helping somebody every day, of dropping a little word of encouragement here and there, to a newsboy, a waiter in a restaurant or a hotel, a conductor on a car, an elevator boy, a porter in your home or your office, a poor unfortunate man or woman in a wretched home, or on a seat in the park—this is what broadens and ennobles life, makes character beautiful and fragrant as the rose; this is the sort of giving that returns to us with compound interest.

Everywhere we go we find opportunities for this sort of giving. Everywhere we find some one who needs encouragement, some one whose heart is breaking under a heavy load, some one who needs sympathy, some one who needs a lift. We never can tell what glorious fruitage the seed of the most trivial act of kindness may produce.

There are gifts more precious than anything money can buy, which are in the things money can buy. The little girl who spent all her pennies in buying paper and a postage stamp to write to her grandmother and say, 'I love you, I love you, dear grandamma,' teaches us a splendid lesson.

Give, give, give, of whatever you have; but give yourself with your gift. It is love for which the world is hungering. Scatter your flowers as you go; for you will not pass this way again."

The Merits of Jesus.

See what an inexhaustible treasure you have in the merits of our Lord. To make use of them frequently is the most delicate flattery to Him.

There is no law by which a man, any more than a rose, can withhold and yet receive. He must give first, and give generously, broadly, magnanimously, if he would develop a magnificent character, if he would accumulate soul-wealth. Give or starve! This is Nature's fiat. Give of your sympathy, of your money, of your encouragement, of yourself, or starve, mentally, morally.

The man who refuses to give, to share what he has received, is as foolish as the farmer who was so wrought upon by the conviction of a coming season of drought and the probable destruction of crops that he refused to plant his corn. He said that he would keep it in the crib, that he would not risk putting

It into the ground, lest it might rot and he be left without provisions for the winter. The drought did not come, however, and the result was that he went hungry, while his neighbors who had planted generously reaped an abundant harvest.

A great philanthropist said that he had saved only what he had given away, that the rest of his fortune seemed lost. What we give away has a wonderful power of doubling and quadrupling itself on the return bound. It is the greatest investment in the world. It comes back in geometrical progression. Give! give! give!!! It is the only way to keep from drying up, from becoming like a sucked orange,—juiceless, insipid.

Selfishness is self destruction. The man who never helps anybody, who tightly shuts his purse when there is a request to give, who says that all he can do is to attend to his own affairs, who never gives a thought to his neighbor, who hugs all his resources to himself, who wants to get all and give nothing in return, is the man who shrivels and dries up like the rosebud, who becomes small and mean and contemptible.

We all know those poor dwarfed souls who never give, who close the petals of their helpfulness, withhold the fragrance of their love and sympathy, and in the end lose all they tried to hoard for themselves. They are cold, lifeless, apathetic; all their sympathies have dried up; they can not enter into the joys and sorrows, the higher and nobler emotions of human life. Their souls have been frozen by selfishness and greed. They have become so narrow and stingy that they fear to give even a kind word or smile lest they may rob themselves of something. They have rendered themselves incapable of radiating sunshine or happiness, and, by the working of an immutable law, they receive none.

A strong man, watching one who was delicate, and undeveloped exercising in a gymnasium, said to him, "My dear man, how foolish you are to waste your energy on those parallel bars and dumb bells. You are weak, physically, and ought to save what strength you have for your day's work. You cannot afford to squander your vitality that way."

"Oh, but, my good sir," replied the other, "you don't see the philosophy underlying this exercise. The only way I can increase my power is by first giving out what I have. I give my strength to this apparatus, but it returns what I give it with compound interest. My muscles grow by giving it out in effort, in exertion, in strain. Give and increase; hoard and lose! It is the universal law of growth."

"I will roll up my petals of beauty; I will withhold this precious fragrance, this love-incense of sun and dew for myself," said the selfish rosebud. "It is wasteful extravagance to give it away to careless passers-by. But, behold, the moment it tries to store up to withhold its riches from others, they vanish! It shrivels and dies!"

"I will give myself out," said the generous rose; "I will bestow my beauty and fragrance on everybody who passes my way," and, lo, it blossoms into a riot of sweetness and loveliness of which it never dreamed. It had only a tiny bit of fragrance to begin with, but it gave it all to the world. Then, to its astonishment it was flooded with sweet odors that came from somewhere—evolved from the chemistry of the sunlight, the moisture in the air and the chemical forces in the soil.

The habit of doing good, of helping somebody every day, of dropping a little word of encouragement here and there, to a newsboy, a waiter in a restaurant or a hotel, a conductor on a car, an elevator boy, a porter in your home or your office, a poor unfortunate man or woman in a wretched home, or on a seat in the park—this is what broadens and ennobles life, makes character beautiful and fragrant as the rose; this is the sort of giving that returns to us with compound interest.

Everywhere we go we find opportunities for this sort of giving. Everywhere we find some one who needs encouragement, some one whose heart is breaking under a heavy load, some one who needs sympathy, some one who needs a lift. We never can tell what glorious fruitage the seed of the most trivial act of kindness may produce.

Many a heart has been cheered simply by a smile from a stranger. A look of sympathy, an expression of a desire to help, a warm grasp of the hand has brought back hope and courage to many a disheartened soul. A kind letter, a word of encouragement has been the turning-point in the career of many a person on the verge of despair.

This is the season of generous giving, but no one need bewail not having money to spend for Christmas gifts. There are gifts more precious than anything money can buy, which are in the things money can buy. The little girl who spent all her pennies in buying paper and a postage stamp to write to her grandmother and say, 'I love you, I love you, dear grandamma,' teaches us a splendid lesson.

Give, give, give, of whatever you have; but give yourself with your gift. It is love for which the world is hungering. Scatter your flowers as you go; for you will not pass this way again."

Scatter Your Flowers as You Go.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Did at His Post. A few weeks ago an engineer whose train was approaching the city of Montreal, in Canada, saw a large dog standing on the track ahead. The dog was barking furiously. The engineer blew his whistle, yet the hound did not budge. This train thundered on, and the poor creature crouched low. In another instant the dog was a wreck and white muck on the cow-catcher, caught the engineer's eye, and so, hating the train, he ran back to the spot where the accident had occurred. By the side of the dead dog was a dead child, which probably had wandered on the track and fallen asleep. The poor, watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop, but, unheeded, had died at its post—a victim to duty.

The Boy Who is Wanted. Boys are always in demand because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always at a premium in every line of trade, so the boys who give promise of making first-class men are the most eagerly sought after.

The boy who the world wants to-day is the one who can be trusted. He handles money without any of its sticking to his fingers. He will take up a check for his employer as if it were his own, and will stay fifteen minutes without being asked to finish a piece of work after the whistle blows and the rest of the men have quit work.

He will be able to write a business letter and spell the words correctly and to add up a column of figures promptly and accurately. He will lift his cap and greet his sister when he meets her on the street as he would were she the sister of some other boy; and he will not be ashamed to walk to church with his mother, show her into her own pew and sit beside her during the service.

He will be careful about making a promise and just as careful about keeping it. He will have sufficient moral backbone to say No to those who would lead him astray, and he will have enough courage to own that he is striving to make a man of himself. This is the kind of boy men are on the lookout for.

Thoroughness. A certain young boy working in the yards of a railway was an industrious worker, but since his position was obscure his work was not apt to attract attention. It well done, but sure to bring a dismissal if it did.

"I'll never be anything else, I fear, while I stay with the railroad," he said to me. "It's just so much and nothing more. But I'm doing it all right."

Another young fellow eager for work applied for the position vacant by the promotion of the other boy. At first he was eager and worked hard, but presently the insignificance of the position palled upon him and he grew less careful. Little details that did not injure anything as he thought, were left undone. The discrepancies grew more frequent until, small as his position was, he received a reprimand.

This angered him. "I work like a dog they never see it," he said. He nursed his ill will and despised the little duty that sent an inbound flyer crashing into another train in the yards; lives were lost and the company was liable for an immense sum of money. He will never be anything but a "jobber." He is not thorough; he cannot be trusted.

The One-Eyed Admiral. One cannot help but admire and pay tribute to the military genius of some of our English heroes, especially those who have earned for their country the haughty title of "Mistress of the Sea." Among the daring naval heroes of old England, first and foremost, stands Horatio Nelson.

Nelson was a brave boy. Entering the navy at eighteen, his valor won for him such speedy promotion that he was a captain at the age of twenty. Many stories are told of his sublime audacity in the face of danger. He was a born commander. In affairs requiring diplomacy he was absolutely unimpaired, and in the science of actual warfare on the seas the hero of Aboukir, Copenhagen and Trafalgar was matchless. At the siege of Aboukir Nelson lost one of his eyes, and he made a curious use of the sightless socket before Copenhagen.

The fight was intense. The Danes battled heroically, and the English commander, old Admiral Parker, becoming alarmed, gave the signal to cease the action. Admiral Nelson, who was second in command, had his fighting temper on, and his fighting genius saw victory in persistence. An officer approached the "One-eyed One" and notified him that the flagship was signaling for retreat. "Where, where?" asked Nelson, applying his sightless eye to the telescope. "I don't see the signal. I have the right to see badly. Nail up my signal of defiance and press on!"

He gained the victory by disobeying his superior. He knew his England. He knew that in her eyes victory would atone for all errors of discipline. His judgment was correct, and the exploit he won for Copenhagen gained for him the coronet of a viscount.

The heroism of Nelson covered grievous faults which would have sunk a less intrepid character. Of the Nelsonian courage there was never any question, and his death was heroic. It was at the battle of Trafalgar, the last battle of the "One-eyed One. In the "thick of the fight" a ball struck the hero. He fell and knew that he was dying. "Save the wounded," he said to the surgeon, "before it is too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has an equal for curing coughs, colds and all ailments of the throat and lungs.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which they neglected, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bick's Anti-Congestive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has an equal for curing coughs, colds and all ailments of the throat and lungs.

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with a handkerchief that neither friend nor foe might know that the admiral had fallen. He listened to the firing; from time to time the captain whispered news of the conflict to the dying commander. At last certain victory was announced. Nelson raised himself and ordered the fleet to anchor. Then murmuring, "I am satisfied; thank God I have done my duty!" the One-eyed Admiral fell back dead.

Set out Days. "Vacation is over and school begins!" It is quite likely that nine boys out of ten who pronounce these words do so with regret, if not with positive sorrow. And, viewed from a boy's standpoint, perhaps the regret and sorrow are not to be wondered at.

To be free from care and restraint, and not obliged to give any thought to the morrow, is certainly a desirable situation in life, and to relinquish these enjoyments, and return to the duties and responsibilities of school and work, is an unpleasant prospect.

But let us see about that. If the average boy will look back on his vacation with a critical eye, he will recall that the days have not been all of unmitigated bliss. There have been days of disappointment, days when time hung heavily on his hands, and he wished for "something to do."

Although he did not know it, these feelings were premonitions of a great truth, which he will learn in life, that idleness is by no means happiness, and that the greatest good of existence is extracted by those who mingle work and play in judicious proportions.

Although a boy may doubt the assertion, yet it is capable of proof that the chances are a hundred to one against his being happy if granted a perpetual vacation from study as well as work.

If he were to always remain a boy, perhaps he might be contented; but he will soon be a man, with all a man's hopes and ambitions, and what then? Food and clothes and shelter cannot be had by idleness and the pursuit of pleasure. To be idle is to be poor, and poverty is no pleasure.

It is in school that the boy learns to be a man. There he is taught how to use the implements with which he may, if he has the ambition, carve his way to fame and fortune. The geography, arithmetic, history, and other branches through which he now plods, are the keys with which he may open every gate to wealth and advancement.

A PRISONER BY CHOICE.

INMATE OF JAIL FOR THIRTY YEARS BY HIS OWN WILL — THE PRISONERS FRIEND. There died the other day at the Brooklyn City Hospital, happy and comforted by the consolations of the Church, one James Davis, aged seventy years, who had been a voluntary inmate of the famous street jail for thirty years, and who was well known to prisoners all over the country though kindness shown them while they were confined in the jail.

The case of Jimmy, as he was known to every one connected with the jail, was a curious one. Thirty years ago he was committed to the institution for some minor offence. He became so attached to the place that he refused to leave when his time was up. He had been put in charge of the whitewash gang, and he well did he look after it that the warden allowed him to remain, and set a cell apart for his use.

It was impossible to put Jimmy on the pay-roll, and that he might make a little money he was given the privilege of selling tobacco and candy to the prisoners. On some days considerable change would find its way into his pocket, but for this he did not seem to care, and any prisoner who needed tobacco, but had no money, would be made a present of some by Jimmy.

The old man was at liberty to come and go as he pleased, but the outside world had no attraction for him, and at one time seven years passed without his setting foot outside of the jail. He had no relations or friends outside of the employees of the jail and the prisoners, and by all he was trusted in every way.

After his death a search of his cell was made and a small bag, containing only \$14, was left of the hundreds he had made by selling tobacco. This was to be expected, however, for petty and whom he believed to be prisoners, received a helping hand from Jimmy.

To save the old trusty from Peter's field the warden and keeper took up a subscription among themselves to defray the funeral expenses, and the old man's wish to be buried in consecrated ground was fulfilled.

Invocation of the Saints.

How beautiful is the doctrine of the invocation and the honoring of the saints! To what a great extent must this teaching be misunderstood outside the Church, when so much fault is found with it. And to what a great extent are some of our people forgetful of it, when they neglect to pay the usual tributes of respect to those who have done so much. Some one has said that every doctrine of the Church is written in the history of her councils. It may be just as truly said that every commandment of the Most High God, every counsel and perfection of the Saviour, every Christian rule for honest, upright living, is written in the story of the saints, whose lives are in the canon of the Church. No one can overestimate the beneficial effects of their lives on others.

The wise man is but a clever infant, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.—Carlyle.

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Surprise Soap. A Pure and Simple. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

"Somebody to Come Home to." Out of a home there recently passed a quiet, almost insignificant member of the family circle. Afflicted for years, she never went abroad, casual acquaintances did not see her, and few outside the home knew her.

Some one to come home to! To many a heart those words will bring swift memories of a pale face at a window, of a room that was never deserted of some gentle invalid or prisoner of age always ready to welcome the returning one, to sympathize with the troubled one, always at leisure to be interested in whatever others brought to them. Yet in such days of patient waiting there must often be the pain of helplessness, the sad feeling of uselessness that might be cheered if only we thought to see them know how precious it is to have them to "come home to."

Thy Will Be Done. What wilt Thou send me to-day? Humiliations? Contradictions? Physical sufferings? Painful intelligence which I do not expect? An aching heart? A failure? Will I see myself misjudged, wrongly suspected, despised? All that Thou wishest, O my God, I accept it in advance, and if I weep through weakness, oh! regard it not; if I murmur, check me; if I am discouraged, raise me up; but through it all, teach me to say, Thy will be done!

He who suffers for God, has the advantage of being always prepared for his last hour—an advantage which is not given to all the unfortunate.—Chateaubriand.

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