

MARTHA

Miss Marbury walked along the box-bordered path of her old garden gathering the late roses. Through it was November they still lingered, sheltered by the high stone walls from wind and frost. Pale, half-brown roses with a faint, delicate flush on their folded hearts that would never open to breeze or sun.

This half hour will mean life or death to him. Life or death to me. Oh, pray for him, pray, pray, you who can. The words ended in a hoarse, passionate sob—and the wretched mother was gone. Miss Mary turned back into the church and knelt again before the altar until the stroke of the bell in the tower told the half hour had passed.

Then she went home in the gathering twilight wondering pitifully what joy or anguish that half hour had brought. But of the strange meeting, the passionate, despairing outcry; the dark, remorseful depths that had for a moment been bared to her gentle eyes, she said nothing—even to busy Martha.

Under the seal of a sacred silence she held what she felt to be a soul unrelenting—buried in her faithful, tender heart. The reports had been scattered far and wide, but as yet there had been no response, though two weeks had passed since, the final issue. The board was in despair—work in the Children's Hospital must cease. Miss Martha had worked herself into sick headache, and was shut up in her darkened room—all to pieces, as her sympathizing friends declared—when the postman dropped a "special delivery" at the sisters' door.

Miss Marbury read the superscription, in a bold, dashing hand, that made gentle Miss Mary look at the envelope with a frown and a frown. She was by full six years right Miss Marbury but for her. This strange letter could not be for her. Yet with poor Martha so ill, and the letter of seeming importance, she surely might venture to open and read a communication that bore her name.

"Dear friend of my darkest hour," ran the few brief lines within, "your prayer was heard. I learned the name of the lady who put her roses on the altar from the old sexton of the church. I see that the same name signed to a report telling of the sore needs of a Children's Hospital in your town. I send my check for \$1,500, the amount required, to you, to my sweet-faced saint, as a thank offering for what is beyond all thanks. I will never forget you or your blessed prayer; sometimes remember me."

What is the meaning of the word "Liberty," so dear to us all? We are always boasting of it; the patriot is always aspiring to it; the revolutionist makes it justify all his wiles and all his crimes. It is the word that floats upon the glorious folds of the nations banners as they are flung out upon the breeze over the soldier's head; and he is cheered in his last moments by the sacred sound of liberty! It is a word dear to us all—our boast. What is the word of freedom? But it is Liberty! Just reflect upon it a little. Does liberty mean freedom from restraint? Does liberty, in your mind, mean freedom from any power, government, restraint of legislation? Is this your meaning of liberty? For instance: is this your meaning of liberty—that every man do what he will? If so, you cannot complain if you are stopped by the robber on the roadside, and he puts his pistol to your head and says, "Your money or your life!" You cannot complain; he is only using his liberty in doing what he likes. Does liberty mean that the murderer may come and put his hand to the sword? Does liberty mean that the dishonest man is to be allowed to pilfer? Is this liberty? This is freedom from restraint. But is it liberty? Most certainly not. You will not consider that you are slaves because you live under laws that tell you that you must not steal; that you must not murder; that you must not injure the person or the property of other's rights; but that you must respect those of each other; and if you don't do that you must be punished. You don't consider you are slaves because you are under the restraint of law. Whatever liberty means, therefore, it does not, in its true meaning, imply simple and mere freedom from restraint. It is not the mere there are who use this word, and what is its meaning to it. What is liberty? There are in man—in the soul of man—two great powers—God-like, angelic spiritual—viz.: the intelligence of the mind and the will. The intelligence of the human mind, the soul, and the will, are the true fountain and the seat of liberty. What is the freedom of the intelligence? What is the freedom of the will? There are no other powers in man capable of this freedom except these two. If you ask me, in what does the freedom of the intelligence and of the will of man consist, I answer, the freedom of the intellect consists in being free from error—from intellectual error. The freedom of man's intelligence consists in its being perfectly free from the dangers and liability of believing that which is false. The slavery of the intelligence in man is submission in mind and in belief to that which is a lie. If, for instance, I came here this evening, and if by the power of language, by the inability of words, by persuasion, I got any man amongst you to believe a lie, and take that lie as truth, and admit it into his mind as truth, and admit it as a principle that is right, and just, and true, when it is false and unjust and a lie—that man is intellectually a slave. Falseness is the slavery of the intelligence. Reflect a little upon this. It is well worth reflecting upon. It is a truth that is not grasped or held by the men of this century of ours. There was a time when it was considered a disreputable thing to believe a lie. There was a time when men were ashamed of believing what was untrue, of admitting a lie. Now, a day, men glory in it. It was but a short time ago that popular orator and lecturer in England, speaking of the multitude of religious sects that are there—speaking of those who assert that Christ is God, and of those who assert that He is not God—of those who assert that there are three persons in the Trinity, and of those who assert that there is no Trinity;—of those who assert that good works are necessary for salvation, and of those who assert that Christ is present on the altar, and those who say it is there at all; speaking of these, he said, "The multitude of sects and churches in England is the glory of our age and of our people, for it shows what a religious people we are." My God! A man believes a lie; a man takes a lie to him as if it were the truth of God; a man takes an intellectual falsehood—a thing that

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NECESSITY OF ORDER

God bestows a special blessing on those who keep order. This blessing is shown in the things that belong to this life. Order is of great value in getting on in the world, for nothing facilitates work so much as order.

If in the things of time and sense the law of order must be observed lest confusion and ruin result, how much more true is it of the things belonging to our immortal souls! Regularity and order in a man's life are the means of rendering him secure against many dangers.

Order is a most important thing for our salvation; as it leads to success in the world of business, so it also leads to success in the matter of our eternal salvation.—Rev. Joseph Schuen.

CHARITY OF SPEECH

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many hearts have been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then looks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can

still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

A MERRY HEART

Why do you wear a harassed and troubled look? Are you really in trouble, or are you allowing the little worries of life to grind furrows in your face? Take a glance at yourself in the mirror and reform—that is, reshape your face into the lines of comfort and good cheer which it ought to wear.

KIND WORDS WITHHELD
Everyone condemns miserliness, but money is not the only thing selfishly hoarded and kept out of circulation where it is needed. Expressions of sympathy, and kind words that would brighten one's own or other homes, the power to all to the general cheer and comfort—all these are withheld as if keeping them men again. Talent, time, service can be selfishly kept back from being of any value to the possessor or anyone else.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PARTING OF THE WAYS

Day was dawning in the beautiful Summer Valley. From behind the distant peaks the sun was climbing, step by step, the ladder of the day. A bustling little town, with a scarcely audible chirp, flew away from the fir trees, her nightly dwelling. From a negro cabin arose a plaintive plantation song, from the tuneful throats of a young melistole, in a rolling shadow the lowing of cattle could be heard; smoke could be seen arising from the numerous chimneys. All this showed the day was advancing.

War, the great Civil war, had been declared. At last the moment for the departure arrived. Fred, snatching a heavy kiss from his sister, a long silent embrace from his mother, a handshake from his father, was off for the south, with all the blessings and best wishes that could be offered.

Then Will, a handsome boy of twenty-one, came slowly into the room. He attempted to kiss his sister, but this proud child of the south turned her back upon him and exclaimed that she could never kiss a traitor even though he was her own brother. The boy drew back. Over his face there came a deadly pallor, he staggered, swallowed the lump in his throat and turned toward his mother, who could not bear to see her son go to war and maybe to death, without a tender embrace. She kissed him again and again, then with a sigh she went from the room. He offered his hand to his father, who laid him sever to darkness this doorway of his home again. With a sickening heart he waved toward the door, passed out, and was off to the north, with no words of love or Godspeed.

His brother, sitting his horse like a statue, was waiting for him. Taking his mount from the black boy, he slowly hurried, turned for the last look of his boyhood home, and then swiftly galloped away, followed by his brother. They drew rein before a house, similar to their own, and dismounting, went slowly up the steps and pulled the knocker. Early, as it was, they found

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The Wilson household already astir and were ushered into the reception room by a black slave, Augusta Wilson, a handsome girl, with raven hair, a lark face and bewitching eyes, came into the room.

"Well, Augusta, we're off," Fred said, "we've come to say goodbye." "Goodbye, Fred, and may God watch over you and let you return unharmed." She turned to Will and said: "Will, I hate to see you dishonor your country like this. Won't you fight for the south, even for me?"

"I can't, Augusta; my mind is made up. Perhaps it is my northern schooling that makes me fight for the north, and try as I may I can't shake off the feeling that the south is going to be beaten. Goodbye, and try to think kindly of me, even though I, as you say, am going against my country."

She took a small Confederate flag from a waist pocket, kissed it and gave it to Fred. "As for you, Will, I have nothing to give unless it is my blessing." "Thank you, Augusta," was all Will could say. A few moments later he was joined by his brother and once more mounting their horses, they traveled on until they came to the north and south turnpike. There they parted. Fred, to join Lee's forces and Will General Hill's whom he met when at West Point.

Two weeks afterwards, Will, travel-worn and footsore, reached Harper's Ferry, where General Hill's forces were encamped. The general was a stout and florid countenance person. A few days later the battle of Bunker Ridge was fought—Will's first battle. This resulted in a complete defeat of the southern forces. From a prisoner Will learned that Fred was a lieutenant in General Lee's army, having won fame and his promotion in the battle of Cripple Creek.

After a few more unimportant battles the armies retired, as it were, into winter quarters and nothing of vital interest took place during the ensuing winter. It is needless to go over the results of the next two years, although several very important battles were fought. In the early part of the fourth year the great battle of Shiloh took place. There, brother was fighting against brother, although both were ignorant of the fact. A day of dreadful carnage and the Confederates were beaten, retreating with great loss. In this battle Fred received the wound which afterwards caused his death.

Day was dawning as Will in agony lay on the field. He could see the sun rising from behind the distant mountains and remembered well the sunrise of the day when he left home. In a few moments he would be dead, and then, he thought, forgotten. How well the memories of his boyhood days flashed through his mind. His boyish pranks, the old swimming hole where he had his first swim. Then the thought of his mother came upon him. Would she miss him? Would his father forgive him after he was dead? Would his sister

end, purports to be a declaration of war against the American Republic, with a command to all Catholics to exterminate the heretics that live within its territories. This preposterous paper has been printed before in the same column. The only authority given for it is the Christian Leader of April 11, 1893, and the Sunday Oregonian of April 1895. Patently it is not intended as a joke. I am bound to say that men who circulate such a forgery in their endeavor still further to embitter religious prejudices are servants of the devil.—Sacred Heart Review.

JUNGLE SHRINE IN CEYLON OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

One of the most unique shrines to the Blessed Virgin in the world is hidden in the Island of Ceylon. This shrine, consisting of a simple statue of the Immaculate Mother, is buried in the heart of the densest jungle the nearest village being fifteen miles distant. Yet notwithstanding this fact thousands of the faithful flock to the spot every year to celebrate the feast of the Visitation and during the eight days of the festival lasts, a city of 50,000 inhabitants surrounds the almost inaccessible sanctuary.

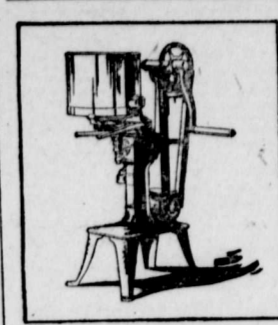
On 1st night the shrine was destroyed by fire. The shrine, consisting of a simple statue of the Immaculate Mother, is buried in the heart of the densest jungle the nearest village being fifteen miles distant. Yet notwithstanding this fact thousands of the faithful flock to the spot every year to celebrate the feast of the Visitation and during the eight days of the festival lasts, a city of 50,000 inhabitants surrounds the almost inaccessible sanctuary.

A Catholic missionary, however, has never been known to die in this way, for he owes his safety to the protection of St. Francis Xavier. When the great apostle was laboring in India and Japan he promised that no priest would ever perish from the bite of a serpent, and present-day missionaries attest that the pledge has been faithfully kept.

That the poor Hindus might not be left without a remedy for the dread affliction, the Blessed Virgin has disappeared

Her own alleviation in the simple form of native soil seasoned with water. The faith of the pious Hindus is ab

solate, and facts would seem to prove the legitimacy of their belief.—Catholic Universe.



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"SERVANTS OF THE DEVIL" As part of the pernicious propaganda against the Catholic Church now being conducted throughout the United States, a weekly paper, which we shall not advertise by naming, is being put into the hands of people who have not subscribed for it. This paper contained in a recent issue a document which purports to be a Papal Encyclical dated Dec. 25, 1891, and addressed to the Jesuits, Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops and other Orderlies (sic) in peace and communion with the Apostolic See of the Entire World.

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girl and women immigrants and others desiring temporary accommodation under Catholic auspices. The building will be near the Immaculate Conception Church in the heart of the city...

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UPPER SCHOOL ENTRANCE TO FACULTY OF EDUCATION The Misses Ingrid Cassidy, Irene O'Driscoll, Kathleen Murphy (P. 11)

LOWER SCHOOL ENTRANCE TO NORMAL The Misses Corinne Pascoe, (Honors) Annie McAnney, Anna Beninger, Teresa Meahan, Clementina McGowan (Honors) Beatrice Sauriol, Florence Bannon, Margaret Love, Gertrude Steadley, Isabel Pamphilon, Kathleen Donley, Mary Beaudette, Kathleen Gilmore, Bernice Hayes, Nina Hendee, Mary Tighe, Helen Kearns, Vera Lee, Margaret Phillips, Leonora Stock, Kathleen Sullivan, Mary McElroy, Lily Kennedy, Bernice McKewen.

CONGRATULATIONS Congratulations to Miss Irene Doyle, of Guelph, who has been successful in passing the recent Normal school entrance examination with first class honors...

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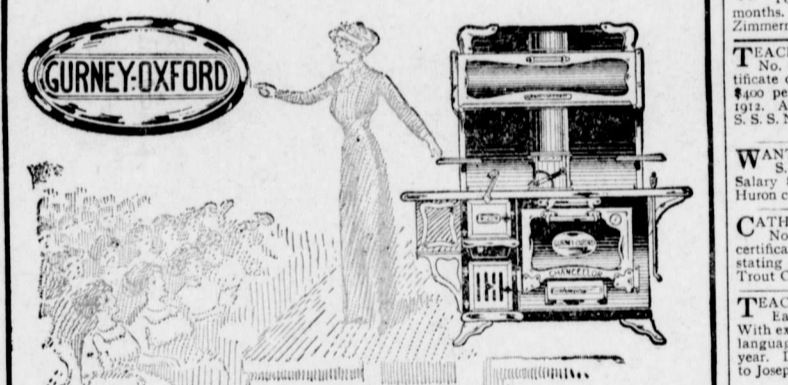
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It's a mistake to think there are no longer opportunities for the investor to get in upon the "Good Floor" of a good paying, and yet perfectly safe Financial Corporation. The history of the Bell Telephone and kindred enterprises are being, and will be, repeated time and again.

Just Like the Knights

The Knights of Columbus of the Western Councils are taking up the ancient motto of connecting the American Immigration with much spirit and enthusiasm. The work is called into existence by new needs. In the provinces west of Lake Superior thousands of Catholics are being lost to the Church, and the chief cause of this leakage is the unguided scattering of those who seek new homes in the West.

Knights of Columbus We send our hearty congratulations to our brother knights of Hamilton. They have shown the true spirit in taking steps to build a club house which will cost \$40,000. May their members and influence increase in Hamilton. It will mean much for the city. The incorporators are M. J. O'Reilly, K. C.; Gee, Lynch-Staunton, K. C.; William P. Pressall, J. G. Brown, Rt. Rev. Dr. Mahany, V. M.; Roderick A. Nicholson and Hugh Hennessy.

IMMIGRATION NOTES A Catholic Information Bureau has been established at 533 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C., under the management of Father Mostyn. The experiment was started only two months ago since which time it has been eminently successful, the results being gratifying.

Our readers particularly those who know us well, will enjoy particularly the delightfully absurd picture he draws of us. We are glad to have this sample of Socialist newspaper editorials; because we wish to bring the truth home to our readers that they are absolutely reckless and irresponsible, and that their words are entitled to not the slightest weight.