GEMS IN VERSE

The Valley of Gettysburg. One dusk, leng summers gone, the white cheeked moon

Beheld this valley reel with war. But now Where you still hamlet's windows redly glow At eve the housewives gossip or else croop Soft lulisbies. Through the long afternoon The children gambol in the vale below: The lustrous lilies at their moorings blow; The mowers move with scythes in merry tune;

Chime faintly far from out the white church These evening bells; slow move the creaking

wains Down purple glens ablaze with sunset fire.

And low necked kine trudge home through thick leafed lanes. Sweet vale, the only sword now there that's

Is the moon's scimiter in skies serene.

Forever. Two little streamlets leaped and flowed And sang their songs together:
They felt alike the summer rays
And bore the stormy weather:

The self same blossoms decked them both In colors rich and rare. And in each stream the song birds wooed Their bright reflections there. And on and on and on they danced, Each leaping toward the river. And then they met to kiss and part

Forever and forever Two human lives, two kindred hearts, By destiny's decree, Met in the spring of life to learn

Its deepest mystery. They dreamed their morning dreams of hope
Through fair, unclouded weather;

They opened love's bewitching book And read it through together: They saw in one another's eyes A deep, unspoken bliss, And from each other's lips they took Love's ever ready kiss.

And then the fate that crushes all The sweetest pleasures here Turned hope's glad music to a sigh, Its glory to a tear. It stepped between them. Ah, it mocked The love it could not kill! It bade them in its fury live

And love and suffer still. They tried with outstretched hands to span Fate's wide, unyielding "Never." The voice of destiny replied, "Forever and forever!"

All Saints.

-Chambers' Journal.

Men may not mark them in the crowded ways. The noisy world forgets to blame or praise The poor in spirit, yet they pass along Through silent paths and make them glad with song;

Theirs is the kindgdom where Love reigns supreme And Faith soars higher than the poet's dream. Wrapped in the sunlight of eternal day, Blessed are they.

God knows the patient souls who do his will; The mourners who can suffer and be still, Waiting in silence for his healing balm;

The hungry ones, whom he alone can feed: The merciful; the pure in heart and deed; The peacemakers—of these I hear him say, Blessed are they.

Father, we pray thee that thy light may shine Upon the world through every child of thinel Into the haunts of darkness and distress They come with all the power of blessedness.

When thou hast called them to thy purer The fragrance of their lives shall linger here, And through death's silence we shall hear thee Blessed are they.

-Sarah Doudney. Finished.

Ask me not why I strive and strive in vain To wake again the thrills of dead romance: To feel once more the pleasure or the pain: To wake my heart from out its deathlike

I only know my love lies cold and still: No more it stirs at smile or tender tone. I loved you once, but coldness love can kill-Then blame me not that now you walk alone.

You swore you loved me in the days now dead, And on that oath I gave you all you claimed. Then for love you gave neglect instead; So all my heart shrank back to me, ashamed

That for a stone its jewel had been given. Then what seemed love to passing fancy fell And when I thought you ope'd the gates of

You only paved the downward path to hell. Now go your way. Henceforth I cease to be The loving woman whom you did not love. The future's gulf lies broad 'twixt you and me. You pass from out my life. Have mercy, God above! -Jessie Lee Randolph.

A Hero.

He is a hero who when sorely tried Hath yet a firm control O'er all his passions as they strongly rise To battle with his soul.

The silent battle which the spirit fights, Warring against desires Unholy and impure, if right shall win To higher good inspires.

The soul that crucifies an evil thought. That keeps a guarded gate Of Christian love and brotherly good will Between his soul and hate,

Shall stand, in all his manliness and worth, As mightler than he Who takes a city in his strength and pride Or boasteth vauntingly.

The shield of purity when nobly worn, Where faith has been confessed, Is stronger than the cunning coat of mail Upon a warrior's breast.

He is a hero who to truth is true, Though lowly and obscure. Long after earthly honors fade away His triumphs shall endure.

The Man Who Always Smiles. His house may not a mansion be; his place in side the line Where common people stand and note their richer neighbor's shine: But yet his life's a grander one, though lacking

His title is the Prince of Hope-the man who always smiles. artist in his way:

He's a picture fair of joyousness in a frame that's always gay; His life's a useful sermon, and he's preaching all the while.

And he's better off than governors—the man who always smiles

He's one of life's physicians without antidotes His oures are freely given to all men's current

He's a missionary worker, leaving out the heathen lales.

And he's saming straight for heaven—the man who always smiles. -Fred E. Smith

Retribution. Ah, who can tell the joy I feel To see him pass, the jest of all the crowd That throng the asphalt pave?

His brow is dark with gloom,
For vain is his attempt to look unconcerned.
Despite his deable, sickly grins. This man who when an office interview Keeps us four hours his pleasure waiting in an

He Who Would Hold to Christianity Finds It All Too Difficult.

A New York minister in a sermon gave his view of the cause why Protestantism has failed in New York—it is, he thought, because the rich have moved up town, taking the churches along with them, thus leaving the poor of the lower wards practically without Protestant churches. And yet if the poor "Protestants" of the lower wards really believed in Protestantism they would erect and maintain churches for themselves, even if the rich should abandon them. The fathers or grandfathers of these rich Protestants who are moving up town were mostly poor people, and it was they and not these rich Protestants who founded most of these Protestant congregations.

The causes of the failure of Protestantism must be sought elsewhere. The one great cause is that Protestantism is a negative, destructive force. The Protestants who hold to Christian beliefs do so in spite of their Protestantism, not because of it. For a Protestant to hold to Christianity and yet to uphold Protestantism is a task too difficult for the most of mankind who really think about these subjects for themselves—only the most persistent care from childhood up. Once thinking men take Protestantism at its word and really exercise their own private judgment independently of the dictates of ministers or conventicles and pursue their thinking to its logical consequence, they give up either Christianity or Protestantism. As for the neglected "Protestant" poor, they, for the most part, give up Christianity and Protestantism, and in their hard struggle for their daily bread cease to let their minds dwell on positive religion at all.

This break up of Protestantism is a melancholy thing in many of the circumstances attending it—despair of the possibility of finding out "what is truth" or dull indifference among them-but it is the logical outcome of the evil work of former generations, and will no doubt be, in the hands of Providence, a means of leading thousands back to the one church of Christ from which their fathers went voluntarily out or were beguiled.-Catholic Review.

CATHOLIC VIEW OF LABOR.

The Church Regards the Workingmen Her Most Precious Jewels. The position of the Catholic church toward the labor question formed the subject of an interesting lecture delivered the other day by the Rev. P. A. Halpin, 3. J., at Boston. Taking the recent encyclical of the pope as a sort of text to preach from, Father Halpin pointed out that at no time during its long struggle for better conditions was labor without the sympathy and the active co-operation of the church. To her the children of toil have ever been most precious. To quote the language of Father Halpin: "One fact is clear on every page of the history of the church, that Cornelia gever pointed with more pride to her children than the church to the workingmen as her most precious jewels. As their mother she has ever shown for them an especial affection; as their instructor, indicated the way to their elevation; as their mistress and queen, interposed in their behalf. Her divine founder, he who had said, Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavily laden; I will refreshen you,' planted this motherly instinct in the breast of the

With such instinct planted in her breast, it would be strange indeed if the church did not sympathize with labor. It would be as if a mother would be careless of the well being of children who are very dear to her. Hence we find her in every age standing forth as a defender and protector of labor. In the words of Father Halpin, "the burning question of labor is never out of the mind of the

But her view of the labor question is quite different from that which obtains among political economists. In her eyes the workingman is not simply a factor in the production of wealth. He is not a mere machine which is to be estimated by the amount of work it turns out. He is more than that. He is, to quote Father Halpin, "a man with an immortal soul, a sublime mission, a right to his intellectual development and his spiritual freedom. Anathema even to the laborer himself, if he allows himself to be dragged down from this dignity!"

Regarding the question of labor from this point of view, the church must array herself against the inhuman theory that considers labor as a commodity that is to be bought and sold like any other commodity. It was against this degrading doctrine Leo XIII raised his voice in his notable encyclical on the labor question. Irish World.

imsnmen au the world over will rejoice at the honor that done to the successor of St. Patrick-the Most Rev. Dr. Legue, archbishop of Armagh—and the choice that the holy father has made was no doubt influenced in some degree by this link with a great historic past. This is the first time, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, that a cardinal's hat has been given to the "primate of all Ire-

The see of Dublin has thus been honored more than once, thanks to its importance as a center of civil government, but the history of the see of Armagh is a more thoroughly Irish one. The present archbishop of Dublin stands in the front rank of patriotic Irishmen, but many of his predecessors were nothing more than the bishops of a foreign colony-planted in Ireland.

Before the Norman invasion Dublin was a Danish city, and so determined were its Danish rulers to hold themselves apart from the "mere Irish" that they used to have their bishops consecrated by some prelate on the other side of St. George's channel, and Dublin was practically, though not nominally, dependent on Canterbury. After the Normans came the archbishop of Dublin was for centuries the chief bishop of the Anglo-Norman "pale." Only in our time has Dublin thrown off this tradition that made it an un Irish see. Catholic ReTHE DEATH OF A WEALTHY MAN. High through his titles, power and pelf. Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; Despite those titles, power and pelf, The wretch, concentered all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

So the vile dust from whence he sprung. Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
—Sir Walter Scott.

THE THREE CHUMS.

When I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that

came up that was the bond of our union. Whatever the bond was, we were certainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path through life, there were three very tear stained pillows beneath our respective heads before Morpheus claimed our allegiance. I know that I for one was compelled to change mine, so saturated did it become with those salt evidences of a sincere grief which were copiously shed by my eyes that night.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine, Masterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and I drifted through a period of misery as a student of law into literary, sharp shooting; but through it all we kept up a three cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result, I think, that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than would otherwise have been possible. It was the perfect candor of our intercourse that helped us. What I did not like about Marsden I frankly told him, and when I disapproved of Masterson, Masterson was the first to know it, and vice versa. It was helpful; it was delightful. We lived in a palace of truth, which, alas! is no more.

Five or six years was the duration of our post graduate alliance, which was broken by death first, and then by that which is worse than death-madness; and it all came about through the too close application of Marsden and Masterson to their work. Marsden had always been noted for his love of the mysterious and morbid. In the old college days it used to trouble Masterson and myself not a little to find how exceedingly fond of the depressing things of life Marsden was—that is to say, he liked to hear and talk about them. He liked to read stories not only bordering upon but plunging into the middle of the supernatural and while Masterson and I were compiling scrapbooks of clippings showing how easily Yale crews defeated Harvard crews, and other matters of alma maternal interest, Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors-stories of vampires, tales of hallucination and other unnat-

ural things. While Masterson and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herrick as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his hours of outside reading to Hoffman, Poe and Monk Lewis, and any versifier whose sentiment smacked of malaria could be his poet for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterson and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unremitting in our efforts to bring him down to the real sunshiny things of life, but I cannot say that we were ever sanguine of the result of our efforts.

It was Marsden's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine, and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far in that he did not recognize the fact that minds, like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's passion for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual contact with those who suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts, and then the end came. Masterson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was nigh unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Masterson at Baltimore—which Marsden. owing to his more or less confined duties, could not very well do, and so was known

to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at 9 o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Boston, adding that it was my intention to leave New York for Baltimore that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Marsden saying: "Wait for me. He must not die."

This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me most to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with those four words grated on my nerves. They did not sound exactly right.

for me!"

And so it went all that afternoon, At every stopping place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve disturbing mesmages the mind could well conceive of

beseeching me to await his coming always, and in four separate instances assuming a power on my part to avert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in a precarious state mentally anyhow, I dreaded meeting him, but was nevertheless on hand at the station on the arrival of his train—and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load by far too great for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and burying his pallid face on my shoulder cried like a child.

"Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad as we think.'

"Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. "But I fear Jack is on the verge would have fallen if I had not caught

him by the arm. "Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drinkto me, who knew that he did not drink, his condition was unaccountable. Moved we both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situ-

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and groaned.

"Ah!" he sighed in a moment. "I TELEPHONE 576. thought it was all over then. By heavens, Hartly!" he shouted as he turned his eyes to me eyes big, bulging and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you—how can you—how can you!"

His tone by this time had risen to a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a ma-

"I-I am quite as upset, Tom," I re plied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death."

"Don't speak of it—don't speak of it!" TELEPHONE 390. he shuddered, cowering back into the corner of the cab and hiding his face with his hands.

"Hartly, I don't believe you understand," he added, gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprehend that it means absolute annihilation, destruction, a blotting out forever? Do you—do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on my arm as he gasped this out. "No, I do not," I answered shortly. "I believe, as you used to believe, in a God 234 East Main Street, Washington Hall Block, in heaven, and I have not changed, and I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest"—

"I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered. "I refer to ourselves. We shall vanish; we shall be blotted out. Masterson's soul is all right, but ours—we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formlessness—we become zeros"——

"My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for] was now convinced that he was mad, "my dear Tom, don't talk that way. Keep quiet. All will go well. All"____ "It cannot!" he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we-Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, everything, am but a figment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied-I have seen When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I,

John Hartly, cease to be!" As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether, had I any hope that that was a blow to be averted. What to do was the question, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved I should myself stand in mental peril. We went to my apartments, and

shoved under the door I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the work of a moment, and then Marsden, feeling that it must be from Baltimore, snatched it from me and tried to read it, but fortunately he could not, his eyes were so filled with the tears of fear. "Read it!" he cried, trembling with

excitement. "Read it!" I took it, and casting my eyes over the line saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said; but I did not dare read it aloud "What does it say?" gasped Marsden.

"The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore." "Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a groan sinking in a faint to the floor.

Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but as the world Central knows, as a patient, and I-I bear the burden of my deceit in that horrible night by conducting the correspondence. Over Lovejoy's Candy Store. H. Kaufman, An hour later a second telegram ar of two corners of our triangle of love rived from Marsden, which read: "Am my own corner and that of Masterson, just leaving Boston. For God's sake wait of whose death Marsden has never heard for the experts say that were he ever to hear of his friend's decease, so strongly does he believe himself a part of the dead man's day dreams, the small remainder of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out.—H. W. Harkness in Frank

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