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The Catholic Journal.

Vol. XI, No. 32.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, May 12, 1900.

\$1.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE ATTENDED WITH
MUCH GRAVE APPREHENSION

The Gay and Populous French Capital Inter-
estingly Described—The American
Colon—The Home of Feminine Art and
the Mecca for all American Women.

At a meeting of the Knights of Colum-
bus, of Syracuse, held recently in
that city, Mr. Dennis McCarthy, who is
a member of that council, and who is
also a member of the State board of
charities, gave the following inter-
esting talk on a trip to Paris. Mr. Mc-
Carthy, who is a frequent visitor to
the French capital, has become well
acquainted with the people, their man-
ners, and customs.

Mr. McCarthy said: It shall be my
aim to convey to you from the few
notes I have made, what I have seen
of Paris, its people and the few re-
flections that have occurred to me
from various visits I have made.

Perhaps one of the worst features to
most of us who have to cross the At-
lantic ocean repeatedly, is the tedious
and sometimes disagreeable seas. To
some of you this may seem rather pec-
uliar, for to many the prospect of a
sea voyage is a pleasure to look for-
ward to, but things go by inverse ra-
tios in this life, so that what we are
compelled to do are never quite the
same as that done by voluntary action
or promptings.

I would like to carry you with me
on perhaps one of the severest voy-
ages known and will read you the fol-
lowing notice taken from the London
Times of February 8th, 1899, giving an
account of the voyage of the Cunard
steamer Lucania, in which I was a
passenger. In quoting from the Times
it says:

"Seldom, if ever, has such weather
been known on the Atlantic. Day after
day came gales, fierce squalls of snow,
thunder and lightning, hail, fog and
immense seas—one almost unceasing
tumult of heaven and ocean. We had
16 hours of hurricane last Thursday at
100 miles an hour. The magnificent
ship rode it out easily and unharmed.
From 4:30 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. oil was
freely poured on the troubled waters,
helping a little but not much. The
barometer fell from 30 in. to 29.92 in.
—again a record. Captain McKay,
with a cool presence and a wise sea-
manship, for which his passengers owe
him thanks, forebore to drive his ves-
sel."

She was for almost half the voyage
at half or three-quarters speed, with
this result that never has so rough an
Atlantic journey been performed with
so little discomfort.

If the voyage has its almost tragic
side, it had also a comic interlude yes-
terday, when the ship was surrounded
by whales and stopped lest they should
foul the propellers."

To give you my personal impression
of such a voyage would be best sum-
med up in saying to you that it was
a time of serious thought and a mo-
ment full of apprehension. However,
all such things have an end, and as we
were greeted soon after by the sight
of the verdant shores of France and
the port of Cherbourg, our landing
point, it was soon forgotten.

Disembarking at the port of Cher-
bourg, we take a six hour train to
Paris, passing through perhaps as
lovely a country as is given man to
see, as every foot of ground is culti-
vated, giving the appearance of an im-
mense garden and unlike us, the hold-
ers are many and the holdings small
and the division of these plots of
ground are made, not by fences, stone
walls or hedges, as in England, but
by mounds of earth, which to me seemed
that it might furnish cause for fre-
quent dispute or trespass, but I learned
that this is not the case.

Economy and careful thrift is in evi-
dence on all sides; no waste, every-
thing being saved and put to some
use. The economy and care of the
smaller bits of life made it possible
for the French, after the Franco-Prus-
sian war of 1870 to pay in two or three
days an indemnity imposed by the
German government of a sum so great
that the financiers of the world were
made to wonder whether any nation
could pay such a demand, and yet
within this short period of time the
French nation over-subscribed the
bond issued 42 times, making the
world stand aghast at the wonderful
resources coming from the savings and
accumulations of its people.

The country formerly was made
much more picturesque by the varied
and fanciful costumes worn by its
peasants, both male and female. This
however, has disappeared, much to the
regret of the traveler, and is now
found only when worn by a few of
the nuns in the city of Paris.

Many of our religious orders, such
as the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of the
Poor, etc., represent in our country, in
a modified form, the former costumes
worn by the peasants of the early days.
To me the arrival in Paris gives a
thrill of pleasure as I speak its lan-
guage, know its people and was once
at school there, and one's early child-
ish recollections are always perhaps
the sweetest and dearest.

In giving you a brief history of
Paris, in describing its different points
of interest, I am at the same time
giving you a history of France, because
unlike most countries, Paris, the cap-
ital, is France. It is simply a case of
"the tail wagging the dog."

Its population, as you know, is that
of the second largest city of the world
and to all appearances, from the peo-
ple that are seen upon its streets, one
might say that it was the largest.

The French language contains no
word to correspond with our word

"some" in meaning or endearment,
and one might perhaps think when
about its streets, that they had in fact
no home.

The mode of life of the average
Frenchman is about as follows:
He has his apartments, which seem
largely used for the purpose of shelter
and his meal, known to us as break-
fast, is the taking of a simple nourish-
ment of coffee and milk, and among
those of leisure most often taken while
in bed. His next meal is that taken
at midday, always in the neighboring
restaurant, and the most of this time
is spent with his neighboring friends.
This meal usually absorbs two hours,
and nothing is allowed to trespass or
interfere in its accomplishment.

The third meal is that of seven
o'clock, which, like the midday meal,
is taken in a restaurant, surrounded
by friends, and then begins the Paris
life, so unusual to the foreigners.
When his meal is finished he and his
friends or family resort to the many
open air concerts; institutions com-
mon to the French nation, remaining
there until perhaps midnight, then
taking a carriage or going afoot
through its boulevards, meeting the
world and his wife who are out until
about two in the morning and then
begins the scrubbing of the street with
a thoroughness that would be the envy
of the good housewife.

Possibly no city in the universe
spends as much money for the amuse-
ment of its people and at the same
time offers so many attractions to
strangers. In this connection, the
French more than any other nation,
give much encouragement by subsidy
to the rising young artist and high re-
wards if fame is achieved.

This is also extended to the art stu-
dent and encourages the foreigner to
their schools by giving them the same
rewards as those given to her own
children. There are many American
students in Paris, attending its schools,
because of the advantages given by her.

Much is done by the American col-
ony also in Paris, to encourage the
young American of moderate means to
accept these conditions through the
medium of the American club, where
its young men and women may as-
semble, giving them as much as possi-
ble, a home life and where meals are
served at a moderate cost.

A stroll about her streets and boule-
vards, well fringed with trees and
shop windows, filled with the beau-
tiful and new, always so attractive to
the stranger is an enchantment.
Paris is the home of feminine art and
the Mecca for all American women.
Unlike us, the streets are lined with
innumerable small shops with their
wares attractively displayed and all
stock in the windows.

The cleanliness of its streets is al-
ways a matter of interest and comment
to the visitor. There is also a general
care in looking to the health of its
people, by such laws as permit of only
building on two thirds of one's lot, so
that there shall be an open courtyard
in the centre of every building, giving
light and air to its inhabitants. These
court yards are often made picturesque
and attractive by the gardens they con-
tain, many times having for their cen-
tral adornment a statue or a fountain.

The food is also inspected by the
government, which might offer to us
a valuable suggestion. In the centre
of the city itself is a large open
breathing place, about one and one-
half miles long, filled with trees, and
known as the Champ Elysee, so much
beloved by children, with its sweet
meat stands and Punch and Judy
shows, where, any afternoon, Paris
may be seen at its best.

Many of its streets and in fact most
of its boulevards are paved with wood.
This, of course, you will say, is not
practical, and could not be done in our
country; but there, inspection and re-
pairs are daily made, and such streets
are possible. The purpose of it all is
to lead the noise for the benefit of
those doing business in that neighbor-
hood, and would not this be a blessing
to Broadway, where sometimes you
cannot hear one speak?

No city invites its visitors to come
and go as freely as Paris, and none
that gives so great a freedom to wear
what you please, and do what you
please.

Its police service from the time of
Napoleon has commanded the admiration
of the world. If you desire to see
a friend and you do not know his
address, the police will tell you.
The cabs, numbering 15,000, with
their small fares charged, are a great
delight to the stranger in furnishing
him with the novelties of long drives
and short pay. They are also some-
what picturesque in appearance, as
some of the drivers wear white hats,
some black hats, and some yellow ones,
each denoting a different company to
which they belong.

One is perhaps first attracted on the
first day's stroll to the Place de la Con-
corde, being about centrally located in
the city, and about which seems to be
the life of Paris.

It is an open square, and the finest in
the world and at night when it is illu-
minated by its many lights, equals
one's ideas of fairyland.

Its centre is occupied by an obelisk
of a single block of granite, 76 feet
high, accompanied by fountains on
either side, and in its four corners
stand statues representing the four
largest cities of France.

The history of France centers in this
square, and here the republic of France
first saw its birth. It is here that Louis
XVI was executed, as also his devoted
but misguided queen, Mary Antoinette,
and Charlotte Corday was guillotined.
Following these came 2,800 others, who
received the same fate, all of which oc-
curred within the short time of two
years.

Standing in its centre, facing the

Tuileries Gardens, where stood the
former homes of the kings of France,
since destroyed by the Commune, and
looking to the left up the Rue Royal,
one's sight is arrested by a view of the
Church of the Madeleine, with its Gre-
cian columns surrounding it. Though
never used for court weddings, bap-
tisms or functions of this nature, it is
more visited than any other church.
Its music is always attractive to the
stranger.

It may perhaps be of interest to you
to know that mass may be heard as
late as five minutes of twelve. This is
to accommodate those attending the
balls of the night before as you know
that all high functions and balls, either
civil or private, are held Saturday
nights. Coming back and looking to
the front through the gardens is seen
the Louvre with its art treasures.

To the revolution is due this col-
lection of art, and paintings, as also
the many conquests of Napoleon. The
old masters are to be found here vir-
tually by the yard. These buildings
narrowly escaped destruction by the
Commune in 1870.

Then coming back, and looking
across the River Seine to the right,
is to be seen the Legislative building
of not over great interest. Turning
about face, one is confronted by a view
of the Champs Elysee before men-
tioned, and carrying the eye to its ter-
mination, is seen the Arc de L'Etoile,
commonly known as the Arc of Tri-
umph, a large stone structure built by
the early kings of France.

Going on through the Arc for a dis-
tance of some two miles, one comes
to the Bois De Boulogne, a forest,
with its beautiful drives, walks,
streams, water-falls, children's play-
grounds, and many lakes with boats
upon them. This is also a popular re-
sort for the people, both in the after-
noon and in the evenings, during fa-
vorable weather.

This trip could be continued in vis-
iting the tombs of Napoleon and Pere
Lachaise, (Cemetery), the many mu-
seums, churches, and many other
places of interest, spending days in its
accomplishment and to which I can
give little mention in this short talk.
I hope that this brief account of
what one may see and enjoy on a trip
to Paris has been of interest to you,
and will confirm you, as I have been
long ago convinced, that there is but
one flag to live under, and that, the
Stars and Stripes.

THE ONLY SAVING CHURCH.

A Clear Definition of a Belief Held By
Catholics.

Does the Catholic Church claim that
she is the only saving church?

Yes.
What does the expression "only sav-
ing church" mean, in the mouth of the
Catholic Church?

It means that she is the only church
which has received from Christ the
means that lead to salvation.

But is not this claim on the part
of the Catholic Church intolerant?

No; because it is a claim which any
church which pretends to have receiv-
ed its mission from Christ must make,
as Christ did not and could not estab-
lish one to eternal salvation. She would
be false to her mission if she acknowl-
edged that others had an equal right
to preach and be listened to as she.

The Church does not say that every
one who dies within the fold will be
saved. If her lives have not been in
keeping with their teaching they will
be lost for all eternity, and their pun-
ishment will be more severe than if
they had never belonged to the Church.
She does not say that every one who
dies outside of her pale is lost, or
rather, is of necessity lost because he
did not belong to the Church. Christ,
who established the church as the or-
dinary means of salvation, may have
extraordinary ways of saving man's
soul.

We know that Almighty God will
not punish with eternal torments ex-
cept for actual sin. Now it may hap-
pen that one outside of the Church is
in good faith (the moment a reason-
able doubt enters his mind as to the
truth of his creed he is obliged to in-
quire in order to remove, if possible,
the doubt; if he fails to investigate,
he cannot be considered any longer in
good faith); he has never committed a
mortal sin, or, if he has, he has re-
pented of it by making an act of per-
fect contrition. The Church does not
condemn such a person, but holds that
he belongs to the soul of the Church,
and that God will provide for his eter-
nal salvation by some extraordinary
means.—Rev. J. J. Nash, D. D.

Different in Certain Points.

"Yes," observed the returned travel-
ler; "I saw the two sights in England
I wanted most to see in England."

"What were they?"

"William E. Gladstone and the Lon-
don Bridge."

"I wouldn't have cared much about
the bridge, but I confess I should like
to see Gladstone."

"Gladstone? He's the greatest man
living! He's a scholar, a statesman
and a philanthropist. He stands with-
out a peer!"

"Yes; and even London Bridge can't
do that, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

Care in Administering Emetics.

Before administering emetics the
condition of the patient ought to be
carefully considered. Emetics are im-
proper in rupture or in any case where
strong physical effort might cause
physical injury. They should not be
restored to where there is inflamma-
tion of the stomach.

THE SOILING OF THE GREEN.

[Dedicated in Attestment to the Strug-
gling Freeman of South Africa.]

Oh Paddy dear and did you hear the news
that goes the rounds?
Saint Patrick's holy symbol has been soiled
by British hounds.

In freemen's blood they dipped it, and drip-
ping with the gore,
They thrust the sop at Ireland's sons to heal
their festering sore.

The shamrock was forbid by law to grow on
Irish ground.
Because were hope of freedom glowed the
green trefail was found.

In prison pen, in penal lands, by British bay-
onets driven
The shamrock was the unerring sign of free-
dom's spark, God given.

Within her halls of splendor there sits the
miser queen,
Around her all that love or gold can buy or
give are seen;

But through the walls like sobbing wave
red and green glow
The wailing of a starving wretch, flung shiv-
ering out to die.

"Oh queen, call off your hirelings, bid my
murderers depart,
Oh mother, wife and daughter, open your
woman's heart!"

She turns away in cold disdain and draws
her purse strings close
"Presumptuous wretch to come to me, to
dare steal his voice."

Fall off the church that shelters him to light
his funeral fire;
Tear from his grasp that worthless weed, the
shamrock of his sire;

Evict him from his home, bayonet him, coerce
him, let him die;
But keep him far away from me no Irish
need ally."

Again she sits in palace halls, but not with
mirth of old
The Empire crown, the bangle, formed of
blood and tears and gold;

Its lustre dimmed its prestige gone, slip
from her trembling hand,
Its sordid keepers fly like sheep before aveng-
ing hands.

She covers o'er her money bags, for of her
piled up store
Like horse leech daughter ne'er she gave, but
always cried for more.

"Must I," she wails, "give up my gold; are
my defenders slain?"
"Not yet my queen," her minion cries, "the
Irish troops remain."

On Fontenoy or Fontenoy 'gainst us they
tossed the tide
But now, behold, her fearless sons are fighting
at outside.

Even as he speaks, from southern hills, the
victor's banners rise
"Again, as once at Waterloo, they've saved
the crown," he cries.

"Shall we of all we've taken now one little
right restore?"
She answers "No, the shamrock give, but
red and green no more."

My butchers are in fair lands, should Celt
unite with Quid
Rise in their land demand their rights, my
vaunted powers would fall.

Forgiving fools, I'll flatter them, I'll try each
crafty wile,
Play on their generous natures, visit their
hated ile.

"Oh mighty queen, how wise, how good!"
quack out her henchmen all,
And Jingo Jingle dars to twang the harp of
Tara's Hall.

Far off beneath the Southern cross there
dwells a valiant band,
Their fathers' blood, their mother's toil, were
given for their land;

Pure and true, simple, pious lives; at morn-
and dewy eve
Their prayers and hymns ascend to God; in
whom they still believe.

They seek not wealth, nor fame, nor power;
nor lands beyond the sea,
One only hope they crave, and cry: "We
will be free."

With painful steps they followed where free-
dom led the way,
And new beneath her sign bright they hail
a happier day.

But from their midst, behind them, the British
monster crawls,
With claws outstretched to strangle her, upon
her force he falls.

Her sons spring forth to aid her, they drive
the monster back,
He calls his whelps, they come in droves, a
sordid, puny pack.

The light goes on, her life blood flows, she
faints, her eyes grow dim
While gold shanks hang like vultures near to
tear her limb from limb.

Her sons still bravely battle, each against
ten thousand stands,
They do not fear, they look above, God holds
them in His hands.

Such virtues shame the rotten court, such
paths they never tread;
"They sneer 'fanatic' when they hear of
simple faith in God;

They censure the air with lies, and send on
beggar's errand bound,
A Jesuit in six-bought gauds to pass the hat
around.

God of the slaves, God of the free, oh, God
of might and power!
How long, how long will flourish dank this
poison upon power?

Turn, turn the wheels of justice mill, let
freedom guide the course,
Fling to the winds the dust of all her Godless
right would bound.

The shamrock at the mandate laughed, deep
in its Irish bed,
The English queen has bid it grow in robes
of British red.

Quick caught the light the green trefail, and
on its foliage bright
These mystic words, in freedom's hand, were
traced in rays of light.

"Till earth shall fade, till time shall end, the
shamrock will be green
For freedom's faithful Paddy to wear in his
cushion."

When the mighty God shall come in clouds,
when the heavens backward roll
When the sound from the archangel's
trumpet shall ring from pole to pole

When freedom leads her sainted hosts to
stand at God's right hand,
Her Irish martyrs will be there, a bright and
glorious band.

And when the pain and struggle ended, they
from blessed heights look down
A shamrock green of emeralds will shine
within their crown.

THOMAS C. HENDERSON.

DE COSTA'S PAPER.

CATHOLICISM THE REFUGE TO
WHICH ALL CREEDS MUST TURN

Rome is the Bible Church and the Church
of Reason and the Only Permanent Insti-
tution in This Earth—Agnosticism the
Greatest Enemy.

Religionists in America are now di-
vided into two great camps, the Catho-
lic and the non-Catholic. One camp
is held by a disciplined army, the other
by disorganized cohorts resembling a
mob. The situation daily grows in
gravity. Few seem to realize the fact,
yet we view a situation that never be-
fore was witnessed in the history of
the world. When too late, non-Catho-
lics may realize the solemnity of the
present times and recognize the blood-
guiltiness incurred by Henry VIII.,
Archbishop Cranmer and Luther in ac-
cusing Catholic unity. To-day nearly
eighty millions of the population stand
apart from both camps awaiting the
outcome of the struggle, so momentous
to society and the nation. And they
are resolved that salvation shall not
come to the people through the Catho-
lic Church.

In the meanwhile this example of
men like Professor McGiffert and Dr.
Hill in abandoning false associations is
significant. It proves that all are
not lost to moral considerations; for it
is notorious that the honesty that
would not do duty in a corrupt politi-
cal party is ample for membership in
not a few sects, wherein men remain
false to conscience for loaves and
fishes.

Every departure of men like those
mentioned is morally encouraging, but
may any other significance be attached
to such cases? Is there any sign of
a general movement for a revised
creed, to meet on a low plane, a falling
faith?

Yes, says the preacher of Madison
Square, let us have a new creed, com-
posed of a few of the "essentials." A
"few" will answer it; but on this ad-
vice non-Catholics will and the descent
to Avernum easy. There is a wild un-
rest, but a revised creed does not mean
unity and peace. Therefore non-Catho-
lics will be likely to remain in the
condition described by Bishop Henry
Potter as the condition of the Episco-
palian denomination, which he de-
scribes as one of a congress of inter-
dependent bodies, without a head to
think or a hand to act.

This far every attempt at unity has
signally failed, notably the Episco-
palian Chicago-Lambeth plan, rudely re-
pelled, by the recognition of the fact
that the Episcopalian body was sim-
ply a part of a house divided against
itself, and without the right to sug-
gest, much less dictate terms.

There are those among non-Catho-
lics who hold that any plan not includ-
ing Catholics would fail, yet of corpo-
rate union there is no hope, since Catho-
lics could differ no compromise being
irrevocably bound by the terms impos-
ed upon them by Christ and the Apo-
stles. In the present attitude of non-
Catholics corporate union is an illu-
sion, and the conflict will go on.

What is the outlook? Will it be a
guerrilla tactics against a regular army,
ambush against an open field? How
can divided non-Catholics meet and
conquer an undivided Catholic host?
The Catholic Church was never so
strong, unified and well equipped as to-
day. It is perfectly loyal to its head,
but recognizing his lack of organiza-
tion, the non-Catholic often claims and
frequently undertakes to say, that this
is a conflict between Rome and Reason,
and that Reason must prevail.

That is what the infidel
tells the non-Catholic. This play
on "Rome and Reason" is only fit to
go with the campaign in which he
claims that "Rome is opposed to the
Bible."

The truth is that Rome is pre-emi-
nently the Church of Reason. Aquinas
and all school men and doctors prove
that reason is the handmaid of religion.
We hear Luther, the founder of
Protestantism, who avowed religion
against reason, bitterly reproaching
the Catholics for their defense of rea-
son, saying that Catholic "persons
measure the will and work of God
by reason, which can do nothing else
than 'blaspheme' as 'reason is the
devil's prostitute'."

To-day, therefore, as in Luther's
time and in the age of Aquinas, Rome
is the Church of Reason, and with the
church of reason non-Catholics who
intellectually are bankrupt cannot
reckon, being wholly wanting in those
mental resources which alone secure
the favor of mankind. Non-Catholics
simply pamper the pride of men by
offering a choice of one hundred and
thirty-two creeds while living, and
brutally leaving the bulk of mankind
to shift for themselves when dead,
while the Catholic Church follows
men in faith and prayer into the
great beyond, as the result of their
hundred years of occupation of this
country, the non-Catholics put the
bulk of the population outside of all
religious organization. What is the
done for people in the undiscovered
country remains to be seen.

On the other hand, the Catholic
Church is steadily growing in favor.
As Mr. Mallock and Lord Macaulay
show, it is the only permanent thing
on this earth. It is more and more a
surprise, being able to meet the re-
ligious issue at a time when other
agencies are falling. Alone it is able
to deal with science in religion and an-
ticipate the needs of all mental ac-
tivity. For the last two hundred years
the only religion that has been able
to stand the test of time is the Catholic
Church.

cation of the Real Presence, a truth
now shown to be equally common to
the Bible and reason.

Rome is the Bible church and the
church of reason. Theological Van
Winkle must wake up and con-
sider the situation. The "Reforma-
tion" is dead, and Henry VIII. and
Cranmer live only in the hundred
thousand divorces given in America in
the last twenty years. In the mean-
while the Catholic Church is the
church of the family and of sacramen-
tal marriage. People who want to
live in the family and sacramental
marriage, must turn to the Catholic
Church, and thus they will have daugh-
ters who will not be married by one
judge and unmarried by another.

To-day one of the largest and most
responsible denominations is wring-
ling and distressing itself about the
eternal perdition of infants and heath-
ens. On the other hand, the Catholic
Church stands as ever the Church of
Eternal Hope, calmly looking for the
largest results from the plan of salva-
tion, in accordance with Aquinas, who
holds that every soul born into the
world receives grace sufficient for sal-
vation, if not frustrated by opposition
to light.

This is the Church that non-Catho-
lics propose to displace by grouping
together "a few of the essentials" and
shooting them in the air. They would
win America by divorcing theology from
religion after the manner of the re-
formed scientist who proposed to cast
mathematics out of astronomy and
bones out of the human body.

But this is of no avail. The melan-
choly empty benches on Sunday show
that non-Catholic thought cannot natu-
rally reach out after God. At
last the people will discover that if
they want a religion they must find
it in the Catholic. There is no conflict
between "Rome and Reason," it is be-
tween the Catholic Church and Ag-
nosticism. Non-Catholicism is an an-
chronism, without insight, authority or
head. For the noblest purposes of re-
ligion it no longer exists. Like the
angel-worm changed in places, it does
simply wriggle. It has no logic, cannot
answer the question, "What must I do
to be saved?"

HE HALLUTED OUR LORD.

His Example Was Followed by
Catholic Friends Who Resolved
to Remain.

While speaking of the effect that
simple has on non-Catholics, we
venture to touch on an incident of
other class. In police society in the
accepted rule of etiquette for a gen-
tleman to raise his hat whenever a
gentleman who may be walking
driving with him bows to a lady
is a mark of respect shown to his
friend and to his friend's friend. The
gentlemen were passing the Episcopal-
ian Quabry—one a Catholic and the other
a Protestant. When they came to
front of the church, the Catholic school-
boy hat and the Protestant did alike
wise. A moment later the latter school-
boy whom it was he had known as
as he had not noticed the Catholic
particular returning the salute.
Catholic explained that it was cus-
tom to salute in that manner.
Lord present in the church.
Protestant was delighted that
that he could not salute him
the event to