CATHOLIC LEAKAGE

TEN MILLIONS LOST TO THE CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY.

A Terrible Arraignment That Finds Its Genesis in the Indifference or Carelessness of Catholic Parents In Matters of Faith.

Ten millious lost to the Catholic faith in this country! It is no wonder that such a statement makes our eyes stick out and causes a cold chill to run down our spine. Yet this is the delibcrate conclusion of an Irish missionary priest who labored for a number of years in the United States and whose experience gave him ample opportunity for observation and study. His conclusions were published a few months ago in the Irish Ecclesiastical Review.

For us who have been accustomed to glory in the spread of our faith in this western world, who point with pride to an increase in our number such as no denomination can, who show others with no little satisfaction our beautiful churches, schools, institutions of charity, it is not pleasant reading to be told that with all of our advance and increase we are still far behind what the Lord has a right to expect of us.

The writer of the article in question maintains that whereas we have now in the United States 10,000,000 Catholies, considering the immigration from Catholic countries, such as Ireland, France, Canada, Italy, Poland and Catholic Germany, we should have 20,-000,000 instead. He concluded, therefore, that one out of every two Catholies coming to this country is lost to the faith.

It requires not much study of the case to see the seriousness of its import. We are constrained to admit the totality of our less, but take exception to his method of getting there. There is not a priest or bishop in this country who has the care of souls who will acknowledge that one out of every two of his flock falls away from the fold. There is no place in the country where there is anything like this defection.

Yet there is a loss to the faith. Its cause is farreaching and swells the number of those lost to the church as great as, and greater perhaps than, the figures given. It is the case where a parent loses his or her faith entirely or is so indifferent to the exercise of religion as to allow the children to cease its practice.

The loss of the faith of one is not much - not much numerically - but when that one be a parent and the loss involves that of children and children's children a few generations will count lost hundreds instead of units.

One such case was recently told us by a priest. He found by accident a dying man. The man's name led the priest to believe he was a Catholic, the sick man said, no, he was not nor ever had been. On further inquiry he admitted that his father was a Catholic, but an indifferent one, who allowed his seven children to be brought up in some Protestant belief. The priest inquired how many children the sick man had and was told nine, adding that each of his brothers and sisters had equally large families, all of them Protestants, of course.

Here were more than fifty in a single generation lost to the church, solely through the Indifference of one Catholie parent. Multiply these fifty by nine more for the next generation, and you will see how the progression goes on.

It is useless for us to dwell upon the responsibility before God that falls upon such parents and to tell them of the woe they lay up for themselves in the great day of wrath. They will not read these lines; they have long since closed their cars to monitions of this kind. We can only earnestly strive to prevent others from following their example. We can only humiliate ourselves before God for the loss of these sheep of his flock and try to guard so faithfuly those intrusted to our particular care that we may say with the Good Shepherd himself, "Of those whom thou hast given me I have not lost any one." - Manchester (N. H.) Guidon.

The A. P. A.

The A. P. A. announce that they have got rid of all the wicked and selfish men who used the order for their own advantage and that now only pure and lofty patriots are left in their ranks. They are not going to quarrel and fight any more, but all is to be peace and union within, while a firm front and 50,000 votes will be opposed to all men and things Catholic. One of the wicked men who have been "fired" is getting up an opposition patrict band, purer and more unselfish than the original, but it is very small. In fact, it is even said that its founder is its only member. We trust that Catholics in general will not flatter these persons by taking them seriously. Even if they were as numerous as they say they are they would still not be worth our attention except as a symptom of a vanishing disease.-Sacred Heart Review.

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Noncatholic Rot.

According to the secular press, the Filipino Catholics are persisting in their demands on the pope that he remove the friars. This kind of rot would spoil limburger cheese. If these idiotic journals possessed only ordinary knowledge of the church they would understand that Catholics, regardless of location or condition, never make demands on the pope for anything.—St. Louis Church Progress.

The Love of God.

What need hast thou of my love. Ol my God? Wherefore dost thou desire it? What dost thou opening by it? Oh, blessed be thou for ever and ever. God of my heart! May all creatures love thee most heartily; may their praises be eternal like thyself.

The BIG SOAP BUBBLES ...AH GRIM BLEW



Ah Grim, the boy giant, felt blue, Said Jackie, "I know what we'll do; Soap bubbles we'll blow, They'll please you I know, All colors bright green, red and blue." Some pipes and some scapsuds they got And carrie, them out to the "lot," Then each his pipe took.

In the bowls some suds shook, And blow till the bubbles upshot.



Ah Grim's were a terrible size, The townsfolk they filled with surprise. "A fleet of balloons,"

"A cluster of moons," Said they, "o'er the housetops arise!" Out came the militia band green And shot at the bubbles; 'twas mean. With sharp thunder sound

They dropped to the ground While the suds fell and washed the town clean.

An Experiment With Scouring Rush. If we take a small vial of nitric acid in, we shall quickly see it dissolve, literally eaten up by the acid. But what does the scouring rush do under such circumstances?

Immediately upon its introduction to the acid the sizzling process begins. The green pulp of the stem is gradually consumed, the tube, however, still retaining its shape, becoming paler and pure white, alabasterlike column, which

washing it carefully in running water. an interested listener. we hold in our hands a beautiful tube of pure, glassy flint or silex, an object of great microscopic beauty of construction. Our scouring rush is no longer a vegetable, but a mineral, and in observing its skeleton of stone we easily understand the secret of its utility as a scouring rush.-William H. Gibson in Sharp Eyes.

As Maudie Understood It. "Mamma, does Mrs. Brown want to sell her baby?" asked Maudie.

"I don't think so, my dear. Why?" "I was at Nancy Brown's house this afternoon, and her mother was singing. Buy, oh, my baby? all the time."-Har-

A Music Loving Spider. Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt, writing of his and immerse any ordinary leaf there- experiences in playing the great organ formerly in Music hall, Boston, tells a pretty story of his most regular listener, a spider which had taken up its abode in the organ case over the performer's head. It remained there for about a year. Mr. Leavitt says:

It was a musical little fellow, and when I began to play it would spin down almost to a level with my left paler in color until after a few hours shoulder and gently swing to and fro our specimen is transformed into a and listen. When I had finished a piece. it would draw itself up to its nest, and defies any further attack upon the acid. when I began unother down it would Upon taking it from the vial and come again and resume its position as

Little Tom's Grandpa.

Little Tom's grandfather was a candidate for governor and was unfortunately defeated. The day after election Tom, who is always full of the news of the day, came beaming into the kindergarten, saying: "Good morning, Miss Brown. My grandpa was elected all to pieces."-Exchange.

> The World a Garden. The world is a garden, Children the flowers: Smiles are the sunshine, Tears are the showers. Frowns are the weeds. That should never and room

A MOTHER'S WEALTH

woman revelled in her hearly and rold. And seemed content with thee rich girm But from her heart there came a Of bluer angulah, "Lord," she said, "I hold

These game of priceless worth—rare gifts from thee, Yes rather would I have a child's great low for me !"

Another, knewing well a mother's **his** Caresaed her treasures. "These, my earthly

Oh, what more dear than my sweet girl and DOYP And then she raised her voice up sethe throme And said, "Lord, I am rich in these alone!" -Charles Hanson Towns, in Ladies" World.

DOLLY M'GREGOR'S BALL

"Mother!" Dolly stood at the table, an open letter in her hand and her gentle sit- sitting in the cool room with her tle face ablaze with excitement and mother busy with some of her prepapleasure. "It seems too good to be rations, she was much surprised when !? true that I should be asked, only her big brother Bob burst into the only-I wish that they had not left you room with a note from Dene Abbey. and papa out."

"No, no!" said Mrs. McGregor; "considering the circumstances it is much better as it is, and I can easily arrange for you to go to the ball with Mrs. Carnegie."

The messenger's hand himself, and he had several others of the same kinc. The writing act, 2185, 3185, 518 Mrs. Carnegie."

Her worn face looked nearly as much

Then she took the note cut of Dolly's hand and glanced over it, a slight! shade crossing her face as she did so. They did not honor you with a very! smart sheet of paper, Dolly, howev-

"You forget, mother," cried Dolly. glectully; "it's a case of better late than never. Amy Barton got her invitation five days ago; perhaps all the good paper was used up by the time that they got to poor little me."

Mrs. McGregor laughed; Dolly's mirth was infectious, "Perhaps," she said, but then she frowned, for she recollected how only the other day, the said Amy Barton had come to flourish her invitation in Dolly's face triumphantly, certain that the latter was not asked to the coming-of-age ball at Dene Abbey. Strictly speaking, it was not a coming-of-age ball at all, though people called it so for want of a better word, for young Lord Dene was five or six-and-twenty, but he had been abroad for several years, and was only now coming home to settle down for good.

It was to be a great ball, for all the county were asked and a generous contingent of the townspeople; but there was no chance, people thought, for the McGregors being included in the number, for Dene Abbey had never taken any notice of them since the day, ten years before, when Dr. McGregor, a man of decided opinions and a strong will of his own, had opposed old Lord Dene on some matter connected with him into the surgery, Jane; perhaps taxes on the estate. The old lord that that would make any difference, Perhaps, though she took it more quietly, Mrs. McGregor was really the more pleased of the two. She was so glad that such a great treat should come in the way of her hard-working,

unselfish little Dolly-the oldest of their ten children, and always the most ready to give up her own pleasure to others, and to toll and deny herself for the rest of the nine. Dr. McGregor was making a good income, but he had scarcely any private means, so that the large size of his family and the necessity for insuring his life heavily and putting by something against a rainy day prevented there being much spare money in the household, and Dolly managed to look neat and pretty on an allowance so tiny as to have justly called down the contempt of Miss Amy Barton if she had

been aware of it. Mrs. McGregor took up the note once more and looked at it. "It certainly is not very well written," she said, with a smile, "even though it emadates from a castle."

"No, mother; but then you know lord Dene himself is not to be home until the last moment almost, and he has no near relations to look after things for him. I believe Mr. Granby did everything. He had a list of the people who were to be asked, and was allowed, also, to make suggestions." "Yes," said Mrs. McGregor, in a

perplexed tone. She was delighted that her Dolly should be asked, but a little puzzled at the same time as to how it had come about. Even with the best intentions in the world of making up quarrels Lord Dene could not even have known of the existence of such an insignificant little person as Dolly except through the agent, and they had no acquaintance with him; he was a somewhat swaggering type of Londoner, not at all the sort of person to appreciate quiet, unobtrusive as shy, and not at all as self-pose worth like the McGregors. Indeed, a as Mr. Clayton, who followed sclose rumor had filtered through Amy Bar. on his heels. ton that at one of the little local parties at which he had condescended to appear he had actually refused to be introduced to Dolly.

"Well, I must go and see about my dress," said Dolly, trying to speak soberly, for she was still literally bubbling over with delight. "I think I can do up the blue crepon."

But now Mrs. McGregor roused herself, and she put her arm round Doll; tenderly. "Let the poor old blue cre pon alone, dear. This is the occapion for a new dress. I know your father will say so." And Dolly's pleasure was complete. Yet it was not the mere pleasure o

a ball that had made Dolly's eyes sparkle and her cheeks glow at the prospect before her. There was another reason, though she would hardly have liked to acknowledge it, even to herself. Someone would be there, she knew--a someone that Dolly felt i little ashamed to think she had only met once, for his image would keep cropping up in her mind in a tiresome sort of way. She had only met Mr Clayton once, at a party in the Vicarage garden, but it was difficult to for get the way in which he had single her out, and had even cared to talk to her nearly all the time, though he was a clever young barrister, and she on ; poor, stupid little Dolly. It was ever since that day that her so called friend Amy Barton, had taken to saying sharp things and southing Dolly rath or Trequently It must be continued THE REST PARTY NAMED IN

seeing that a saub was intended

Mr. Clayton's palk in life and Dolly's lay in very opposite directions, and also had honestly done her best to set him out of her head. Nevertheless she could not help feeling a slight pang of disappointment at the insugnt that no invitation was likely to come for her when she heard that he was coming to Furnford for the ball—only for the night of it, too it was believed, as the Easter Vacation was hearly ever And sow the invitation had

come after all, Dolly was always the willing slave of her young brothern and sisters, and now, all-down to four-year-old George, the most tyranhical of the lot -rejoiced at the unexpected place of good fortune that had betallen her. Dolly's acceptance of the invitation

had been promptly written and sent, and a couple of days after, as she was He said he knew it had come from there because he had taken it out of tensed the note into Dolly's lap. "Oh, flushed and pleased as her daughter's. Dolly, it can't be a put-off?" For Dolly had turned very pale as she opened the note and glanced at its contents. "Oh, mother!"

"Well," cried Bob, impatiently. "It's not a put-off," said Dolly, with a little gasp; "at least it's much worse, much worse; I haven't been asked at

all-it was all-all a hoax!" Dolly was a brave little girl, with plenty of grit, inherited from her stout Northern aucestors, but she was taken by surprise, and "hoax" came on the end of a big sob.

Mrs. McGregor took the note and read it, while Bob leaned over her shoulder, growling sayagely. It ram, thus:

"Dear Miss McGregor: I have received your acceptance for the Mh of April, but I regret to say that you are under some misapprehension, as your name is not included in the list of invitations I hold.-Yours truly, L. Granby.

"Dolly," said Bob, with a bigger group than he had given yet. "I neve er thought of it until this moment;

was a man bleeding to death on the Office, so State street, corner step, and master was out. She was so (Telephone 150-A) and Con incoherent from dismay that they could Station. Begges called on coarcely make out from her that it through to declination. was a bicycle accident and cut head. she thought.

I could tie it up for him." was dead now, but it was not likely boyish-looking, young man in a rough tweed suit; he was a rather grussomegether exaggerated his condition he was splashed with blood from a nasty cut on his head. He had fallen on a

piece of glass, he explained. Dolly knew that it was a cut that ought to be attended to at once, and fortunately she had learnt how to bandage an ordinary cut very neatly, and she set to work at once though it was bad enough to make her feel nervous and wish her father was there. But she performed her task bravely, quite forgetful in her anxiety of her own tear-stained face.

Thank you very much," said the stranger. Dolly looked up surprised at the contrast between the softness of his voice and the roughness of his looks.

"I am afraid I came at rather an inconvenient moment." he said awkwardly, making it apparent that he had noticed the condition of her eyes. ho I hope you are not in any trou-

Then, it would never have happened only that he spoke so kindly, though awkwardly and se sorry, that she felt he was just a big, shr, kind-hearted lad like Bob, as she said afterwards when rather ashamed of her want of self-control before a stranger, but it of all came out about the hoar, and she added, impressively. He was even an arrival transport than Bob." She comforted herself by thinking

that she would never see him again. He was a stranger, just what Bob called a bleycle tramp.

A day or two after this she and her mother were sitting in the twillight

discussing the hoax and its perpetrators, when Jane announced Lord Dene and Mr. Clayton; and in walked the bicycle tramp, looking a good deal cleaner than the last day, but nearly r

conversation, and to look at him as he sat there, big and boyish, as Dolly had described, it was difficult to believe and points west in his dignity and his five-and-twenty and points west. years; and it would have been difficult to say which-he or she blushed the most over the object of his visit, which was not only to make their acquaintance but to invite them to the ball.

However, by degrees he became embarked very happily in conversation 1.45 A. M. Delly from Philip Mr. Clay 11 ap A. M. Wood and the Clay 12 ap A. M. Wood 12 ap A. M. Woo with Mrs. McGregor, while Mr. Clay-1130 A. M. Wesk asset ton talked to Dolly in low, eager cones, 7, 40 P. M. Daily from P. He explained that the latter was his cousin, and that he had insisted on his coming down a few days earlier than he originally intended.

So Dolly went to the great ball af ter all, and her father and mother, in spite of some protests also and Lord Dene, though he had perforce to dance the first dance with a great county lady, danced the second with Dolly, to the great disgust of Amy Barton, and one or two others

Dolly, in spite of the new frock, was not the belle of the evening as kind ly Bob had prophested when she started, for there were plenty of more bril-liant, faces to outshine hers, but one man in that room thought her has the only one worth looking it, an Lord Dene said, with a meaning smile Remember, you are to come for the

IIII SAC.

EAST BY AUBURN BOLD.

M-18, 0:41 718 048 1119 1 10 10 10 748 10:30 Trains arrive from Aubeur Rama 2 517 0:00 70:41 10:46 M 110, 4:15, 5:07; 10, 5:40 70:05, 11:36 WEST BY MAIN LINE

Trains Arrive from the West

A. M. - *18/06, *9:13, \$5:40,6:37, \$6.40,6 P.M.-"2:10 ac., 2:28, "5:00, "47.36 se *8.40, *9.45 *10:15 WEST BY VACUS ROAD

A. M. — 16.05 "H. Bs. 1285 pt. P. M. —15:30. 15:40. 17:00 Trains Arrive From Falls Road A. M.—1730. *\a.30 P. M.— 1403: *\744 \quad \qua

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH Leave Rockester Daily Leave-A. M.—18.50, 10.50, F.M.-15.00

Ante ATTIVE -A. M. - 18:30, 1 E. M.

R. W. & O. DIVISON. Trains arrive and depart from

Wat Board A.M. East M. A. A. A. A. M. - W. Lo.

P. M.—5/45, 7:40 Arrive from West-A. M.-- 10 45 P. M Traini marked | says of County po

but the day the invitation came was the lat of April."

Just at this untoward moment an interruption came; it was Jane, who duddenly appeared to say that there Cook to the latest and the

Denotes dally, ** Inader only All other trains daily execut Sunday. A. H. SMITH. GEO. H. DANIEL

Gen'l Supi New York. H. PARRY, Gen'l Agt.

Ballale, N. Y.

All traces and deport from No. R. R. R. Station for Syracian Albany, Boston, New York Beddie, Falls. Cleveland, Decroit, Chiling Louis, and all points one, west, and

south, as follows: LEAVE GOING EAST. *6:05 A. M.—Coulimental Links *9:10 A. M.—Local Express

6:20 P. M.—National Expen-49:18 P. M.—Atlantic Expen-LEAVE GOING WIST TOTA N-Self

*4:11 P. TRAINS ALLIY

Lord Dene had not a great flow of Silver Spring. Factor the conversation, and to look at him as he saturates Brackers Brackers Brackers.

