

CATHOLIC LEAKAGE.

TEN MILLIONS LOST TO THE CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY.

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

Ten millions 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.

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 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 Catholics, 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 Catholics 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 loss, 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 far-reaching 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, but 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 Catholic 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 ears to mentions of this kind. We can only earnestly strive to prevent others from following their example. We can only bumiliate ourselves before God for the loss of these sheep of his flock and try to guard so faithfully those entrusted 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. 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 patriot 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.

Non-catholic 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, O my God? Wherefore dost thou desire it? What dost thou owe to 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 soapbuds they got And carried them out to the lot. Then each his pipe took, In the bows some suds shook, And blew till the bubbles upshot.



Ah Grim's were a terrible size, The townfolk they filled with surprise. "A flock of balloons," "A cluster of moons," Said they, "o'er the houseposts 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 and immerse an ordinary leaf therein, 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 paler in color until after a few hours our specimen is transformed into a pure white, alabaster-like column, which defies any further attack upon the acid. Upon taking it from the vial, and washing it carefully in running water, we hold in our hands a beautiful tube of pure, glossy 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.

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 be found in a well tended garden. Covered with bloom.

A MOTHER'S WEALTH. A woman revealed in her pearls and gold. And seemed content with these rich gifts alone; But from her breast there came a sigh and moan. Of bitter anguish, "Lord," she said, "I hold These gems of priceless worth—rare gifts from thee. Yet rather would I have a child's rare gift for me!" Another, knowing well a mother's gems, Cared her treasures, "These, my earthly gems, Are far more priceless than rich diamonds: Oh, how more dear than my sweet girl and boy!" And then she raised her voice on joyful throat And said, "Lord, I am rich in those alone!"—Charles Hanson Towne, in Ladies' World.

DOLLY MCGREGOR'S BALL. "Mother!" Dolly stood at the table, an open letter in her hand and her gentle little face ablaze with excitement and pleasure. "It seems too good to be true that I should be asked, only only—I wish they had not left you 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." Her warm face looked nearly as much flushed and pleased as her daughter's.

"You forget, mother," cried Dolly, gleefully, "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, she 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.

"It was to be a great ball, for all the county were asked and a generous contingent of the townpeople; 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 connected with the drainage of certain outlying cottages on the estate. The old lord was dead now, but it was not likely 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 emanates 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, and 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 worth like the McGregors. Indeed, a rumor had filtered through Amy Barton that at one of the little local parties at which he had descended 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 Dolly tenderly. "Let the poor old blue crepon alone, dear. This is the occasion for a new dress. I know your father will say so." And Dolly's pleasure was complete.

Yet it was not the mere pleasure of 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; 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 forget the way in which he had singled her out, and had even dared to talk to her nearly all the time, though he was a clever young lawyer, and she only a poor, stupid little girl. It was ever since that day that her so-called friend Amy Barton, had taken to saying "sharp" things and "nudging" Dolly rather frequently. "It must be a contest, however, that Dolly was so confident of her own power to stand up to as

very gentleman given, suspected her seeing that a snub was intended. Mr. Clayton's path in life and Dolly's lay in very opposite directions, and she had honestly done her best to get him out of her head. Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a slight pang of disappointment at the thought 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 the 10th, he was believed, as the Easter vacation was nearly over. And now the invitation had come after all. Dolly was always the willing slave of her young brothers and sisters; and now, all—down to—four-year-old George, the most tyrannical of the lot—rejoiced at the unexpected piece of good fortune that had befallen her. Dolly's acceptance of the invitation had been promptly written and sent, and a couple of days after, as she was sitting in the cool room with her mother busy with some of her preparations, she was much surprised when her big brother Bob burst into the room with a note from Dene Abbey. He said he knew it had come from there because he had taken it out of the messenger's hand himself, and he had several others of the same kind. "What on earth can they be writing to you again about?" he added, as he read the note into Dolly's lap. "Oh, 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!"

NEW YORK CENTRAL THE FOUR-TRACK TRAIN LINE. Table with train schedules for various routes including New York, Albany, and Philadelphia.

WEST-SHORE RAILROAD. Table with train schedules for routes including New York, Albany, and Philadelphia.