Church Universal

Pius X.

(Written for the Lamp.)

"Instaurare omnia in Cristo"—

Pius has spoken: Peter's voice unchanged
Rings through the ages without break or bend,
A flawless chain, welded by words Divine:
"Lo, I am with you all days, til the end!"

Robed in White Majesty of Christian faith,
Aloft he lifts the Cross, above the strife
And tumult of a heedless, reeling world,
Gone mad through love of self and lust of life.

Lash wanderers in a howling wilderness
Torn by the frenzies of your own conceit;
He calls you back to penitence and prayer,
To kneel in dust before your Saviour's feet.

Rise, Army of the Church, in every land—
Uphold your chief, unsheath the Christian sword
That strikes to heal, whose wounds bring life, not death:
Fight for the Truth, do battle for the Lord!

Arouse the world—awake the souls that sleep;
In trumpet tones proclaim the Lord Christ's reign!
Blow, till the ashes of their smouldering faith
Shall blaze with flames of Pentecost again!

Then shall all nations bow before the Lord:
The rough shall be made smooth, the crooked straight,
And when their scarlet sins turn white as snow,
The shriven souls shall soar through high Heaven's Gate.

—Maria Longworth Storer.

What to Do in Lent.

Begin the holy and penitential season of lent by assisting at Mass and partaking of the blessed ashes on Ash Wednesday. Abstain from all worldly amusements from motives of piety. Be punctilious about attending all the Lenten devotions. Assist at the daily Mass if at all possible. One is obliged to fast as soon as he finishes his twenty-first year. Children must abstain from meat when they reach the age of seven years. It is to be remembered that abstinence and fasting are two different things, every Friday in the year being a day of abstinence, but not a fast day, while every day in Lent except Sunday is a fast day. Devote the time of Lent to a building up of your spiritual life and make Lent a red-letter period for the poor and suffering.

Pope's Ring.

The famous "Fisherman's Ring" of the Holy Father is a signet or steel used for the marking of the official documents issued from the papal court. A new one is made for every Pope, though all are based on a very ancient original, representing St. Peter in his boat drawing his net to the surface. The classic form of the boat and oar shows a direct derivation from an antique original.

Sound Advice.

We wish all Catholics in public life would take to heart the following admonition of Archbishop O'Connell: "Politics is a high and noble aspiration. There is always a place, a chance, a time and an opportunity for the true Catholic to show himself for what he is; and the one thing that a man needs to keep himself above the temptations of life is an ideal that the Chritian church sets out in its teachings. The horror of anarchy, the miserable deceits of socialism will pass, and thee day will come when the highest ideal—the grace of God—will be ever before us and will lift this country up to a true Catholic altitude."

Twenty-Two Million Catholics.

There are 22,587,079 Catholics under the American flag, according to advance sheets of the official Catholic Directory, just published in Milwaukee. The count includes Catholics of the United States proper, Alaska, the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands. The Catholic population under the British flag, according to the same directory, is 12,652,418. In the United States proper there are 14,347,027 Catholics, showing a gain of 111,576 over a year ago. In California there are 391,500 Catholics.

Alfonso at Short Range.

In spite of his continued need of movement, his love of sport in all its forms, especially of motoring—his expansive, rather eccentric, but very attractive youthfulness, Alfonso XIII, according to M. Xavier Pali in an article in McClure's never loses the occasion to improve his mind.

He is very quick at seizing a point, possesses a remarkable power of assimilation, and although he does not read much, for he has no patience, he is remarkably well informed regarding the smallest details in matters that interest him.

"One day, for instance," writes M. Paoli in McClure's, "he asked me, point blank, 'Do you know how many gendarmes there are in France?'

"I confess that I was greatly puzzled what to reply, for I have never cared much about statistics. I ventured to say 'haud:

"'Ten thousand.'

"'Ten thousand! Come, M. Paoli, what are you thinking of? That's the number we have in Spain. It's more like 20,00

"This figure, as I afterwards learned, was strictly accurate.

"As for leading of state, I also noticed that the king devoted more time to it than the careless life would lead one to believe. Rising winter and summer at 6 o'clock, he stays indoors and works regularly during the early part of the morning and often again at night. In this connection one of his ministers said to me:

"'He never shows a sign of either weariness or boredom. The king' "frivolity" is a popular falacy. On the contrary, he is terribly painstaking. Just like the queen mother, he insists upon clear and detailed explanations before he will sign the last document, and he knows quite well how to make his will felt. Besides, he is fond of work, and he can work anywhere—in a motor car, in a boat, in a train, as well as in his study.'

"Every morning of his life Alfonso XIII has a good rump steak and potatoes for his first breakfast, often preceded by eggs and sometimes followed by salad and fruit. On the other hand, the king never drinks wine and generally confines himself to a tumbler of water and zucharillos, the national beverage, composed of white of egg beaten up with sugar."

To M. Paoli was assigned the duty of guarding the young king during a visit to Paris, and while there he had to examine a great many anonymous letters containing threats against Alfonso's life. One of these, received as he was about to go to the gala performance at the opera, given in the king's honor, struck him particularly, because, he says, "it conveyed a warning devoid of any of the insults that usually accompany this sort of communication.

"'In spite of all the precautions that have been taken,' it read, 'the king had better be careful when he leaves the opera tonight.'

"This note, written in rought, disguished hand, was, of course, unsigned. I at once passed it on to the right quarter. The very strict supervision that was being exercised no doubt excluded the possibility of a successful plot.

"Haunted by a baneful presentiment, I nevertheless decided on leaving the opera to remain near the king's carriage (as a mere passerby, of course) until he had stepped into it with M. Loubet and driven off surrounded by his squardon of cavalry. The attempt on his life took place at the corner of the Rue de Rohan and the Rue de Rivoli, and both the king and M. Loubet had a miraculous escape from death. My presentimeent therefore had not been at fault.

"I need not here recall the coolness the young monarch displayed in these circumstances, for it is still present in every memory, nor the magnificent indifference with which he looked upon the tragic incident.

"'I have received my baptism of fire,' he said to me a couple of days later, 'and upon my word it was much less exciting than I expected.'"

Recollections of Phillips Brooks.

(From the Boston Republic.)

The unveiling of the superb statue of Phillips Brooks, the work of the late famous sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, was a matter of some interest to Bostonians, irrespective of religion. Phillips Brooks was a great man and a great citizen, and he always steadfastly set his face against the long prevalent anti-Catholic bigotry. Indeed, he had many friends among Catholics, for his splendid natural virtues of honor and straighforward dealing.

It is told of him that once a poor Catholic weakling, hoping to better her social position by affiliating herself with Trinity church, came to Phillips Brooks with a confused tale of her "doubts," etc. He appreciated the condition absolutely, and simply said: "My year woman, stay where you belong. What can we give you religiously that you do not already possess?" He was too great to pretend even to take up the "social betterment" problem. On another occasion, he learned of a Catholic girl in a much humbler condition of life—these were the days of "the dark '80s"—who was sorely tempted to change her faith for the sake of a livelihood. Through a charitable woman, he came to the girl's assistance, and saw her set on her feet, without any sacrifice of the integrity of her conscience. All he asked of the mediator in this matter, whom he abundantly supplied with the means neecessary to get the poor girl out of debt and into work was that she should never know the name of her benefactor.

Although he could not by any flight of fancy be called a "High Churchman," he held with the Catholics as to the advantages, if not the necessity, of celibacy for him who desired to consecrate himself to God's exclusive service, and droll stories are told of his devices for dodging the much too flattering evidences of personal interest in him on the part of some of the fair sex. He was a great friend of the late Mother Aloysia Hardey, of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and more than once crossed the Atlantic with her, on her journeys in the interest of her work. Often he would spend the greater part of the day with or near this venerable friend, not only for his pleasure in her society, but to stave off the importunities of young ladies who had far too many social plans for the supposed leisure of this always busy man.

Priests in Paris.

The flood waters of the Seine, which threatened to destroy Paris, are receding, and order is being restored. Much suffering results from the disaster, and Archbishop Amiette is personally directing the work of the Catholic clergy and the various religious charitable associations in bringing relief. The work of the priests in succoring the helpless during the catastrophe has been heroic and courageous. The rising waters did not, however, prevent the holding of a court at Rheims to try the ridiculous charge against the venerable archbishop of the see, Cardinal Lucon, that he had, forsooth, issued a pastoral letter warning his flock against the infidel teaching of the public schools.

It is a strange coincidence that when France suffered from a similar flood about 1802, the state authorities had opposed the church just as France is now warring against her and confiscating her property. France loses much more from the flood than she gained by robbing the church. This coincidence may be pooh-poohed, says the Cleveland Catholic Universe, but will not many declare that the flood, in its destruction, in the general inundation, in its unexpectedness after the lapse of a century, has in it something of a visitation and a punishment?

Bishop Sustained.

Rome.—The Congregation of the Council has passed sentence, which has been confirmed by the Pope, in a most important case affecting all Catholic bishops and clergy in the United States.

When Msgr. Stang, bishop of Fall River, died in 1907, Msgr. Hugh Smyth was appointed to be administrator of the diocese during the vacancy. He held this office until the end of Judy, when the new bishop of Fall River, Msgr. Feehan, was appointed.

In his five months' administration Msgr. Smyth appointed eight new pastors to vacant missions. Some of these nominations were made after the appointment of Bishop Feehan, and only a few days before he took formal possession of his diocese, and were the subject of some comment in the local press.

One of the first acts of the new bishop was to cancel the appointments and to send the priests who had accepted back to their original positions under the late bishop, Msgr. Smyth.

Five priests considered that the bishop had gone beyond his powers, and appealed to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington to have the appointments declared valid. The delegate sent the case to the Propaganda for decision. The Propaganda was considering it when the changes in the Roman Curia intervened.

Then, before the Congregation of the Council and learned canonists engaged on both sides, two questions were submitted—the first asking whether administrators have power in America to make such appointments, the second, whether the bishop's action would be upheld and whether the five priests were to be reinstated.

To the first no formal answer has been given. To the second the Congregation replied in favor of the bishop.

The whole question was submitted to the Pope by Cardinal Gennari, prefect of the Congregation of the Council. The Pope wrote an indorsement justifying the action of Bishop Feehan.

The question is one of the most important ever submitted from America to the Congregation, as it practically makes law in all similar cases in the future.

Anecdote of the Pope.

An anecdote of the election of Pius X, which but now comes to light shows in what spirit Cardinal Sarto ascended the throne of Peter. One morning during the conclave, when the majority of the cardinals had decided to vote for Cardinal Sarto to replace the great Leo XIII, a certain prince of the church was charged by his colleagues to repair to the cell occupied bythe Patriarch of Venice and inform him of the fact. But Cardinal Sarto returned a message that their votes should be given to another; that he would never consent to be next Pope.

"Will Your Eminences send me to Cardinal Sarto? The last word is not said yet," asked Cardinal Satolli when this discouraging reply reached the august body. And a long conversation between the two cardinals followed in the cell of the Patriarch. Cardinal Sarto was still obdurate. However, Cardinal Satolli had another trump card to play, and that no less than the authority of the great doctor of the church, St. Thomas of Aquin. If that failed, all was lost.

"When the almost unanimous choice of an assembly," argued Cardinal Satolli from the works of the Angelic Doctor, "falls on one man, especially for a position so elevated as is that of the Papacy, it is a sign that that man is chosen by Divine Providence, and he cannot reject the choice made without opposing the will of God Himself."

And five minutes later the great theologian came out to the body of cardinals with triumph beaming on his countenance. It had not been the first good service.

Cardinal Merry del Val.

Twenty-five years ago or thereabouts, writes De Zapp van Calava, in the St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press, a slender, swarthy youth, chiefly noticeable for a pair of wonderful brown eyes, was in attendance at the Academia del Nobili Ecclesiastici in Rome. As the result of many pranks, he bore the nick-name of "Merry Devil." By no means brilliant, he was industrious and reasonably well conducted, with a remarkable aptitude for languages, a passion for outdoor sports, and a singularly winning manner. Years passed, and in due course the youth came to man's estate. The black cassock of the student and priest gave place in turn to the crimson sash of a monsignor, to the violet soutaine of a bishop, and to the scarlet mantaletta of a cardinal.

Today he is generally to be found in that portion of the Vatican palace known as the Borgia apartments. Rafael Merry del Val is one of the most remarkable figures in the Catholic church today. He is as the right hand of the Holy Father. He directs the policy of a power that has four hundred millions of the most loyal subjects on earth. And all this at the age of scare two score and five.

That he is eminently fitted for the post he holds there can be no shadow of a doubt. The son of a distinguished diplomatist, he has spent the last twenty years in the greatest school of diplomacy in the world.

Merry del Val's remarkable abilities as a linguist gave him an enormous advantage from the very start. Spanish is his mother tongue, English he speaks like an Englishman, French like a Parisian. Of German, he has a fluent command; his Italian is so entirely free from accent that he has come to be regarded almost as one of that nationality.

The fact that he is the first cardinal-secretary of state who has been able to deal with Catholics of the Anglo-Saxon race in their own tongue was, perhaps, a chief afctor in his appointment. Born in London in 1865, his father, who was then an attache of the Spanish embassy, having descended from an Irish family that emigrated to Spain early in the seventeenth century, Merry del Val is the youngest cardinal-secretary of state since the first incumbent of that office, Carlo Borromeo, the nephew of Pope Pius IV (1559-1565), who held the post when scarcely past his majority.

A cardinal at thirty-nine, his further advancement came through a series of peculiar circumstances. Leo XIII, on his death bed, nominated as consistorial secretary Msgr. Volpini. Strangely enough, Volpini died a few days before the Holy Father, who was kept in ignorance of his friend's death. Had Volpini lived he would by virtue of his office, have been secretary of the general congregation of the Sacred college, which met to elect a new Pope. His death necessitated, of course, the selection of a new secretary. The choice of the College of Cardinals fell naturally enough on the young and energetic Merry del Val, who was thus brought into daily personal contact with Pius X, to whom on his election as Pope, he acted as secretary of state, pending the appointment of a permanent incumbent.

He was one day leaving the Pope's cabinet with a mass of correspondence when Pius X called him back and handed him a letter, remarking casually: "This is also for monsignor." Adding the letter to the others, he passed out. In due course of time it came to his attention, and, opening it he found it was a notification written by the Pope's own hand, of his appointment as permanent secretary of state because of his "capability, devotion to work and absolute self-abnegation." So great was the shock of this unexpected, unsought and, perhaps, unwished-for, honor that the cardinal is said to have momentarily lost consciousness.

The cardinal is an indefatigable worker, a frugal liver, a man of strong likes and dislikes, with a hot Latin temper that is often in evidence, but always under control. Tall and slim of figure, graceful of motion, showing the highest type of the Andalusian in every feature, his face when in repose is little more than a mask, so utterly devoid is it of all feeling and expression. But when a smile gives life to his sphinx-like countenance, then, indeed, all the marvelous fascination which this remarkable man can exercise becomes apparent.

He is a prince of the church, and as such as treated with royal state in every country. At functions, official and otherwise, he takes precedence of all not of the royal blood. He is an intimate friend of kings, emperors and princes. When twenty-two he was a member of the papal embassy to Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1887, and a few months later he attended the funeral of Emperor William I in a similar capacity. In the following year he was himself the representative of the Holy See at the jubilee of Emperor Francis Joseph, a post which he likewise filled at the coronation of Edward VII.

He has long been a close friend and trusted advisor of King Alfonso, whom he prepared for his confirmation, and on three occasions he was appointed by the queen regent of Spain as religious instructor for her daughters.

Merry del Val's chief early success, doubtless, was won in the Manitoba school controversy, which threatened to destroy the power of the church in Canada, and which required the most delicate handling. Sent by the Pope to study the question on the spot, his visit was a noteworthy success and marked an epoch in the religious history of the Dominion. To the English-speaking population he appeared the cultured Englishman; the French found that he spoke their language quite as perfectly as themselves, and at Laval university he replied to a long Latin address in the same tongue.

The Girl Who Wins.

The girl who wins is the girl who works—
The girls who toils while the next girl shirks;
The girls who stands in her deep distress
With her head held high in the deadly press—

Yes, she is the girl who wins.

The girl who wins is the girl who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
And the moral finds in her mounful wails,

Yes, she is the girl who wins.

The girl who wins is the girl who stays
In the unsought paths and the racy ways,
And perhaps, who lingers now and then,
To help some failure to rise again,

Ah, she is the girl who wins!

The girl who wins is the girl who hears
The curse of the envious in her ears,
But who goes her way with her head held high,
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—

For she is the girl who wins.

To Fly Across the Ocean.

Berlin.—It has now been arranged that the dirigible balloon trip across the Atlantic which is projected by Joseph Brucker will start from here for Teneriffe on May 15, 1910. The balloon, which will have Vancouver, B. C., as its objective point, is being constructed at Hamburg. It will be semi-circular, will be of 5,000 cubic feet dimensions and will have two fifty-horsepower motors. It will carry six persons, all of them engineers. The first stage of the voyage is expected to take four days. The balloon will have the benefit of the trade winds most of the way. Two steamers will accompany the balloon, but they will sail two days ahead of the airship.

Mischa Elman.

The most astonishing musical talent that the world has known for many years and perhaps the most remarkable violinistic talent that the world has known since the great Italian Paganini, is what is asserted of Mischa Elman, the young Russian lad who will be heard at the Gray's Armory on next Tuesday evening. Mischa Elman came out of Russia four years ago, a boy of 14, and conquered Germany. Three years ago he went to London and conquered that great city. Last month he came to New York and it was the same story, and within the last few weeks he has made a tour with the Boston Symphony orchestra playing in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Washington, Rochester and Buffalo, and in Chicago with the Thomas orchestra, and received receptions the like of which have not been seen since Paderewski first began to play before the American public.

Take Time to Think.

Many a poor soul has laid down her life in fear of the miseries that never happened and the hard luck that never materialized. The sweetness of every day existence is totally destroyed by anticipating the dreadful things that are not likely to occur. You can overcome the inclination to worry and fret if you will pull yourself together instead of swinging with the current of every foolish thought. When you are an old woman and you realize that your days are few and limited, you will wish that you had invested your fortune of months and years so that it would have brought you a steady income of happiness and content.

A Burial at Night.

Slowly behind yon rugged hill
The late moon fades, with silver glow
The convent doves are sleeping still,
Each downy head 'neath wing of snow.

Sweet voices mingle with the night,
Sweet voices mingle with the night,
They float away upon the tide;
The cloister windows are alight,
And footsteps down the pathway glide.

Slowly they pass, a voiceless train,
Gray-hooded, from the chapel door;
To call their youngest, Death was fain,
She followed, to return no more.

Beside the grave a simple prayer,
No sobs are heard, no tears are shed,
Though she was young and kind and fair,
No loving eulogy they said.

Like spirits gray they come and go;
The wind is hushed, the air is calm;
But through the shadows backward flow
The sweet notes of a joyous psalm.

Dawn treads upon the steps of night,
Between them breaks a feathery cloud,
Clothing in garb of virgin white
The new-made grave as with a shroud.

—Mary E. Mannix.

San Diego, Cal.

Poverty of Wealth.

Most men long for wealth, and pray for it. But wealth is not the greatest of blessings. If any man is competent to testify as to its value, Andrew Carnegie surely is. Listen to his testimony, given in his own words:

"I was born in poverty, and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him. Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, Washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel and saint all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune. Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away."—Sailor's Magazine.

His Answer.

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking when a woman came, and sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again.

"If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if you wuz me wife I'd take it."—Kansas City Independent.

Gladstone Centennial.

The centenary of Mr. Gladstone's birth may well revive two recollections of that statesman which are very "actual" at present. Mr. Gladstone's very last public act was the writing of a letter in March, 1898—he died in the May following—to John Dillon to be read at the Irish National banquet held by the Irish in London on the St. Patrick's Day of that year. In that letter he urged the union of all sections of the Irish party, and said that if they only united the success of the National cause was assured and the power of the Irish party in parliament for the achievement of home rule irresistible. And yet another memory of Mr. Gladstone which is actual.

He it was who first devised the method, in 1860, of combining the financial proposals of the government in a single bill, which the lords could only accept or reject in its entirety. The rejection of a finance bill by the lords was immediately and from that day till the recent performance, in which they have taken a risk they have not realized, regarded as unthinkable. When Mr. Gladstone devised and carried this plan in 1861, he had to contend with the opposition of Lord Palmerston, prime minister, who actually, as we now know from Lord Morley's biography, endeavored to influence the queen against Mr. Gladstone. The latter was evidently thinking of this episode when in 1878 he thus wrote: "The prime minister is bound not to undermine the position of his colleagues in the royal favor. Unless he is prepared to advise their dismissal, he not only departs from rule, but commits an act of treachery and baseness."

Origin of the Name Tory.

It is a curious fact that the Tories bear an Irish name, and not a complimentary one. The first Tories were "plunderers," in other words, were the dispossessed native Celts strangely and dangerously prowling about their own estates and properties, and, therefore, duly execrated by the foreign intruders. But though the derivation is well known, not many people, perhaps, could lay their hands on a text to prove the case. The word is given by Skeat as coming from the root Toir, meaning to search, and still full of life in the Irish language. The first Toirdhe were searching their rights, spying into their own property. An Irish state paper of 1656 shows it very clearly:

"That Irish Papists who had been licensed to depart this nation, and of late years have been transplanted into Spain, Flanders and other foreign parts, have, nevertheless, returned into Ireland occasioning an increase of tories and other lawless persons." A law passed in 1605 in the time of William III, and quoted in Ribton Turner's "Vagrants and Vagrancy," says: "The frequent robberies, murders, and other notorious felonies committed by robbers, rapparees and tories upon their keeping hath greatly discouraged the replanting of this kingdom (Ireland)." It was, it may be remarked, one of the main purposes of the villainous guerilla warfare to discourage that same replanting, a process with which they were most unaccountably out of sympathy.

Smart Attorney.

"Now, sir," began the smart attorney, "you say you discharged the plaintiff from your service because he was somewhat addicted to liquor. Is that correct?"

"It is," answered the defendant.

"Good!" said the S. A. "You do not consider it advantageous to yourself that your employes should be devotes to Bacchus?"

"That is so."

"Now kindly tell the genitmen of the jury do you drink yourself?"

"That is my business," retorted the defendant, angrily.

"Quite so," assented the S. A. suavely. "And have you any other business?"

Temperance Wave in Scotland.

Edinburgh.—The budget has already had its effect in making the Scotch a soberer nation. Official statistics show that since the higher duty was imposed on whisky there has been a reduction of two thousand in the number of arrests for drunkenness. In other Scotch cities there has been a similar diminution in alcoholic crime, notably in Dundee, where last year there were 1,864 arrests for drunkenness, compared with 2,885 in 1908.

Our Gold and Silver Output.

Washington.—Director of the Mint Andrew has completed his preliminary estimate of the production of gold and silver by the mines of the United States for the calendar year 1909. The gold product is placed at $99,232,200, against $94,560,000 for 1908. Silver, 53,849,000 fine ounces, an increase of 1,408,200 fine ounces over the previous year. Nevada shows an increase of gold product of 3,219,000; California, $1,941,600, and Alaska, $1,088,600. Colorado shows a decrease of $916,300, and South Dakota $892,300. Montana shows an increase in silver product of 1,643,000 fine ounces; Utah, 1,022,100, and Arizona 732,200 fine ounces.

Has Given $73,000,000.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was founded in Lyons in 1822 for the purpose of assisting by prayers and alms the Catholic missionaries who are engaged in preaching the gospel in heathen and non-Catholic countries. Since its foundation it has given to the various missions of the world over seventy-three millions of dollars.

Life of Ministry Periled.

Besides, the balance of the parties is so delicate that the life of the ministry may be precarious and short and another general election possible within a short period.

The other alternative is more probable—namely: that with the majority of 100 Asquith will try conclusions with peers. If he carry his measure through the commons he will then throw on the king the responsibility of refusing his measures necessary to make good the verdict of the house of commons. Altogether the situation is one of the most complicated and interesting in modern times.

The elections in Ireland were slightly disappointing, except that Devlin has a bigger majority than ever for West Belfast. The hope of winning Derry City was nearly realized, but at least the Tory majority was largely pulled down. The defeat of T. W. Russel in South Tyrone was anticipated.

Professional Conduct.

One of the best stories told about Mr. Birrell concerns a poor client, whose case he took up for nothing. When the case had been won, the client gratefully sent him the sum of 15s, which he accepted in order not to give offense. A colleague reproached him, however, for this "unprofessional conduct" in taking less than gold. "But I took all the poor beggar had," said Mr. Birrell, "and I consider that is not unprofessional."—M. A. P.

People of the World.

It is estimated that the population of the world is one billion five hundred millions. By this mass of persons are spoken some 3,000 languages, and by them are professed more than 1,100 religions.

The average life is 33 1-3 years. One-fourth of mankind are said to die before the seventh, and one-half before the seventeenth year. Only one-sixth live beyond the age of sixty. Thirty-three million die annually; 91,000 daily; 3,730 every hour; 60 every minute—one for each tick of the clock.

While one-fourth of mankind are capable of bearing arms, but one in a thousand is naturally inclined to the calling.

Why Mistakes Are Made.

Mistakes do not "happen"—they are the results of causes. A vast measure of time, money and opportunity is lost in making mistakes and trying to rectify them. To correct mistakes is a good work, but to prevent them is a far higher achievement. The "ounce of prevention" may be applied by carefully considering some of the chief causes of errors in business. They are:

Laziness—not being willing to take the trouble.

Accepting appearances as facts without investigation.

Proceeding without discussion or advice.

Impulsive decisions not well thought out.

Lack of foresight and preparation.

Wrong theories and biased advice.

False economy and desire for gain.

Lack of tact and thoughtfulness.

Forgetting and neglect of duty.

Depending on those not properly instructed.

Failure to take due precautions.

Failure to safeguard weak points.

Overconfidence and exaggerated hopes.

The remainder may be charitably classed as the result of human frailty—a last resort in explaining mistakes that cannot be rectified nor traced to their roots in undeveloped character.—Exchange.

Squandered Blessings.

I said to myself at morning,
I will make the most, today,
Of the blessings, be they great or small,
That happen to come my way;
And when its record is written
On the pages of memory,
It will read, "This day was a perfect day"— ???
That shall the record be.

So many things to be glad for
As I thought of them at dawn—
Life, health and the love of dear ones;
But before the morn was gone
The cares and the vexing troubles
Of life came crowding in,
Till I quite forgot what its blessings were
In the worry that is sin.

Alas for the record written
On memory's page tonight!
Of the petty cares ond the worries
That put good thoughts to flight.
Alas for the blessings squandered
In the fret over little things,
Alas for the hurt of loving hearts
By the hot, sharp word that stings!

Shall we never grow to wisdom
God meant for you and me,
That makes the most of life's blessings,
No matter how small they be.
The wisdom that sees the beauty
That is all along the way,
And will not let life's worry and fret
Come in to spoil the day.

Highest Types of Beauty.

The beauty and chief ornaments of the world are human; no flower is as lovely as a sweet child; no sunrise as splendid as the golden morning of a young manhood or womanhood; no crystal as beautiful as the firm purity of a clarified character, no mountain so imposing and sublime as a lofty life; no harvest or fields or fruitage on branches so fair as the goodly product of a useful and noble career.

ASSESSMENT NO. 21.

EUTONIA MINING & MILLING CO.

Principal place of business, 269 South West Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Eutonia Mining & Milling company, held on the 15th day of December, 1909, an assessment (to be known as assessment No. 21) of one-quarter (¼) of one (1) per cent per share was levied and assessed on the issued and outstanding capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to E. G. O'Donnell, treasurer, at his office, No. 269 South West Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Any stock upon which said assessment may remain unpaid on the 19th day of January, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the 24th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to pay the said delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

JOHN M'KEAGUE, Secretary.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Eutonia Mining & Milling company held on the 3rd day of February, 1910, the date of sale mentioned in above assessment notice was postponed to Thursday, March 24, 1910, said sale to be held at the same place and hour as mentioned in above assessment notice.

JOHN M'KEAGUE, Secretary.

Capet.

Hugues Capet, Duke of France, subsequently king and founder of the Bourbon dynasty, derived his surname Capet from the cape of Saint Martin, which was in his possession.