

NOVEMBER 17, 1897.

CHRISTIAN'S DEBATE WITH PREJUDICE.

(Contributed)

Prejudice.—Good morning brother Christian
I am glad we've met today
There's something of importance
To you I wish to say.
About those howling Orserites,
Who are striving hard for fame
And sending on to Parliament
To steal their mother's name.

Christian.—Oh, their mother—she got married
And took another name
So the name her offspring go by
She has no right to claim.
'Tis jealousy makes the warfare, sir
If the truth be plainly told—
'Tis for the little property
Her offspring built and hold.

Prejudice.—When they left their home their
mother wept
Because they were quite young,
She fed them husks and did expect
That hunger'd bring them home.
But their ignorance now she will ex-
pose
To break their stubborn will,
For the mother's skilful Doctor's dose
Contains a fatal pill.

Christian.—When Joseph's jealous bretheren
Sold their father's darling boy,
And sent him down to Egypt
For Egyptians to destroy.
The Lord was still with Joseph
And his history should warn
For when hunger humbled Jacob's
House
'Twas Joseph had the corn.

Prejudice.—God don't want those simple plough-
men
Presuming they can preach,
Having never learned of schoolmen
What can they know to teach?
To claim to preach the gospel
When they do not know the word,
Is like rushing into battle
Without spear or sword.

Christian.—The mighty God that governs all
Is loving wise and true
He never makes on man a call
For work he cannot do.
If he marks out a path for man
That road is safe to run,
For he'll support the faithful one
Till the victory is won.

When Moses got his message.
He was herding Jethro's flock
He hearkened and obeyed the call,
And so Egypt had to walk.
When Pharaoh's host pursued them
He still obeyed his God,
And he conquered many thousand
Just by holding up a rod.

When David went to battle,
How his brothers sought to chide,
His Ambition they called folly,
And his courage they called pride.
If the doctor had been his general
He like Saul would say, prepare,
To use the modern armour
Or you need not go to war.

When God directs the battle
You need not fear defeat,
Though the giant comes before you
Don't think about retreat.
No difference what your weapons are
If Heaven bids you go,
The little "stones" or "lamp and
light"
Will slay the mighty foe.

Remember how Elisha wrought
What patience must he have had,
To team a score and four slow oxen
Ploughing hammocks stone and
sod
But God prepared him in the field
Instead of human school,
A Richer Harvest now to yield
Without one grammar rule.

Prejudice.—How are we to reach Heaven,
When the D. Ds differ so,
Each has a somewhat different way
Prepared for us to go.
Sprinkle say some, dip say some
more
Give him faith and he'll get there
One says learn your prayers and say
them
Just as good as any prayer

Christian.—When Christ our great Redeemer
Came from the heavenly skies,
He lived as our example
And died our sacrifice.
If you have not the way yet learned
His life is a sure guide
From Bethlehem's humble cradle
To the mountain where he died.

See him working with his father
To earn his daily bread,
See him coming out of Jordan,
With the Dove above His Head
See Him fasting on the mountain,
Tempted by the Evil One
Teaching all mankind a lesson
What's right to do and what to
shun.

The only place he ever showed
His anger more than love
Was when he found some pious
gamblers
In the temple trading on a dove,
Had that been in a Modern church
You'd likely hear the Deacon say
If the money's for the Mission
Let them gamble night and day.

A stranger and a wanderer
Without where to lay his head
A mourner and a laborer,
Till his blood at last was shed.
If you would be His follower,
Christ tells you in His word
Remember that the servant
Is not greater than his Lord.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE.

Maxime Serpeille, in the Paris Figaro, says:
The newspapers announced the other day
that one of my confreres, M. Gabriel de
Combes, for a long time connected with
the Petit Journal, had entered the novitiate of
the Fathers of the Assumption at Livry-sur-
Seine.

Resolutions of this sort interest the pub-
lic. People always love to build up some
romance around them. To leave the world
voluntarily and shut oneself up in a cloister
appears to many persons such an extraordi-
nary thing that they can only explain it by
one of those family dramas or one of those
hard blows of fate that knock a man down
forever and drive him with a broken heart to
suicide or the cell of a monastery.

The truth is often far more simple, and
this is the case with our esteemed confrere

whom we have just lost. In his life there
was no love romance and no catastrophe.
But if his history is not complicated, none
the less it merits attention, for it is always
interesting to discover the secrets of voca-
tions. Moreover, it is rarely that a journal-
ist becomes a monk. It is not from the
press that the personnel of monasteries is re-
cruited. Belonging to a very good family in
Tarbes, grandnephew of the bright musician,
Dalayrac, M. Gabriel de Combes, having
finished his studies, served in a regiment of
dragoons. He remained five years in that
regiment, which he never should have left.
He was a perfect D'Artagnan in appearance,
thin, dry, and sinewy. In character he was
energetic, brave, straightforward and gener-
ous. He would have become a splendid
officer; but he left the army to enter journal-
ism, attracted perhaps by the hope of finding
occasions to do some fighting, which was his
nature. De Combes was at first employed
by a Royalist sheet in Lyons. Then he
came to Paris, and for two years was engaged
in parliamentary reporting for an agency.
At the same time he edited the Gazette de
Parame, a little local paper started by a
Parisian journalist. But it lived a little
more than a season. Finally he came on the
Petit Journal, where for ten years I worked
side by side with him, appreciating him and
esteeming him every day more and more, but
suspecting all the time that journalism was
not his vocation.

Reared by very religious parents, my
friend certainly could pass for a good Cath-
olic, but his faith did not reach the point of
devotion, and whether he was a practitioner
or not I could not say. One fortuitous cir-
cumstance developed in his mind the senti-
ment that was lying dormant. About three
years ago his editor in chief sent him to Pal-
estine to be present at the inauguration of
the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem. That
railroad was for him the road to Damascus.
His visit to the Holy Land impressed him to
such an extent that he came back to us com-
pletely transformed. For months he would
remain silent and reserved with his collabora-
tors. He deserted the salle d'armes, where
he used to fence and foil interminably. He
abandoned bicycling, for which he had a
passion, and we saw him no more in the
clubs and cafes.

One evening about six months ago he said
to me suddenly: "I have just handed in my
resignation. I leave the paper tomorrow."

Three months passed on when the news
came to our ears that our comrade was about
to enter holy orders. The story was at first
denied, but we could not tell whether or not
there was really any truth in it. I asked the
romance writer, Pierre Sales, who is a second
cousin of De Combes, if there was any truth
in the story. He replied to me in a
mysterious sort of way that really told me
nothing.

On Saturday last I received from De
Combes this laconic note:

"If you would like to bid me farewell,
come and breakfast with me tomorrow morn-
ing at the Cafe—"

The letter caused me a certain anxiety, and
I was almost broken up when the next day I
went to the cafe mentioned. In a few seconds
my friend arrived with a joyous expression of
countenance. He took my hand.

"My letter must have puzzled you," he
said. "But I will tell you my story in a few
words. It is simple enough. But we had
better sit down and breakfast." Then he
added, laughing: "This is the last breakfast
that I will take in a boulevard cafe." At
the table he commenced his story as follows:

"I am 39 years old and thoroughly aware
of the fact that I have done nothing useful
in my life. Consequently, I am trying to
make up for lost time. I am a bachelor and
have nobody to whom my presence might be
indispensable, and I am still energetic. I
did think of marrying, but the chance never
presented itself to me, and, indeed, I didn't
seek it very eagerly. I have, therefore, de-
cided to consecrate the rest of my life to the
service of God and my fellows, but quite a
considerable number of the latter have con-
tributed largely to disgust me with the
world. You have doubtless noticed that my
religious sentiments were aroused after my
trip to the Holy Land. It is from that pe-
riod that my resolution to enter holy orders
was formed. Nevertheless, I determined to
let some time elapse, to see if I would perse-
vere in my resolution. Several months passed,
and at last sure of myself, I left journal-
ism and went on a retreat to the Grande
Trappe.

"My intention was to enter that monas-
tery, but the superior dissuaded me. 'You
would have too much difficulty,' said he, 'in
supporting the rigors of our rules.' It was
impossible for me to become a Dominican, on
account of my age and the long studies of the
order. I thought for a time of entering the
order of Franciscans; but would you believe
it, a detail that you will call absolutely
puerile prevented me, and that was the
thought of being obliged to go about bare-
footed. At last I met Rev. Father des
Courrieres, the superior of the Assump-
tionists, at Toulouse. By a strange coinci-
dence I found in him a former confrere who
edited a journal at Limoges, where he was
also correspondent of the Petit Journal.

THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trim-mings of all kinds, including Flouncing Silks.**

TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Pat-terns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

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We make to order Ladies'
Gaiters of all kinds to
match costume. Ladies
can furnish own cloth if
they wish. Give us a
call and get prices.

Hanson & Grady

Merchant Tailors,

HOULTON, MAINE.

The similarity of our stations created a sym-
pathy between him and me. He questioned
me at length and finally advised me to see
Rev. Father Picard, the superior general of
the Assumption. A visit to Father Picard
decided my fate, and that is why in two hours
from now I will throw off completely the man
of the world and become a simple novice in
the convent at Livry-sur Seine."

My friend finished his cup of coffee, light-
ed his cigarette, and watched the rings of
smoke that mounted toward the ceiling.
"This is the last cigarette that I will smoke,"
said he laughing. Notwithstanding his
apparent good humor, I became sad while
thinking of our parting forever, and for some
moments we remained silent. "But you
know," said he, "that I will be obliged to
work hard. I will be compelled to study my
Latin, learn theology, etc. I will remain a
year at Livry. At the end of that time I
will go to Rome to finish my studies, and in
three years I will be ordained a priest."

"And after that?" said I. "After that,"
he replied, "I will go wherever my superiors
may choose to send me."

Again there was a silence.
"I have sent all my belongings to my
family," he added. "I have nothing now
except the clothes that I wear."

The conversation languished more and
more, when suddenly De Combes looked at
the clock and jumped up.

"I must be off," said he. "Farewell!"
We went out. He hailed a cab and grasp-
ed my hand firmly.

"Farewell again," said he.
I was all broken up. "De Combes," said
I, "do you regret nothing, nobody, not even
your old-time friends?"

"Nothing!" he replied, in a tone that was
almost gruff. Then, smiling, fearing no
doubt that he had wounded my feelings, and
moved himself by my emotion, he added:
"Yes, my dear fellow, I do regret my true
friends."

Then he signalled the driver, and started
for the terminus of the Eastern railroad.

I Wonder Why

Such crowds of people patronize Porter
& Gibson's Tailoring Establishment—?

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They want good-fitting clothes.
They want clothes made in the latest style.
They want to select from the largest stock of English and
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They want the best value for their money.
They want moderate prices.
They want to be sure of receiving gentlemanly attendance.
They want the privilege of knowing what they want
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same. At least, they go together. You
would not ask a child to build you a house to
live in. You would not expect an idiotic
person to be always trusty in things he may
know well how to do. Loose gearing will
slip cogs. There lacks the ability; therefore
there lacks the opportunity. Charles Dickens
struck hard at social and political and in-
stitutional looseness. He had the ability,
and the times were loose. Opportunity is
God-given; and, if indeed, the occasion has
not yet arisen for ability to spend itself, we
shall often discover within ourselves another
God-given quality, a power to make the
opportunity.