

## BOOK NOTICES.

"**Our Golden Days.**"—This is the College record published annually by the students of St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, Sydney. The publication contains abundant evidence of a successful year's work. The students have distinguished themselves at the University examinations—all who presented themselves passing, without exception, and several of them taking honours. One of them, Mr. W. T. J. Newton, we are further told, won the Barker Scholarship, awarded every March to the best mathematical scholar of the year, and for which there is very keen competition. The annual contains a quantity of additional information relating to the college, and the manner in which studies and life in general are conducted there, all combining to make us acquainted with an admirably managed and most successful institution. The publication is well edited and neatly turned out. It is in every respect creditable to all who were engaged in its production.

"**Our Alma Mater,**" annual of St. Ignatius' College, Sydney.—This publication, edited by students of the Jesuit Fathers, maintains its high place among publications of the kind—that is to say, if, in fact, there are any other such publications—for, to tell the truth, if there are we cannot exactly recall them. The annual contains not only a record of the year's work, but also several literary articles, notes of travel, and poems, and, though last not least, a scientific chapter, in which we are given details of the dissection of a temer. The literary work is extremely good. But may we without impropriety remark on the acquirements of that rather portentous junior student, who seems to have been born and bred in a circulating library, and to have taken in works of fiction through his feeding bottle. Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Lord Lytton—he has them and their romances at his fingers' ends, and can tell us more about their respective styles and powers of delineating character than we should care to criticise—lest we should be detected in making mistakes, and put to open shame by babes and sucklings. The annual, however, gives every proof of being issued from an institution where the students are kept well abreast of the progress of the day, and prepared to take their part and hold their own in the inevitable battle of life. Some portraits of students distinguished as athletes or otherwise, make us acquainted with manly-looking fellows doing credit to the physical standing of their race, and promising well for the future of Australia. On the whole, "Our Alma Mater" is a publication on whose tone and contents generally its editors and publishers may be sincerely congratulated.

## CATHOLIC SAILORS WITH UNCLE SAM.

(Brooklyn Catholic Review.)

FOR nearly a year in the Navy there has been an attempt to establish the means for regular worship on board ship; and, as the vast majority of the religiously inclined seamen are of the Catholic way of thinking, the Navy Department has encouraged the establishment of sacristies and altars on their own territory. The most notable two are the receiving ship Vermont and the war ship Philadelphia. The Philadelphia is in the dry dock and has a regular Catholic chaplain, the Rev. Father Charles N. Parks, a bright and brainy young priest, who is doing excellent work among the jack tars.

The services last Sunday were held on the gun deck of the Vermont and Chaplain Parks officiated. Almost the first visitor of the day is a pious little old lady who begs with tears in her eyes that you will not put her name in the paper. For forty years she has been coming here in rain and shine, in snow storm and blizzard, to help her boys, as she calls the sailors, to keep to their religious vows and to see that the altar is properly arranged. She often came when there was no priest to celebrate Mass, but now she rejoices with exceeding great joy that it can be celebrated with regularity, even when kind-hearted Father Danick, of the nearby St. Ann's Church, who has so often filled the gap, is unable to be present.

With eager hands she goes to the storeroom and brings out the sacred utensils and sees that they are properly bestowed, and then, like as not, she is around among the sailor boys talking to them about their mothers, and stirring up the laggards to attend the services. Soon after her come a little band of maidens who, with the help of a few tuncful sailors and a parour organ, make a very acceptable choir. On board the Philadelphia the singing is done by the men themselves, assisted by an organ and a very good orchestra, made up from the talent aboard ship. Benches are brought up from the mess room, and ranged along the hoystoned floor. On gala occasions the flag of the nation is unfurled behind the altar. The Vermont battalion has a beautiful flag, just presented to it by the members of St. Ann's in token of appreciation for the very creditable display it made at the recent golden jubilee of Bishop Loughlin.

At half-past ten o'clock sharp the worshippers fell in nearly two hundred strong. Father Parks makes his appearance in his robes of office, and the Mass begins. Grouned arches and cathedral architecture could make the service no more solemn than it is in this oaken hall, filled with the signs of its nautical tenantry and the grim appliances of war. The sermon is simple and straight-forward, and does not soar above the heads of the listeners. There is a simple magnetism about the preacher which has attracted many listeners from among the more careless fellows, as he strives to wean them from the special temptations that seem to assail poor Jack when he is ashore. The sailors like to feel that they are like other men—they resent any attempt to make them different, and they make a very serious and sympathetic congregation. The officers of the Vermont have even gone so far as to build a little confessional for the use of those of the Catholic faith, and nothing has been left undone to furnish a complete and tasteful outfit for worship according to the canons of the Church.

The Navy Yard officials say that about fifty per cent. of the men are inclined to attend the religious services, and that the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is two to one.

## HOW A GOOD SHIP WAS LOST.

ON the night of October 27th, 1842, the good ship "Mary Compton," of Bristol, England, was struggling with a fearful gale off the coast of North America. The wind blew furiously, but the weather was clear, and the Captain expected every moment to get sight of the light in the lighthouse on the Iron Rock Shoals. This lighthouse marked the entrance to the harbour. Once there, and they were safe. Sure of his position, he sailed on confidently. Five minutes later the ship struck with a fearful shock and went to pieces. Four men, including the Captain, were saved. On reaching the shore they found a strange thing had happened. An enemy of the lighthouse keeper had bound him hand and foot and extinguished the light.

Souls, as well as ships, steer by the lights. Hope is the most important lighthouse in the world. What shall be said of the man who darkens it in the face of a storm-tossed spirit?

"You are beyond human aid." These words were said by a physician to a woman who had come to consult him. Admitting that he thought so, had he the right to say so? No; for he might be wrong—and in any case he had no business to put out the light.

This woman had been ill for some time. In June, 1889, she was greatly alarmed by her symptoms. Her heart palpitated, and she was so giddy she could scarcely stand. Her head whirled "and," she said, "all objects seemed to go into a cloud." She had to hold herself up or sit down for fear of falling. She broke out in a sweat although cold as death. A dreadful cough racked her frame so that she could not lie down in bed and sleep.

"I could scarcely crawl about the house," she says. "I was so weak." I tried different remedies and medicines without avail. I went to the Dispensary at New Briggate and asked the doctor to tell me the worst. His answer was, 'I have mixed you some medicine'; you can take it or leave it. I took it for three weeks, then gave up in despair.

"I talked with two other physicians. The last one said, 'You are past human aid.'

"My heart sank within me, for I have five little children, and my death would leave them without a mother's love and care. I went home and cried till I was sick. I had no appetite and I had lost flesh till I was thin as a ghost! My mother came to see me and did not know me. My skin was of a green and yellow colour, and when I ate anything it seemed to stick in my throat. About this time I commenced vomiting, and what I threw up was tinged with blood. Once I began to vomit at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning and scarcely got rest from it until Monday morning.

"At this time I remembered that Mrs. Wilson, with whom I formally worked in Crawford's Mill, in East Street, Leeds (where I live), had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. So I sent to Mr. Jesson's the Chemist, in Great Garden Street, and got a bottle. A few doses stopped the vomiting, and by degrees from day to day I felt better. Soon I could eat a dry crust, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I had got over all my bad symptoms and was fast getting my strength back. I am now (April, 1890), in better health than ever before in my life.

"I should have taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup sooner, but my husband was out of work and we had only a trifle coming in from his club, but I thank God I did get it at last, and it cured me, bad off as I was. All my friends and neighbours know the facts I have related, and I will reply to any letters of enquiry." (Signed), Mrs. Ann Mills, 40, Bread Street, York Road, Leeds.

This was a case of indigestion and dyspepsia, with symptoms showing how far it had affected the nervous system. A few months, or possibly weeks more, and Mrs. Mills would have had no tale to tell. She did wrong to wait one hour for any reason, after having known what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done for her friend Mrs. Wilson.

At the Vatican mosaic factory is being executed a magnificent work representing the Madonna and Child, which the Pope will present to the Queen Regent of Spain.

The Land League (says Davitt in *Labour World*) was not conceived, founded, or planned by Mr. Parnell. But he obtained control of its funds; he appropriates the political credit for its achievements against Irish landlordism; he started *United Ireland* out of its exchequer; he allowed the paper to be in the hands of William O'Brien so long as it sang his own superlative praises; and now when it dares to speak honestly and fearlessly the sentiments of every clean-minded Nationalist in the Irish race, he seizes upon it as if it had been his own property.

What has Mr. Parnell done for the Irish people? (asks the *London Star*). Precious little when one inquires into his past record. He is a leader who has ceased to lead for three or four years; and now when he would resume his leadership he leads some of his countrymen into a ditch and, fox-like, is run to earth himself. Mr. Parnell did not invent the Plan of Campaign, and, while he dared not denounce it, has done nothing in support of it. Mr. Parnell did not conceive or found the Land League, although he managed to get control of its funds. It was the Land League and not Mr. Parnell, which obtained the Land Act of 1881; it was Mr. Healy who led in the discussion of the measure. It was not Mr. Parnell, but the late Mr. Biggar, who originated the policy of obstruction, which was useful to the party in the House in the early years of its existence.

A dispatch from Italy, Texas, recently, says a large bird was noticed circling around the town, and suddenly it descended with great rapidity into the yard of Charles Walter, seized Walter's four-year-old boy in its talons, and ascended slowly. Grasping his gun, the child's father mounted his horse and went in pursuit. The bird made direct for the creek bottom, two miles from the town; but after carrying the child half way it slowly descended, lighting near a deep ravine. The father dismounted and crept up the ravine within a few yards of the bird, which was standing on the child's breast, and shot it in the head. The child was unharmed, but the talons of the bird were still in the child's clothing.