

A FAITHFUL SERVANT

At the funeral of the late John A. Creighton, Omaha, Rev. M. J. Dowling, president of Creighton university, delivered an address from which these extracts are taken:

Nearly twenty years ago there passed from earth the gentle spirit of Sarah Emily Creighton, the wife of our dead friend. With him I stood by the death bed of his consort, and I spoke words of heartfelt sympathy as he turned disconsolately aside to give way to his pentup feelings of bitter woe. Later on, from the same spot where I now stand, where every human joy and sorrow find their expression or echo, where every human aspiration and sacrifice reach their highest consecration, I spoke the last farewell, prayed peace to her ashes, and commended to God the guardian spirit of his heart and home. The scene was the same as it is today; the throng of sympathetic friends, the doleful chant which seems to rise up from the dust of ages, ringing through the vaulted arches of this church, these columns draped in black, like the strong man's frame in affliction. The church had flung aside its crimson and gold to replace them with habiliments of mourning. The candles flickered, while their flames mounted upward like our hopes. The censers sent up their cloud of incense like the prayers of the elect. Then as now these windows, their joint gift, challenged the light, compelling it to pay tribute to the figured glory of the saints of God before entering in. The same sacrifices were offered up, the same pledges of immortality were given, the same proofs of an undying Christian faith. Many of you were here, though your heads, like mine, have whitened since. He was here as a mourner who today is here the central figure of universal regret, clad in the solemn majesty of death. After that day these sacred precincts, hallowed by such recollections, became

doubly dear to him, and his fondest wish was that he might, after a good end, with a priest present at his dying hour, go forth on his last journey from before this altar.

What shall I say to him in your name? Shall I whisper in his ear: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?" He heeds it not. His ears are closed to the sweet music of human voice. Shall we present to his eyes the rood, with its wealth of suggestion and strength? His eyes are closed to earthly sights. Shall we place in his hands the long roll of his benefactions? In vain; his hands are folded on his silent breast and shall respond no more to human touch. His life is over; his work is done; his deeds are ended; and you hear once more the eloquent sermon ever preached in silence by the lips of the dead: "What I am today, you may be tomorrow."

It is the misfortune of the wealthy that their true characteristics are often lost sight of, because in estimating their lives and deeds all else is swallowed up in the magnitude of their possessions. Wherever we start out we find ourselves unconsciously drifting towards what they had, rather than to what they were; the mind is dazzled by the vast amounts selfishly retained or generously given to philanthropy, and the human element is, to a great extent, eliminated. Even the merit of their charity is largely dimmed, because it is taken for granted that a man of wealth is more willing to part with some of his riches than those who possess less. Nothing is more common than to hear: "He can easily afford it," "He will not miss it," "He will have plenty left." This shows a very imperfect acquaintance with the springs of human action and does not take account of the fact that few are willing to give up their riches until the icy fingers of death loosen their hold and sign a wavering and tardy release. It is a repetition of the story of the young man of the gospel who came to our Lord and said to Him: "Master, what shall I do to possess eternal life?" He answered: "Keep the commandments." "All this have I done from my youth." Then followed the further counsel: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast and give to the poor and then come and follow Me." What was the result? The young man went away sad, for he had many possessions. He could not bring himself to exchange the goods of earth even for the kingdom of heaven.

Our dead friend was far from being animated by this sentiment. At any moment he would have given all he had to win that pearl of great price—eternal life. He valued wealth chiefly as a means of doing good; seldom will you meet a man who was so strongly impressed with a sense of responsibility for the right use of his wealth. He considered himself merely a steward of God, an almoner of the Great King.

For many years I was associated with Mr. Creighton in his works of philanthropy and charity. He treated me with the indulgence of an elder brother and gave me such confidence as one man seldom gives another. I

may modestly claim, then, to be a fair interpreter of his life. If asked what were his principal characteristics, I should say that they are summed up in the statement: He was a man of faith and heart. He raised his charity to the dignity of a supernatural act by founding it on faith and the teaching of faith, while he rejoiced the heart of every lover of mankind by his generosity to his fellowmen.

He believed strongly in the efficacy of prayer, else he would not have established a convent of Poor Clares, the essence of whose life is prayer and contemplation. He believed steadfastly in the need of preparation for the future life; he had an abiding conviction that those in the world beyond can be helped by our prayers, and hence continually remembered the souls of the faithful departed, and for twenty years had high mass offered for his deceased wife; yet he always thought humbly of himself. He never set himself up as a model Christian. He would have ridiculed the idea that he was an example for anyone to follow. As he was a man of generous impulses, so he was a man of strong and deep convictions, of simplicity, of humanity, of child-like faith and trust in God. He was wont to say that he never gave any considerable sum to charity that he did not receive much more in return.

It was especially in acts of charity that his heart showed itself; that was the source of his uniform courtesy to rich and poor; his accessibility, his deep interest in suffering and distress. He blamed himself if he was severe, even towards those who abused his goodness, and where others would refuse to give even to the deserving, lest they might be imposed upon by the undeserving, he hesitated to turn away even the doubtfully worthy, lest he might do an injustice to those who had a fair claim on his charity. His thoughts were always for others. When he came down stairs in the morning and saw the washer-woman in the house he would not sit down to breakfast until he was sure that she had had hers, because she had to work hard all day. He would walk instead of taking his carriage to church, if the coachman had not been to mass, or had not taken his breakfast. A few days before his death, during a lucid interval when he recognized me, he noticed the nursing sister by his side, and without thinking of himself, said: "Sister, go and get something to eat; you must be tired, taking care of me." And at once he relapsed again into unconsciousness. Even in his delirium the thought of alms-giving was uppermost in his mind, for he said to his faithful friend: "Mary, there are two little boys standing there; go to my pocket and get some change for them." And shortly after, he inquired: "Did you get that change for those two little boys?" And when assured that his imaginary visitors had been attended to he was satisfied. And this was not a trait of recent years; two decades ago, one Christmas evening I telephoned to him to inquire how he had spent the day, and this was the detail: He had a Christmas tree for the little ones, not his own; next he went to mass and holy communion, and afterwards he visited at the college, then at the Poor Clares; everywhere leaving tokens of Christmas cheer and good will, then home to lunch; after which he passed the afternoon in the Creighton Memorial hospital, going from room to room and bed to bed, to bring some joy to the suffering. It was usual with him, on Sunday afternoons, to go to the hospital laden with chocolates which he would carry with him in his rounds to the sick, when he listened to their woes and cheered them up with this kindly greeting: "Don't take so much of that bitter medicine the doctors give you, take some of my pills." And he would hand them such sweetmeats as their sickness would permit them to use.

I cannot help thinking that if there were more men of wealth to follow in his footsteps in this regard, there would

not be so loud a cry against the heartlessness of the rich; so bitter an antagonism between poverty and wealth; so unrelenting a warfare between the classes and masses; so strong a rising tide of socialistic discontent. The sores of Lazarus would not be half so galling. Every epoch has its follies; ours is plunged into an abyss of humanitarianism which has all but hidden the fair form of true charity. Charity is no longer a simple duty, obligatory on all; it is a science, a social mechanism, a system, a governmental necessity. All our representatives of the higher civilization exhaust themselves in homilies on the sore of pauperism; they speak eloquently and touchingly of the privations of the poor, but they do not come in contact with them. They will succor them on condition that they will not offend respectability by the sight of their sores and their rags. This is nothing but the humiliating salary paid to hunger, in order to soothe its anger and lull its fury to sleep. His was a different school of beneficence, because it was founded on religious motives that make the poor the representatives of Jesus Christ.

WHERE THE GOLD GOES TO

Egypt is having a boom, and that explains in part the old mystery where all the gold goes to.

There is a crazy land speculation in Cairo, the cotton crop is increasing at good prices, the area of arable land is increased by the new Nile dam, rain is more common from the same cause. And gold is being hoarded in the Oriental way usual when times are good.

A consular report says that nearly \$20,000,000 was sent from London last October, but it has all been absorbed. The sellers of the cotton crop have the money hoarded in their houses. The gold-beaters' bazaar is crowded all the time, and it is estimated that each week many pounds in gold coin are melted or beaten into bracelets, necklaces and chains.

That gold is always hoarded in Egypt is proved by the fact that some George III. sovereigns are coming into circulation.—New York World.

DEMONSTRATED

"Tommy," said the teacher kindly, "do you remember what I read about disarmament the other day?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy, holding his hand behind him.

"And about the peace conference?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, this is a little peace conference, and if you do not drop that snowball I fear that as a superior power I shall have to intervene."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WORKED BOTH WAYS

Small Willie was playing with two ragged urchins in front of the house, when his mother called him in.

"Willie," she said, "don't you know that those boys are bad associates for you?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the little philosopher, "but I'm a good associate for them."—Deseret News.

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