

homage, implores her in-
stances her praises, and by
it this heavenly model re-
vivor in the service of God.
of May happily completes
such antiquity commenced.
This pious institution, the
dedicated to Mary surpasses
rendered to all the other
Church consecrates but a
to the honor of the saints,
eternally, but she justly gives
this whole month. The
gin is not only elevated
the saints by her dignity of
God, but she is above all
her virtues and her merits,
and are united all the virtues,
and scattered amongst the
—voluntary poverty, un-
quity, constant association
sorrows of her Son, a re-
unanimity, a prolonged
rdom, and, after the agony
n, a most meritorious regis-

n, when we render to Mary
devotion, we only imitate
Who selected her to be the
His divine Son. He has
worthy of the greatest
could be conferred on any
When St. Paul wished to
superiority of Jesus over the
proposed the question,
here to whom God has said,
my son, I have begotten thee
ernity?" And so, to estab-
eminence of Mary over the
to justify our devotion, we
Who is there amongst the
whom God has said, "Thou
son, I have chosen thee to be
of My Son?" Therefore,
devotion which we render
most just.

thority of remark that the
columns are co-ordinated,
and, in an admirable man-
ner, phases of nature. We
example, that in the an-
we celebrate the commemo-
the faithful departed. At this
cially, we remember those
departed, or who have fallen
leaves from the trees. It
is suitable that the Church
Mary's month of devotion
the flowers, in the
of the spring-time, when
as its most pleasing at-
tention, for Mary is, in fact,
the sweetest of flowers, in a
world, most amiable of creatures:
more it was, that the Church
to her the most pleasing
the year. The saints have
the sweetest homage.
For has sung its sweetest songs,
modulated its most harmoni-
ous, and sculpture has traced
most marvellous and delicate
hist architecture has con-
her honor its most sub-
limations. Nature, therefore,
ite with art and offer to Mary
in this universal devotion.

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the solemn hour comes it usually comes
more or less unexpectedly, and attend-
ed often with such anxiety that it is
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not conveniently at hand.

There should be in the first place, a
fair linen table cover of the size suited
to drape a bedside table. It may be
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MAY 29, 1907.

sweet name of Mary. The devotion
was found everywhere. In the great
cities as well as in the humblest ham-
lets the altars to Mary's honor were
adorned with flowers, whilst youthful
virgins surrounded the image of the
Immaculate Virgin with lights and
burning tapers. For her the fragrant
flowers mingled the splendors of their
varied hues, and poetry dedicated to
her inspired songs, whilst melodious
voices were heard singing devotion to
Mary everywhere. Therefore, let us
exclaim, Hail to thee, blessed month,
beautiful month of May. It shall be
one prolonged feast in honor of her
who is our Mother, our life, our sweet-
ness, our hope. Blessed month of May,
month of special favors, may the loved
hours flow slowly by, as we have so
much to ask of thee, O Virgin Mother!

A Prayer.

(Written during a severe illness.)
Only a little longer let me stay,
For much remains undone
Of victories, which break of day,
Few, few are won.
And now life's ardor, noon fades fast away,
And I would welcome the approaching power.
Only a little longer, Night draws near
When none may labor more.
Deep in my soul the hush I hear
Of evening's peace, and I
And I would welcome the approaching power.
I do not fear to see the shadows grow.
To feel the darkness spread;
To share their rest, who rest below,
The sacred dead.
Or to explore the mysteries they know.
Beyond the night, the eternal soul awakes
To other, brighter day.
Death is but sleep, that gently takes
Life's load away.
And his powers renewed new parts to play.
I know the force within can never cease.
That he from whom it came
The imprisoned flame
And, after trial, give his perfect peace—
That like white bird, whose tireless wings
Descend from beyond the sky,
Skim the dark earth, then backward blend
Their flight on high.
The soul to life stoops from eternity.
Yet would I leave, ere comes the final hour,
A worthier work behind.
Impress with print of lesser power
The human mind
A little longer labor for mankind.
—Robert Blake, in Irish Monthly.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST

Instructions and Suggestions for a
Proper Reception at the Home.

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A GENTLE SISTER'S GREAT WORK.

How She Planted an Institution in
the Wilderness and Built it to Great
Proportions.

About three weeks ago the city of
Monroe, Mich., was thrown into mourn-
ing by the death of a gentle member
of the Sister Servants of the Immacu-
late Heart of Mary, who lived in the
cause of charity and religion is
separably linked with the early history
and development of Monroe. Her
name in religion was Sister Celestine
Xavier, and she was one of the three
founders of the community. The
worldly name of the venerable nun
was Theresa Senault. She was born at
Grosse Pointe seventy-six years ago,
and had spent fifty-two years in St.
Mary's Academy, which she was
so instrumental in founding.

HER WORK BEGAN IN THIS WILDERNESS.
When a mere girl, she was picked
out by Father Gillett a kind and
greatly beloved missionary, for a life
in the Church. She gave him the
promise that she would depart from
worldly paths and take up her abode
in the sacred atmosphere of a religious
life. Two years later she was called
to Monroe to institute the Convent of
the Heart of Mary, with two other young
women. From two insignificant log
huts, obscured from the view of the coun-
try road by tangled underbrush and
partially cleared timber growth, and
overlooking the unbridged waters of
the River Raisin, the convent has
grown to be the finest institution of
its kind in the State. The different
buildings at the present time cover an
expansive tract of land, and embrace
apartments for all modern branches of
education, beside the convent proper
and a beautiful and costly chapel.

In those early days the convent was
surrounded by almost a wilderness.
Monroe was a flourishing but tiny
village, and Detroit was not much
better. Sister Celestine reached the
log house, from which was destined to
grow the mighty convent, on a dismal
November day in 1845. The other
two Sisters had not yet arrived, and it
was impossible for her to meet them
until the following day. The log
house was old and dilapidated—the
home of some early pioneer. To
remain alone in the dismal shelter for
a whole night required no small
amount of courage on the part of a
defenseless maiden, especially when
one considers the countless deeds of
revenge and rapacious horrors which
were perpetrated at that time by
wandering bands of Indians in South-
ern and Western Michigan. The de-
pressing stillness of the night, with its
utter loneliness and impending fears,
were insufficient to shake the con-
stancy of this sweet girl's faith.

TAUGHT AMONG THE LOWLY AND CARED FOR THE SICK.

A parochial school was started soon
after. Celestine Xavier and her Sisters
threw into their labors all the fire and
animation of their young lives. The
community grew. The high-minded
women were not cloistered, but they
went out among the people, minister-
ing to the needs of the sick and shed-
ding radiance into poverty-stricken
homes.

From the sweet-faced maiden who
spent her girlhood days on the banks
of Lake St. Clair, Sister Celestine grew
into a beautiful woman, with womanly
instincts and a love for every living
thing. Her tireless labors in every
good cause, her culture and refine-
ment, and her sunny presence in the
sick room, gained for her more than
local fame. Children loved and fol-
lowed her, men reverently raised their
hats as she passed by, and the women
sought her for advice.

"Eloquence, even when supported
by learning, education, energy and
influence, is not the means by which
the conversion of nations is brought
about. They work to a conclusion, they
may arouse attention and excite curi-
osity; but it is the life of the preacher,
or rather the fact of his aiming at a
higher ideal than that to which he in-
vites his hearers, that touches the
heart, subdues the will, and finally
leads the intellect to accept the faith of
Christ. It was not the learning of the
apostles, but the fact that they left all
to follow their Master, that drew after
them the largest hearts and intellects
of the empire of Rome."—Gasquet.

"A little over a year ago I was laid up
with bronchitis," says Stanley C. Bright,
clerk of Kingston. "My doctor's bill came
to \$12, and altogether my illness cost me
\$125. This fall had another attack. I came
across an advertisement in a newspaper for
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpen-
tine for throat troubles. I thought I would
risk a quarter and try it. It cured me. After
this I intend to treat my own illness."

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier promi-
nent in the public eye today is Hood's Sarsa-
parilla. Therefore get Hood's and ONLY
HOOD'S.

AMERICA'S FIRST MARTYR.

Not alone is it the claim and glory of
the Catholic Church to have given the
western world its first discoverers and
explorers and to have sent with them
missionaries to evangelize the aborig-
ines and lead them to a knowledge of
Christianity; but to her, also, belongs
the renown of having furnished Amer-
ica with its first martyr. This heroic
soul, who met his death in that portion
of country now comprised in the
State of Kansas, was the Francis-
can friar, John de Padilla, an inter-
esting account of whose missionary
labors there appears in the current
issue of *The Messenger of the Sacred
Heart* (U. S.), in the form of aposthu-
mous paper from the pen of Rev.
George O'Connell, S. J. From this
paper we learn that Fra Padilla was
by birth an Andalusian; that he came
to the western world as a soldier in
the service of Spain, and that while
located in Mexico he exchanged his
military uniform for the Franciscan
habit, became a priest and held high
offices in the Mexican houses of his
order. Always desirous of laboring on
the most difficult missions, he asked
and secured permission to accompany
Fra Marco de Niza on his journeys into
New Mexico and he went to the same
territory subsequently with the ex-
plorer, Coronado, whose expedition
started from its Mexican rendezvous on
Feb. 12, 1540. When Coronado, dis-
appointed in his hope of finding
among the Chibolan Indians that great
wealth which it was reported their
cities possessed, sent another expedi-
tion into the lands of the Moquis, who
dwelt near the big canyon of the Color-
ado, Fra Padilla was commissioned his
chaplain, and he was, therefore, the
first priest to penetrate that portion
of our national extent. The commander
of the expedition was unwilling to re-
main among the Moquis, however, al-
though Fra Padilla urged the erection
of missions there; and so the zealous
Franciscan was forced to retire with
the troops, greatly against his
wishes. We next find him accompany-
ing, as chaplain, Alvarado's expedi-
tion, which, after long marches and
vain quests for gold, ended so disas-
trously that, in April, 1542, Coronado,
who sent the expedition out, deter-
mined to abandon all further explora-
tions northward and returned to Mex-
ico.

Father Padilla, whose soul was not
fired with desires of wealth, but with
yearnings for the salvation of souls,
refused to return to Mexico with the
expedition and announced his purpose
of remaining among the Indians and
devoting himself to their service.
Five other Franciscans followed his
example, and despite the earnest op-
positions of Coronado, who pointed out
to them the dangers which they would
inevitably encounter, the members of
this heroic little band saw the Spanish
forces march southward, leaving them
alone in the lands into which they
were the first Europeans to penetrate.
When the army departed their individ-
ual labors and fields; and Father
Padilla chose for his mission post,
the great land of disappoint-
ment, Quivira, to quote Father O'Con-
nell's description of it, which lay one
thousand miles away from the place
where Coronado left the missionaries
and began his return to Mexico.
With some companion lay-brothers,
the good Franciscan started for Qui-
vira, reaching that place in the sum-
mer of 1542. The Indians welcomed
him, and his labors proved so success-
ful from the outset that he was im-
pelled to look for the Quivirans seek to re-
strain his zeal and point out
to him that the Govas, to whom
he announced his intention of
proceeding, were their enemies and of
so savage a disposition that he would
court death by going among them.
Father Padilla would not listen, and
started from Quivira late in November.
He had scarcely gone a day's journey
when the Govas attacked him and his
companions. By his orders his asso-
ciates, while there was still time, sought
safety in flight; but he awaited the
Govas calmly.
His murderers covered his dead body
with a heap of stones, and his associates,
coming to the spot, after the Indian's
departure, carefully marked the place
and then returned to Quivira, whence
they subsequently went back to Mexico.
It was not until long years afterwards,
when Onate had succeeded in coloniz-
ing New Mexico, that some Francis-
cans, among whom the marks of Father
Padilla's tomb had been religiously
treasured, went in search of his grave
and, finding it, bore his remains back
to the church of San Augustin, in the
pueblo of Islets; where they were
solemnly interred and have ever since
remained. The date of his death was
Nov. 30, 1542; and Quivira the Indian
town from which his missionary zeal
moved him to go to his death, was
located not far from the present town
of Newton, Kansas, U. S.

Food, when it sours on the stomach,
becomes unwholesome and unwholesome.
If poisons the blood, and both mind
and body suffer in consequence.
What is needed to restore perfect
digestion is a dose or two of Ayer's
Pills. They never fail to relieve.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach,
Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by
the active principle of the ingredients enter-
ing into the composition of Parnelee's Vege-
table Pills. These Pills act specifically on
the deranged organs, stimulating to action
the dormant energies of the system, thereby
removing disease and renewing life and
vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great
secret of the popularity of Parnelee's Vege-
table Pills.

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET.

"I have no pleasure in you, saith
the Lord of Hosts; and I will not re-
ceive a gift of your hand:—for, from
the rising of the sun even to the going
down, My Name is great among the
Gentiles; and in every place there is
sacrifice, and there is offered to My
Name a clean oblation: for My Name
is great among the Gentiles, saith the
Lord of Hosts."
The world has seen for upwards of
eighteen hundred years, and daily
sees, this prophecy fulfilled to the
letter. The figurative and imperfect
sacrifices of the Jews have been every-
where superseded by the universal, all
sufficing, and most pure one of Jesus
Christ, whom the Eternal Father had
declared to be "A priest forever ac-
cording to the order of Melchisedech,"
who offered up Bread and Wine as a
priest of the most High God. The
unbloody sacrifice which superseded the
bloody sacrifices of the Old Law, and
He our High Priest in His omnipot-
ence has authorized His lawfully or-
dained priest to do in His Name, what
He Himself had done at the last
Supper: for He said: "Do this for a
commemoration of Me," and else-
where: "For as Thou (the Father)
hast sent me into the world, I also have
sent them into the world." "And as
the Father has sent me so I send you."
Again: "All power is given to me in
heaven and on earth, Go ye therefore
and teach all nations, baptizing them
in the name of the Father, and of the
Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching
them to observe all things whatsoever
I have commanded you: and lo! I am
with you all days, even to the end of
the world." Their commission was
thus made universal as to time and
place; and then, as it has been real-
ized, were fulfilled these words of the
last Jewish prophet: "From the ris-
ing of the sun to the going down
thereof, my name is great among the
Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."
That name, so great, is the name of
Him, who being in the form of God,
thought it not a robbery to be equal
with God, but emptied Himself, taking
the form of a servant, being made in
the likeness of man; and in habit
found as a man. He humbled Him-
self, being obedient unto death, even
to the death of the cross, for which
cause God hath exalted Him; and hath
given Him a name, which is above all
names, that at the name of Jesus every
knee should bow, of those that are in
heaven, on earth, and under the
earth, and that every tongue should
confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in
the glory of God the Father."
Elzear.

Baptism Makes Catholics.

According to the teachings of
Catholic theologians, every person
validly baptized is regenerated unto
Christ, and is therefore a member of
the family of God, which is the Church.
Throughout the towns and villages
of this country there are many who
have the misfortune of being born
outside the Church who in all proba-
bility have received valid baptism,
the great land of disappoint-
ment, Quivira, to quote Father O'Con-
nell's description of it, which lay one
thousand miles away from the place
where Coronado left the missionaries
and began his return to Mexico.
With some companion lay-brothers,
the good Franciscan started for Qui-
vira, reaching that place in the sum-
mer of 1542. The Indians welcomed
him, and his labors proved so success-
ful from the outset that he was im-
pelled to look for the Quivirans seek to re-
strain his zeal and point out
to him that the Govas, to whom
he announced his intention of
proceeding, were their enemies and of
so savage a disposition that he would
court death by going among them.
Father Padilla would not listen, and
started from Quivira late in November.
He had scarcely gone a day's journey
when the Govas attacked him and his
companions. By his orders his asso-
ciates, while there was still time, sought
safety in flight; but he awaited the
Govas calmly.
His murderers covered his dead body
with a heap of stones, and his associates,
coming to the spot, after the Indian's
departure, carefully marked the place
and then returned to Quivira, whence
they subsequently went back to Mexico.
It was not until long years afterwards,
when Onate had succeeded in coloniz-
ing New Mexico, that some Francis-
cans, among whom the marks of Father
Padilla's tomb had been religiously
treasured, went in search of his grave
and, finding it, bore his remains back
to the church of San Augustin, in the
pueblo of Islets; where they were
solemnly interred and have ever since
remained. The date of his death was
Nov. 30, 1542; and Quivira the Indian
town from which his missionary zeal
moved him to go to his death, was
located not far from the present town
of Newton, Kansas, U. S.

A Point to Remember.

If you wish to purify your blood you should
take a medicine which cures blood diseases.
The record of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla
proves that this is the best medicine for the
blood ever produced. Hood's Sarsaparilla
cures the most stubborn cases, and it is the
medicine for you to take if your blood is im-
pure.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after dinner
pill; assist digestion, cure headache.

THE FREETHINKER.

Not long ago a Catholic boy was
traveling in a railroad car between
Brussels and Namur. In the same car
was an infidel school inspector. On
passing before a Catholic church the
boy uncovered his head in honor of the
Blessed Sacrament, which he knew
was kept in the church.
The inspector, who up to this time
had been reading a newspaper, on
seeing the reverence paid by the boy
to the house of God, began to laugh,
and the following dialogue ensued:
"To be sure, my little friend, you
must be an altar boy?"
"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and I
am just preparing for my first Com-
munion."
"And would you please tell me what
the curate teaches you?"
"Well, he is just now instructing
me in the mysteries of religion."
"And, please, what are those mys-
teries? I have forgotten all about
mysteries this long time ago, and in a
couple of years it will be the same
with you."
"No, sir, I will never forget the
mysteries of the Holy Trinity, of the
Incarnation, and of the Redemption."
"What do you mean by the Holy
Trinity?"
"One God in Three Persons."
"Do you understand that, my little
friend?"
"Where there is a question of mys-
teries, three things are to be distin-
guished, to know, to believe, and to
understand. I know, and I believe
but I do not understand. We will
understand only in Heaven."
"These are idle stories; I believe
only what I understand."
"Well, sir, if you believe only what
you understand, will you tell me this.
How is it that you can move your
finger at will?"
"My finger is moved because my
will impresses a motion to the muscle
of my finger. This is—this is be-
cause—"
"But do you understand how this
is?"
"Oh yes, I understand it."
"Very well, if you understand it
then tell me why your will can move
your finger, and not, as in the case of
a donkey, your ear?"
"That was too much for the learned
inspector. He made a sorry face,
coughed, and muttered between his
teeth, "Let me alone little fellow,
you are too young to teach me a
lesson." He resumed reading his
newspaper, and did not take his eyes
from it until his unpleasant little
travelling companion had stepped off
at the next station and disappeared
from sight.—The Poor Souls Friend.

If the system is fortified by Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, which makes rich, red blood, there is
little danger of sickness.

A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of
Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome
affection of the throat," writes Manager
Thomas Dawson of the Standard Bank, now
of 14 Melbourn Avenue, Toronto. "It
proved effective. I regard the remedy as
simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has
habitually been my habit to consult a physician,
in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, how-
ever, I intend to be my own family doctor."
The Best Laid Plan—Mr. Wm. Vandervort,
Sydney, Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have
been using Parnelee's Pills, and find them
by far the best Pills we ever used. For
biliousness and indigestion, they are the best
I have ever used. I have been using them
for some time, and find them to be a most
valuable remedy. They act like a charm. Taken in small
doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimu-
lant, mildly exciting the secretions of the
body, giving tone and vigor."
Only those who have had experience can
tell the torture course. Pain with your
boots on, pain with them off—pain night and
day, but relief is sure to those who use
Holloway's Corn Cure.
Much distress and sickness in children is
caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm
Exterminator gives relief by removing the
cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

COLEMAN'S
DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD
AND