age of eight and forty years.

ands before all, whatever their sta

or position in life, as a guide as patron under whose banner they won

do well to place themselves. Und

his special protection they would lea

to love and pray, to love and practi the holy virtue of purity, to preser

their souls clean, innocent and accepable in the sight of God. No one c

tell how many thousands owe to h and the Angelic Warfare their salv

tion from the corruption of six a the flash. God alone knows how ma

SHEILA'S CARES

A Tale of St. John's Eve and the Au nual Bonfire.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

It was St. John's Eve, a soft, dreamy It was St. John's Eve, a sort, creamy evening in June, and almost every man, woman and child in the townland of Gortnaglas (the Field of Green), was busy at work, out in the hay fields. For, it behoved everyone to give a helping hand, so as to get in the hay harvest while the fine weather lasted. It was in the old days, before new fangled farming maching the decree to take the place of the willery had come to take the place of the will-ing human hands and arms; and, out in Mattie Carty's long meadow, it was a very bright and cheerful scene that met very bright and cheerful scene that me-one's gaze that evening, the girls, in their gaily-colored print frocks and sun-bon-nets, merrily tossing the hay, and twisting and turning it in the sun to dry, talk ing and turning it in the sun of the ting and laughing as they went,—while the men and boys gathered the dried part into heaps, and built them into round, symmetrical cocks. From the far end of the fields came the cheerful sound of the fields came the cheerful sound of the mowers whetting their scythes, the little children gathering about them, on the chance of their coming upon a wild bee's honey-comb, hidden away in the moss, at the foot of the fallen swathes; or perhaps, better lnck still, a "corncrake's nest," with its numerous mottled brown eggs. Now and then a wild shriek of excitement broke forth from the bevy of little folk, as a young "corncrake" black plumed and long legged, broke away in terror from the brown grasses, and made for the shelter of the distant hedge with

for the shelter of the distant heege with the whole group of youngsters in its wake. The cornerake, luckily for itself, had generally the best of the race. Sheila Donohoe, raking the hay at the other end of the field, cast many an anxi-ous eye in the direction of the children. "For, wouldn't it be what you'd expect (she said) for that little villian of a Patsy to come in the way of the scythe, and get the two legs out from under him, may

A terrible anxiety to Sheila was that A terrible anxiety to she a was that boy, ever and always, not to speak of his sister Mary, or Maureen, as they always called her, who was as bad if not worse than Patey himself. A great weight they had been on Sheila's mind ever since they were big enough to creep out of the color with the had served them as a cradle czier crib that had served them as a cradle for the first few months of their stormy for the first few months of their stormy existence. They were twins, and Sheila had no other brother or sister, although and no other brother or sister, atmosphes he was their senior by some twelve or fourteen years. Their father had died suddenly, while the babies were yet in their infancy, and Sheila's mother had been more or less of an invalid ever since. The shock of her husband's death, and her anxiety about her helpless children, had been too much for her already delihad been too much for her already deli cate frame, and she never seemed to pluck up heart, or to get strength to take the burden of her live and theirs into her own hands again. So it was Sheila who had to take care of them all on her young shoulders; and ever since she was a "slip it had been she alone who had bodies and souls togethersometimes, by doing a day's work up at the "big house" when, in addition to a liberal day's hire, the kindly-hearted mistress was sure, when she was leaving, to load her with an ample store of good things for the delicate mother and babies. in the harvest and hay-time she was always certain of a few weeks' good wages, which sent her home on Saturday enings with a light heart. In her more idle days—if she could ever be said to be idle—she tended her garden and poultry, digging and planting with her own hand the potato patch at the back of the little thatched cottage, where she was able also to grow enough cabbage to supply her shold and a good many of her neigh bors as well. She was always first in the market with her young chickens and ducks, getting sometimes as much as a of shillings or maybe half a crown couple of shillings of maybe had a crown a pair in the early season, when they were scarce; and, with this and the sale of some dozens of eggs every week, she was able to keep the little household at least

Troth, 'tis the good little girl she has always been; and 'twill be the sorrowfal for me and the childer when she takes into her head to leave us," Mrs. Donohoe used to say, with a plaintive sigh when-ever a neighbor would drop in to see her. And this off-repeated phrase of Mrs.

Donohoe's was partly the cause of the look of gathering trouble which often lay in her young daughter's brown eyes. For, how could Shiela ever leave her mother and the children so young and she so helpless? As she listened to the gleeful ts and wild delight of the children her heart felt heavy and sad within her. The sweet scent of the new-mown hay and the clover blossoms only made her head ache, and the drowsy hum of the bees scanded dull and monotonous in her ears. The pretty face under the lilac sun-bonnet looked flushed and hot in the evening sun; and the brown eyes looked heavy and tired.

Presently across the hay-field came the blithe sound of a man's voice deep and melodious, trilling out the "Colleen dhas cruitheen namo." The girl smiled sofdy; meiodious, trilling out the "Colleen dras cruitheen na mo." The girl smiled sofdy; then, flushed a deeper pink, and sighed. For, the singer was none else than Con Sullivan; and she knew that the song he was singing was all for her. Sure, wasn't it only on her account he was there that day? For, what call had he, the son of a comfortable widow, with a snug little farm of her own, to be out, earning his day's hire like any noor how, on another day's hire, like any poor boy, on another man's land? And it was just on this ac-count, and because she thought it wasn't right for him to be there at all, that Shiela kept resolutely at an other end of the field and as much out of his way as she could. They had been "speaking" for a matter They had been "speaking" for a matter of two years or more; and right well Sheila knew that, in spite of the difference in their circumstances, there was not a girl in the whole country round that Con Sullivan thought as much of as he did of her. Sure, only that very night twelve months, when they were at the big bonfire up on the hill, had not Con caught her up behind him on his horse, and ridden unscathed through the bonfire with her? And wasn't that a sure sign that some day she

Since that night he had so claimed her for his own, before all the country-side, Mrs. Sullivan had nothing but black looks and ill words for poor Shiela. A hard, purse-proud woman she was, with a bitter tongue and a narrow, selfish heart; and the worst moment in each week of Sheila's quiet life was when Mrs. Sullivan and daughters drove past her, on their jaunting car, with a haughty look of scorn, each Sinday morning, on their way to Mass.

So it was that Sheila's heart was heavy and sad whenever she thought of Con Sullivan and the kind blue eyes that had rested so often on hers with a glance that was almost a caress. He and she both knew that his mother would never give her consent to a marriage between them. And he knew very well, the that was restricted by the might area it. too, that, no matter how he might urge it, Sheila would never be satisfied to live under the same roof with people who de-

spised her.
Over and over again he had asked her to marry him and go with him to Amer-ica. "Sare she wouldn't be afraid to trust herself to him," he pleaded; "didn't she know he would work the very flesh she know he would work the very fiesh off his bones rather than see her in want." But Sheila only shook her head. She could not put dissension between mother and son. And now could she leave her own helpless ones?

Now the Angelus bell has rung. It was 6 o'clock, and the day's work was at an end. The mowers shouldered their court has reached up their coats and dingerables as these days and dingeral their coats and din

end. The mowers shouldered their scythes, gathered up their coats and diner pails from the hedge-bank, and trudged their way homewards,—the girls and boys following in a merry troop behind

Con came and walked beside Sheils taking the wooden hay rake from her and carrying it on his shoulder. This even-ing he looked thoughtful and gloomy almost, in comparison with his usual bright cheerfulness, and Sheila looked question

ingly up at him.

"Will you come to the bonfire to night,

"Will you come to the bonfire to-night, Sheila?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered, flushing a little as she met his glarce and remembered the previous year.

"I will meet you there, then," he said. Then, catching her hand, he suddenly faced round and stooped in front of her.

"And when are you going to give me my answer, Sheila?" he whispered, almost flercely. "I will not wait much longer, now, I tell you."

"What can I do, Con, asthore," she pleaded. "You know we must think of your mother, and of mine, too."

"Don't talk to me of my mother," he answered angrily. "It's the black and bitter words she gave me before I left my dead father's house this morning; ay, black and bitter enough to poison the very heart of me; and I think I'll not forget them till the day I die. And I swear now by St. John and all the saints in heaven that I'll marry you before the year is out, in spite of her or of any other woman."

"Hush. Con. darling!" Sheila cried.

"Hush, Con, darling!" Sheila cried, with a shudder; "you have no right to speak like that, and it will not bring either of us luck."

"Wait till you see, then. You don't know how the heart is worn out in me with all this waiting and never a sign of with all this waiting and never a sign of hope for me. A man must get desperate sometimes, and if you won't come to America with me I must just go by myself; for I can't stand this any longer."

The tears came to Sheila's eyes.
"Do you think that I suffer nothing at all?" she asked reproachfully. "But let us not talk about it now, Con. We will

meet to night at the bon-fire in any case. And now I must look after the children." The twins, Patsy and Maureen, were still busily investigating the secrets of nature, but came quickly in obedience to Con's loud whistle, their hands filled with wild flowers, poppies, moon daisies, and golden St. John's wort. They were in great glee, looking forward with the wild-est delight to the bon-fire festival that night. The bon-fires were to be lit on the little hill at the top of the boreen, and after support ime all the people, young and old, of the townland would flock thither. There would be singing and story telling, card playing and other games, but no dancing. For was it not the dancing of the daughter of Herodias that had cost the blessed St. John his life To-night two bon-fires would be lit to-gether, and some of the boys and girls would rush between the flames hand in hand, or maybe on horseback, as Con had done with Sheila last year. And the farmers would drive their cattle up to the fires, where men stood on guard at each side, and the women and girls would strike each quiet beast on the hip with a reed, driving them quickly through the tongues of flame, and thereby bringing down a blessing on each one of the herd. The children would go, after supper, and gather the reeds, which, it is supposed were symbolic of St. John himself, according to the words of the Gospel—

"And what went ye out to see? A reed shaken in the wind?"
Con left Sheila, with the children, at the door of the little cottage.
"Ye were long in coming child," said her mother peevishly, "and I'm afreard the praties is almost spoilt."
She lifted the not and shook the pota-

the praties is almost spoilt."

She lifted the pot and shook the potatoes lightly together, "to make them floury," she said; then turned them out on the table, set a noggin of buttermilk each for Sheila and herself and the twins,

each for Shella and herself and the twins, and they all sat down.

"I see that young Sullivan come to the door with ye, Shella," Mrs. Donohoe began, when they had nearly finished; "and I don't see what good is going to come of ye keeping company with that box."

Sheila flushed with annoyance; then

turned to the children.

"Do you run off now, alannas, and get the reeds," she said to them hastily, fearing her mother's outspokenness before them. "Don't be long, and I'll be ready to take you to the bonfire against you come back."

So, it's off to the bon-fire ye are now," "So, it's off to the bon-fire ye are now," said Mrs. Donohoe, with an angry gleam in her eye. "An' I suppose it's off to meet him again ye are. It isn't enough to have him workin' all day in the field with ye, nothin' less will do ye both, and gettin' him to see you home to the very door, under me eyes, but you must be off attay suit, in the avanin' to make him.

again. again."
"You know very well, mother," said
Sheila, "that I should go to the bon-fire
were Con never to be at it, and you know,
too, that it is his own wish and not mine to come to work in the field and see me

nome in the evening."
Well, I tell ye ag "Well, I tell ye again ye need expect no good of keepin' his company or runnin' after him, encouragin' him to go against his own mother. It isn't right or natural for a boy to go again' his own like that, and I won' lave it to the people to say that a daughter of mine is to blame for it."

Sheila choked back an angry retort, and sighed deeply. It seemed to her that no matter what she did, it could not that no matter what she did, it could not be the right thing now. She had fought all day, as many another day, against her own inclinations; had tried to put Con out of her heart, to think only of the feeble mother and the little brother and the little

sister depending on her. And now her mother was the first to turn on her and accuse her of running after him and making him to go against his own. In the bitterness of her heart she could have wept. She looked at her mother reproachfully, and choked back a sob. Then, she set about clearing away the remains of the supper, and when she had done that threw a shawl about her and went out to meet the children. She went done that threw a shawl about her and went out to meet the children. She went down the field by a path under a hedge, the banks of which were all but hidden under huge clusters of feathery braken fern, with here and there the tall graceful stems of the purple foxglove. Down beside the lake, where the green rushes grew, and the yellow broom made many a patch of golden glory against the blue waters, she knew she would find the children at their work.

dren at their work.

"Patsy! Maureen!" she called down
the hill side; "come, are you ready?"
A joyful "Holloa!" came back to he in return ; then, a moment after, a sud wild shriek of terror rang out through the air and went echoing across the lake. She heard Patsy calling loudly on her to come quickly, flew down the path, and came suddenly on him, standing alone, wringing his hands and wailing piteously for help.

for help.
"Where is Maureen? Tell me quickly," she cried, her heart beating fast with a terrible fear.
"She's there," he wailed, "out in the

water," pointing to where a white stripe of pinafore lay on the surface of the lake out beyond the reeds and rushes.

out beyond the reeds and rushes.

Then, without another word, Sheila threw off her shawl and plunged into the water, careless of herself and her inability to swim, only willing to risk her own young life to save that of the little sister whose angel guardian she had always been.

But it was of no avail. Half an hour later, Con Sullivan, dressed in his best suit of homespun, and gaily caparisoned for the bon-fire festivities, where he was to meet the girl of his heart, came unexpectedly on a melancholy group down by the lake side. The lifeless body of little Maureen lay on the mossy bank, one cold little hand still clutching the brilliant yellow flagger blossoms which had cost her and Sheila their lives. But it was left to Con to find the body of his little dead sweetheart, lying tangled in the weeds a few yards from the margin of the lake. It was he who reverently carried home the poor tender lifeless body of the girl who had been all the world to him, and laid her gently in the sorely stricken mother's arms. It was he who stood by mother's arms. It was no who stood by the widow during the weary days of the waking, taking upon himself to look after her wants, and bearing the funeral ex-penses of Shella and the child. And it as he who took the foremost place in the final mournful procession, helping to bear the coffin of his dear dead Sheila on his strong young shoulders, and never once relinquishing the care of it till it was reverently and sadly laid in the grave

eside that of her little sister. A week after, Con Sullivan turned his back for ever on the home of his boyhood, and set out for America, a lonely, broken

REPROACH AND SHAME OF THE CHURCH.

Cardinal Newman in Sermon "Christ Upo

the Waters.") (The Church) " has scandals, she has (The Church) "has shame; no Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children;—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expectly reddicted that the cookle sown pressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Caurch should be like a fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not exam

ined till the evening.

There is ever then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all

If there was a Judas among the

Apostles, and a Nicholas among the dea-Aposties, and a Nicholas among the dear-cons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, or of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, nay in the seat of St. Peter itself? **
What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred Popes amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfill the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began 'to strike the manservants and the maidservants, and to ea and drink and be drunk?" What wil come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-advised measures, or timid-ity, or vacillation in action, or secular ity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offenses altogether absent from her history."

WHY THE SEED SHOULD BE SOWN EARLY.

Leo XIII. to the Bishops of the Church, April 21, 1578)

"It is your duty, Venerable Brethren, to devote your assiduous care to scatter afar in the field of the Lord the seed of your heavenly doctrines, and to cause the principles of the Catholic faith to pene-trate early in the souls of the faithful, so that these doctrines may push their roots deeper and be preserved in that shelter from the contagion of errors. The greater the efforts of the enemies of religion to the efforts of the enemies of rengion to present to inexperienced persons, and especially to youth, teachings which may obscure their minds and corrupt their hearts, the more you must labor zealously for the success, not alone of a good and solid method of education, but especially to make the teaching itself conformable in science and discipline to the Catholic faith perturbals in philosophy or which

and to defend it against its enemies, as has been taught us in the examples and writings of the great Augustine, of the Angelic Doctor, and other masters of Christian science."

OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

Why is it there is so much opposition Why is it there is so much opposition to Christ? He was a good man. Nothing in His life was done antagonistic to man. He did great things for us both directly and indirectly, and He certainly brought blessings to the world. And still many men protest His claim.

Why is that monuments are erected throughout the world in honor of all great men and benefactors of the race, and when a monument is erected to our Blessed Lord it meets with hisses? What is the reason? The reason is not far dis-

Blessed Lord it meets with hisses? What is the reason? The reason is not far distant. Those in this age, as in other ages, who manufacture public opinion, in other words those who are in touch with the world and closely related to it, Christ said at the last supper He would not pray for. Those having the ear of everybody do not desire anything like an universal acceptance of Christ's doctrine. Why? Because Christ's religion preaches sobriety, honesty, purity and chastity, and there are men and women who have no higher are men and women who have no higher motive or instinct than we have in com mon witch the animals. They desicense, complete scope for the indulger of human nature, that can brook no in terference. An examination of the detail of the lives of such persons will show such motives, and if not, then we will find a supreme pride which centuries and censupreme pride which centuries and centuries ago was the cause of Lucifer's fall when he was told he would be compelled to kneel down and adore a man. You will find that outrageous arrogance that dares to contest God's supremacy in the world and would not for an instant submit to God's compands. mit to God's commands.

It is predominant in Christ's religion that God is first, before all, and the in-stant He falls to second place the world is upside down and man is committing

For reasons such as these it is that there is so much opposition to Christ.

—Rev. James J. Sallivan, S. J.

THE FAMILY THE CRADLE OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

"The family is the cradle of civil society, and it is for the most part in the surroundings of the home that the destiny of States is prepared. Those who wish to tear society away from Christianity, go to States is the very roots and endeavor to corrupt the very roots and endeavor to corrept family life. They do not allow them-selves to be deterred from this attempt by the thought that this cannot be accom-plished without inflicting upon parents the most cruel outrage; for to parents it belongs by virtue of natural rights to educate their children to the ends which God has given them. It is a strict obligation laid upon parents to give all their care, and to neglect no effort, to repulse energetically all unjust violence done to them in this matter, so that they may guard their exclusive authority in the educa-tion of their children." (This last pas-sage is translated in Father Eyre's edi-tion as follows: "It is then incumbent sage is translated in Father Eyre's edi-tion as follows: "It is then incumbent on parents to strain every nerve to ward off such an outrage, and to strive man-fully to have and to hold exclusive authorto direct the education of their off spring, as is fitting in a Christian man spring, as is fitting in a Christian man-ner.") "They must, moreover, imbue them with the principles of Christian morality, and absolutely oppose their children frequenting schools where they are exposed to the fatal poison of impiety. When it is a question of the good educa-tion of youth, we have no right to fix a limit to the pains and labor that result, however great these may be. Those however great these may be. Those Catholics of all nationalities, who, at the expense of much money and more zeal have erected schools for the education o their children, are worthy of being proposed for the admiration of all. It would be well if this noble example were fol owed wherever circumstances call for it. -Leo. XIII, Jan. 10, 1890.

"NON-SECTARIANISM."

A noteworthy illustration of "nonsectarianism" was presented recently in the city of Londonderry, Ireland, in the refusal of the Board of Poor Law by a ball, but the standard of zouaves, endowed with greatest privileges by Guardians to accept a gift offered by a lady member of the Board, Mrs. Morris, the gift being a copy of the famous "Ecce Homo," by the celebrated Italian artist, Guido Reni, and the donor's idea being that the picture should b hung in the hospital or infirmary of the institution. Following is a digest of a report of the Board meeting at which the matter was considered and decided on :
"Mrs. M. Morris-said—I am sure

you all remember the melancholy oceasion on which we met in this room and passed a unanimous vote of sym-pathy with His Majesty the King on the death of his beloved mother, the Oneen. On that occasion I had the melancholy pleasure of referring to the noble and sympathetic qualities of the deceased Monarch, and to the beautiful and graphic description given by the press of her death and the surroundings of the death chamber—how, in her last moments, she gazed so affectionately on the picture of Oar Divine Lord, which she always kept in her bedroom. I on that occasion was struck with the happy thought that we should remember her in more than words, and to accomplish that I wish to present a fac simile of that picture, and to ask that it be hung in a conspicuous place in the new infirmary in nemory of her late Majesty.
The Chairman—What is the pic-

Mrs. Morris-The picture is ' Ecce Homo, and an exact fac-simile of what the Queen had in her bedroom.

"Mr. Hall-I move that there be no sectarian picture brought into this house. "Mr. Browne-Surely no Christian

can call the picture of the Lord sectarian. "Mr. A. J. Irwin said in the arrangement of the Royal death chamber the Queen had many things included,

copy of a painting for which the Engish Government paid several thousand pounds. "Mr. Irwin-Let the Government

keep it; we don't want it.
"The Chairman said that if the pic-

ture to be presented were one of the late Queen herself it would, doubtless, be accepted by the Board without any difference of opinion.
"Mr. P. Lynch—It strikes me that

if a picture of the Queen is worthy of respect, a picture of Oar Lord should be worthy of still greater respect.
"Mrs. Morris had the picture

brought into the Board-room at this stage, and unwrapped it, so that the members could see it.
"Mr. Shannon-We don't want it

here. "The Chairman - Do you make the motion? "Mrs. Morris-Yes ; I move that the

picture be accepted in memory of the late Queen.
"Mr. Hannigan—I second that. "Mr. Irwin-I move that it be not

accepted.
"On a division, the acceptance of the picture was refused, seven voting

for, and eighteen against. For readers not acquainted with the eccentricities of a certain element of the population in Darry and Balfast, which element is in the ascendancy on all public boards in both cities, we may explain that the "S c arian'sm" (f of the " Ecce Homo," in the judgmen of the eighteen who refused to accep it, lay in its being by them regarde as "Popish." A picture of the Queen herself would be all right with the Orangeman. "No difference of opin ion" as to that, but a picture of Christ or the Sign of the Cross-that is "sec tarian."-- N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A STRIKING REWARD.

Father De Musy and the Banner of the Sacred Heart.

Commandant Roussett of L'Ecole Superieure de Guerre, in his history of the Franco-Prussian war, lately pubin Paris and crowned by the French Academy, gives a realistic picture of the battle of Loigny, in which the pontical zouaves of Charette carried the banner of the Sacred Heart. The author describes the desperate valor and dogged persistency with which their charge was made.

The banner changed hands many times, but as the standard-bearer fell another seized it and carried it forward in the same heroic manner.

These are the words of Kousset: General de Louis, commanding the Seventeenth corps, wished to try a supreme effort to save the day for France. He called to him the 300 puaves under Colonel Charette, who had fought in the army of the Pope; a half battalion of militia from Des du Nord and two companies of sharp hooters from Tours and Blidah, in al about 800 men. Patting himself at the head of this handful of soldiers De Louis threw himself against the victorious division of the enemy which

had occupied Loigny.
"With an irresistible impulse and courage without bounds this heroic band followed their general. Using only their side arms and without firing a shot, they took the first stand defended by seven companies of Ger mans. On they went, still without firing, for such was the order given, and, though not exposed to the raking fire of the enemy, they covered the distance of 1,200 meters of open country that lay between them and Loigny. A little wood not far from the village was next carried. The ranks of the galiant company were already thin-ned. General de Louis was stretched upon the field, his leg carried away the banner of the Sacred Heart, was still held aloft. Wounded to death, Sergeant Dasberthamon passed it to Fernand de Bouille. When the latter fell dead, he was replaced by his son, Jacques de Bouille. He, too, killed, was replaced by his son-in-law, Cazeneuve de Pradines, now deputy from Loire Inferieure, who was soon seriously wounded and passed the standard

to M. de Traversay "All their gallantry was of no avail. The reenforcements of the Germans proved overwhelming. Charette fell wounded. and retreat was sounded. Of the 300 pontifical zouaves who answered the call of their general, but

102 returned unwounded. The inspiring lessons of faith and valor furnished by the banner of the Sacred Heart lends more than a passing interest to its history. recently died at Chagny, France, the rector of the parish after forty years of priesthood, the second son of the Count of Musy. While attending the seminary of Annecy, preparing for holy orders, the young man lost his power of speech. Later, by special favor, he was admitted to the holy priesthood notwithstanding his infir mity, but shortly after lost, too, the use of his eyes. Again paralysis affected him, and henceforth he was confined to an invalid's chair.

It was to this poor, helpless creature that came the thought during those terrible days of 1870 to save France through recourse to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He caused to be made at Paray-le-Monial a banner of white silk on which was embroidered the emblem since so familiar to us all. Though it led as gallant a charge as was ever made, it failed in the purpose its donor intended, for God had other What these are we know designs. not. Perhaps France's defeat was a merited chastisement. Perhaps it is

how futile the arms in which they

But God rewarded in a most singu. lar way the poor afflicted priest whose confiding faith was placed in the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On the 15th of August, Lady Day, M. de Musy was brought to Lourdes in company with thousands of pious pilgrims to seek the help of Our Lady At the moment of the elevation of the Sacred Host in the Mass the poor paralytic felt his body revive, his eyes were opened and his whole being strengthened. He left his roll chair, and when the faithful raised their eyes from adoration they saw him kneeling in their midst.

For many years after Rev. Father de Musy ministered to a large and devoted parish, a living wonder more elequent than words.

Over the city of Paris has since been raised the beautiful basilica of the Sacred Heart. It is a church of expiation, and intended by millions of faithful Frenchmen who contributed for it as a work of national reparation for the national sin of an outraged religion. Never more than at present pes France need this public acknowl. edgment of her crime and her sorrow. But may her reparation through the Sacred Heart of Jesus soon take the blush of shame from the face of the 'eldest daughter of the church."-Guidon.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Model of Charity, of Learning and of Devotion to the Most Blessed Sacr

An undying honor is attached to the noble lineage of the Counts of Aqui, of Aquino, in Italy, in that the Angelic Doctor, as St. Thomas Aquinas is styled, was a member of that family. Born in the year 1226, his early child. hood was passed in the monastery of Monte Cassino, but while there he dis played such extraordinary abilities that his relatives used every possible means to dissuade him from adopting a religious life, foreseeing that his talents would secure a most brilliant future for him in the world. But their efforts were unavailing, and at the age of nineteen Thomas put on the Dominican habit at Naples. However, he was not to be unmolested in his choice. We read that he was seized by his brothers, Landulf and Reginald, while on a journey to Paris, and endured a two years' captivity in their castle of Rocca-Secca. But the violence of his brothers and the affectionate caresses of his mother and sisters did not shake him in his vocation, and finally, escaping, he entered on a course of study at Cologne under Blessed Albert the Great, from whose instruction he proceeded to Paris, and in that city him-self taught philosophy and theology for many years.

From the Lives of the Saints we

learn that while St. Thomas was in confinement at Rocca Secca, "his brothers endeavored to entrap him into sin, but their attempt ended in the triumph of his purity. Snatching from the hearth a burning brand, the Saint drove from the chamber the wretched creature whom they had there concealed. Then marking a cross upon the wall, he knelt down to pray and forthwith, being rapt in ecstacy, an angel girded him with a cord, in token of the gift of perpetual chastity which God had given him. The pain caused by the girdle was so sharp that St. Thomas uttered a piercing cry, which brought his guards into the room. But he never told this grace to anyone, save only to Fr. Raynold, his confessor, a little while before his death." And this was the origin of the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare, a devotion followed by numberless saints, confirmed and many holy pontiffs, and of which Camillo Quadrio, of the Jesuit order, writes that if he should desire to recount all the graces received by faithful by means of the girdle of St. Thomas, which members of the confra ternity wear, he would have to fill many volumes.

But St. Thomas was celebrated for his learning also, and the Church has ever venerated and still venerates his copious writings as "a treasure house of sacred doctrine." His were the rarest gifts of intellect, and they were united in him with the most tender piety. Prayer, he used to say, had taught him more than study.

But he was also a model to us of devotion to the Most Holy Eucharist ; the office and hymns for Corpus Christi, which he composed, testify to this fact. It is related that he was once miraculously addressed by a Crucifix, before which he knelt in the following words: Well hast thou written concerning me, Thomas; what shall give thee as a reward?" "Naught save Thyself, O Lord !" Here is a divine panegyric. Well, indeed, has he written, and through long ages Holy Church has been illumined by the wisdom of this this "Angelic Doctor," and drinks from the pure ever flowing waters of his doctrine. St. Thomas died at Fossa Nuova, in the year 1274, while on his way to the General Council of Lyons, to which he had been summoned by the pontiff, Pope Gregory X.

The Rosary Magazine for this month contains an excellent account of the Saint and his work, and from it is taken the following summary of his qualities and influence. The of the article says: "St. Thomas has tood before the world for more than six hundred years, not only as a great doctor of the Church, but also as an extraordinary saint and as an exemp-lar of every Christian virtue, drawing thousands rose from the mire and fi of incontinency and became shini models and examples of grace, spiritual beauty and sanctity throu His intercession and devotion to Angelic Warfare."

THE KEEPING OF SUNDAY When the Master of the House

called Beelzebub, they of the hot

hold need not crave a better nan and if the Lord of Universe was cused of breaking the Sabbath walking in the fields, His bride m be willing to be taunted for befound at His side. In the eyes of found at his side. In the eyes of Dissenter, Catholics, as a body, fail keep holy the Sabbath day. What means by the Sabbath, and on what bases his keeping of it, he is not qu clear. Not till the time of Moses the observance of the day beg though in Genesis we are told "God blessed the seventh day and lowed it." To a people of shepher a non-working day was not neit necessary or possible. With a set agricultural life, the privilege o day of rest for man and beast is serted in the Book of Dauterono The Hebrew is there told to keep seventh day as a day of rest, not cause the Creator rested on it, bu order that "thy man slave and maid slave may rest even as thou The Decalogue exalted the be

cient regulation into a binding

The Dissenter does not, however, p to reflect that the commandment plies to the Saturday instead of Sunday, and that he has no autho but that of the Catholic Church for transfer. "The Son of Man is l also of the Sabbath," and His Ch inherited the domination. Oar I besides exposing Himself to the cism of the Scribes, declared the bath is " made for man, not man the Sabbath," and remarked the in sistency of those who loosed an o an ass on the Sabbath, yet were sho when He on the same day "loos daughter of Abraham whom Satan But he did not abrogat bound." Sabbath. This was the work of Church. "Let no man judge Church. Says St. Paul, "in the matter Sabbath Day." In commemorati Christ's resurrection, and to disting it forever from the Sabbath of th Law, the first and not the sevent was chosen by the Apostles as a d special devotion to God. It is d in the Apocalypse "the Lord's I and in the Acts we are told how disciples came together on the firs

THE CHARM OF BELGIUM CHURCHES.

Writing from Brussels, "Carimore Sun, says: "The churche heavy and dark, with massive No towers, at which one cannot look without a sickening sense of hel ness, perhaps occasioned by thei

of the week to break bread. - Ame

mensity and our own insignific But within the church Belgium have one superlative c in spite of the fact that they as decorated with frescoss, which ment and give color to the churc Italy, for it would have been in ble to preserve frescoes in st climate. The pictures are votive ings and are placed in chapels en by their donors or placed on a altar, the gift of a league or a peror to commemorate a mira interposition in favor of the F or in honor of a favorite saint. to one accustomed to the warmt

color of the churches of the

"But a certain absence of sen

ness is forgiven in the realizat

the highest religious feelings a

there is a sense of missing.

mosphere of solemn and penet devotion. From 6 in the mo till after 12 a succession of we pers attends the Masses, and that time apsolute silence and are kept. No pictures are show tombs may be visited; ther vergers in uniform present to the keeping of the rule. With impatience of a sightseer one is fret against the delay this reg imposes, tut let one step out clear sunshine into the tempered of the Cathedral, look through vista of arches to the nave who altar is aglow with lights ar choir in white vestments are of knees, and for the aesthetic effec one is willing to wait. It was the church was built, that so adorned it, artists painted it, ar in your role of spectator have part in it. They to whom it is are the old women in the cloaks and creped cars ki against the pillar; the little footed girl with her wooden shoe hand; the lay Sister in her wo blue woollen dress and starche bonnet; to the seamed and sea man with the medals on his bre the coat, like Joseph's, of many Dld not St. Francis bless the Then, too, the dog of Flander his strained muscles and great hide, who has left his cart an

into the quiet shelter for a br space, here also has a place.