

Back Where They Used to Be.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all creation; But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before.

The likes of us 'a-livin' here! It's just a mortal pity To see us in this great big house, with carpets on the stairs,

Let's go a visitin' back to Griggaby Station— Back where the latch string's a hand's length from the door.

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I want to see the piece quilts that Jones girl made; And I want to pester Laury 'bout her freckled, freckled face.

Let's go a visitin' back to Griggaby Station— Back where the latch string's a hand's length from the door.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Gospel St. Luke, xviii, 11-19: "As He entered into a certain town there met Him ten lepers, who stood afar off and lifted up their voice, saying 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.'"

One of the comparisons we most frequently meet in Holy Scripture is to call sin—mortal sin—the leprosy of the soul, because sin, in its effects on the soul, very much resembles the devastation and blighting effects of leprosy on the body.

Leprosy in olden times, and to day where it exists, is one of the most loathsome of all diseases. It is contracted by contact with persons infected by it, and once one is infected by it, it gradually poisons the whole system.

So the lepers in the Gospel "stood afar off and cried out." They did not dare to come in contact with anyone, and did others approach them unaware, they were obliged to cry out that they were unclean.

The innocent soul in health is mistress of her own energies. She claims the rights of a rebellious nature. She keeps in check the inclinations to evil. The tranquility and peace of conscience that one enjoys are but the vigor and strength that comes in the possession of health.

There are secondary stages in the disease when the sinner becomes so possessed with his defilements, he no longer finds pleasure among the innocent. He has made himself an outcast from God, he now thus all that is good. The corruption seizes on all his faculties and powers.

ruption seizes on all his faculties and powers. His mind can think of naught but sin—his desires are for lower and still lower sensual gratifications—his imagination becomes filled with all foulness and one by one the heaven-born gifts that were his in the health of innocence fester and rot away so that he takes on corruption and it enters like water into his flesh and all into his bones.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

UNVANQUISHED ZOUAVES.

BY CARLOS.

A feeling of most intense love for his holy religion is one which often manifests itself on the part of the Irish Catholic. Never, perhaps, in the history of Ireland did the people of that country show more fully how they were animated by this spirit of affection for all that concerns the Church than when Victor Emmanuel the First was the old ruler of the world.

Plus ça change, plus ça change, would never surrender, one iota of the Temporal Power which he held in trust for the Church; but the "Robber King," with his hands of free-booters and brigands and a host of infidel adventurers from all parts of Europe, sacrilegiously invaded the States of the Church, quenched the lamp of the sanctuary, banished priests and monks and nuns, consecrated to God, from their convents and monasteries, and raised the standard of revolt against the Pope, till the latter in self defense, and to preserve the trust confided to his care, allowed the Papal army to resist the challenges whose hands were already red with innocent blood.

At this critical period of the history of the Church, the young blood of Ireland was stirred up. The Irish people remembered how in Penal times the scraggy arched waded ankle deep in blood to protect his flock, regardless of personal danger, and at the risk of life and liberty.

What! Let me see. I know that face, aren't you— "Alfred Monteverdi!" "Why, Alfred, my dear old friend! Come up stairs till I introduce you to my wife, and bring your pretty little girl along."

It is needless to say that Pierce Pendergast and his wife did all in their power to make the Italian feel at home, to the delight of the children.

When asked about the explosion, Alfred explained that it was true that while superintending the quarry men in Carrara he had been blown into the air; but falling into a pond of water, escaped with his life. A fire subsequently destroyed his home and he was forced to come out to this country.

Bread and water, and but little of that, was all the food allowed them. However, the severer their punishment the more anxious were they to secure their freedom. Poor Pendergast had been too severely wounded to make any effort at escape, but Monteverdi burrowed and dug with persevering energy when the guards were not on the alert, till at length, with no other implement than a broken bayonet, he succeeded in making a passage large enough to creep through.

It was midnight. There was not a stir in the sky. Alfred told his partner in sorrow that their hour to make a bold strike for freedom had arrived. Pierce Pendergast worked successfully with a file on his iron, while Alfred Monteverdi had been doing the burrowing. So that they stood a pretty fair chance to make good their escape.

Cautionally they crawled through the aperture, Monteverdi leading the way. Presently they heard a noise like the tramp of armed men. They hesitated. "Go ahead," whispered Pendergast, "let us take our chances. If we wait in this hole we will be discovered, for the night watch will walk into our dungeon at any moment." So they go, and, to their terror, they notice troops marching through the darkness.

Nearer and nearer they approach. Suddenly a shot breaks the stillness of the night. Then, in a broad Irish brogue, they hear the word of command "Halt!" It was a detachment of the Papal Brigade! Up to the main body the two prisoners at once rushed. On being halted, Pendergast, in his Irish brogue, gave an old countenance. The voice was several. "The Pendergast and Monteverdi!" cried out several of the men. It is needless to say they were received with open arms. In an instant the alarm was given that the prisoners had made their escape. At the same moment shots were exchanged with the enemies' pickets, and a hot skirmish took place, in which the Zouaves of the Brigade were victorious.

Pendergast and Monteverdi remained close friends for the rest of the campaign, at the close of which the Irishman was invited to partake of Monteverdi's hospitality at his own residence on the outskirts of the Eternal City.

He had been here only a short time when he learned of the death of his mother in Ireland. His father died when he was a mere child, so now there was no particular attraction for him in the land of his birth. Therefore, he informed his kind friend Monteverdi that it was his intention to sail for the land of the free.

Having made all necessary preparations, he bade his comrade a heartfelt "good-bye," and took his departure. The latter, however, before he allowed him to go, made him a present of a handsome gold medal of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which his ever afterwards preserved as a souvenir of their friendship.

paper of an accident that took place in a Carrara marble quarry, where a number of people were blown into the elements by a premature blasting of the rock, and, among others, Pierce's old friend Alfred.

Pierce told his wife how grieved he felt at the calamity that befell his old friend, and again, for the hundredth time, recounted the many acts of kindness he received at the hands of his dear friend in Italy, where both had shared the hardships of war together at a time when death and danger stared them in the face.

The terrors of the tented field are often indelible. But who will say that the terrors to be confronted in the actual battle of life are not sometimes fully as severe? With all the contrivances of civilization, what a gigantic failure it seems to be in some instances after all!

The gaily mixture in the highest circles; the innocent drinking the draught of sorrow. The coward and meek mingling with the perfumed, kid-gloved throng; the hero and type of ancient or modern chivalry elting out a miserable pittance, or dying of slow starvation in a loathsome garret!

But there is a world beyond the grave! It will be the old story of Lazarus and Dives over again. Let us hope so; it would be too bad to be compelled to suffer here and hereafter as well. But it depends on the poor man's own efforts to secure treasure, of which neither the grave nor his glorious nineteenth century civilization can deprive him.

"O, mamma, listen to that tune. It is the one you like so much, 'St. Patrick's Day in the morning.'"

"Yes, dear, you and Annie can go down and give that quarter to the poor man playing it so well."

And the two little girls ran with joy on their pleasing errand. Even the cat followed them, as though posted on the whole business.

"Come, pussy, you must dance to the tune!" cried the two children in one voice. And dance it did! The old man's little girl stilled to see the fun.

"I declare, girls, but you have quite a picnic with this street organ."

It was his father's voice, Pierce Pendergast. He had just come in after a walk.

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THE ONE FOLD.

If we only know how much Our Lord loves those "other sheep" who are not in the one fold, we would think and act differently from what we do toward them. As we look upon the sacred image of Our Divine Lord upon the cross, we behold His arms and hands stretched to their utmost extent to embrace the whole world.

He is the second Adam, who came to undo the work of the first Adam; and with the terrible consequences of the first transgression have extended to all men without exception, from this we may infer that God does not simply will that men should be saved, but He actually gives to every man that is born sufficient grace to accomplish this great work.

But are those who stay outside of the one fold in the way to this sufficient grace? Certainly they are not, or Our Lord would never have said: "Them also I must bring, and there shall be one Shepherd." No one, therefore, can be said to be in the way of salvation who stays outside of the one true fold of the Church. We cannot, of course, know what extraordinary means God may use for those who are ignorant of the Church, yet we do know with perfect certainty that the Catholic Church with its doctrine, sacraments and other means of grace, is the only divinely established means of salvation for all men.

Knowing, then, that our divine Lord, inasmuch as He died for all men, will to bring all men into the one true fold, where they may be under one Shepherd, we must feel it our duty, if we have the love of Christ in our hearts, by our prayers, words, and good example to bring the "other sheep" of whom Our Lord speaks so lovingly to a knowledge of this one fold. It is only a coldness of faith and charity which can make us look upon those who are outside of the Church as if they were already where they ought to be, or make us think of a hopeless task to try to bring them into the true Church. Our Lord has promised that they shall hear His voice. We know, then, that He will co-operate by His all-powerful grace with what we do for their salvation.

Our first duty is that of prayer for those "other sheep." Every prayer we offer for the conversion of infidels and heretics will be heard, and will bring down upon them additional grace. Prayer opens the hearts of the Irish people, when they were in the darkness of paganism, to receive the true faith of St. Patrick. In our own day, also, prayer has brought thousands of Protestants, of atheists and infidels into the true Church. Father Ignatius Spencer, of the Order of Passionists, was raised up by God to spread among the Catholics of Ireland and England the devotion of prayer for England, and we behold the results of these prayers in the great "Oxford movement," which brought so many into the Church and has opened the way for so many more conversions. Can we ever by our own words bring others into the Church? Yes. An explanation of some point of Catholic doctrine, an invitation to come and hear a sermon, the lending of a Catholic book, may be the means which God has chosen for the conversion of our Protestant neighbors. "Who knows," says St. Alphonsus Liguori, "what God requires of certain souls may be attached to some of my prayers, penances, and good works?"

But, above all, by our good example we should lead others into the "one fold." "Actions speak louder than words," but who is it our actions belie the truth of our faith? What shall we answer if God should before the high tribunal of God by some who would have known and have been saved by the truth but for our bad example? We must never forget, dear brethren, our duty towards those "other sheep" for whom Our Lord died just as much as He did for us—Paulist.

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