ANECDOTE OF PIUS IX.

Viscount Poli, once a soldier in the army of Pius IX., relates the following:—There was serving in the ranks of my regiment a Protestant as brave as a lion. He was struck one day by a canon ball, and mortally wounded. When near his death he expressed a wish to see the Pope. The same evening Pius IX. went to visit the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital, and came to the bedside of this brave man. "Holy Father," he gasped, "I am proud and happy to die in your defence." "Thanks, my son," replied the Pope. "But Holy Father, I am a Protestant." "I am aware of that, my son." "I know that I am going to die, but I feel happy and safe since you are near me." The Pope raised his hand and gave him his blessing. Instantaneously, although he had not mentioned it before, the wounded soldier declared that he wished to die in the ancient faith. He was baptised, and expired a few minutes later.

A few years ago a pious church member in the western part of New York arose in an experience meeting and gave a review of his life. When he came to the declaration "I thank God I owe no man anything," a quiet man in a remote corner jumped up and said: "I have a little acccount against you, brother, that you must have forgotten." "Ah, Brother C.," said the speaker unctuously, "that debt was outlawed a good while ago."

Seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of is creation, and there is nothing He will not enable u to achieve.—*Ruskin*.

THE MASS.

It is a most regrettable fact that a large number of our young people have—except at times when some stunning affliction overtakes them—very little idea of the magnificence, the beauty, the poetry, the meaning of the ceremonies of the Mass. They go to Mass on Sundays as a duty—to be gotten rid of. They have no adequate conception of the dignity and wonderful significance of this crystallization of all poetry, the Sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass is the One Great Fact of Lite. Until we can arcuse enthusiasm among our young people for the Mass, minor devotions will lose much of their effect. No Catholic who comprehends the significance of this grand culmination of the worship of the ages can be cold or callous. It sparkles v ith jewels, its rays touch all men, it consoles, it elevates, it verifies—once understanding its language, one needs no prayer-book. The splendid flavour of its symbolism uufolds more and more with each movement of the priest until all its perfume fills our hearts and souls. —Freeman's Journal.

No idea more depressing, more hopeless, more ludi crously miscalculated to evoke heroism, or to curb passion, can possibly be imagined than the human race as a whole, as it shows itself to the eye of reason unaided by faith. But to change listlessness into life, to change contempt into reverence, to fire the lukewarm soul with the spirit that makes martyrs, one thing only is needful —one thing suffices. That is a belief in God, and the human soul as related to God.—W. H. Mallock.

Hon. Mr. Mercier, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly recovering.

