

MARY I
She Renounces

Of all the women in the Old World, Mary Magdalene is the most thrilling and colorful in ecclesiastical history. She was of a noble family, and the respectable paragon of her time. She was of such a nature that she would have been a great help to the Church. Her life was a story of love, of sacrifice, of suffering, and of redemption. She was a woman of great faith and courage, and her story is one of the most inspiring in the history of the Church. She was a woman who lived for God, and her life was a testament to the power of faith and love. Her story is one that we should all read and learn from, for it is a story of the triumph of the human spirit over the forces of evil and despair.

A SAINT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Prince by Birth, Father Gallitzin Becomes a Priest in the New World.

The Weekly Register, quoting an exchange, gives this beautiful sketch of Father Gallitzin:

From a palace to a cabin, from the pinnacle of luxury to the biting depths of poverty, from a fated courtier to a lonely priest—this is the record of the new hero of the Church. Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin was born on December 22, 1770, at the Hague, in Holland, where his father was Ambassador of Russia at that time. The baby prince was decorated with military honors from his very birth. When he first saw the light the great house of Gallitzin was brilliant with hopes, and magnificent speculations were entertained by his ambitious father for his worldly aspirations. The tiny Russian was born and bred in the Greek Church, but was really surrounded by an atmosphere of infidelity. His father was a most intimate friend of Voltaire and Diderot, whom he had met during his fourteen years' stay in Paris as Russian Ambassador to the Courts of France. With these atheistic surroundings the child grew up, and even his mother, the beautiful Princess Amelia, then standing in the front rank of the most literary lady celebrities of the day, though when a child a devoted Catholic, was herself an unbeliever, content to surround herself with the choice literary spirits of the age, who directed the training and education of her son. Among them were Hemsterhuis, Haman, Jacobi and Goethe.

At one time, when the Empress Catherine had visited the Hague, and was being magnificently received by the Ambassador, to show her regard for him she ordered her little son to be brought to her, held him in her Imperial arms (as he was then only two years of age), and caressing him tenderly, commissioned him then and there an officer of the Guard. Little Mitri, as he was called, did not appreciate honors, even at that age, for he escaped from the Empress as soon as he could, shook out his curls, and hid behind the gown of his nurse. This mark of favor was intended to shape the future of the child's life. All this time the beautiful mother was leading a life of the highest fashion. After a time, however, society became distasteful to her, and she retired with her children to a quiet life, and after a severe illness she became a zealous member of the Catholic faith, to which her daughter, Marianna, was also admitted, though her husband absolutely forbade his son and heir, Demetrius, to enter its fold. However, at the age of seventeen, despite opposition, the boy renounced the Greek Church. He completed his educational course and made his military debut, being aide-de-camp to the Austrian General, Van Lillien, who commanded an army in Brabant. At the age of thirty-two the Prince resolved to take a trip to America. At this age he was the very beau ideal of a stately young officer.

It was only the night before sailing that he attended a grand ball, and danced from dark to day-light. Just as his mother was about to embrace him before the ship's sailing the young Prince accidentally slipped from the plank into the sea, and was only saved from death by a brave sailor. After this escape his ideas seemed to change, and on the way to America he determined to abandon fame, parents, and his immense fortune, and become a humble priest in America. He was fully aware that the sovereign would confiscate his immense fortune on account of this act; but he did not consider this, and landed in America fully determined in his new resolve, to abandon his exalted sphere in life and enter a life of privation and prayer. It was on October 28, 1792, that he arrived in Baltimore with letters of introduction to Bishop Carroll. Enriched with the knowledge of French, German, Italian and English, music and painting, he entered the theological seminary of St. Sulpice, at Baltimore, intending to become a member of that Order; but he was destined for a wider and even more useful sphere. Bishop Carroll, on March 18, 1795, ordained him, and it was then that the young priest, called upon to go further into the depths of self-sacrifice, for learning of the necessity of a missionary in the United States, he determined to embrace his poverty and resign the sanctity and seclusion of St. Sulpice. Father Gallitzin first exercised the holy ministry in the settlement of Conaivago. From there he went to the wild, bleak and inhospitable regions of the Allegheny in 1799. At that time he had in Russia an estate valued by three noblemen of the highest rank, friends of his, whom he had appointed as his attorneys, at 70,000 roubles in money—in real property, three entire villages with all the lands, mills, and other property belonging to them, and one thousand two hundred and sixty male subjects. Yet all this immense wealth, practically his own, was lying useless to him, while he, with a poverty-stricken people, was sharing their cold and hunger. Father Gallitzin had for his residence a rude little log cabin, 16 by 14 feet, with a little kitchen and stable attached. The church he commenced in harvest time and had it completed the night before Christmas.

He yearned for his wealth in Russia; but his inheritance was confiscated because he had entered the Catholic priesthood. Powerful friends in Russia pleaded for the exile, and finally the priest received a portion of his fortune, which he only accepted to spend on the poor he gathered about. Shortly after this his father died, and the Princess, his mother

wrote, imploring her son to come to her. The Emperor had given permission for his return, and Bishop Carroll added his entreaties to that of the others that he would return to his country for a visit; but the brave priest declared he could not desert the little flock who trusted to him, and made a special visit to Baltimore to explain his reason. "Whatever I might gain by my visit to Europe," he said, "cannot be compared to the loss of a single soul in my absence." So the visit and its gain was laid aside. Immediately upon the Prince's death his relatives in Russia took possession of his estate as his heirs, considering "Juitel," as they called him, thrown out altogether on account of his priesthood. Father Gallitzin empowered a special number of attorneys to look after his interest, of course with not much avail. To the little town of Loretto, which the priest founded, came one day a great box from Russia, which contained every imaginable kind of presents from the Princess Gallitzin to her son; it contained innumerable presents for the priest and parishioners, among them a beautiful set of vestments, worked by the Countess von Stolberg and herself, to be worn at Mass. The mother had hoped to place them on her son herself; instead they were put on thousands of miles away, where the bare-footed country people would have the pleasure for which the high-born Princess would gladly have yielded her life. In the box were jewels, rosaries, household linen, relics set in precious stones, gold and silver crosses, accompanied by papers describing their authenticity, and even baby trousseaux for the priest to give away when the little things were brought to him for baptism, and finally a cheque for a large amount. In sending this box the Princess mother sent her very heart, and the son climbed the saddest point of self-sacrifice in bending over the contents on which she had spent so many hours. And turning away from the visit to Russia, where another fortune lay awaiting him, Father Gallitzin, with his slender frame, complete abnegation, iron will and loving heart, found his post a terrible one. To rise long before the light and sit fasting for hours in a church that never knew a fire, hearing confessions before Mass on Sundays, to preach in German and English, to baptize the children, to comfort the dying, bury the dead, go out on the wildest nights to attend the sick—this was a small part of his missionary life.

At one time he was obliged to borrow \$5,000 from the Russian Ambassador, or *charge d'affaires*, Baron Francis de Maltitz. Father Gallitzin visited Washington to discuss his obligation, and while there he was treated as a Russian prince, with *etate* and splendor, the Ambassador insisting on receiving him with the magnificence due to his princely rank. A grand dinner was given him, to which was invited Henry Clay with all the chiefs of the city. Towards the close of the sumptuous dinner Father Gallitzin, who sat next to the Ambassador, asked him: "Your Excellency, about my bond for \$15,000." His Excellency pulled the bond out of his pocket, showed it to him, and then deliberately ylighted his cigar with it. Later a great cross came to him in the sudden death of his mother, and in his humble church he celebrated her funeral for three days. To help him in his labors, the King of Holland, who was formerly a great friend of his, purchased his collection of treasures for \$20,000 which, however, never reached him, through the treachery of his brother-in-law. Only \$11,000 were received by the priest. After forty-one years of labor, in the dull, comfortless cabin on the Alleghenies, the priest died on May 6, 1841, and his interment took place the following Sunday. The body lay in state for four days, and was at his request deposited before the door of the small chapel, which he had dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and where he used to say so fervently his Mass. It was afterwards transferred with great pomp to the beautiful elevated site of the splendid church, which commands a magnificent view of the high, craggy cliffs of the Alleghenies. Near by is an imposing monastery and a convent also. Not long after his death a fire occurred, and the vestments sent by his mother were burned, but the scorched pieces were kept by the people and preserved as relics.

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Twelve Years' Test.

DEAR SIRS,—We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for twelve years and find nothing to equal it for rheumatism, lumbago, lame back, frost bites, etc. We would not be without it.

MRS. MATILDA CHICK, Winnipeg, Man.

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Sandwich.

Sirs,—For five years I suffered from lumbago and could get no relief until I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and must say I find no better remedy for it.

JOHN DESHERDAN, Sandwich, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

LOVERS OF POVERTY.

The Little Sisters of the Poor and the Good Work they are Doing.

From their lowly cradle in Brittany the Little Sisters of the Poor have spread far and wide, carrying with them their bright simplicity and child-like trust in God, velling their heroic sacrifice under the joyous spirit that characterizes them, one and all. Like many of God's noblest works, the congregation began in obscurity and poverty just fifty years ago. Its founders were five in number—a servant, Jeanne Jugan; an infirm old woman, Fanchon Aubert; two poor girls, Virginie Tredaniel and Marie Catherine Jamet, and a Breton priest, as poor as the rest, the Abbe le Pailleur.

These five, bound together by an ardent love of God and a tender compassion for His suffering poor, began by giving a home to the most lonely and miserable old people of their native town of St. Servan. No dreams of founding a new congregation, of adding another flower to the fair crown of charity that adorns the brow of their mother Church, ever came across their simple souls. They merely wished to do all the good that lay in their power; and, as one pitiable case after another came to their knowledge, they opened wide the doors of their humble dwelling. It was no slight matter to provide for their helpless charges. While the two young girls took in needlework, Fanchon Aubert swept and cleaned the house; Jeanne Jugan went out begging from the rich to feed the poor; and

THE ABBE LE PAILLEUR, for their benefit, sold first his gold watch, and then the silver chalice used at his first Mass.

It was he who by degrees drew out the plan of the future congregation. He began by deciding that the Sisters, who till then had admitted crippled children and old people indiscriminately, should confine themselves to the latter; for he thought with reason that their sphere of action being limited to a certain category of sufferers, their efforts would necessarily be more efficacious and their work more solid.

From St. Servan the little congregation extended to Rennes, where its first home was a kind of shed, situated in the worst quarter of the town; but where, in spite of its miserable appearance, numbers of old people eagerly sought admittance. Aims soon flowed in, and a new house was hired in a more respectable part of Rennes. But the Sisters had gained the esteem of their neighbors; and when they began to move, the drunks and idlers of the quarter insisted upon carrying on their shoulders the beds, furniture, kitchen utensils and even the crippled inmates of the house. Before bidding adieu to the nuns, more than one of these volunteers slipped into their hands the pennies they intended to spend at the neighboring public house.

THEIR NATIVE BRITAIN.

The Little Sisters of the Poor extended their work far and wide. Their first house in Paris was established in 1849, and at the present moment they possess in that city alone five houses, where over 1200 old people are received and cared for. In those houses, as in all the establishments of the congregation scattered throughout the world, certain traits remain the same. The Superiors are called *la bonne Mere*. Except this loving appellation, nothing distinguishes her from the rest of the Sisters, whose severe life she shares in all its details.

That the rule of life is hard and trying none can deny, and it has been often noticed that the Little Sisters are generally young; few among them live to reach old age. In contrast with their laborious and often repugnant tasks are the joyousness, simplicity and child-like gaiety that characterize them, one and all. In their daily begging rounds, when they sometimes have to walk for hours in crowded streets or along lonely country roads, in sun and heat; in their daily and nightly attendance upon their helpless charges; in their constant efforts to amuse and cheer those who have become children once more, they are ever the same—brave and bright, sweet and tender.

The government to which the old people have to submit is motherly in the extreme. It sometimes happens that the *nos bons petits vieux*, as the old men are called.

IN THE COMMON PARLANCE of the house, return somewhat the worse from their weekly outing, and the Sisters are sorely puzzled between their wish to maintain proper discipline and their maternal indulgence towards their erring charges. The rules contain a clause by which an old man who returns the worse for drink thereby forfeits his right to his next week's outing; but it is sometimes difficult to decide the cases where the rule must be applied. On one occasion the Little Sisters laid the question before their Superior-General. His reply breathes the same spirit of indulgence: "When one of your good old men cannot distinguish a donkey from a cart of hay drawn by four horses, you may safely conclude that he has drunk too much."

In spite of their mother-like tenderness and unwearied indulgence the Little Sisters maintain, with a word or even a sign, perfect order among their

A HAPPY HINT—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Botton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelmans & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

aged flock. They possess the authority that is the natural result of self-sacrifice, the influence that is born of love. These houses, whose very existence is a perpetual miracle—where the food that keeps alive a hundred old people is composed of remnants begged from door to door, the refuse of the tables of the rich—where the most repugnant infirmities are cheerfully tended, and where the Little Sisters, once, perhaps, the tenderly nurtured darlings of a refined home, have become the sweet, joyous servants of the aged poor. I once saw a Little Sister tiring herself with some very hard work. She probably read in my eyes what was passing in my mind. "Do not pity me, sir," she said, "our lot is the best."

How Drunkards are Made.

Pullit Calender.

What a terrific amount of indifference there is among us with regard to drunkenness! A little intoxication is looked upon as a simple thing—a mere weakness; while habitual drunkenness is a terrible thing to be sure, but we shall say, "We are certainly safe from that." That low, brutal, red-faced sot, that breaks his wife's heart or destroys his home—"we never will degrade ourselves as low as that." There are plenty such within a stone's throw of this church. We know it well. How did they become such? No man ever becomes such a drunkard intentionally. No man ever takes the glass in his hand and says to himself: "I have a good reputation now. I have good health, a loving wife, children who climb on my knee and put their loving arms around my neck, but this glass will be the first step to ruin and blast all this happiness. This glass I know will lead to another, and in the end my wife will become a broken-hearted woman, my children will walk the streets in rags and filth, my health and reputation will be gone; but no matter, here it goes." No man intends it.

Drunkenness and the whole host of evils that follow in its train come on a family gradually.

Warn a man who is drinking a little; tell him what is before him. He will say: "Do you take me for a fool?" The worst drunkard lying in the slime of bestial degradation said that. No, it is not the fools that become drunkards. They know a little too much.

A man says: "I know myself. I can take it or leave it." The poor drunkard of to-day who said that long ago, unfortunately in every case wound up by taking it. Many a time the man who said: "He could let it alone when he had a mind to," after awhile had the mind to, but alas! did not have the power. "Father," said a man the other day, "I'd give my right hand, if I could quit it, but I can't." "I can give it up," is the cry of the young man as he enters the outer circle of the whirlpool, but "I won't." "I would," is the cry of the despairing wretch in the vortex, but "I can't." If by sitting in a draught five persons out of every ten caught cold and it developed into pneumonia we would avoid a draught. So if by drinking habitually five out of every ten become drunkards why not avoid the drinking habit? The practice of total abstinence is the surest barrier against drunkenness. Touch not, taste not, is the safest rule.

Changeable weather, producing cold in the head and catarrh, is responsible for one-half the misery Canadian endure. Nasal Balm at once relieves cold in the head and will cure the worst case of catarrh.

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Many cases are known of persons living to be over 100 years old, and there is no good reason why this should not occur. By paying attention to the health by using Burdock Blood Bitters when necessary to purify the blood and strengthen the system much may be added to one's comfort and happiness. "Life even if the century mark is not attained."

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"August Flower"

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menting, dieting himself, adopting

strange notions, and changing the

cooking, the dishes, the hours, and

manner of his eating—August

Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at

times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable

appetite, wholly unaccountable,

unnatural and unhealthy.—August

Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no

desire to go to the table and a

grumbling, fault-finding, over-nice-

ty about what is set before him when

he is there—August Flower the

Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after

a spell of this abnormal appe-

tite an utter abhorrence, loathing,

and detestation of food; as if a

mouthful would kill him—August

Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has ir-

regular bowels and peculiar stools—

August Flower the Remedy.



A GLANCE OVER

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