BY HENRY VAN DYKE. THE GENTLE LIFE

Do you remember that fair little wood of silver birches on the West Branch of the Neversink, somewhat below the place the Biscuit Brook runs in? a mossy terrace raised

couple of feet above the water of a long, still pool; and a very pleasant apot for a friendship fire on the shingly beach below you; and a plenty of painted trilliums and yellow violets and white foam flowers to adorn your woodland banquet, if it be spread in the month of May, when Mistress Nature is given over to embroidery.

It was there, at Contentment Corner that Ned Mason had promised to meet me on a certain day for the noontide lunch and smoke and talk, he fishing down Biscuit Brook, and I down the West Branch, until we came together at the rendezvous. But he was late that day—good old Ned! He was occasionally behind time on a troubstream. For he went about his fishing very seriously; and if it was fine, th was a natural occasion of delay. But if it was poor, he made it an oc sion to sit down to meditate upon the cause of his failure, and tried to over come it with many subtly reasoned changes of the fly-which is a vain thing to do, but well adapted to make one forgetful of the flight of time. So I waited for him near an hour,

and then ate my half of the sandwiches and boiled eggs, smoked a solitary pipe, and fell into a light sleep at the foot of the biggest birch tree, an old and trusty friend of mine. It seemed like a very slight sound that roused me: the snapp ing of a dry twig in the thicket, or gentle splash in the water, differing in some indefinable way from the steady murmur of the stream; something it was, I knew not what, that made me aware of some one coming down the brook. I raised myself quietly on one elbow and looked up through the trees to the head of the pool. "Ned will think that I have gone down long ago," I said to myself; "I will just lie here and watch him fish through this pool, and see how he manages to spend so

But it was not Ned's rod that I saw poking out through the bushes at the bend in the brook. It was such an affair as I had never seen before upon a trout stream: a majestic weapon at least sixteen feet long, made in two pieces, neatly spliced together in the middle, and all painted a smooth, glistening, hopeful green. The line glistening, hopeful green. The line that hung from the tip of it was also green, but of a paler, more transparent color, quite thick and stiff where i left the rod, but tapering down towards the end, as if it were twisted of strands of horse hair, reduced in number, until, at the hook, there were but two hairs. And the hook—there was no disguise about that-it was an un abashed bait-hook, and well baited, to Gently the line swayed to and fro above the fearing water at the head of the pool; quietly the bait settled down in the foam and ran with the current around the edge of the deep eddy under the opposite bank; suddenly the line straightened and tautened; sharply the tip of the long green rod sprang upward, and the fisherman stepped out from the bushes to play his fish.

When had I seen such a figure be

The dress was strange and stockings, short brown breeches tied at the knee with ribbons, a loose brown coat belted at the waist like a Norfolk jack t; a wide, rolling collar with a tume that, with all its oddity, seemed wonderfully fit and familiar. And the face? Certainly it was the face of an old triend. Never had I seen a count-

and twinkling good humor. taken in these waters. See how the belly shines, here as yellow as a marshmarigoid, and there as white as a foamdom as skillful in the coloring of a fish as in the painting of the manifold blos-

Injeed it is," said I, "and this is the biggest trout that I have seen caught in the upper waters of the Neversink. It is certainly eighteen inches long, and shou'd weigh close upon two pounds and a half."

"More than that," he answered,
"if I mistake not. But I observe that seems more like a char, as do all the fish that I have caught in your stream. were upon all lips, and died

reputed."
"It is even better," I replied; "as you shall find, if you will but try it.'

they 1 of call you Izaak Walton ?"

around his lips. "It is a secret which I thought not to have been discovered

cannot explain. But so it was; and the only feeling of which I was consci ous was a strong desire to detain this visitor as long as possible, and have some talk with hin. So I grasped at the only expedient that flashed into my

"Well, then, sir," I said, " you are nost heartily welcome, and I trust you will not despise the only hospitality have to offer. If you will sit down here among these birch trees in Content ment Corner, I will give you half of a fisherman's luncheon, and will cook your char for you on a board before an open wood fire, if you are not in a hurry. Though I belong to a nation which is reported to be curious, I will promise to trouble you with no inquisitive questions; and if you will but talk me at your will, you shall find me

ready listener."
So we made ourselves comfortable of the shady bank, and while I busied my self in splitting the fish and pinning it open on a bit of board that I had found a pile of driftwood, and setting it up before the fire to broil, my new con panion entertained me with the sweet est and friendliest talk that I had ever heard.

"To speak without offence, sir, began, "there was a word in your dis-course a moment ago that seemed strange to me You spoke of being 'in hurry; and that is an expression which is unfamiliar to my ears; but, if it mean the same as being in haste, then I must tell you that this is a thing which, in my judgment, honest anglers should to forget, and have no dealings with it. To be in haste means to be in anxiety and distress of mind; it is to mistrust Providence, and to doubt that the issue of all events is in wiser hands than ours; it is to disturb the course nature, and put overmuch confidence in the importance of our own en-

deavors.
"For how much of the evil that is in the world cometh from the plaguy habit of being in haste! The haste to get riches, the haste to climb upon some high pinnacle of worldy renown, the haste to resolve mysteries—from these various kinds of haste are begotten no small part of the miseries and afflictions whereby the children of men are tormented; such as quarre and strifes among those who would over reach one another in business envyings and jealousies among those who would outshine one another in rich apparel and costly equipage; bloody rebellions and cruel wars among who would obtain power over their fellow men; cloudy disputations and bitter controversies among those who would fain leave no room for modest ignorance and lowly faith modest ignorance and lowly faith among the secrets of religion; and by all these miseries of haste the hear grows weary, and is made weak and dull, or else hard and angry, while it dwelleth in the midst of them.

"But let me tell you that an angler's occupation is a good cure for evils, if for no other reason, because it gently dissuadeth us from haste and leadeth us away from feverish anxieties into those ways which are pleasantness and those paths which are peace. For an angler cannot force his fortune by eagerness, nor better it by discon-He must wait upon the weather and the height of the water, and the hunger of the fish, and many other accidents of which he has no control. It he would angle well, he must not be in haste. And if he be in haste, he will do well to unlearn it by angling for I think there is no surer method.

This fair tree that shadows us from the sun hath grown many years in its place without more unhappiness than the loss of its leaves in winter, which the succeeding season doth generously repair; and shall we be less contented in the place where God hath planted as? or shall there go less time to the making of a man than to the growth of This stream floweth wimpling which it knoweth not ; yet it "Well met, sir, and a pleasant day to you," cried the angler, as his eyes lighted on me. "Look you, I have the mysteries of life as cheerfully and to you, 'crea the Look you, I have lighted on me. "Look you, I have hold of a good fish; I pray you put that net unner him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done sir; I thank you. Now we have him safely landed. Truly this is see so far ahead of him as the next bend in the stream. What lies beyond, let, him trust to the hand of God. But as concerning riches, wherein

should you and I be happier, this pleasant afternoon of May, had we all the gold in Croe us his coffers? sun shine for us more bravely, or the flowers give forth a sweeter breath or yonder warbling vireo, hidden in her leafy choir, send down more pure and musical descants, sweetly attuned natural magic to woo and win our thoughts from vanity and hot desire into harmony with the tranqui thoughts of God? And as for fame and power, trust me, sir, I have you call it a trout. To my mind, it too many men in my time that lived seems more like a char, as do all the very unhappily though their names Look here upon these curious watermarkings that run through the dark
green of the back, and these enameliings of blue and gold upon the side.

Note, moreover, how bright and how
many are the red spots, and how each
seed them is excelled with a rise of the back and considered the red spots. The red spots are the red spots, and how each
seed them is excelled with a rise of the red spots. one of them is encircled with a ring of purele. Truly it is a fish of rare and fightings and running to and from beauty, and of high esteem with persons of note. I would gladly know if it be as good to the taste as I have heard it complexion of mortal life, in all things that are essential, remain the same under Cromwell or under Charles. The goodness and mercy of God are The goodless and works, whether me, to which I yielded with as little hesitation or misgiving, at the time, as If it were the most natural thing in the politics, civil and ecclesiastical, and You seem a stranger in this part of under all there was room enough to do my duty and love my friends and go the country, sir," said I; "but unless my duty and love my friends and go am mestaken you are no stranger to a fishing. And let me tell you sir, that the New River, with honest Nat. and R. R. e., many years ago? And did I may not speak to you, yet one thing His eyes smiled pleasantly at me and bttle curve of merriment played cound his lips. "It is a secret which thought not to have been discovered affairs are under one served to you, yet one thing mortal concerns, I should not have saved time, but lost it: for all our affairs are under one served." he said ; "but since you have concordant end : wherefore 'He that Now how it came to pass that I was not astonished nor dismayed at this, I

char cooked yet? Methinks the time is somewhat overloag for the roasting. The fragrant smell of the cookery gives me an eagerness to taste this new disk. Not that I am in haste, but—

" Well, it is done; and well done. to! Marry, the flesh of this fish is as red as rose leaves, and as sweet as if he had fed on nothing else. The flavour of smoke from the fire is but slight, and it takes nothing from the perfection of the dish, but rather adds to it, being clean and delicate. I like not these French cooks who make all dishes in disguise, and set them forth with strange foreign savours, like a masquerade. Give me my food in is native dress, even though it be a little dry. If we had but a cup of sack, now, a glass of good ale, and a pipeful of

"What! you have an abundance of the fragrant weed in your pouch? Sir, I thank you very heartily! You enter tain me like a prince. Not like King James, be it understood, who despised tobacco and called it a 'lively inage and pattern of hell;' nor like the Czaro Russia who commanded that all who used it should have their noses cut off but like good Queen Bess of glorious memory, who disdained not the incense of the pipe, and some say she used on herself; though for my part I think the custom of smoking one that is more fitting for men, whose frailty and need of comfort are well known, than for that fairer sex whose innocent and virgin spirits stand less in want of

ereature consolations.

But cone, let us not trouble out enjoyment with careful discrimination of others' scruples. Your tobacco is rarely good ; I'll warrant it comes from that province of Virginia which was named for the Virgin Queen; and while we smoke together, let me call you, for this hour, my Scholar; and so I will give you four choice rules for the attain of that unhastened quietude of mind whereof we did lately discourse

"First: you shall learn to desire nothing in the world so much but that you can be harpy without it.
"Second: you shall seek that which

you desire only by such means as are fair and lawful, and this will leave you without bitterness towards men shame before God.
"Third: you shall take pleasure in

the time while you are seeking, even though you obtain not immediately that which you seek; for the purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at the goal, but also to find enjoyment by the

Fourth: when you attain that which you have desired, you shall think more of the kindness of your fortune than of the greatness of your skill. This will make you grateful, and ready to share with others that which Providence hath bestowed upon you; and truly both reasonable and profitable, for it is out little that any of us would catch in this world were not our luck better

than our deserts.
"And to these Four Rules I will add yet another—Fifth; when you smoke your pipe with a good conscience, trouble not yourself because there are men in the world who will find fault with you for so doing. If you wait for a pleasure at which no sour complex. ioned soul hath ever girded, you will wait long, and go through life with a sad and anxious mind. But I think that God is best pleased with us when we give little heed to scoffers, and enjoy His gifts with thankfulness and an

heart. Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But this pipe is nearly barned out, and the few short whiffs that are left in it shall put a period to my too long discourse. Let you, then, that there be some men in world who hold not with these my opinions. They profess that a life contention and noise and public turmoil, is far higher than a life of quiet work and meditation. And so far as they follow their own choice honestly it is as good for them as mine is for me. nd I am well pleased that every man do enjoy his own opinion. But so far as they have spoken ill of me and my opinions, I do hold it a thing of little have spoken ill of me and my consequence, except that I that they have thereby embittered their

For this is the punishment of men who malign and revile those that differ from them in religion, or prefer another way of living; their revilings, by so much as they spend their wit and labor to make them shrewd and bitter, do draw all the sweet and wholesome sap out of their lives and turn it into poison; and so they become vessels of mockery and wrath, remembered chiefly for the evil things that they have said with cleverness.

"For be sure of this, Scholar, the more a man giveth himsel? to hatred this world, the more will he find to But let us rather give ourselve to charity, and if we have enemies (and what honest man hath them not?) let

us not be theirs, since we know better. "There was one Franck, a trooper of Cromwell's, who was te ill of me, saying that I neither understood the subjects thereof I discoursed nor believed the things that I said, being both silly and pretentious. It would have been a pity if it had been true. There was also one Leigh Hunt, a maker of many books, who used one day a bothle of ink whereof the gall was transfused into his blood, so that he wrote many hard words of me, setting forth seifishness and cruelty and hypocrisy as if they were qualities of my disposition. God knew, even then, whether these things were true of me; and if they were not true, it would have been a pity to have answered them ; but it would have been still more a pity to be angered by them. But since that time Master Hunt and I have met each other; yes, and Master Franck, too; and we have come very happily to a better understanding.

Trust me, Scholar, it is the part of wisdom to spend little of your time upon the things that vex and anger you, and much of your time upon the things that bring you quietness and confidence and good cheer. A friend made is better than an enemy punished. There is more of God in the peaceable beauty of this little wood-violet than in "But tell me, I pray you, is not this

all the angry disputations of the sects. We are nearer heaven when we listen to the birds than when we quarrel with our fellow-men. I am sure that none can enter into the spirit of Christ, his evangel, save those who willingly follow his invitation when he says. Come ye yourselves apart into a lone For since His rest a while. kingdom was first established in the green field, by the lakeside, with humble fishermen for its subjects, the easiest way into it hath ever through the wicket-gate of a grateful fellowship with nature. that feels not the beauty and blessed-ness and peace of the woods and meadows that God hath bedecked with flowers for him even while he is yet a sinner, how shall he learn to enjoy the unfading bloom of the celestial country

he ever become a saint?
"No, no, sir, he that departeth out of this world without perceiving that it is fair and full of innocent sweetness hath done little honor to the every day miracles of divine beneficence; and though by mercy he may obtain trance to heaven, it will be a strange place to him; and though he have studied all that is written in men's books of divinity, yet because he hath left the book of Nature unturned, he will have much to learn and much Do you think that to be blind to the beauties of earth prepareth the heart to behold the glories of heaven? Nay, Scholar, I know that you are not of that opinion. But I can tell you another thing which perhaps you knew not. The heart that is blest with the glories of heaven ceaseth not to mber and to love the beauties of this because I feel it, and glad because it is

great blessing.
'There are two sorts of seeds sow in our remembrance by what we call th and of fortune, the fruits of which do not wither, but grow sweeter forever and ever. The first is the seed of innocent pleasures, received in grati-tude and enjoyed with good companions, of which pleasures we never grow weary of thinking, because they ave enriched our hearts. The scond is the seed of pure and gentle sorrows borne in submission and with faithfu love, and these also we never forget but we come to cherish them with glad ness instead of grief, because we se changed into everlasting joys And how this may be I cannot tell you now, for you would not understand me. But that it is so, believe me: for if you believe, you shall one day see it your

"But come, now, our triendary re-are long since burned out. Hark, how sweetly the tawny thrush in yonder evening hymn! I will follow the stream but do you tarry here until the friend comes for whom you were waiting. I think we shall all three meet one another, somewhere, after sunset.

I watched the grey hat and the old brown coat and long green rod disappear among the trees around the curve of the stream. Then Ned's voice scunded in my ears, and I saw him

standing above me laughing.
"Hallo, old man." he said, "you're "Hallo, old man" he said, "you're a sound sleeper! I hope you've had good luck, and pleasant dreams.'

LIFE'S VISTAS.

As man journeys through life he often peers into the distant scenes until his vision is checked by the horizon where land and sky seem to meet together. He sees plain and hill and dale stretched out before him; he sees river, lake and ocean, and in his mind's eye he takes in all the vast range his vision allows, and with his vivid imagination he fills in the picture with all which it embraces.

Sometimes he gets a fairly full and correct idea of the scenes around him, and other times he fails, " for distance nds erchantment to the view.' things are not always what they seem. And yet these vistas which Nature affords serve a purpose for all, for, like all things in life, they can serve for our instruction and guidance. The vistas which open up to our gaze tell us first of the vastness and the beauty of God's creation, and they show us the opportunities real seeming that lie before us. Thus they invite to action and bring those who enter on their way into the possession of whatever strews their path. But all that glitters is not gold," nor all that appears unchanting found to have a charm, and so the vistas that we see on land are often strewn with pitfalls, and those we view on are often filled with rocks and shoals. And so, as inviting as seen the ways, we must ever course them with cautious steps.

But how different are the vistas

which present themselves to the soul. These are the real, while the others are so illusory. As earth's vistas end with that horizon which marks the meeting of earth with sky, that of the soul begins where earth leaves off—and rises higher and higher until they reach Heaven itself. who persue them, nor do they disap-point those who put their hopes in them. Angels lead the way and bring the soul in its journey safe finally to its God. Like earth's vistas heaven's its God. change with time. Those we see in youth are different from those we be-hold in old age, and those which open up to the Christian in the world are not the same as those which are beheld by those within the religious life. Yet all have for their end heaven, and it persevered in all will attain it, only in different degree. In youth the soul' vista is one of roses; all is sunshine; all is brightness; there is not a cloud in the skies, nor a ripple in the seas. and the ways are smooth and plain. But in old age the scene changes and obstacles rise up which we did not mee before, and the soul grows weary with longing and weak with waiting, and the cruel tempter makes our lives sad with his constant attacks upon us, and yet all must come to a happy end for the just and persevering, for God hath given His angels charge over them, and they will bear them up and carry them

over every difficulty.

The Christian, too, in the world has

a course different before it than the one "out of the world," as we call those who have entered religion. The the world treads the narrow path of life which is lined either side with the thorns and briars which the world places there in its desire to make the soul go the broad way of pleasure ous delights. But our Lord trod that narrow path before Himself us, and He bids all to come after Him, and He promises the grace of fortitude to all who will persevere. The religious takes that same narrow way tha eads to eternal life, but renounces all things to follow Christ. nothing to keep her back, and she runs in the way of perfection, so closely and so faithfully does she follow in the footsteps of Christ, her Lord and Master. To such a soul the vista of heaven is ever open and she sees God and the elect, and she strives more and more to shorten the distance that lies between them and herself. Nay, more, she feels God's presence always, for she is of those of whom our Lord spoke when He said, "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God," and she realizes the Divine Presence as our Lord would have us all realize is, as He said to Abraham, "Walk before Me and be perfect." And it is this fidelity to her state that the soul in religion is en-tranced with a foretaste of the joys of heaven that at times she feels they are more than she can bear, and she must, like David, exclaim: "Enough,

O Lord, enough!" Let us, who call ourselves Christians, hilst drawn to look through the vistas that earth presents, peer through to the end, or, as the poet says:

'Look through Nature and see Nature's God. Whatever beauty the prospect of Nature reveals to us, it is but a shadow of the beauty and glory of heaven, of which St. Paul declares, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath in store for those who love Him." What ever earth has of the beautiful-and it many such—it is to tell us of the uty infinite and everlasting of beauty heaven. Whatever are earth's oppor tunities for doing good in this lifethere are many such for every age and station-we should embrace them, and make them so many stepping stones to rise from man to God and from earth to

eaven. Earth's vistas grow less or, better, loese their charm as life goes on, for the weary traveler tires of them and exclaims his disappointment with them, d realizes like Solomon that "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity except serve God and Him alone adore. us heed the divine wisdom speaking to us through the self-same words and not put our faith and hope in what we see with our mortal eyes, but believe only what we see with the eyes of faith, for as the poet tells us,

'There's nothing true but heaven." -Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

PROFESSION OF FAITH - SINS AGAINST FAITH.

Firmness of faith embraces little things as well as great. Persons quently flatter themselves that they ould be faithful and strong in a great trial, although they are cowardly in small ones. This is not likely. If you give way in small matters to spect, you would most assuredly in grave matters. A railway bridge that on the day of trial bends beneath an empty flat-car will assuredly break when a mogul loconotive is run upon it. Men expect and demand that those who yield in a little matters shall give way in matters of greater moment. The man who says he is a total abstainer and sticks in practice to that principle and declaration is not expect ed or tempted by his tellows to break ' and his pledge So a man of strong and outspoken faith is not expected either to deny or compromise his relig-

Catholic parents should very early in the lives of their children teach them to be proud of their faith, to profess it openly and to stand up for it when necessary. To this end the children should be instructed and furnished with the means-Catholic books and newspapers—so that they can pos themselves on the doctrines of th Church and the works and the workings

A day is coming when "you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming with the clouds of heaven." (St. Matt. xiv. 62). We cannot bear Him then if we betray or deny Him "Resist, ye now. St. Peter tells us : strong in faith, knowing that the same affl ction befalls your brethren who are in the world." (I. St. Peter v. 8) (I. St. Peter v. 8)

From St. Stephen to our day a mul-titude of martyrs of all ages and conditions have professed the faith before kings and the rulers of the earth. They believed that "It is better to obey Go St. Polycarp, at the age than man." f S6, said when the proconsul command ed him to blaspheme Christ: "I have served Him these four-score and six years, and He never did meany harm, but much good, and how can pheme my King and Saviour? am a Christian." When he was then threatened with death at the stake by the pro-consul, the venerable Bishop and martyr said: "You threaten me with a fire which burns for a short time and then goes out; but you yourself are ignorant of the judgment to and the fire of everlasting torments which is prepared for the wicked.'

Will not God expect something of this spirit from us? Can we be Christians and brethren of the saints and martyrs if we are not prepared to do something and to suffer something for

our faith and for the name of Christ The very essence, the very idea of faith is trust and certainty. We can easily understand that wilful doubt article of faith is a great sin. doubt of one thing, of one article of faith, log cally implies a doubt When we really trust in God's word we cannot be uncertain. "I firmly believe believe"—"Credo" — excludes wilful doubt. Such doubt is inconsistent with

faith. Persons may have temptations and perplexities, may wonder why the wicked prosper, how there can be so much sin and evil and scandal in the world, and may be puzzled about the workings of God's Providence without really sinning against the virtue of tentl These are difficulties, and difficulties call out our trust in God. Our trust is not necessarily lessened because we feel the difficulties. Were there no difficulties there would be no need of that trust and confide: c) in God's Word which is the very essence of faith.

There are days when everything ap There are days when everyones appears to go wrong in the business world and we are subject to the blues. There are such days in our spiritual affairs, and we are inclined to despondency. The supernatural vision, or our vision of the supernatural is clouded, and we do not appear to care for anything. This is only a feeling. If we pray God will send the light and lead us back. Despondency

often takes the shape of temptations against faith, which are dangerous if not met in the proper way.

Man is changeable. "He fleeth like a shadow, and never continueth in the same state." (Job. xiv. 2). Man is affected by physical causes, bad health weariness or accident. We should not forget, on a dult, cloudy day, that the forget, on a dull, cloudy day, that the sun will shally come out. So it is with mental perplexities and despondencies. "In all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the flery darts of the most wicked one." (Eph. vi. 16.) These "flory darts" are the very perplexities and despordencies to which we have referred. They are extinguished by faith, by constant trust in God's word By humility, patience and prayer temptations inseparable from life can be overcome. The life of a Christian on earth is a warfare, and "the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and only the violent bear it away." We must not endanger our faith without neces-

sity. "Taose who love danger will perish in it." Some have more temptations against faith than others. Persons who lead ind fferent and sinful lives, persons who do persistently what their faith tells them not to do, sow the wind and reap the whirlwind of temptations against faith. Their faith has been hidden and put away; it was not invested and put out at interest. The parable of the talents is an explanation of why some lose their faith. "Take ye away, therefore, the talent from him." To conceal and bury our faith and to hide it from matires of himself. motives of human respect, or to stifle it by a bad life, will probably lead to its final loss. It will be given to others who now travel the highways and byways without that supernatural gift .-Cleveland Universe.

A VIGIL WITH THE SAVIOUR.

COULD YOU NOT WATCH ONE HOUR WITH

All readers of that saddest of all tragedies, the passion and death of Christ, have felt their hearts beat with the pain that comes from self reproach, when the lonely and stricken Saviour asked of His Disciples that memorable question: "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" Still, though the centuries have rolled round bringing to the old world the age of utilitarianism -still He is asking forever in the Tabernacle the same heart-plercing question. How many of us watch one hour with Him out of our day, out of our week? Yet what is more co than an hour before the Blessed Sacra ment, lifting the soul to God ing to Him the trials, troubles and orries of this always perplexing life! It is an uplifting, spiritualizing habit, that of visiting the Blessed Sacrament and whatever tends to promote it must

be characterized as most commendable The practice of nocturnal adoration has been revived at Holy Cross Semin ary, Notre Dame, Ind., after a lapse of some forty years. during the month Blessed Sacrament starts after confes sions at 9 p. m. and concludes at the Mass on the following morning. During the night the seminarians rise in divisions and spend an hour of adoration in the Divine Presence. In former years the college students were allowed to take part in this exercise of devotion, and to this day those who participated in it sount it among the most blessed their lives. experiences of Walter Elliott, the eminent Paulist missionary, recalls his participation in such visits as follows:

"The nearest contact I had with the Novitiate' was in the visits of the Nocturnal Adoration Society, of which was, happily, a member. month after supper we journeyed to St. Aloysius' House. There we made our confession and watched by turns through the night before the Blessed Sacram placed in exposition, and received Holy Communion in the morning. When I entered the house I felt as though I had passed within the veil of the Holy of Holies, the place was so silent and the silence was so religious. The hour of absolute recollection somewhere around midnight or just before dawn was a time of the most powerful divise influence. Forty-nine years have passed since those visits, and I still enjoy their spiritual fruits. It seems to me that every constitution in the seems to be the seems to essential virtue of religion struck the deepest roots in my soul during these

hours of devout adoration."

The authorities have decided to again allow the students of the univer sity to participate in the nocturnal adoration; and it is safe to predict that those of the young men who fulfill the duty with open and reverent hearts will never in after years regret the small sacrifice entailed.

The Only Way to Got Together Commenting on the declaration of President Stryker of Hamilton College, that there are too many different Pro-testant churches, the Catholic Universe sys: "The only way to get to-gether in one large church and thus advance the cause of Christ will be for the scattered ones to assemble in the of the one Shepherd — the Church. All will be welcome. Catholic Church. One Lord, one God, one faith, and one baptism, and one church, is the declaration of the Scriptures and the logical Monday, October 9, niversary for English C It was a day of gratitu giving, for this year Jubilee of the reception of converts since the Sixty years have that October day the years that ha the years that ha added to its importance a day long menorable annals of England, wh greatest of Oxford men little child before Fath whispered the professi which all England was many days were very day of John F recep ion into the Chu entertained by his that he might still re tention; nor was t conversion believed e occurred. Speaking o Dean Church says: the summer that the storm began to fall. autumn and the new whose names and form Oxford, one by one were lost to it. Fel curacies, intended ca up." It was a gre Church of England—a she can never recove the nation was m Russell mourned over Lord Beaconsfield a Church reeled under Gladstone went on r to his last days; Dr. the tale of his grief John Keble; and me it, that remarkable e 1845. And now that Ne way, "the Kindly La encircling gloom," to we read of the

ed. Among the ma Ambrose St. John, I

Hope Scott, Ward

forces, Frederick Caswell, William

Allies Stanton and

NOVEMBER 11. NEWMAN'S CON THE DIAMOND JUBILEE O INTO THE CHURCH OF OF OXFORD MEN-T

FOLLOWED.

don Oratory. Conve t othick and fastala nition, until, six 1851, high above bi memorable figure Manning; even for be said to have cles number who fol Tractarian was a produce a profound fore had so large a b seceded since the wonder then that t naturally turn with towards him who, gene out "from along the narrow him, as it has led t green", by "the from the "City of "City of God."
whether of Tracta none so noble, nor Henry Newman. pioneer of that leaving behind t and human amb ly shut thei soft syren blanc Catholicism, "to wise and tender c Mother, which le peace, and safety which can neithe ceived, because home at last, to have its rest, "a us that his admis Church was like bor after boing stormy sea. C sciously almost pose, from Ang fluenced by that great example; a from kith and with him, so it l of us : the exod heart-se severance keep can think. these moments life. The well is but a feeble the body after the material doubt, no more

> "All journeys en So Father 1 made the journ sing, too, now. So, with he look forward t niversary of event which c tion throughous sorrow to the went his way rowing heart abandon the so well, and were lost to grieved or she into other pa ways of thin! the dividing most like a m come a str But love of t a high sense peace and j understandin ful hearts w Holy Catholi I became The day! Oh, he still as tho

night, acro

us home."

sinking of spir

struggle between

things as one w