

have put them on his lips and in his heart. In his desire to know more of this hidden God he questioned the few children whom he met and who attended Catechism, on the prayers, the Mass and first Communion; all these seemed so desirable to him. They were so, indeed; but not less admirable were the secret graces of contemplation and divine intuition to which he had been admitted, though all human helps had failed him. God acted directly on this privileged soul.

Didier continued to grow in this holy contemplative life, speaking continually with God, whom he still sought, though, like Jacob, he could have said: "The Lord was there, and I knew it not."

Sometimes the good cure crossed the pasture to visit some sick person; then the young shepherd would run to him and ask about that God whom he desired so ardently to know, to love and to serve. The cure, in these rare and short moments, would try to initiate his poor parishioner into the truths of faith, in order to prepare him remotely for his first Communion, if circumstances should become more favorable.

Didier always accompanied him as far as the care of his flock permitted him.

When he at last believed that the desired moment had come the poor shepherd was called to serve his country. He had a touching adieu to the good cure, who gave him a medal of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, that she might prove the safeguard of his soul during his soldier life. Didier was faithful in wearing it, and invoked her aid every day. May we not believe that it was she, the Mother of Jesus, who brought him to our hospital, where so many graces awaited him.

Garrison life was not attractive to his contemplative disposition, and, after some years of military service, Didier, with joy, took up again the shepherd's crook. He was now chief shepherd. His flocks, like those of Jacob, multiplied marvelously. God poured His benediction on them, and his nine hundred sheep obeyed his voice—too many for a single shepherd. He asked for an assistant, and was given a child of thirteen years, who had been to the Catechism classes and who had made his first Communion.

Didier saw in this child the opportunity of instructing himself and learning his prayers. In his quality of chief shepherd, Didier said to the little one:

"Thou hast not said thy prayer this morning."

"Yes, I have," would be the answer.

"No, thou hast not; or, at all events, thou canst say it again; that will be more sure; but say it aloud for me."

The child, simple and docile, knelt on the turf and began the Our Father and Hail Mary.

"I listened," said Didier, "and I tried to remember what the child had said. I went over and over the words during the day, but there were parts I could not remember. Then I began again the next day with, 'Say thy prayer.' And the little one obeyed."

"Again, thou hast forgotten a word."

"No," said the child.

"Begin again; it will not do thee any harm."

And the child, always docile, again repeated the prayer, and I listened and learned the words I had forgotten. Thus, saying them over to myself, I learned my prayers.

Moreover, now that I had a good little shepherd, I could sometimes slip off to Mass on Sunday. I did not at all know what I meant, but I felt that I was very near to the good God. Besides, I was with those who knew their religion, and that pleased me. That what pleased me most, though, was when the cure preached. How I listened, and how I tried to understand what he said! I stored it all in my memory, and, returning to the pasture, I went over it in my mind; but I could not understand it all.

"I seized every occasion to see the cure about my first Communion. Things were thus when the war came to interrupt my instructions. But it was intended, since God has led me to this convent. I did not know it then, and I was full of sorrow to have to leave the country at that moment."

"Now, Sister, if you will be good enough to teach me what I must do, know and what I must I shall be grateful."

Our hours for instruction were soon arranged, and never did teacher find a more zealous pupil. Didier drank in the truths of faith with the avidity of a soul thirsting for the Divine, a soul which at last had found the source of the waters that flow into life eternal.

What wonderful things I discovered in this upright soul whose sole master had been the Holy Ghost! I realized all the force of those words: "God resisteth the proud, and giveth His grace to the humble."

None of the mysteries of faith, none of the truths of religion, astonished him. Generally he knew them. How? They were graven within his soul by Him who, when he finds innocence of heart, "instructeth without noise of words." I found also, while instructing him, the usefulness of pictures in teaching the ignorant and children. I used them particularly in telling him of the life of our Lord.

After the lesson, Didier would remain indefinitely before the beautiful Gospel pictures, of which I had a book. One day, he came across that of the Good Shepherd. It was for him a sub-

ject of long meditation. When I returned, more than an hour afterwards, he was still at the same picture, tears in his eyes, his face lighted up and his finger on the lamb which Jesus carried on His shoulders. He said to me only these words: "Sister, I am that lamb."

He was soon sufficiently instructed to receive the sacraments. After confession he came to me much embarrassed about his penance. He was to recite three "Paters" and three "Aves." What, then, is the "Paters" and the "Aves"? He did not know. What a relief it was to him when I told him it was the Our Father and the Hail Mary. On the eve of the great day of his first Communion, he spoke only of his great desire to receive our Lord.

"At last we shall become acquainted," said he to me. Was not the acquaintance already half made? Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and Didier the contemplative word "know each other in the breaking of bread." They could no longer pass each other by.

Didier always kept as much to himself as he could. The noise and light talk of his comrades was not in harmony with his spirit of recollection. Sometimes he retired into the old hospital which the shells of the enemy had obliged us to abandon for the basement of the convent. There was a harmonium there which had been used to accompany the hymns sung for our dear wounded ones. In this abandoned place no one came to trouble his solitude, and the harmonium became his dearest recreation. He drew from it sweet and melancholy music showing the thoughts of his soul in pious and artless melody.

One day I was surprised to find him lying down.

"What is the matter, Didier? Are you suffering?" I asked.

"No, Sister, but they tell me so many things and to get away from them I went to bed. I need so much to be quiet! They think I am asleep and let me alone, and then I think."

"O God!" said I to myself, "what dost Thou not do in a soul which seeks Thee in simplicity of heart?"

Since he had received holy Communion Didier had an incessant longing for the tabernacle, but he thought that the happiness of visiting it was a favor known only to the religious. He dared not ask it for himself, confining himself, like his companions, to attending Mass and Benediction.

Nevertheless, not quite satisfied, he said to me with great embarrassment, "Sister, I have something to ask you; I'm afraid it will be impossible—well—I must resign myself."

"What is it, my good Didier? If I can I will grant you what you wish with all my heart."

"Well, Sister, it is permission to go sometimes during the day before the tabernacle. But I fear that favor is only for the religious."

"Our Lord is in the Blessed Sacrament for us all, and you may go there to adore Him as much as you wish."

"What happiness! I desired that favor so keenly that I dreamed of it last night. I wished to go there to think; but in my dream they refused to open for me the door that leads to the chapel. I prayed, I begged; they always refused me, and I was so disappointed that I began to say a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, that she might obtain for me that they would open the door. But they did not open it. Then I was angry and kicked the door to break it down. Then I awoke thinking they would not let me go to the chapel. Yet now you permit me. So, then, dreams do not come true."

From that time, as soon as the 11 o'clock breakfast was over, Didier went to the church. In the evening, at supper time, he was still to be found there, without having left or even having changed his attitude of profound adoration!

His hair carefully brushed, his hands white and fine, his large cloak draped gracefully about him, but without studied effect, everything about him attracted the attention of visitors to the chapel, who continually asked who that young and distinguished looking man who was so pious and always in adoration?

The health of the poor soldier being restored, he was obliged to rejoin his battalion. Fortunately the regiment was camped quite near us. Whenever his duties left him free he hurried to the hospital. "Here I am, Sister," he would say. "You will give me a prayer, will you not?" Thus he called the explanation of the Bible pictures which truly was prayer for his interior soul.

After the explanation I left him alone. Human words could but interfere with what then passed between him and the good God. One, two, three hours passed, according to the time at his disposal, and he needed no creature. The Holy Spirit was his great Teacher.

Peace was signed. Didier came to bid us a simple, grateful and real farewell. Then he set out for Ardennes.

Go, dear soul, imitator and companion of the angels! Return to your fields, to the quiet forest, to your peaceful flock. You will still find there the God who spoke so intimately to your young heart and who alone filled it. You will find all that and more. Jesus awaits you there, and you will "recognize Him in the breaking of the Bread."

We never again heard from Didier. He did not know how to write; but the good cure, finding him so pious and so edifying, could not contain his fatherly joy. He wrote to us, blessing our House for the graces which the poor shepherd had received there, which had made him a model for the parishioners.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

WILL REIGN UNTIL 1893.

Remarkable Prophecy of a Monk Regarding Leo XIII.

The remarkable activity displayed by Leo XIII. in formulating new policies and in inaugurating movements for extending the sphere of the Church's influence, has been the wonder of his friends. He has taken up measures and started policies which only a man who hoped for a long life ought to undertake. When his friends protested and pointed out that his health had never been sound, that he was endangering practical interests in taking up others which the future could look after, that he must not expect to live far beyond seventy, he has scouted their warnings and worked away at the most venturesome enterprises as if he had the secret of an earthly immortality. But all Rome knows the reason. Leo XIII. relies on a prophecy that he will reign until 1893, and thereby hangs an interesting story.

PROPHECY OF PADRE PHILIPPO.

When Pius IX. was approaching his last days there was the usual speculation as to his probable successor. The present Pope was then Cardinal Pecci and was little thought of as the successor to Pius Nono. He was of a delicate fragile appearance, known as a student and not in favor with the Romans. At that time there lived in Rome an old and saintly priest known as Padre Philippo. His superior said to him one day, between jest and earnest, "Padre Philippo, who will be our next Pope?" Padre Philippo answered with promptness and simplicity, although he was the humblest and least pretensions of men, "Cardinal Pecci will be the next Pope and he will reign about twenty years."

"I know nothing but that he will be Pope and will reign twenty years," was the only remark that could be got from the priest in reply to raillery and inquiry on the part of his companions. When it became known that Padre Philippo had prophesied in Cardinal Pecci's favor, the Diplomatic Corps began to study his chances closely.

FIRST PART OF THE PREDICTION.

When in 1878 Pius IX. died, Cardinal Pecci entered upon the duties of Papal chamberlain in the interregnum between the Pope's death and the assembling of the conclave, and duly discharged the duties. At last the conclave assembled. Day by day the people watched the smoke issue from the Vatican chimney, telling the story of burning ballots and the failure to elect a Pope. At last on Feb. 20, the smoke failed to issue from the pipe, and shortly after from the loggia of St. Peter's a banner with the legend "Pecci" announced the election and the successful candidate. The first part of the prophecy had proved true.

LEO XIII'S CONFIDENCE IN IT.

Of course Leo XIII. had been the first to hear of Padre Philippo's prophecy, and as soon as he had the time sent for the old priest, that he might hear with his own ears a prophecy of which half had been fulfilled. The saintly priest repeated his prophecy with a child's simplicity.

"How do you know that I shall reign twenty years?" said the Pope.

"I know nothing, but that you will reign twenty years, and accomplish much for the world," said the old man. He never said more on the subject, and lived only a few years longer, held in the highest honor by the Pope.

Now for the second part of the prophecy. Leo XIII. made up his mind to accept the prediction of a twenty years' reign. He set his whole policy to that key. It was presented to him that a few matters of importance well handled would be of value to the Church, while many things just being in the face of death would be useless. His one reply to each objection was: "I shall live a few years more, long enough to start this matter well."

GREAT MOVEMENTS UNDERTAKEN.

In this mood he took up all the great movements. At every crisis his opponents were encouraged to hold on in the hope of his speedy death. He was never to refuse all compromise in the thought that he had some years yet to live. When negotiating to bring his march to Canossa the saying is, the Chancellor made a few breaks on the expectation of his speedy departure.

When he adopted the cause of the democracy, and declared his intention to support France, forbidding the French Bishops to say a word against the Republic, the monarchists smiled at the thought that he would not live long enough to make his support effective. He lived long enough to prevent the heir of the Count of Paris from parading as an official claimant to the French throne and to let that young man know that he was not wanted at the Papal court.

THE POPE SURE HE WILL LIVE.

Instances without number might be cited to prove the confidence which the Pope has had in the prophecy. One must suffice here. It is well known that he is bent on giving the hat of Delegate Satolli before he dies. It would not do to leave the delegate to the favor of the next administration. At any moment he could raise Mgr. Satolli to the Sacred College by a special Brief, and his friends have urged it on the plea of advanced age and debility. "Don't trouble yourselves," has been the steady reply of His Holiness. "I shall live some years yet."

It remains to be seen whether that prediction will be fully verified. Yet how much history has been made by the clear sightedness of the old priest; for there is no doubt that Leo XIII. has begun and carried out schemes of administration and reform which he might never have attempted but for the prediction.

"POEMS AND LYRICS."

Some Exceptionally Fine Tributes.

True Witness.

Having published a great number of the criticisms that have appeared since the volume has been on the market, it would not be fair to the kindly writers of the following were they to be unrecognized. We would recommend their perusal to our generous Toronto contemporary:

The Montreal Gazette.

The name of Dr. J. K. Foran has long been known to our readers as that of a prose writer of distinction and a poet of manifold note. How many-sided his poetic sympathy is can, indeed, have no more forcible illustration than the volume of "Poems and Canadian Lyrics," just issued from the press of Messrs. D. and J. Sadlier & Co. As he tells us in his preface, these verses were "written at haphazard and in all manner of places, from the forests of the Black River to the halls of Laval; from the Indian wigwam to the House of Commons; in newspaper offices, law offices and Government offices, in court rooms and lumber camps; in monastic retreats and election campaigns." The headings under which he has classed his compositions fully bear out what he says as to the diversity of the circumstances that yielded the inspiration. Here we have patriotic, historical and descriptive, memorial and pathetic, religious, domestic, humorous and juvenile poems; Indian translations and early poems at college. "Rosh Hashanah" might, perhaps, demand still another heading, for it is a New Year's greeting addressed to Rabbi Friedlander, "Anno Mundi, 5649." It is evident that Dr. Foran has uncommon facility for versification as well as a vein of sentiment that fitsly takes the form of "harmonious numbers." As might be expected, some of his best productions were prompted by patriotic attachment. Like many Canadians, his devotion is twofold—to the land of his birth (or adoption) and to the land of his fathers. Only an Irishman could have written the tributes to James Clarence Mangan, to Thomas Davis, to J. J. Callanan; only a Canadian could have written "Canada, our Country," or the opening of "Canadian Song"; only one who was imbued with the U. E. spirit could have written "Victoria's Jubilee." We find other self-revelations in "1782-1882," an anniversary poem, read before and dedicated to the St. Patrick's Literary Institute, Quebec; "Two Carnivals," Rev. Father Tabaret, D. D.; "Ad Babonem"; "At Jesuit Novitiate, Sault au Recollet, P. Q.," "Irene, our Baby Girl"; "The Aylmer Five Hundred"; "The Moore Century Ode"; "Alumni Poem, 1885," and several others that we might name. In these various products of his muse we can follow the author from scene to scene, from year to year, from mood to mood, share in his joys and sorrows, his aspirations and anti-pathies. "Siege of Quebec," a ballad in honor of Wolfe's victory, September 13, 1759, is a good sample of Dr. Foran's power of vivid portrayal.

"The Wreck of the Asia," a poetic record of a disaster by which, in Sept. 1882, a hundred lives were lost, illustrates his deep sense of the pathos of human life. From these and others of his poems we would gladly quote, had we not reserved the space at our disposal for a couple of tributes which our readers will appreciate. From one of these we call the following stanza:

"'Tis the country's loss; but still his name Shall live on her future scroll of fame; None to applaud him, none to blame. Life's path he nobly trod; He sank to rest, like a setting sun; When his golden day of light is done; But that setting is a life begun— A life of light with God."

The other is in honor of the memory of one who was among the first to recognize Dr. Foran's talents, and in whose "Ephemerides" his name was infrequently mentioned:

"We miss thy gentle touch," Laclede, Hast ceased to sow thy flowery seed? Or hast thou snapt the bended reed. That long so pliant, now is freed From over strain, and will not bend The voices that for music plead? Thy life, alas! too soon is done."

But thou hast left behind thee here Gen on gem of thought most clear: From hearts to whom thy face was dear, Sad hearts that oft thy words did cheer; We never dreamed the loss so near. Our tribute is a verse—a tear!

Will live with thee as in the past. We seek thy thoughts—from first to last. A shade upon them may be cast. But it can never dull, nor blast Their glow so bright. Farewell!

In these stanzas Dr. Foran voices the feelings of very many of "Laclede's" friends, admirers, ancient fellow-workers. A portrait of the author adorns the volume. (Montreal: D. & Sadlier & Co.)

The Quebec Daily Telegraph.

A most valuable and welcome addition to Canadian literature has just been made by our esteemed confrere, Dr. J. K. Foran, editor of the Montreal True Witness. Dr. Foran has long been known to the public of the Dominion as one of the ablest, most prolific and most conscientious journalistic writer of the day; but in the beautiful volume of poetry with his pen, which comes to us from D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, we have a work which presents him in a new and still more pleasing light to his many friends and admirers, while at the same time reflecting much lustre upon the race to which he belongs. Emerson has said "that all men are poets at heart." It is, of course, not given to all to be able to voice the poetry of their natures in melodious and suitable language, but certainly none can rise from the perusal of Dr. Foran's "Poems and Canadian Lyrics," as his book is called, without feeling that deep down in

their souls there is something which has responded to the touch of a master hand, which has vibrated in pleasurable sympathy with the ineffable charm that true poetry alone can give. About his poetic effusions there is something which strongly reminds us of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee's splendid gifts in the same line: they possess the same wonderful versatility; they cover the same wide range of subjects, and, whether grave or gay, tender or pathetic, or martial or religious, they have a good deal of the same ring about them, which pleases every ear and goes straight to every heart.

Yet they have also an originality of their own which distinguishes them from McGee's and imparts to them a special attractiveness. They may be divided into the historical and descriptive, the patriotic and commemorative, the religious and domestic. The religious and descriptive are, in our opinion, the best. As the author says himself in his preface, they were "written at haphazard and in all manner of places, from the forests of the Black River to the halls of Laval; from the Indian wigwam to the House of Commons; in newspaper offices and Government offices; in court rooms and lumber camps; in monastic retreats and election campaigns." Consequently, it would be idle to expect them all to be of the same high order of poetic merit; but, taken as a whole, they are far superior to anything of the kind that has been produced in Canada since poor McGee's time, while in many instances, they give evidence of the highest poetic genius and imagery. One of their most strikingly distinctive features is the moral which they point for all Canadians—to be patriotic and true to the Dominion, without forgetting the devotion they owe at the same time to the beauties and the memories and traditions of their sirclands. This feature alone should commend the volume to an honored place in every Canadian library and especially in every Irish Canadian household. The noble sentiments referred to, coupled with the pride which the author feels in Canada, find their most beautiful expression in the following selection, which will be particularly appreciated by the Irish reader:—

(The poem quoted is entitled: "Have you seen?")

The volume also contains quite a number of other effusions of the same patriotic character, such as "The Canadian Song," "Canada's Bell," "Sunrise at Chelsea, or Canada a Nation," "Canada Our Country," etc., while Quebecers will find matter of special interest to them in "The Siege of Quebec," "Sunset at Quebec," and other historical and descriptive pieces of great beauty, and Irishmen everywhere cannot but be deeply touched by perusal of such affecting lyrics as "The Manchester Martyrs," "An Irish Peasant's Home," "Ireland as She Is," "The Volunteers of 1782-1882," "Wolfe's Tone," "Father Burke," "Fanny Parnell," "The Mass on the Ocean," etc. The book makes a handsome volume of some 250 pages bound in cloth and gold, and is sold by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, at the low price of \$1.00.

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