

All Women Should Read

This Interesting Letter—"I was Nervous and Weak."

Life Changed from Misery to Joy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Nervous and Weak and life seemed a burden. It happened that my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I commenced to take it in small doses. In a short time it was evident that it was helping me. In two weeks I felt that I was being greatly benefited. About this time our youngest son, then 15 years of age, was taken down with typhoid fever. He passed on to his reward, and soon others of the family were taken ill, until I was the only one left to care for them. I continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to the surprise of myself and all the neighbors, I not only kept up and took care of the sick, but my

Health Continued to Improve. For nearly three months this siege of typhoid fever held the family down. All this time, as by a miracle, my health kept up and I grew strong. At present I am feeling well and know that the benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla is permanent. Other members of the household have since taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills with good effect." Mrs. REBECCA PLACE, N. Sixth St., Goshen, Ind.

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We can speak from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting physician, Dr. A. McTaggart, guarantees that the remedy will do all that is claimed for it. In proof of this, he is willing to let the end custodians of each fee paid, until the end of the treatment, when, in the event of its failure to cure, we are authorized to return the same to the party who sent it. Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy. Thos. Coffey, Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

"MANGLING DONE HERE."

BY "D. B." IN "THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART."

The mangle occupied two thirds of the space in Bessie Bates' cottage-room; her one window and the chimney-piece were filled with bottles of sweets. The establishment was a small one for the amount of business transacted within its narrow walls. Except during church hours on Sunday, it was rarely empty. Late on Saturday night Bessie used to remove the sweets from the window and pile them on the top of the for-one-day dissel mangle, and, externally at least the little dwelling put on the air of a private residence. But for the painted legend above the door, the cottage might have appeared to the passing stranger innocent alike of mangle and sweets.

For years Bessie had been a widow—an active, cheery woman, fighting her little battle of life bravely and successfully enough. Her neighbors declared she had a "tidy bit put away." Taxed with "tidy," but confessed to the "bit." It was such a bit, she said, "a body might put it in his eye and see none the worse for 't."

Certainly for more years than some of her customers could remember business such as it was, had been brisk with Bessie. From Monday morning till Saturday night, women came and went, and the mangle went on forever—interrupted now and then by the entrance of boys and girls for penn'orths and ha'porths of "good stuff," and, in warm weather, for the mugs of "pop" brewed and bottled by the busy hands of Bessie herself.

Cheery, bustling, and kind hearted was Mrs. Bates, and honest as the day. No dweller in that little country town of three thousand inhabitants—the name of which an army of wild laundresses shall not drag from me—could say that Bessie had ever cheated rich or poor to the extent of a single farthing. Plenty of poor people were in her debt; she in nobody's. Many borrowed little sums of her; she of none. Many a copperless little child was treated to goodstuff by Bessie; few people ever thought of making Bessie a present of any kind.

She was pious, too. However brisk business might be, the doors of the little Catholic church never opened for service, at least in the early morning or late evening, without admitting Bessie. In the first place on the first bench at the bottom of the aisle Mrs. Bates was always to be seen, rosary in hand, praying steadily and devoutly.

Well, what more can be said of such a person? The reader will ask. It is clear that she was a paragon of perfection, and unless she had visions in the exercise of her mangling, or indulged in ecstasies over the dispensing of pop, I scarcely see what the writer can add concerning such a character. Listen.

"Naaman, general of the army of the King of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable: for by him the Lord gave deliverance to Syria: and he was a valiant man, and rich. But—he was a leper."

Bessie was not a leper, in any sense of the word; but—she was a gossip. These "buts," dear reader, are truly terrible things, sometimes, and Bessie's "but" cast a shadow over her character—a shadow which was not dissipated by the shining light of many real virtues.

Of course there are gossips and gossips. Gossip in itself may be harmless; unhappily it is generally so closely related to detraction, and not infrequently to calumny, that an entirely virtuous gossip is almost as rare as a virtuous pickpocket.

People must talk of something, and it would be a harsh thing to forbid the exchange of friendly words between hard-working women who spend the greater part of their life in the toil of the wash tub, or the constant, pressing labour of household duties. Bessie's customers were entirely of this class. They were laundresses, or servants, or the wives of working men. Mangling had to be done, and nowhere could it be better done than at Bessie Bates'; alas that the "mangling done here" should have been that of characters as well as of linen!

II. "Never heard tell o' such a thing in all my born days."

THE TRAIL OF DEATH

It begins at the Throat and ends at the Grave. How many a human life is unnecessarily sacrificed.

There are many remedies on the market for the cure of consumption, but consumption, once it reaches a certain stage, cannot be cured. In proferring, therefore, to do what is impossible, these remedies prove themselves to be simply humbugs.

Consumption is a disease which destroys the tissue of the lungs. Once gone, no medicine can replace that tissue. Good medicine may arrest the disease even after one lung is wholly gone, as long as the other remains sound. Once both are attacked, however, the victim is doomed.

Just why people should risk their lives to this dread disease and go to great expense afterwards to check it, it is hard to conceive. It is much easier prevented than cured. Throat troubles and severe colds are its usual forerunners. A 25-cent bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will drive these away. It is, without doubt, the best medicine for the purpose to be had anywhere.

"True as I stand here!"

"How much has he took?"

"Bless you, woman, nobody knows; but they say Mr. Willen can swear to fifteen pound ten."

"Young Sam Brown of all folks! 'tis world!"

"Just what I said when I heard on 't!"

There were four women at the mangle besides Bessie herself, and they were all talking at once. A startling bit of news had that morning been brought in—precisely by whom Bessie for the life of her could not have said; but she had repeated it to every succeeding customer that day, and it was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The day was Friday, one of the busiest in the week; for if some set a good example to their neighbors by beginning their wash early on Monday morning, the example was lost upon the greater number of Bessie's customers. So on Friday, from early morning until quite late at night, the creak and rumble of the mangle never ceased.

The news under discussion was local and startling. Young Sam Brown, the son of a highly respectable market-gardener, apprenticed to an equally highly respectable draper in the town, had been found guilty of a series of thefts from his master's till. For the sake of the young man's father the draper had declined to prosecute, but the youth's indentures had been cancelled on the condition of his leaving the town within twenty-four hours. Such, in brief, was the story; at any rate in its original form. I shall not trouble the reader with its later variations and additions—further than to say that the actual sum stolen had, long before the close of the day, increased from three half-sovereigns to forty-five pounds; while the time allowed for young Brown's departure had decreased from twenty-four hours to about as many minutes.

"Them Browns always hold their heads so high," one woman was saying: "it's like a judgment on them!"

"Pride always has a fall, they say," remarked another, "but I'm real sorry for poor Mrs. Brown."

"You can't trust nobody nowadays," added a third; "but if anybody had told me young Sam Brown wasn't honest—"

"Aye, this comes o' being so dresy. Only last Thursday as ever was, Mrs. Smith said to me: 'Lor', woman, how smart that young Brown's getting; he's had two new suits o' clothes since last Michaelmas!'"

Bessie did exercise a certain amount of discretion during the delivery of some of these sentiments. The Browns were customers of hers, and very good ones. Moreover, they were Methodists, and Bessie did not like people to suppose that she rejoiced in the misfortunes of those who were not of her own religion. And really in her heart she was very sorry for the Browns. She had known young Sam from the time he rode in a perambulator, and she could not forget that as a smiling, rosy-cheeked lad he had been one of her best and steadiest customers for bull's-eyes and Turkish delight. He had never been stinted in the matter of pocket money, she knew. Such a bright, well-mannered lad, too, and since his apprenticeship to the drapery business, as obliging a young man as ever stood behind a counter. Bessie, therefore, had nothing but expressions of sympathy for the Browns.

The day wore on, and still the basket-laden women came, and still the discussion of the news kept pace with the groaning and creaking of the mangle. Bessie's cottage was more crowded than it had been during any portion of the day when—it was about 5 o'clock in the winter evening—a thunder-bolt fell suddenly in the very midst of the gossips.

The thunder bolt was in the shape of a man, and that man was Mr. Samuel Brown, senior. The market gardener was a local preacher, one of the trustees of his chapel, and superintendent of its Sunday school. A good man, too, according to his own notions of goodness—a man whose yea was yea, and his nay, nay, and one from whom an angry word seldom fell, and a coarse expression, never. But at the present moment he was as angry as any man Bessie or her customers had ever beheld. And no wonder!

Mr. Brown tried to be severely calm and to speak coherently, but he scarcely succeeded. A dead silence had fallen upon the group of women. The mangle was motionless.

"I want to know which of you scandal-mongering women has started this infamous story about my son?" were the awful words that filled the sweet-shop with a volume of harsh sound. The question was repeated three times; but not a syllable was uttered in response. The faces of the women grew as white as the linen they had brought to the mangle.

"Bessie Bates!" thundered the angry father, turning to the proprietress of the establishment with a fresh accession of fury, "if you don't instantly tell me who started that abominable lie I'll have the law on you this very night!"

Bessie fainted—really and truly fainted. The diversion caused by this was most fortunate for everybody concerned. The women were carrying Bessie to her bedroom up an exceedingly narrow pair of stairs. Seeing that nothing further was to be done for the present, Mr. Brown took himself off.

Turning away from the cottage, the first person the market gardener saw under the light of the street lamp was Father Wigston. Mr. Brown respected the Catholic priest, and the Father had a high opinion of the Methodist local preacher.

"You have heard this scandalous

story about my son, I suppose?" asked Mr. Brown, making a desperate effort to speak calmly. The priest had not. He was just returning from a four-mile sick call.

"Never did a pack of washerwomen invent a more infamous lie. You see, Mr. Wigston, my lad had not been getting on with his master for some time past. I dare say there are faults on both sides; but I'm not going into that. Friend Willen is a hot-tempered man, as we all know, and I'll grant you our Sam is not perfect in that line. Well, things had been getting worse lately, so last night I went to Willen and asked him if he'd cancel the lad's indentures. He'd only do it on one condition—a hard one, I must say, and I'm sorry now that I agreed to it; this was that Sam should leave the town before a certain fixed date. I expect he thought I might set the lad up in business here, and he knew Sam was a bit of a favorite with customers. However, I was so anxious for my son to leave, I signed the paper. And now—"

"the recollection of what he was going to say made it hard for him to control his feelings—" and now these lying gossips have given it out that my lad has stolen money from Willen's till!"

Father Wigston expressed the deepest concern and sympathy for Mr. Brown, as well as indignation at the concoction of so vile a calumny. "Surely," he said, "Mr. Willen will give the fullest contradiction to so gross a libel?"

"To tell the truth, he is almost as mad about the thing as I am. But you see, Mr. Wigston, the hard part of the business is to stop such a report. I declare, though, I won't rest till I have done what I can to find out who started the abominable lie."

For some minutes the two walked together in silence. A slight embarrassment had fallen upon the priest. He had noticed that Mr. Brown came from Bessie's cottage, and half guessed the object of his companion's visit to the mangling establishment. Under the circumstances, of course, the man did not like to mention Bessie's name in connection with the wretched business.

"You may rely upon my doing all I can to contradict this miserable report," said the priest at length. "If I can do more than that I will certainly do it."

Father Wigston spoke with deep feeling, and Mr. Brown was grateful to him for his sympathy. They had reached the end of the street where their two ways separated.

"Don't think an idle rumor of this sort can affect you permanently, Mr. Brown," said the Father as they shook hands. "Your name's much too good and honorable to be defamed by a despicable bit of gossip of this sort. Everybody for miles round knows there is not an honest youth in England than your son. He will live to laugh at such a preposterous story as this."

"Poor lad!" said Brown, his eyes filling with tears: "I have left him and his mother almost broken-hearted." Grief had now overcome his anger. He could say no more. Turning away, he walked rapidly to his home.

Father Wigston was scarcely less upset than the sufferers themselves. Several heavy trials had afflicted him that day, but this was the biggest of them all.

"Bessie Bates again!" he thought to himself as he reached his tiny presbytery, and sat down to the first meal he had had since breakfast, yet one for which he had felt little appetite. "Bessie Bates again!"

Only a week before, a poor Catholic lady, who had come to the town in order to be out of the way of a drunken and violent husband, had been compelled to go elsewhere owing to a gross calumny which—as she told the Father with many tears—she had traced to the gossips at the mangle. And this was only one of many instances.

"Really," thought the priest as he rose from the table, "I am almost inclined to advise Brown to prosecute Bessie Bates."

III. Truly, Bessie's friends were as the comforters of Job. No virtuous, detraction-hating women could have been more severe than they were with the author of the calumny they had all accepted and circulated. They carried to Bessie's bedside the most appalling reports of Mr. Brown's threats, and declared that he was working night and day to find out how the lie originated. If it cost him every penny he had, they said, he would bring the offender to justice. Nor did they fail to hint that Bessie herself was the person chiefly suspected.

It is more than likely that Bessie's illness—she had remained in bed from the time she was carried there—would have developed into something really serious if Father Wigston had not called upon her the next day. He put off the visit as long as he could, and when at length he appeared his face was stern-looking and hard. He immediately entered upon a long cross-examination of the weeping woman, and soon satisfied himself that she was indeed ignorant of the name of the person who had brought the story to the mangle. Without a word of consolation, he bade Bessie examine her conscience, and left her in a fresh flood of tears. He was returning very soon, but he did not tell her so. The priest felt that this desperate disease of evil-speaking needed a desperate remedy.

Seeking an interview with Mr. Brown, Father Wigston made it clear to the good man that the chances of discovering the real culprit were very small. Brown himself had already come to that conclusion. He too was indisposed to think Bessie guilty of

calumny. The priest remained for some time with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, comforting and consoling them, and unconsciously winning their lasting gratitude by the concern he showed for their trouble, and his warm denunciation of the gossip by which it had been brought about. But as he left the house, Father Wigston carried with him words that might well have been left unsaid, at the very least, a sentiment that might have been expressed differently.

"Don't think, Mr. Wigston, that I am laying all the blame upon members of your flock. Our own folk are every bit as bad!"

Mr. Brown had not the smallest intention of hurting the priest's feeling; all the same Father Wigston passed into the street with a flushed face and tingling ears. He knew the man had spoken in well meant, if somewhat awkwardly-phrased, friendliness; but as the priest walked through the town a deep feeling of shame came over him, and the words rang in his ears like the burden of some unholy song.

"Our own folks—the Methodists—are every bit as bad as yours—the Catholics!"

And this had been said of those who were (or ought to have been) the salt of the earth, the burning and shining lights of that little heresy-laden town!

IV. "If any man think himself to be religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

Such were the words, printed in big letters, that one day met the eye of every visitor to Bessie's shop. Father Wigston had only suggested that the penitent woman should hang the framed placard in her bedroom, but he was by no means sorry when she assured him that it should be placed over the chimney-piece in the shop and remain there until her dying day if only to remind herself and others of the evil speaking she had so long indulged in. The sight of St. James' words should be part of her life-long penance, she said. And part of her penance the text of Scripture was—but not the whole.

It was long before Bessie felt certain that she was safe from the terrors of the law: even when she had gone down on her knees to Mr. Brown and had been reassured by him, she remained in constant dread lest he should change his mind and send her to prison as he had threatened to do, and as all her acquaintances repeatedly assured he could do. But this was not all. A number of her best customers left her for good, and a still greater number for many months. Even the sweetmeat trade fell off. Many parents said that Bessie Bates's shop was not a fit place for their children to patronize. This was bad enough, in truth, but worse followed.

Young Brown had entered a large drapery establishment in a distant city, and for some months all went well with him. At length, however, the ugly rumor of that lying story of his dishonesty reached his employers—by what means who shall say? Samuel was asked for an explanation and gave it, to the entire satisfaction of his masters; but from that day his whole existence was embittered, and his bright winning character underwent a complete change.

I will not sadden the reader with all the details of the subsequent history of the Browns. But as I am writing a story which is only too true I will mention the fact that, some years later, Mrs. Brown became insane.

Now it is almost certain that the appearance of this terrible malady had nothing to do with what we have been relating; to Bessie, however, it seemed to be the direct effect of her unguarded gossiping. Father Wigston did his utmost to reassure his suffering penitent, but for many months at least, his efforts were useless. Bessie's sins of the tongue had, perhaps, been great; the consequences of those sins were assuredly very great indeed, to the sinner herself, if not to others. Many long years have passed before she was able to give up her business and to retire upon her savings; even then her income was much smaller than it would have been if that miserable gossiping had not deprived her of so many of her best customers. However, her life now became a source of edification to all. She lived only for prayer and good works; and when the end came, she died as a penitent should, full of hope in the mercy of Him who not only forgives, but forgets.

THE MONTH OF OUR LADY.

Why May Is Dedicated to Her.

On the first day of this blessed month, we naturally ask, why has this whole month been consecrated to the Mother of God, why has the month of May been selected for this devotion, and when was this devotion established?

The entire month of May has been consecrated to the honor of Mary to complete the work which had been commenced in the remotest antiquity. Time is divided by periods which have different names. There are hours, days, weeks, months, and years. The piety of our forefathers had consecrated to Mary each day, by establishing the Angelus. This prayer is recited at three different times, morning, noon, and night. Every Saturday in each week has been reserved for her honor. In every month of the year a particular feast is celebrated in her name. To sanctify the Christian year one entire month of the twelve has been selected to be consecrated to the Virgin Mother. And so, every year, at the fixed time, the Christian world thinks of Mary,

renders her homage, implores her intercession, sings her praises, and by the study of this heavenly model receives its fervor in the service of God. The month of May happily completes the work which antiquity commenced.

Thanks to this pious institution, the devotion rendered to Mary surpasses the devotion rendered to all the other saints. The Church consecrates but a single day to the honor of the saints, at most an octave, but she justly gives to Mary this whole month. The Blessed Virgin is not only elevated above all the saints by her dignity of Mother of God, but she is above all others by her virtues and her merits. In her alone are united all the virtues, which we find scattered amongst the other saints—voluntary poverty, unalterable purity, constant association with all the sorrows of a hero, a remarkable humility, a prolonged and cruel martyrdom, and, after the agony of separation, a most meritorious resignation.

And again, when we render to Mary particular devotion, we only imitate God Himself Who selected her to be the Mother of His divine Son. He has deemed her worthy of the greatest honor which could be conferred on any creature. When St. Paul wished to prove the superiority of Jesus over the angels, he proposed the question, "Who is there to whom God has said, 'Thou art My son, I have begotten thee from all eternity?'" And so, to establish the pre-eminence of Mary over the saints, and to justify our devotion, we can ask, Who is there amongst the blessed to whom God has said, "Thou art My spouse, I have chosen thee to be the mother of My Son?" Therefore, the special devotion which we render to Mary is most just.

It is worthy of remark that the Christian solemnities are co-ordinated, or correspond, in an admirable manner to the varying phases of nature. We notice, for example, that in the autumn time we celebrate the commemoration of the faithful departed. At this time, especially, we remember those who have departed, or who have fallen even as the leaves from the trees. Is it not most suitable that the Church should place Mary's month of devotion in the season of the flowers, in the very midst of the spring-time, when nature puts on its most pleasing appearance? Yes, for Mary is, in fact, the mystical rose, the sweet lily of the valley, the choicest myrrh—in a word, she is the most amiable of creatures; and therefore it was, that the Church has dedicated to her the most pleasing month of the year. The arts have paid her the sweetest homage. For her poetry has sung its sweetest songs, music has modulated its most harmonious concerts, and sculpture has traced her in its most marvellous and delicate lines; whilst architecture has conceived for her honor its most sublime inspirations. Nature, therefore, should unite with art and offer to Mary its tribute in this universal devotion. The springtime must offer to her its perfumed air, the smiling fields, the budding verdure of the trees, and the sweet songs of the birds.

But, if the month of May is the most beautiful of all the months of the year, it is also the harbinger of new dangers; for innocency. The bright skies bring for us the bright and seductive days of pleasure, and seductive dangers often lie hidden in purest joys. The warm sunshine, the unfolding of nature, the marvellous spectacle of universal regeneration invite men to joys and open the souls to affections which are oftentimes fatal to virtue. But we should increase our strength as the dangers multiply. And where shall we find help and assistance in devotion to Mary? What antidote more powerful against the degradation of the senses than to meditate on the many virtues of the purest of virgins? What greater encouragement to virtue than the pleasing picture of Mary, constantly placed before us? Who can stand pure when walking under her white standard? Who cannot be strong with such assistance? Who is there that cannot love when it is a good mother that should be loved?

Again, the month of May immediately follows after Easter. It is, as it were, the continuance of the grand solemnities we have just concluded, and the crowning of the instructions and graces we have just received. It is the strengthening of the new life given us in the participation of the Easter time. When our divine Saviour, dying on the cross, gave us to Mary as her children, He wished to place under the protection of His sacrifice; Mother all the fruits of His sacrifice; so, also, the Church has placed this blessed month immediately after the solemnity of Easter, that innocency, so painfully recovered, should be under the protection of His Blessed Mother. And thus we pass from the Mother of the altar of Mary, from the arms of our Father to the heart of our Mother.

When was this devotion to Mary established? Who introduced it into the Church? To what epoch can we trace it? It would be difficult to answer these questions precisely. God Himself has inspired men, who were redeemed by the blood of His Son, with the thought of consecrating one entire month of the year to honor Mary. The world was obedient to this inspiration, and it was a sweet duty to fulfill. The devotion of the month of May was found in the Christian from the very beginning of Christianity, even as a flower whose germ has been carried by the winds of heaven, and there is no one who can fix the precise date, or name its author and origin.

It would also be a difficult thing to explain the progress of this devotion. The earliest Christian antiquity has linked the month of May with the

sweet name of was found every cities as well as lets the altars adorned with virgins surround immaculate virgins burning tapers, flowers mingled varied hues, and her its inspired voices were heard. Mary evermore exclaim, Hail to beautiful month one prolonged who is our Mother, our hope, month of special hours flow slow much to ask of

(Written down Only a little longer To other, remain Of victories, plant Few few are now and life's ard

Only a little longer To other, remain Of victories, plant Few few are now and life's ard

I do not fear to see To feel the dark Death is but sleep Life's load away And this our power

Beyond the night That none may From earthly life The imprisoned And, after trial,

That like white From far beyond Skin the dull care Their light on The soul to life

Yet would I leave A wretched world Impressed with love The human mind A little longer in—Robt

THE H Instructions Proper R

At one time exigencies of cause, the into the home is part of the have always necessary to with honor a the solemn h more or less often with difficult to fitting prep not convene

There shou fair linen ta to drape a ornamented or plain h circumstance certainly to the means of On the table be a crucifix together wi priest for a little bran scented shir elais to be candies in a belighted b bowl of plai the use of th of the wash be placed co teaspoon bo uses if the Communion swallowing

It would p vases be ad where the else that is real many Cath and plenty commonest tion, and been made stances h arrives w and finds provided; house, alt with bric not, no ho is, then n hold it. or is set stick; an covering seem as furnishing these the would p brac, or chamber much wa less tend customers

It will words to the man when he Host. V Not often conventi occasions inwardly prayer. the priest confession to be near to be ad the prie rectly t loudly b heard by should be had refresh