In Memory

OF MY DEAR UNCLE, JOHN SULLIVAN, DIED ASCENSION THURSDAY, 1887.

Softly melt the misty shadows
One fair morn in lovely May
Into dawn of tenderest beauty
On that sweet Ascension day.
Rosy tints aurora's fingers
Traces now with tenderest grace,
Picturing how earth and heaven
Meet in one fond embrace
On this feast when earth first sent to
Eden fairest fruits and flowers,
Well may Heaven shed her sweetest
Smiles on this low earth of ours.
Well may she on each Ascension
Still seek flow'rets fresh and sweet,
That their fragrance years eternal
They may breathe at Jesus feet.
Haste fair angel! while the dewdrops
Still refresh the Virgin's bowers,
In remembrance of His triumph
Jesus claims her fairest flowers.
Quick the gentle angel hastened
While a tear-drop dimmed his eye.
Sweet, yet sad, said he, the mission
Calling flowers to plant on high.
Soft he entered at the day break,
And his look still sadder grew
Seeing a devoted husband
And a father fond and true.
While the loved ones round him gathered
How heart rending was the cry,
Lord have mercy! Christ have mercy!
Holy Mary, hear our sigh!
And his fond wife o'er him bending
Wipes the death dew from his brow,
Long, long years she's known and loved him,
No she cannot part him now!
Three and thirty years of wedlock
Bound their hearts more closely here,
'Tis the same, the mystic number
Jesus' life did Mary cheer
And the self-same day that Jesus
Left this earth to enter heaven!
Cheer up wife, beloved, devoted,
Great the favor to him given.
Now a beam of consolation,
Stealing through that breaking heart
Sweetens the deep, bitter sorrow,
At the thought that they must part.
Soon she feels that clouds the darkest
Are with purest silver lined
And "Fiat voluntas tua,"
She exclaims with heart resigned,
Yes 'tis dawn, his breath grows fainter
While his spirit steals away
For a fairer dawn awaits him
Mists of earth have fled for aye,
Cold these hands which helped the needy,
The generous heart and noble brow,
Yesterday where health was blooming
Cold in death those features now.
But that smile, well-known, good-natured,
Round his lips still gently play,
Speaks of glory that awaits him
On the last Ascension day.
Farewell, dear one! fond hearts aching
Pray that calm may be thy rest
With that sweet smile mayst thou greet us
In the Mansions of the Blest.

SR. M. CLEMENT, S. S. de Notre Dame,

CHRIST IN THE EUCHARIST.

THE HISTORY OF THE FORTY HOURS' ADORATION BRIEFLY TOLD.

The Church has adored Christ in the Eucharist ever since that great Sacrament was instituted, but it is only in times comparatively modern that the most Holy Sacrament has been publicly exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

The procession of the Blessed Sacrament on Corpus Christi was probably introduced some time after the institution of the feast, under Pope John XXII, who died in 1333. We cannot be sure that even then the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, for

THE EARLIEST VESSELS

in which it was carried seem to have ridden it completely from view. Thiers found in a vellummissal dated 1373 a miniature picture of a bishop carrying the Host in procession, the monstrance in which it is borne having sides partly of glass. We may thus reasonably conclude that in the fourteenth century the Host was exposed, at least on Corpus Christi. In the sixteenth century it became common to expose the Host at other occasions—that is, of public distress—and generally the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for forty continuous hours. This devotion is still familiar to the Catholics throughout the world as the usual form for the more solemn

EXPOSITION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

The Host after High Mass (the Mass of Eposition) is placed on a throne above the altar in the monstrance. Persons are appointed to relieve each other night and day in watching and praying before it. On the second day a Mass *pro pace* (for peace) is sung, and on the third the Host again is placed in tabernacle after a High Mass (that of deposition.)

The first introduction of this devotion was due so far as can be ascertained, to Fr. Joseph, a Capuchin of Milan, who died in 1556. He arranged the forty hours' exposition in honor of the time that our Lord spent in the tomb. In 1560 Pius IV. approved the custom of an association called

THE CONFRATERNITY OF PRAYER

or of Death. They exposed the Host for forty hours every month. In 1592 Clement VIII. provided that the public and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament be exposed on the altars of the different churches at Rome. The forty-hours in one church succeed to those in another, so that the Blessed Sacrament is always exposed in the same church the whole year round. Earlier than this, in 1550, the Jesuits in Macerata exposed the Blessed Sacrament for forty hours in order to meet the danger of disorder prevalent at that time, and St. Charles adopted this devotion for carnival with great zeal. At present the forty hours prayer is observed successively by all the parishes, once at least in the year, in the United States.

The introduction of this devotion of the forty hours seems to have been formally

INAUGURATED IN THE UNITED STATES

by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, in 1857. To all the faithful who will devoutly visit the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for three days, and will there remain in prayer for some time, an indulgence of seven years is granted, and can be gained only once.

A plenary indulgence is granted to all who, having made their confession and received Communion, will visit and pray in the church when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed to the public veneration, said indulgence to be gained only once; it can also be applied to the suffrage of the souls of the faithful departed, on condition, however, that the person will visit said church once in each day of the three days.

There are numerous rules with regard to the public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Twelve lights at least must burn before the Host. Relics and images must be removed from the altar of exposition, and no Mass celebrated there so long as the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, except the Mass of deposition, and the bell is not rung at the Masses which are said during the exposition at the other altars. —*Catholic Home.*

REAL AND FALSE MODESTY.

From the Woman's Journal.

It would be well if young women were taught early in life that there is a false shame and an effectation of modesty as unlovely as forwardness and which repels as effectively as brazenness. To be on the qui vive for inuendoes, to have a smart faculty for extracting the bitters of evil from any good, is all wrong and all immodest. To see harm where harm is not intended is immodest.

The young woman who thought she would die of shame because some gentlemen came into the gallery where she was alone with the statue of the Venus of Milo, who fell into confusion and blushed mightily, advertised a modesty that was possibly only skin deep. A blush is something sacred to pure womanhood, and it is a sad spectacle for thoughtful eyes to note a young woman so far gone in the improprieties that she pretends to be shocked at things which simple, unaffected candor is far from thinking on at all.

There are otherwise modest and virtuous young ladies who manage to convey by subtle insinuations that they are deeply conscious of scenes which a really modest woman would ignore. It is true, indeed, as a great writer has said, that a modest woman must be at times both deaf and blind. Disagreeable happenings, offensive to eyes and ears, are at times incidental to almost every one's life. The most sheltered young woman can not be entirely protected. She may find herself in places where profane language reaches her ears, where objectionable sights greet her eyes. It is then the time for her modesty to take on an armor of dignity; it is the time for her to be both deaf and blind.

There are many things in life that young women ought to know of, and which if they did know, they would regard as great solemn truths, too sacred to be giggled over and simpered at; which are not proper subjects for conversation, but which none the less exist, and should be well comprehended.

For a young woman—or a young man, either—there is no safety in ignorance. The mother assumes unwarranted responsibility who leaves her innocent growing girls and boys to be educated in the mysteries of life by unthinking outsiders. Constant rubbing cannot wear off the delicate hue of the seashell, nor can the real purity of mind, the real modesty of refined womanhood, be more easily worn away. Mock modesty is twin sister to that cancer hearted virtue which consists in not being found out. Persons who affect it are social "suspects." Beware of it, young woman, because it deceives no one, and because if you do not, young men who are in search of lovely wives will beware of you.

A MISSIONARY REPUBLIC.

THE CATHOLIC INDIAN COMMUNITIES OF PARAGUAY.

History is always a valuable book of reference, and by turning to the missionary records of the past we may often gain useful hints for the present. Perhaps one of the most remarkable mission incidents of by-gone days was the foundation of a Christian republic in Paraguay. At the foot of the Cordilleras, on the side next to the Atlantic, between the Orinocco and Rio de la Plata, lay an immense region, peopled in the seventeenth century by an Indian race, exhibiting in its indolence, stupidity and ferocity all the degradation of fallen man. Yet, in the course of a few years we see established in the midst of these savages a certain commonwealth so virtuous that Muratori could find for his description of the republic no better title than "H. Christianesimofelice." Let us ask how this happy republic was established, for it may help us to see how a like success may perhaps be obtained in the foreign mission of to-day.

The first savages converted by the Paraguay missioners in 1608, were united in a village or community, to which other villages were successively added, and comprehended under the general name of Reduc-Bons. The temporal and spiritual affairs of each village were presided over by two missioners, and as all intercourse with strangers dangerous to faith and morals was prohibited, the reductions were in the fullest sense strictly Catholic. They were, moreover, self-supporting. The reduction grounds, divided into lots, were cultivated by the several families for their own support, whilst the produce of a public field, termed "Possession of God," provided for bad crops, the maintenance of widows, orphans, and the infirm, also for military expenses. In these agricultural, as well as in commercial pursuits, the missioners were guides and instructors. They carefully watched the character and abilities of the children in the schools. If a boy appeared suited for mechanical occupations, he was placed in one of the workshops of the reduction, and might choose the profession of a goldsmith, gilder, watchmaker, locksmith, carpenter, founder, weaver, etc. Such as preferred agricultural pursuits were placed among the husbandmen, while others again were appointed to take charge of the flocks. The women also were actively employed, either at home or in the fields, but, for the better preservation of morality, apart from the men. With the same object early marriages are promoted. Whilst all the youths received an elementary education, such as showed special talents were provided with a higher and more complete course of study. Lastly, the reduction was, to a certain extent, self governed. The administration consisted of a cacique, or war chief; a corgegidor, or administrator of justice; regidors and alcades, or heads of the police and public works; a fiscal, or public controller; a teniente, or prefect of the children, and village superintendents. The officers were for the most part, elected by general suffrage from a number of candidates, proposed by the missioners. The public defence was provided for by a regular military force, the able-bodied men being called together once a week, and drilled and exercised by the cacique.

"In everything," says Chateaubriand, speaking of this republic, "a wise medium was observed. The Christian republic was neither absolutely agricultural, nor exclusively addicted to war, nor entirely cut off from letters or commerce. It had a little of all, and a great number of festivals. It was neither morose like Sparta, nor frivolous like Athens. The citizen was neither oppressed with toil nor intoxicated with pleasure. Finally, the missioners, while they confined the multitude to the necessaries of life, were capable of distinguishing among those children whom nature had marked for higher destinies. According to Plato's plan they separated such as gave indications of genius, in order to initiate them in the sciences and letters. This secret number was called the 'Congregation.' . . . . It was this excellent institution that was destined one day to furnish the country with priests, magistrates and heroes."

Briefly as the mission reductions of Paraguay have been here described, they may serve to show how a great political, as well as missionary problem has been solved. Agriculture which sustains, and arms which preserve, were in Paraguay successfully combined, while the complete chain of social and public relations was everywhere united by the principles of religion. Whether any government will again grant a like freedom of action to Catholic missioners we know not but the same policy which now dictates a system of military colonization in Burham might, we believe, with far greater success promote throughout the pagan world a system of missionary colonization conducted on principles somewhat similar to those so successfully employed by the missioners in Paraguay.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

CONFIDENCE IN MARY.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE LATE REBELLION.

By a Sister of Mercy.

A poor young soldier had received a bullet wound in the chest in General Foster's attack on Goldsboro', North Carolina, and was left for dead on the field.

One of the ambulances which was sent to bear the wounded men to the temporary camp erected after the battle, passed near him.

He was speechless, but not unconscious, and while trying to staunch the blood with his scapulars kept saying mentally, "Mother of God, I am in mortal sin, don't let me die without the priest," so that it seemed a marvelous and direct answer to prayer, when he heard the voices of the men, now almost beside him. But they perceiving that the end was fast approaching said heartlessly, "Oh, there's no use in minding him, he will be dead before we can get him into the ambulance," and they went on, leaving him to his fate.

The poor fellow heard every word, and prayed the more earnestly to our Lady not to let him die in his sins.

The relief party had already gone a considerable distance, when one of the men, perhaps more humane than the rest, said to his comrades, "I must go back to that poor fellow; I cannot let a fellow soldier die like that without making an effort to save him." So he induced some of them to return with him, and when they came to the wounded man he had regained strength and speech enough to cry out, "I will not die, I will not die; for the love of God take me out of this."

Tenderly they raised him, and fixing him as comfortably as circumstances would allow carried him on a stretcher to the camp where so many of his brother soldiers were struggling in mortal agony.

When all the wounded men had been thus gathered together they were brought to the Military Hospital at Newberne, which was conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. It was a long and weary journey of nearly three days, and the sufferings of the poor men were greatly increased by the heat and fatigue, but here at last they found rest and care, such care as their mothers might have lavished on them, and their gratitude was unbounded.

When the doctor had examined and dressed the wounds of the poor soldier who had so fervently implored our Blessed Lady's help, they told the Sisters that there was no possible hope of his recovery; that his death was imminent and might be expected at any moment. He had lapsed into unconsciousness during the operation, so one of the Sisters took her station at his bedside watching for a lucid interval in which to prepare him to meet his God.

And she did not watch in vain. After a little time she noticed him groping for something which when he had found he opened his eyes with such a satisfactory expression that she bent over him to find the cause and speak some words of comfort, and saw him grasping tightly—his scapulars.

"Thanks to the Mother of God, Sister," said he, "she heard my prayer and did not desert me!"

Then in broken accents he told of his terror lest he should die in the condition in which he was left on the battle field, and of his oft-repeated prayer, "Mother of God, I am in mortal sin, don't let me die without the priest." "And now, Sister," he continued, "will you send me the priest without delay, for you need not tell me, Sister dear, I know I have not long to live, and it's many and many a year since I went to confession."

The good chaplain of the hospital hurried to the bedside of the dying man, and the interview was not a short one

With the utmost fervor he made his peace with God, was anointed and received Holy Communion, and after the Sister had helped him to make his thanksgiving he opened his heart to her and told her that although from boyhood he had led a wild and reckless life, and had not once approached the sacraments from the time of his first Holy Communion, he had always preserved some remnant of the love for our Blessed Mother which his own Irish mother had endeavored to plant in his heart when he was a child. On enrolling himself in one of the militia companies formed so rapidly in those troubled times, he had procured a pair of scapulars among the first articles of his regalia, thus placing himself under the protection of Her who was to protect him so visibly in the end.

His touching prayer to our Lady, when left among the dead and dying, was prompted no doubt by the scapulars to which he clung so fervently, and She, "to whom no one ever had recourse without obtaining relief," inspired his companion to go back to him before life was extinct, and strengthened him miraculously until his soul was renewed in the Blood of the Lamb.

After the great efforts consequent on his reception of the Sacraments, he seemed to rally for a few hours, but then sank into a state of complete exhaustion, and in the evening of the second day after his arrival at the hospital, his soul went forth to meet the merciful Judge, who in accord with His Mother's intercession had granted so rare a chance of salvation to one of His unworthy creatures.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

To very many it is an unknown name that heads this article, and yet St. Thomas Aquinas was one of the holiest men, one of the greatest intellects, one of the profoundest scholars that the Church has ever nurtured.

Born of illustrious parentage, in an age remarkable for pride of birth, he renounced all worldly honors for the humble frock of St. Dominic. Called to the highest position in both Church and State, he steadfastly refused to be known as aught else than a lowly servant of the Cross; versed in every subtlety of science, conversant with every branch of learning, so much so that to his admiring contemporaries he seemed to be inspired from on high, he yet accounted himself as knowing nothing save Christ and Him crucified. His whole life was spent in prayer and study, and he has left an impress upon the Church which time can never efface.

His voluminous writings give us a complete compendium of theology, worked out with a minuteness of detail, with a scholastic attention to subtleties which to this generation are simply amazing. Scholastic is the true word. Often used with a sneer, or even as a term of reproach, this word indicates something to which modern philosophy, modern science, modern theology, is each more indebted than it is willing to confess. The scholastics laid the foundations of that deep and arduous system of study to which, and to which alone, the nineteenth century owes its enlightment and its progress. They taught men how to work and if for nothing else they are entitled to the respect of mankind. They were trying to make bricks without straw, but they worked with a will. They did not attain their object, but as the alchemist in bending vainly over mysterious crucibles, for an impossible result, sounded and endowed the science of chemistry, so these schoolmen, decried as they are now by a certain class of shallow minds, produced results which have had a great and lasting effect upon all modern thought.

His own contemporaries conferred on St. Thomas the title of the "Angel of the Schools." An angel he was, pure, humble, gentle, thinking only of God, working only for God, sighing only to be with God. One cannot read a page of any of his writings without feeling how deeply he was imbued with a love, a personal, realized love of God. And with the love of God, as a natural consequence, the love of his neighbor. We are not surprised at the veneration with which he was regarded during his life by the whole Christian world. We are not surprised that at his death a unanimous cry should go forth that his name might be inscribed upon the altars of God. Only the Church could produce such a man; only the Church was worthy of him.

While the prose of the Angelical Doctor is massive, telling and precise, his poetry is of a sweet sensibility, of a loving earnestness, of a holy passion which would be surprising were we not prepared for every kind of supereminent excellence in one so richly endowed. At the request of Urban IV. he prepared the office for the solemn feast of Corpus Christi, and it is safe to say that the whole post-apostolic liturgy of the Church contains nothing nobler, nothing gentler, nothing more inspiring than his work.

It is related that the Pope, wishing to exercise a choice, had also requested St. Bonaventure, himself a man of the greatest piety and science, to prepare an office. On an appointed day the two were summoned before the Pontiff and called upon to read their compositions. St Thomas was forced to begin. When he had finished, without a word Bonaventure rose up and placed his manuscript upon the coals, saying that no human pen could equal what had just been heard. The holy Franciscan was doubtless right.

These hymns are our heritage, and are to be found in our hymn books, although but few are acquainted with their origin. All are eminently devotional, and for the last six hundred years they have been used in every land, in connection with the Blessed Sacrament, to express the love of the Church for God Incarnate. Take the "O Salutaris Hostia," with its strong and tender love, with its pathetic longing for the true home:

"O saving Victim! opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, one in three,
O! grant us endless length of days,
In our true native land with Thee."

How forcibly the last line reminds us that we are but strangers here, that our abiding city is elsewhere.

Take a stanza of the "*Ecce Panis Angelorum:*

"Very Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us,
Jesus of Thy love befriend us,
Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,
Thine eternal goodness send us
In the land of life to see."

Or take the "Tantum Ergo":

"Therefore we before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith our outward sense refreshing,
Make our inward vision clear."

Truly does an eloquent biographer say: "How full of large, free, tender adoration, was the great heart of St. Thomas can only be realized by one who studies in its entirety the office composed by him in honor of the Blessed Sacrament."

To that Sacrament he was truly most tenderly devoted, and his last effort in this world was to show his respect for it When the Viaticum was solemnly brought to him, as he lay upon his deathbed in a Benedictine Abbey, he rose up and endeavored to prostrate himself. Failing in this he uttered an expression of regret, and passed away murmuring "Thee have I tried to serve, O receive me now."

SOCIAL DUTIES.

Catholic Columbian.

We are social beings; hence, there are duties which arise from our obligations to each other in the social order. These duties do not partake of the nature of a contract in which dollars and cents or property is involved, yet they oblige.

The keeping of our word in what is termed small things is one of the most important of these. A person promises a friend to meet him at a certain hour.

There may not be any money in the matter, but often times there is loss of time and great inconvenience when such promises are not kept. As a rule they are not considered binding. In fact it is a habit with many to make such agreements without the intention of keeping them. It is a ready way of getting rid of some people.

Persons who thus dissimulate, do so at the loss of their reputation for truth. A person of this class is soon known and his word is worth nothing. It will not do to make a distinction between what is considered important and what is not. What may be of little value to one party may affect the other seriously. Our whole lives are made up of little things and by these we are known and judged.

Again there are acts which are called insignificant, too little to think of, and yet these very things are the measures and weights by which we received friendship and deal out influence. Pay no attention to these, and you become selfish. From necessity man must look to the convenience of his neighbor if he desires the esteem of his fellow. Not to desire it is to become egotistical.

A fool is full of his own conceit. The good will of our neighbor is worth much to us. We can hardly live without it. When we lose it, the fault in most cases is our own. There are thousands of occasions when a kind thought expressed by the eyes rivets by a glance the friendship of those who think well of us. Thousand times also a flash from the angry eye disrupts an affection which years have cemented. It will not mend the broken love to say, "I did not mean it, others angered me." There is no occasion which will warrant us to commit murder in our hearts.

There are many benefits which our neighbor confers on us, and yet we forget, most times, to give in return a kind word of thanks. Now when these kind acts are being prepared for us, the hearts of our friends are throbbing for our welfare and looking forward to the moment when their love will surprise us. Should all this concern be passed by with no recognition? There is no soul in him whose heart is not grateful for the love of his neighbor.

A kind word, spoken softly, remains long in the memory of our friends, and wins an enemy back to love. Our thunder storms of passion bring showers of words which rattle harshly against the ears of even our well wishers. Well may we be frightened. Our neighbor drinks them in and henceforth expects from us outbursts of passion. It is wonderful how small a matter disturbs us. On such occasions self-respect is forgotten, and our neighbor's feelings crushed.

A neighbor may ask a favor and he is immediately put off or refused. This is done on principle. If it cost a little inconvenience, it pays to grant the favor. A kind deed is never lost. It may be ever so little, yet, like a pebble thrown in the ocean, its tiny displacement will be felt on the opposite shore.

The morning and evening salutation, which is often told by mere inclination of the head as we hurry by the face that greets us, gives speed to the kind thoughts which arise in our bosoms, and makes less wearied the steps we are pacing. The deference which we practice towards each other, goes out from us in the morning and returns home with us in the evening, to crown our rest with the smiles we have awakened in others. A smile of love from us may cause a gleam of sunshine to penetrate the soul of a sorrow-stricken brother. When the shade of sorrow chills our soul and drives sunshine from it, then we borrow light and heat and love from our neighbor.

It hurts us when we hear that others have spoken ill of us. Should we not then remember this when an inclination prompts us to belittle our neighbor. We may defend ourselves from the aspersions of others, and often this is necessary and commendable. We do not offend against charity when we protect our character or property in a manly, honest and lawful manner. Men should always pay to ladies the kind marks of politeness which the very preservation of society demands. The man who heeds not their presence when an uncouth word comes to his mouth, will soon lose all propriety in his speech. This sense of good breeding should govern men and make them even more careful in the presence of little and growing up girls. Brothers, while young, should be taught to exercise this respect and deference towards their sisters.

Kind thoughts, kind words and kind deeds, bring forth every good note in the character of men and women. They benefit the person who practices them by increasing every day the kindliness of his nature, and making the frown of anger a stranger to his countenance. By them we enjoy life, and through them we make others partakers of the sunshine which beams in upon our lives. By them and through them we live to love and be loved. S. S. M.

DEATH OF MONSIGNOR POWER.

We (Canadian *Catholic Record*) sincerely regret to chronicle the death of the Right Rev. Monsignor Power, V. G., which took place in Halifax from heart disease. He rose at six on the morning of his death, celebrated Mass at seven, breakfasted, went down the town, and returning lay down and in a few minutes died. He was in his last moments surrounded by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien and his priests. We sincerely pray the God of mercy, whom the deceased so long and so faithfully served, to grant the departed soul light, peace, and refreshment. R. I. P.

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Nature of Christian Belief.

From the London Tablet.

It is plain that any one would be set down as a lunatic if he thought to dispense with the necessity of belief in things of this world. But when we have to deal with the invisible, with the dread and incrutable problems of the world beyond the grave, such is the waywardness of human nature that men rebel against belief. And thus we are led onwards one more step, and brought face to face with the New Testament teaching on the nature of Christian belief. Bishoq Hedley, O. S B, takes for his text St. Paul's words: "The obedience of faith." It is all important that man should bear in mind that the obedience of faith is a free act. It resides not alone in the intellect, but in the will likewise.

In the language of St. Thomas, it is *actus intellectus imperatus a voluntate.* The very motives which demonstrate the trustworthiness of the Church when she proclaims her divine mission, though when duly weighed they make a prudent dissent impossible, yet are of the nature of that immediate evidence by which we pronounce that two and two make four.

We can turn aside and refuse to consider the proofs on which the Church rests her claims. So that room is left in many ways for the exercise of man's free-will in believing, and unwillingness to believe causes in the world a vast amount of unbelief. Many circumstances concur to bring about such unwillingness, the prejudices of our upbringing, the dread of having to renounce unlawful pleasures, the positive intervention of Satan, and the fear of what the world will say:

"And the world has hundreds of ways of holding back the inquirer from the Catholic Church. It points out that the newspapers sneer at Catholicism, that the Pope is the object of unceasing ridicule; that Catholics in this country are mostly poor, and, in fact, Irish; that Catholics are priest ridden, and must give up liberty and manliness of thought; and, most woe of all, that the 'public opinion' of the country condemns Catholicism."

Just as if Christ had bidden his disciples teach all nations as long as His doctrine did not clash with "public opinion."

A Christian Mother.

Next to the Blessed Virgin, Saint Monica, the Mother of Saint Augustine, presents one of the best types of Christian womanhood. She was a model wife, and mother of the great African doctor in a two-fold sense, by nature, and by grace.

All readers of her history have been touched by the persevering tenderness and unfailing hope with which she pursued in his devious course her gifted, but wayward son. And all have rejoiced at the discovery that her labors were crowned with success, and that her pious prayers gave a Saint and a Doctor to the Church. She hoped in the darkest hour, and prayed always, so that the light of the Church of Milan, St. Ambrose, assured her that such zeal as was hers, for the conversion of a soul, must be successful.

It is well for mothers in this the year of celebration of this patient Saint's fifteenth century to meditate upon her worthy life.

Society seeks to pervert women, and bear her off to false gods. It does not want modesty, patience, tears, prayers; they were good enough for such women as St. Monica, but for our set they are out of date. We want public offices, clerkships, professions, everything our brothers have Society is educating us by degrees, let us have the excitement of the primary, and abdicate the modest violet state of existence which old fogies deemed so becoming to our sex. This is a mild statement of the situation. But if the world is full of such false notions it is largely due to the weakness of Christian women who, unlike Saint Monica, neglect the moral interests of their children.

Everything seems to be done for show, and the little masters and misses are dressed after unhealthy fashions, squeezed into straight jackets, and taught the mincing speech of the parlor. They are educated then!—and prepared for society. Fashion, wealth, all kinds of frivolity are the ideals they have drawn from the godless education they received. With exceptions unhappily few, they are lost to true usefulness and God.

Had Saint Monica been like such parents the Church probably would have no Saint Augustine, and the world lost a really great man.

Matilda, the regent of France, forbade the enslavement of Christians; like her and with the light of Blessed Monica's example, every woman should labor with prayer and tears to keep her children from becoming slaves of fashion and the devil. To this end it is the duty of parents to provide proper religious instructions for their children at school, as well as at home. There cannot be too much of a good thing, especially when the good thing is that which is the supreme necessity of creation.—*Colorado Catholic.*

There is more genius, more poetry, more thought, in one mediæval building than in all the tame and idea-less edifices of modern construction put together. Go to an ancient square of Antwerp or a street of Nuremburg—then think of Piccadilly or the Boulevard Haussmann, and shudder. Or go yonder, into the Trastevere, and think of the Via Nazionale, near at hand.—*Heart of Steel.*

An Open Letter.

Nov. 25th, 1886.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.,

I wish I had used B. B. B. sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B. B. B., which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me. Mrs. Edward Romkey, Eastern Passage, Halifax, N. S.

ALWAYS REQUIRED.—A good cathartic medicine. National Pills will not disappoint you.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe, sure and speedy to remove worms from children or adults.

LOW'S SULPHER SOAP should be found with every toilet. It is cleansing and healing.