

RECTOR. SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander's... SOCIETY—Rev. Director, P.P.; President, C. J. Doherty & Wm. M.D.; Treasurer, B.O.L.; Secretary, Kahan; Rev. T. P. Tansey.

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

(By Georgina Pell Curtis.)

High up on the side of a broad plateau it stood—a long, low building, painted white. In front it was set off by a wide gallery that stretched the length of the house and over which ran luxuriant creepers and long, trailing vines.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE BLOOD-PURIFIER. A valuable medicine for all kinds of blood diseases. Forget this medicine. KENNEDY MED. CO. 100 Lake St., CHICAGO.

A FAMOUS QUOTATION.

(From the Ave Maria.)

Everyone is familiar with Lord Macaulay's oft-quoted tribute to the indestructibility of the Church. "She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all."



"Eat Plenty of Fruit."

That's what the Doctors say when one is constipated. Because fruit acts on the liver, causing it to excrete bile which aids digestion and increases the peristaltic action of the bowels, thus preventing constipation.

Fruit-atives or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the tonic and laxative virtues of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, many times intensified—by our secret process of combining the juices—and made into tablets. "Fruit-atives" act gently and naturally—tone up the liver—greatly increase the flow of bile—effectively cure indigestion, Biliousness, Headache and Constipation—build up and strengthen the whole system.

Manufactured by FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

"You are my spiritualities and temporalities," he said, as he sprang off his horse and doffed his sombrero. "You, Mother Eileen, must wish me good luck, and you, dear Mother Mary, must pray for my safe journey."

II.

Just beyond the railroad, in the little town of W— stood a small one-story building, painted green. A large signboard, that covered all the upper part of the structure, set forth that here August Haas sold general merchandise.

before his death from over-study at Cambridge, in 1806, a volume of poems, in one of which, "Time," we find this passage:

Where now is Britain? Even as the savage sits upon the stone That marks where stood her capitol, and hears The bitter booming in the woods, he shrinks From the dimming solitude.

Finally, Shelley, who was drowned two years before Macaulay published his review in Mitford's "Greece," has this sentence in his "Dedication to Peter Bell": "In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined merit of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and Fudges and their historians."

Without accusing Macaulay of plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, it will readily be seen that his reading of Goldsmith and Walpole and Volney and White and Shelley may well have had much to do with the evolution of the famous sentence quoted from the Edinburgh Review, a passage so commonly known that "Macaulay's New Zealander" has come to be synonymous with one belonging to a century as yet far in the future.

At the Night-Workers' Mass.

Up the narrow and twisted stairs to a low-ceiled room, blue-walled, where 200 men fill the place to repletion, an altar at one end, high candlestick, but small, its railing too large to be in proportion, where a priest vested in the purple of mortification and purification, in a low sweet voice is saying the words of the Mass.

The mighty service of the Christian Church, said for the benefit of the newspaper and other night workers, the most ancient of services for the most modern of all modern men, here is ground for contrast, and reason for exultation at the flexibility and adjustability of Mother Church. Calmly, swiftly and easily the service flows on, the stately Ciceronian Latin dropping like pearls astray from the lips of the priest as he proceeds. The Kyrie and the Gloria, and every step watched closely and reverently by this unique congregation, while up from the street or the bustling city come the shrill cries of the newsboy, the harsh shouts of the wagon drivers, and the stirring clang of the street car gong.

The book is moved, the Gospel read, announcement and sermon passed, for here the necessary alone is in use, and words of the Credo come to us. The symbol of Nice, drawn so many years ago, in defiance of and to hush the clamor of heresy—

arches and dispartants, drawn by holy men whose names are forgotten, whose dwelling places know their ashes no more, even the race from which they sprang dead and passed, or buried, the building, yea, even the city where they met crumbled into dust; but their work endures, till here and now, in a land whose existence they did not dream, it thrills the heart of men whose occupation would be as strange to them as the country and the city where their formulas are repeated.

A thousand years were to pass before the art should be discovered or rediscovered, the practice of which should give sustenance to the men who listen to their clear and definite declaration. Races were to be bred and kingdoms to be founded and pass away, languages to arise, civilizations to be developed, new worlds to be discovered and ancient ones to pass from the seats of high renown and vast wealth and boundless power to be the lair of the wolf and the jackal; seas were to be crossed, new forms of government to be developed, old earth herself and the firmament to take on new aspects, and material things to be revolutionized, yet while all these changes were being rung on the chimes of the years, and new ships launched on the tides of time, the words of the Fathers of Nice were to be repeated over and over again, preliminary to the preparation of the bread and wine.

From the service to the listeners the mind flies. Stern-faced, calm, square-jawed, weary of brow as benefits the worker, cosmopolitan America is represented. Men, all men, not a woman within sight or sound, surely as unusual a congregation, and as unusual a time as may be found in combination. "Lift up your hearts!" and the Preface rings in our ears, the majestic cadence of which has been heard by oh, so many millions upon millions of men and women and little children. Where has its swinging sentences not floated over the heads of worshippers, since first it took its form in the catacombs of the Eternal City, mighty, proud and pagan?

Emperors and kings, and peasants and beggars, soldiers and forest dwellers, cloistered women and forest-dwelling scholars have heard it. It has passed over the snows of the mighty north, and mingled with the scorching winds of the southern desert, the swaying cabins of tiny ships, the mighty ocean pounding at the planks, have echoed with its low spoken syllables, and the great lakes and the mighty rivers of our own beloved land have heard its tones, are our fathers had quitted the shores of Europe, and when its only auditors were copper-colored and skin-clad savages. And now the awful words are coming, and the assemblage sinks into a silence so profound, so absolute, that it seems as if all movement had ceased. The noises of the streets are subdued and the tinkling of a little bell tells of the sacrifice so long foretold.

Now the men troop out, and again the world resumes for a time its incessant, angry sway, but God's grace has been poured out, and no man leaves the room just as he entered it, and no more shall he be as he would have been had he entered not.—The Boston Pilot.

(To be Continued.)