THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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vants to keep the Truth alive, that the world might at last know it and be saved. When the Jew was gone, and I was alone sgain, I chastened my soul with a new prayer—that I might be permitted to see the King when He was come, and worship Him. One night I sat by the door of my cave trying to get nearer the mysteries of my existence, knowing which is to know God; suddenly, on the see below me, or rather in the darkness that covered its face, I saw a star begin to burn; slowly it arose and drew nigh, and stood over the hill and above my door, so that its light shone full upon me. I fell down, and slept, and in my dressm I heard a voice say :

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THE PURTER AND THE SAINT.

From the Me

From the Messenner. The following pleasant stary shows any start simulicity St. Philip Neel often was an experter to God. It is told of a crease poor porter of Rome. The porter was not accounted to going fourch as a regular visitor, but hap pend by chance to find himself there on A fourch as a regular visitor, but hap pend by chance to find himself there on A fourch as a regular visitor, but hap pend by chance to find himself there on A fourch as a regular visitor, but hap pend by chance to find himself there on A fourch as a regular visitor, but hap pend by chance to find himself there on A fourch as a regular visitor, but hap pend by chance to find himself there on A fourch as a regular visitor, but hap has here out and, it rest in pease. While the pool of the school, and had made his proves to echool, and had made his proves of the learned his provers, had constantion. But all this happens by the had forgotten his mother, had had become s porter. He labored the begon to the towers, on All Sahat' Day has hid hid himself to the church, as the proven him for a form all Sahat' Day the towers himself to the church, as the proven him for a form all Sahat' Day while he down as the fource and the begon to constantion for a form and the begon to the work the work and the himself to the church, as the proven him for a form all Sahat' Day the tower himself to the church, as the proven him for a form and the begon to constantion for a constant and the begon to the work to work and the himself to the constant and the tower himself to the constant, and the provent to be work and the himself to the constant, and the provent to work the work and the himself to the constant, and the provent to work and the himself to the constant, and the provent to work and the himself to the constant, and the provent to be provent to the constant, and the provent to be provent to the constant, and the provent to be provent to the constant to be the tower to be provent to be provent to the cons

children who know some two or three words in the long recital of the Conflicor or Creed. He was thus engaged whon the preacher mounted the pulpit and prepared to speak on the feast of the day. The preacher was St. Philip Neri. He spoke of the necessity of acquiring holiness, and re-peated at least ten times that in order to die in holiness, we must live in holines. Our poor porter in his corner was all absorbed. The words, "To live in holi-ness, to die in holiness, "fol lupon his cars, as the French say, like hall before the hurricane. He was the last to leave the church, and sli the day he continued to hear the same music : he must live in holiness, he must die in holiness. The refrain kept rights in his cars in the requare, amid his reveries, and even at the tables of the taver. "Well," he said at has, "why shouldn't 1 make an attempt? I can't be any poorer than I am, though my trade of porter is always pretty sure. I am going to try to be a saint, and meet the consequences gayly ?" So the porter set out to find the preacher. All Rome was talking of this greaterers of God. Every one knew him. Even the porters called him "the Saint." Our here knocked at the door of the oratory: convent. A lay Brother opened it. "Thave come to see the saint," add the porter; "I want to make the sittempt ?" "Who is the saint you want to see," said the Brother, "and what attempt do you want to make?" "The saint I want to see is the saint of your house, your Philip Neri. I wanthim

"The saint I want to see is the saint of

"The saint I want to see is the saint of your house, your Philip Neri. I want him to do something for m." The brother brought him to St. Philip, whom he saluted as soon as he b held tim with the words: "Goud-day, my saint, I have come to be a saint." "You are deceived, my friend," replied St. Philip, "I am not a saint, but a poor, wretched sinner." "Aren't you Signor Philip Neri ?" "Now you are right. I am called Philip Neri,"

"Now you are right. I am called Philip Neri," "Then you are right. I am called Philip Neri," "Then you are the saint I want. Teach me the means-teach me what I ought to do in order to become a saint." St. Philip recollected himself for an instant and raised his heart in prayer Then he cast a glance full of goodness and tenderness upon the rude and simple nature which Providence had sent him "My friend," he akked, "do you know how to read i? "Osn I read ?--can I read, my saint?--I really think I can. Lon ago the Brothers need to mak me read the Gospels, and I used to lock a the pictures and prayers in my mother" book. I am sure I did, but that was ok. I am sure I did, but th book. I am sure I did, but that was I long time ago." St. Philip took down a New Testamen from a shelf, and opening it gave it to th porter, saying: "My friend, read on these four verses, but read them ver thoughtfully, and come to see me in eight daws."

of Jericho, have kept their play-grounds since the beginning. Its foot is well covered by rands tossed from the Exph-rates, there to lie; for the mountain is a

the service of the case, and the service of the formation of the case, and the service of the serv

was sand, sometimes smooth as the beaten beach, then heaped in rolling ridges; here chopped waves, there long swells. So, too, the condition of the atmosphere changed. The sun, high risen, had drunk his fill of dew and mist, and warmed the breach that kiesed the waste below, like the blue above it, was lifeles". He turned to the camel, saying low, and in a tongue strange to the desert, "We are far from home, O racer with the swifteat winds-we are far from home, but God is with us. Let us be patient."

Then he took some beans from a poc.

rates, there to lie; for the mountain is a wall to the pasture lands of Moab and Ammon on the west-lands which elsa had been of the desert a part. The Arab has impressed his language upon every thing could and east of Jude so, in his tongue, the old J-bel is the parent of numberless wadies which, in-tersecting the Roman road-mow a dusty path for Syrian pilgrims to and from Mecca-run their furrows, deepening they go, to pass the torrents of the rainy season into the Jordan, or their lass receptacle, the Dead Sea. Out of one these wadies—or, more particularly, out of that one which rises at the extreme end of the Jebel, and, extending east. To this jabbok river—a traveller passed, going to the table lands of the desert. To this person the attention of the reader is first besought. Judged by his appearance, he was quite forty-five years old. His beard once of the deepest black flowing broadly over his breast, was streaked with white His face was brown as a parched coffay-berry and so hidden by ared haying/a(a sthe kerchnef of the head is at this day call by the children of the desert) as to be put in part visible. Now and then h raised bis eyes, and they were large and dark. He was cled in the flowing gar ments so universal in the East; but their style may not be described more past cularly, for he sat unders minature tent, and mode a creat white demode

they are called." He took them to the repast, and seated them so that they faced each other. Simultaneously their heads bent for-ward, their hands crossed upon their breasts, and, speaking together, they said aloud this simple grace: "Father of all-God 1-what we have here is of Thee; take our thanks and bless us, that we may continue to do Thy will."

turned and again scanned the world of sand, dim with the glow of the vertical "They will come," he said calmly, "He that led me is leading them. I will make ready." From the pouches which lined the in terio of the cot, and from a willow bas-ket which was part of its furniture he brought forth materials for a ment-vine in

Conversions to the Catholic Church are still numerous in England. The most others, come from the uttermost parts of the earth, thou shait see Him that is promised, and be a witness for Him, and the occasion of testimony in His behalf. In the morning arise, and go meet them, and keep trust in the Spirit that shall guide thee." "And in the morning I awoke with the spirit as a light within me surpassing that of the eun. I put cff my hermit's garh, and dressed myself as of old. From the table of London, Mr. Hay, at Rome; the Rav. Dr. Moss-man, an old college friend of Cardinal Maning's, and a leading man among the Ritualists; Rav. Mr. Hennessy, for twenty-eailing past. I heiled it, was taken aboard, and landed at Antioch. There I bought the camel and his furniture. Through the gardens and orchards that enamel the parks of the Orontes, I j.urneyred to you." To BE CONTINUED. Some fifteen years ago, quite a stir was of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young lergerseated in Episeopailan and R.man Catha of the tick, "mad gone over to Rome." This young lergerseated in Episeopailan and R.man Catha of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap releated and his detimore, bas of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city "had gone over to Rome." This young cleap articularly in Baltimore, by a of that city the may of Mount Catvary

As a purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla acta directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits. Many thousands of people are yearly saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little timely care in cleansing the system by the use of this remedy.

A fund is being raised to erect a monu-ment over the grave of the poet priest, Father Ryan. Hon. Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World has contributed \$500.

days." "Read only these four verses in orde to become a saint! You are j.king." "No, ro, my friend, I am very seriou bat you must read them with great attent

"My saint, I promise you I will, and shall be back in eight days. Good-b

shall be back in eight days. Good-E my saint." And so the porter went his way wi the New Testament. He had been soldier for a while in early youth, a now said "my saint" just as the soldic said "my corporal." At the end of t eight days he returned. "Good day, my friend," said St. Phil "have you read those four verses ca fully ?"

to God, . . . do not swear, . . do not envy; do you think that easy "But how much have you done ?"

do ?"
"Bat how much have you done ?"
"Oh ! I have dote something, but takes its own time; I have to be vary h on myself."
"Ah ! well, my friend," said St. Phi "you are on the way to holiness. H courage. You will reach it soon enou-only now you must take four or verses more."
They remained some time in conve-tion. St. Philip entertained the gree hopes. The artice replies of the po-gave indication of a happy result. A was leaving, he received his four ve-bade the saint good by, and promised return again within eight days. But eight days passed and he did not retur St. Philip became a little snatous prayed hard for his friend. Eight more succeeded the first and still he not returned. St. Philip was now much troubled and almost gave up H The porter, he fancied, had commence a moment of fervor, but had soon discouraged, and had now, no dd thrown to the winds the lessons of four verses. At length, however, ju he was making these sai reflection almost at once a knock was heard a door.