

## Young Woman's Corner

### THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk through the Valley of Silence,  
Down the deep voiceless valley—alone;  
And I hear not the fall of a foot-step  
Around me—save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where Angels have flown!

Long ago, was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago, I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago I was weary of places  
Where I met but the Human—and sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,  
I craved what the world never gave,  
And said, "In the world, each ideal,  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is thrown on the shore of the Real  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the false with the True;  
I sought mid the Human for Heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;  
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the Human,  
And I mourned 'mid the mazes of men;  
Till I knelt long ago at an altar  
And heard a voice call me: since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy  
And above me a voice said "Be mine."  
Then rose from the depth of my spirit  
An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer like a perfume from censers,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing  
That to men, like the Dove of the Deluge,  
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—  
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the Valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me that place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?

It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there;  
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

—Father Ryan.

To do much work poorly, or to do little work well that is the question that the circumstances or accidents, or perhaps the plan of life, is continually forcing on us. It is in the daily routine that this question becomes very perplexing. There is so much we would like to accomplish, so much we have set our minds to accomplish, and there are so many other things occurring to interfere with our accomplishment of what we would do. Here is where our impatience shows. We are impatient of these interruptions and the interruptions have a disagreeable way of appealing to us as duties and so the worry. First we worry at the interruptions. Then we worry because we did not take up the interruptions cheerfully, as we now think it was our duty, to have done.

Take the example of the scrupulous housekeeper. She has a system. She washes Monday, irons Tuesday, bakes Wednesday, sweeps Thursday, and so on down to Saturday. Her work for each day is to be finished at a certain hour. In the midst of the washing Monday a neighbor runs in to get some help in cutting her little Jack's coat. All the time the woman with a system is secretly fretting at the delay in the washing and wondering how she can make up the lost time to get it on the line at the usual time.

There is another bad habit common among women of thinking all the time while performing one task how they are going to crowd into the day the others that they have set themselves. This habit of crowding one task into and on to another must be detrimental to good results. Many persons show the same avidity about reading. They decide to read so much every day and consider the time that must be given to chance callers—that is callers outside their day—entirely lost. What is worse they give in so entirely to this idea that instead of trying to entertain these callers or be entertained or informed by them, they let their minds dwell on the enjoyment they might have had out of their books. So by their inattentiveness, they run the risk of being dubbed had mannered, of losing a chance of learning something or some other golden chance.

The most important point is the disturbance to the peace of mind in this restlessness about doing what we have laid out for ourselves to do.

Man proposes; God disposes. The better part is to try to do for God's sake whatever comes in our way to do.

Perhaps it will not be necessary to do the task at all to-morrow that we were prevented from doing to-day.

This restlessness to accomplish much is very wearying and worrying to the associates of the restless one as well as to herself.

It is detrimental to that repose of manner that marks the lady. It is very hurtful to any depth of character. It is a plain disregard of God's ways and an entire regard of ours. It is the making of unhappiness where there might be full measure of content.

AMICA.

### THE NEW RAT PORTAGE HOSPITAL.

The handsome building on the point of Tunnel Island, which was run as a young ladies' academy for some years, has been overhauled and transformed into a modern hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity of the house of Providence, Montreal. Messrs. Stevens and McKinnon, the well-known firm of builders, had the contract for remodeling the structure, and the hospital as it looked on Sunday last as the crowd of citizens trooped through it, certainly reflects credit upon the firm.

The interior has been furnished and fitted up by the Sisters, who have spared no effort to make the new hospital a model of

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twentieth century achievement. The operating room fully equipped with surgical appliances is situated in the south-east corner of the second floor with the windows facing east and south, thus ensuring abundant light.

Besides the public wards in which are arranged the spotless beds, there are several private wards furnished handsomely, yet scientifically, everything being arranged with a view to perfect hygiene and sanitation, consistent with comfort.

The citizens who visited the new hospital last Sunday took advantage of the opportunity to present the Sisters with a sum of money collected in town.—Rat Portage Miner, Feb. 24.

The sum mentioned by our contemporary is \$211, collected from persons of all denominations. The Catholic ladies of Rat Portage have already collected one hundred dollars.

### PRIEST IN PROTESTANT PULPIT.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 27.—When the worshippers of the Immanuel Baptist Church (colored) of this city entered their church last night to assist in the revival incidental to the remodeling of the church, they were surprised to see Rev. Clement Thuente, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, of this city, step into the pulpit to preach the sermon.

Fr. Thuente wore the full Dominican habit. Before he began his sermon, the pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. A. C. Powell, told his congregation that the appearance of a Catholic priest in a Protestant church marked a new epoch in the Christian religion. The hymns sung by the choir were "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Rock of Ages." The priest preached on "Christ the Savior."

### ST MARY'S CHURCH.

Cor. St. Mary and Hargrave Sts.  
RECTOR—Rev. D. Guillet, O.M.I.  
ASSISTANTS—Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I., Rev. O'Dwyer, O.M.I.  
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SUNDAY SERVICES—Mass at 7 and 8.30. High Mass at 10.30. Sunday School at 2.30. Baptism from 2 to 4. Vespers, Sermon and Benediction at 7.15.

WEEK DAY SERVICES—Holy Mass In summer time at 6.30 and 7.30. In winter time at 6.30 and 8.

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Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

## C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.  
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A. for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

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