

however, returned to the force when he was of female dresses in them they were a pause of their approach and could hear some of encouragement, and at sight. The door at two ladies entered, strong enough to distinguish the countenance as perfectly as he did; but he had not recognized the sweetly smiling face of Emily Bury, the winning kindness of her eyes, and the gladness of her hand with which she would have been glad to hide themselves from the face of God.

Their lives ran on quietly in this manner until the morning on which Maurice discovered the chubby boy in the haystack. Then all changed, and he decided to take the protection of the place, and so faithfully watched over that little Babe who lay in the manger.

Everyone in the fishing village took an interest in the lad, and the girls and boys would call daily at the cabin to see how he was growing. Good Father Doyle, the great-hearted, whole-souled pastor of Dingle parish, took a special pride in little Joseph.

"You must train him right, Maurice," he would say, "and maybe some day he will be another champion of Erin's woes."

"Thru for you, Father," Maurice would reply, "but I would rather see him a plain Soggarth like yourself than an O'Connell."

Joseph grew up a fine, healthy boy, and by the time he reached his twelfth year was remarkable for his piety and devotion. His foster parents, with the aid of good Father Doyle, sent him to school regularly, and taught him his prayers and catechism. He was very fair looking, and there was an unmistakable refinement about him which caused Father Doyle to shake his head often, and say: "Poor lad, he has been in his veins, if any one ever had. He came of a good family, whoever they may be."

From the day of his discovery by Maurice, nothing was heard of the relatives of the lad, and he grew up, knowing no other parents than the kindly couple. When he reached his fifteenth year he started to go to college and study like Father Doyle, and help the poor.

Simple-hearted Kitty burst into tears at the news, and taking him in her arms, she cried: "God bless you, Anna, we will speak to Father Doyle about it. Sure we have no means to educate you, an' it takes money to go to Maynooth."

Maurice was fervently grateful when he heard what was in the bouchal's mind, and after supper hurried to his rectory to tell the good news to his pastor.

"I have been watching the lad, carefully," said that good man, "and I think he has a vocation. I will take charge of him myself, and I am sure there will be no brighter lad in all Maynooth."

Joseph was sent to college, and as Father Doyle predicted, made rapid progress in his studies. More and more he grew deeply religious, and when the year of his ordination came round, he was often styled "another St. Anthony" by his classmates.

He visited his foster parents every summer, and wrote to them regularly while away. His letters were beautiful in their expressions of gratitude to the devoted couple, to whom, he said, he owed his great happiness. With proud hearts Maurice and his good wife would pass on his letters to their neighbors, and those who were able to read did so and told the contents to their friends.

The day of Joseph's ordination was a happy one for Maurice and Kitty, and early in the morning they attended Mass in the village chapel to pray for the intention of their son. On their way home they were congratulated by their friends, and all looked forward to the following Sunday when the young priest would be amongst them offering up the Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel.

When Sunday arrived the chapel was crowded, the peasantry coming from miles around to receive the blessing of the young Levite whose history was known to all. The altar was decorated with flowers, and after Mass tendered a dinner to Father Joseph, Maurice, Kitty and the visiting priests.

Mr. and Mrs. Moloney shed happy tears when their son, in acknowledgment of the kindness of the aged pastor, paid a tribute to the sacrifices and devotion of the poor Irish couple, whom he knew as father and mother.

"He received his first inspiration from their holy lives," he said, "and he prayed that God would reward them two-fold for their kindness to him." He knew it would cost him a struggle and bring pain to their loving hearts, but he heard his intention: he had volunteered for the White Mission in Africa.

The sorrow to Maurice and Kitty was a heavy one when the day arrived for the sailing of their foster son. Long and fervently they prayed for strength to bear the parting, and the goodness of Father Joseph, who visited them in the cabin and prayed with them, helped them to bear up in their trouble.

"Surely, God only loaned him to us," wailed Kitty, "an' it is but right that we give him back to Him. I do not begrudge him to God, but I feel lonely at the parting."

"'Tis the same way I feel myself," said Maurice, wiping a tear on the corner of his coat sleeve, "but we have no right to complain at all, at all. Sure, the Lord lendeth, an' the Lord taketh. We must be obedient to His will."

Regularly the lonely couple heard from the young missionary for the next five years. His letters were sent to

Father Doyle, and that good man would go to the cabin of the White Mission, and after evening to chat about his protégé.

"I always told you there was good in his face," he remarked one evening after reading an unusually lengthy letter, in which Father Joseph gave a glowing account of life among the negroes. "He had the look of it. He has good friends somewhere, Maurice. Blood tells every time."

As I used to tell Kitty here," spoke Maurice: "he was marked for God's service. He was always good and brought light to our cabin."

"Yes," tearfully assented Kitty, "an' the light went out when he left. I would not feel so lonely like if he were anywhere else but among the black niggers. Sure the black devils are no company for Joseph."

"Hush, Kitty," said Father Doyle, "all men are equal in the sight of God, and a black man's soul is as white as an Irishman's."

In this way Father Joseph would be discussed by his friends, until one evening, late in November, Father Doyle was noticed by Kitty walking slowly down the road.

"Maurice," said the good woman, "run an' open the gate, quick. Father Doyle is coming down the lane, an' he looks as if he was in trouble."

"That's you! Woman alive, but you are always borrowing the black news," snapped Maurice.

As Kitty felt, the sorrowful news came—news that crashed them both and made Father Doyle cry like a child, as he read how Father Joseph had given up his young life, as hundreds of other priests had, ministering to the natives of Africa.

"He succumbed to the fever," wrote Father Doucet, the superior, "and we all mourn him deeply. He was the 'St. Anthony' of our band, faithful, patient and saintly. He labored for the blacks as he would for a brother. He bade me as a last request to write to you, Father Doyle, and to his parents, and to tell you he remembered you all daily in the Holy Sacrifice, and dying, he prayed that God would watch over you all until some day you met in heaven. Two months before, while returning from a tour of the missions further up, he came to a convent, and there met a saintly nun, Sister Marie. Something drew his attention to her face (for he seldom spoke) to strangers and a resemblance to some one, somewhere, whom he felt he knew, seemed to strike him. In general conversation he learned that the Sister had arrived at the White Mission from Ireland ten years before, shortly after her profession, and had been educated by the Sisters—twenty miles from Dingle. Further conversation elicited the facts that her father, a British army officer, with his wife and one child had been killed in the big windstorm which swept over the country and a little brother disappeared never to be heard from. She was adopted by them, always and spent her life with them, always praying for a reunion with her brother. The meeting of brother and sister was a pathetic one," wrote the superior, "and a change came over Father Joseph. He moved as in an ecstatic dream, always praying, always thanking God for His goodness to him. His sole thoughts were of the parents who had written and telling them of his meeting with Sister Marie, but was stricken with the fever on his return to the mission."

"He is buried by the side of our other martyrs," concluded the letter, "and I only hope that when our time comes we will be as worthy of heaven as he."

"I only hope so," sobbed Maurice. "My poor, poor boy!"

"My God grant him a place in heaven this night," wailed Kitty, "and may we prove ourselves worthy of his prayers."

"Amen," sobbed Father Doyle.—Josephine B. Sullivan, in the Chicago New World.

THE TWO BANQUETS.

ONE PREPARED BY GOD AND ONE FURNISHED BY MEN.

(The following address on the Eucharist and Civilization was delivered at the Eucharistic Congress, held at Rome, by M. Godofredo Kurth, a distinguished professor of the University of Liege, whose monumental work on "The Source of Modern Civilization" is one of the masterpieces of contemporary literature. We commend Professor Kurth's address to our readers.—Ed. F. J.)

Praised be Jesus Christ! This formula so ancient and so redolent of Catholic love wells up from my heart to my lips to greet this vast and imposing assembly. It sums up in four words our faith, our hope and our love. Creation has no other end than to glorify that name at the mention of which every knee bends in Heaven, on earth and under the earth. Praised be Jesus Christ for having created us and for having redeemed us; let Him be praised for bringing us together in one family under the authority of His Vicar; let Him be praised for having prepared for us the Eucharistic feast and for having invited us all, without exception, to His divine banquet.

When the imagination would crystallize in a single figure of speech an idea of all the pleasures and joys of life it expresses it under the form of a banquet—the banquet of life. How fascinating and attractive becomes this word when employed by the poets or when used in the writings of moralists! It evokes the thought of a father of a family beneficently lavishing unstinted hospitality upon his guests as if they were members of his own household. We picture to ourselves a table abundantly supplied with choice food which nourishes and strengthens all who partake of it. We see the manifestations of the pure and unmixed joy that pervades all hearts closely united by the consciousness of an enduring and indestructible bond of brotherhood. Under this form we like to picture our civilization associating the thought of it with all the joys of the sons of men as it spreads even to the lowest

amongst them the riches of its horn of plenty. Thus viewed civilization's banquet is a symbol of the Eucharistic banquet, just as throughout all creation things in the natural order are symbols of things in the supernatural order.

But, alas! How poignant the contrast between the symbol and the reality; between civilization's banquet, which is the work of men, and the Eucharistic banquet, which is the work of God. The banquet set forth by civilization is in no sense a true feast of humanity. All are not admitted to it, and amongst those for whom that privilege has been reserved what inequality prevails in respect to their places at the table and the distribution of the good things of the banquet. The table itself is so small that there is room at it only for a limited number of the guests, some of whom seated at the best dishes and indulge in unprofitable mirth, whilst the greater number, closely packed together, hasten to devour in a ravenous manner the precarious share that falls to their lot, for which they have often to fight. How many, too, have to feed themselves on the crumbs that fall from the table, whilst outside there is an immense crowd eager to force its way into the banquet hall whilst casting angry and covetous looks upon the splendor of the gorgeous feast. This is not a feast. It is rather an orgy like Nero's banquets which the painter, Caravaggio, has portrayed for us with his brush and which the novelist, Sienkiewicz, has described for us with his pen. Joy does not reign at it. The fumes of drunkenness and the false smile of voluptuousness impart an appearance of joy. But the transition from pleasure to satiety and from satiety to disgust is short. Soon there will be need of defending with arms in hand this gloomy happiness, for here is the omen of the famished come to break in the doors of the banquet hall. A desperate combat rages between the overfed and the starving around the well-piled banquet table. The cry of oppression, cries of pain and of the struggle for existence. It is a term thoroughly characteristic of a society, which recognizing not the law of God, regards existence as the weak prey of the stronger and more fortunate. Lean over this cavern of human happiness and you will hear issuing from it, as in a vision of Dante Alighieri, a despairing cry mingled with the noise of fighting one another.

Far different is the Eucharistic banquet. All men are invited to it. Each one has his place at the table and his share in the feast. At that table, all are equal. It is only there that the word, equality, which at all times has been the rallying cry of all sorts of persecutors and the pretext for all sorts of oppression, is not sacrilegiously profaned. At the Communion rail human equality is enthroned. A pure and heavenly joy reigns at the table of the Lamb and is reflected in the countenances of all the guests.


A supernatural brotherhood unites in the common love of the same Father all the children of the family and finds expression in the sweet word communion which designates at one and the same time the act of which we participate in the banquet, and the bond of union the banquet establishes between the guests. All are satisfied; all are strengthened by the divine nourishment which is the source of eternal life. At that table at which joy reigns you hear the canticle of praise to the spouse. It is the triumphal chant of the divine wedding intoned by all the guests. It mounts heavenward as the purest and sweetest note the voice of man can wait to Paradise: Praised be Jesus Christ in the Holy Sacrament of the altar.

Such is the banquet prepared by God; and such the banquet prepared by men; and the one in a riotous and noisy feast incessantly consumes the resources and the wealth that have been accumulated by the toil of generations; the other by an unceasing miracle daily renews the sum total of the virtues and the moral energies that produce its wealth.

There is a striking phenomenon, the most impressive in the history of humanity, which I shall call the maintenance of the equilibrium in the moral life at their disposal only a limited amount of resources. Like the immense reservoirs which furnish great cities with a supply of water, modern civilization daily suffers a loss which impoverishes it and its reservoir soon would be exhausted if from Heaven a drop did not flow into it to replenish it and bring to it their overflowing abundance and impure waters. Thus from the Earth there descends upon our civilization supernatural help which keeps it at its normal level.

Unbelievers have no idea of these divine harmonies. The marvelous heights to which the world has been uplifted by the supernatural operation of them, the Eucharist is, according to them, the result of the innate forces of humanity. All this progress has been brought about solely and necessarily by a something which they do not understand, but which seems comprehensible to them when they bestow upon it the name of evolution. The social miracles wrought under their very eyes are due, they say, to the inherent virtues of the Church has invested with a religious character, all that will be necessary to do will be to deprive them of that character, to debaptize them, to laicise them. Charity will be known as altruism and will continue to do in the name of men what it formerly did in the name of God; men will refuse to believe in a common father, and yet they will remain brothers; they will no longer recognize a Divine Legislator, but will go on obeying His laws.

They assure us that the principles of morality will continue to shape public life as well as the lives of individuals because morality is in the air we breathe and constitutes a part of our atmosphere. Yes, morality is in the



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we alone have a programme [worthy of] humanity, an ideal in which the aspirations of all men can commingle. Beside the iniquitous table around which the orgy of a materialized civilization is in full swing we wish to place the communion table where all mankind filled with joy may sit and where there will be fulfilled literally, as well as figuratively, these prophetic words of the Holy Scriptures: the poor shall eat and they shall be divinely satiated.—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

LACK OF GOOD WILL.

It is precisely by this lack of good will that pagan goodness begins to differ from Christian. It is all very well to observe one's duties toward men, but how deplorably defective is the reason which accepts such duties and yet refuses to admit any sense of duty towards God? Veracity, truthfulness, sobriety, kindness, self-restraint in dealing with others are very meritorious and attractive, but how strangely inconsistent is the life in which these same virtues are not brought into exercise by active relations with the very source of all virtues? This is the superiority of Christian goodness; it implies all that is best in the natural virtues and uplifts and consecrates it all by the aid of the supernatural power of divine grace. To speak the truth is a natural virtue, and so it is to be honest, reverent, and chaste. The natural law enjoins all these things, and their observance redounds to our advantage in ever so many ways. The Christian law enjoins them also, at the same time that it enlightens us to know the perfection of these observances and strengthens our wills to keep them with ease and constancy, even when they are most difficult. To the motive of duty it superadds the motive of love of God; for the abstract ideal of duty substituted for the personal model of Christ, over and above the human and external incentives to virtue it supplies through the Sacraments the very life and vigor of soul needed to persevere in its fulfilment.

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