TWO

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XXVII VERONA

In the meantime the years had been spent by Mr. Honeywood and Kevin in travelling over the greater part of the known world. On certain summer day they turned their backs upon the Rhine, the banks of which they had thoroughly and set their faces explored, towards Italy.

Arrived in Innsbruck, they felt already the exhilarating spell of the mountains. Passing down the street where the famous goldalpine wall of purple, they turned into the church, where furryinto the church, where furry-capped peasant women knelt at melon? prayer, and a strange brown company occupied the centre of the

nave Who are all these people ?" asked Kevin, hardly distinguishing between the brown-cheeked devo-tees in their wild head-dresses and weird bronze figures, as large Signori. ife that stood as if engaged in This piazza was comparatively as life, that stood as if engaged in

as hie, that store mony. some solemn ceremony. "These in the middle are royal personages," said Honeywood, "and personages," said Honeywood, "and they are standing around a tomb. One would think they had come here to witness the burial, and had forgotten to go away again. The others are mere common-place peasants, who are so accustomed to the presence of all this splendor that they do not stop to wonder at it as we do

"It is like a witch-meeting, a Walpurgis - nacht," said Kevin. Fancy this church in the dead of night, with the moon glimmering through the windows, and all these bronze people standing gazing at each other You think they take hands and

skip over the tombs and chase each other through the aisles ?'

"They are too ponderous for that," said Kevin. "They seem to me riveted to the earth with the weight of their own experience. Look at these massive robes of bronze, these jewels and headgear which they wear here still, long after they have been stripped even of their flesh, and have gone destitute into eternity. Knowing all they know, they are standing here aghast at the dreadful pageantries of life.

A magnificent thunderstorm came on while our friends were on their way to Verona; the train sped through fire; the ancient city was illuminated for their weirdly arrival. As they drove through the streets at midnight the lightning the dreams of a poet, furnished a roval torch-light ; by it they could fitfully discern the yawning Roman arches, under wandered away to the which the horses passed, and which coloured horizon against seemed to soar suddenly into a sky of flame and vanish; the black pile of the amphitheatre; the lofty towers; tall mediæval houses, with the their shutters and balconies, their like quaint roofs, and their long, deep shadows that lie about their base, surrounding them with grandeur and mystery. The great courtyard of the hotel was like a well of shadow covered in overhead with the city at his feet. dark, intense purple, till a flash of lightning discovered the airy balconies hanging out above, with their clumps of flowering plants, and all the tiled intricacies of the roofs and chimneys, and the upper windows with their fantastic hoods entertainment for the benefit of and cowls.

Who can tell the delights of a with floating hair was dancing and Verona. He was the greatest of this sovereign race. His monument

buildings with their dim, rich An extraordinary Gothic pile of the frontage of time-worn sculpture richest beauty, crusted over with time-worn sculpture richest beauty, crusted over with frontage brilliant, noisy scene; loud clatter, ringing laughter, flashing colours; sculpture, and guarded and orna-mented by screens of wrought mented metal, the tombs of the Scaligeri and above the heaps of green melons and groves of glowing oleanders, the squat forms of the quaint umbrellas, and the animated present an entirely unique appearance, startling and enchanting to the beauty-loving eye. One over another the rich piles of stone work rose the marble sanctuary-column, soar into the azure air, having their rose, along with an ancient church, nn, roots, along with an ancient church, its in a lonely and deserted graveyard. the Gothic fountain, with its exquisite pinnacles, the soaring rches and lofty towers solemnly ooking down, as on children at play, and tragically mindful of "Who were these wonderful Scaligeri?" asked Kevin. other scenes.

"Have you ever been here, little Fanchea?" asked Kevin. "These buxom, black-eyed women are like sisters of the fiend in human shape who took you out of my life. Are you lurking behind their baskets, under their absurd umbrellas? Will you come forward presently, and ask me in bad Italian to buy a

ordinary ladder, which by the way, always reminds me of the story of He almost felt inclined to ask some of them if they had seen a Jack and the Beanstalk. He passed little girl, with blue eyes and long dark hair; but with a sigh shook off it on to his descendants along with his canine name, and you may see the dog and the ladder repeated all the folly, and passed under the mighty arch into the Piazza dei over these tombs. Mastiffs support

each sarcophagus, and the ladder is everywhere; as indeed it is every-where over Verona: see it woven silent and empty, and Kevin leaned against a column and surveyed in peace the gorgeous palaces of the great Mastiff race, with their lofty into these wrought-metal screens What a curious startling design runs through these tombs!'' said Kevin. "Below the solemn sepulcortiles, and gigantic Gothic arches; with their massive pillars, chre with its reposing figure and delicate, graceful loggie, and the the dark hollow of its Gothic arch: huge, towering campanile that pierces the clouds and once threw above the soaring pinnacle bearing a proud horse and rider aloft in the its solemn shadow upon Dante's exiled head. The sharp contrast strikes Thrilling with excitement, Keyin one indescribably. One seems con-

fronted by restless spirits that will gazed on the rows of frowning and not lie in death; and having broken the bonds of the tomb, still dominsculptured windows. "What eyes have looked out from them?" he thought. "At which of them did "What eyes ate arrogantly the city that once bowed at their feet." Dante's strong, sad face come and go, watching for the form of his beloved lady in the golden blue of the morning sky? He was happier 'It always seems to me pathesaid Honeywood, "that a painful lie, one of those lies that never get unearthed, is walled up in these than I, for he knew that his love sumptuous graves. You see this monument, the most splendid of was in heaven. He looked to her on high; I search for her vainly on all? It is that of Can Signorio carth. Come along, little imagin-ary Fanchea," he continued, "and we will pass on through this and he is said to have murdered the and brother whose tomb is next to his : but dates prove the story grounded wonderful city; and I will tell you as we go of all the good things that on a mistake. The people will tell you that Can Signorio died early have fallen to my share since I saw stricken by a disease which fell on you; you are only a pale little ghost, but you are all I have to console me for the Fanchea I have him in punishment of the fratri-cide, and they will not part with their tradition. There lie the lost. As Beatrice was to Dante, so you have been the inspiration of my brothers between whom such cruel malice has been put by a mere freakish blunder. Near neighbors,

life. The great Master, who knew so much of human weakness, will forgive me for my audacity in drawing the parallel."

sombre sentinels,

they sleep in their splendor; and aloft yonder they ride, like troopers in single file, following to some aerial battle in the blue. Each Climbing the steps of the great amphitheatre, he sat down, and locked within its own stone soul, gave himself up to the imaginations it suggested. His thoughts were prison-house; have they ever come to an understanding while the stars and took have gone wheeling round their forms that may hereafter give delight to the world; his eyes had heads in the course of the ages ?

"With all their extraordinary deeply and fantastic beauty," he tinued, "a strange blight which he conwrapped in ether, stood up the great fortress towers of the has fallen on the neighborhood of these wonderful tombs. By a strange Scaligeri, and the dark cypresses fatality this graveyard round their ghostly streaks of shadow in the glowing landscape. He marked the paradisbase is now set apart for the burial of criminals. It seems as if that lie had wrought inward and made aical hills and the transfigured an evil thing of the entire place, attracting the wicked to its centre." mountains, the rushing Adige with its bridges, and the rude, grand, "I feel your idea deeply," said evin. "Hark! how near to us is lovely and picturesque masses of Suddenly Kevin. the hum of life. and yet how sounds from below caused him to deserted, how isolated are these shrines of death !" look down, and see that some vulgar

show was going on in the arena of "Before we go, look well at the resting-place of Cangrande," said Honeywood, "for you will find marks of him wherever you go in while the amphitheatre. A tent had been erected and gipsies were holding an some straggling spectators; a girl

Christopher stemming the torrent— who shall call the roll of the beau-was sick enough to have the priest who shall call the roll of the beau-tiful army? Far over our heads, our thoughts, they are gazing, wrapped in the contemplation of their ineffable secret, or they look down pityingly on pilgrims still faring below. Weary, poverty-stricken, heart broken, they dragged themselves to God's gate too feedbe themselves to God's gate, too feeble even to knock: what they knew when it opened to them is not told. in a lonely and deserted grave, mass There is a magnificent weirdness about the conception of the whole about the conception of the whole about the conception of the whole ness lies locked behind the silence

of their marble lips; but whither they have penetrated we too may come; the bliss they taste we also may abare. Passing from church "They were the great lords of Verona in the middle ages," said Honeywood. "The first was a Honeywood. The first was a miniscrit cagery forming for tertain mere soldier of fortune, elected by people weary of the rule of a tyrant. He was called by a strange name, Mastino della Scala, the ness, Fervour, each embodied virtue Mastiff of the Ladder; and where-ever he went he carried this extra-greet as the face of a friend. strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lepers and birds; the meek and mighty Paul—every one stands and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are feet that linger rever rently before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable

lives they recall. Even a mind little given to religious thought will find a soothing influence from the presence of this company. Gradually white and almost unconsciously the hearts of Honeywood and Kevin were swayed by the silent meanings of holy faces, whose smile when living had

given help and hope to humanity; of folded hands, whose toil had been the charity of Christ. Great must be the Master whose servants are such, is the thought such meanings lead up to, and eyes of those

whose work may still be waiting for them, whose pilgrimage is far from | foster it its close, will turn, laden with it, to the face of the Redeemer. whose behests these strong ones have fulfilled.

Day after day our travelling friends explored the strange old churches of Verona. Leaving the noisy, deep-colored streets and piazzi where the strong sun burned deep-colored streets and ancient dwelling, and tower frown-ing with all the arrogance of so they tell me, when I forget mybygone warlike days, the strangers self and talk them all to sleep. raised the heavy curtain meant to shut out a world of passion, and stepped from glow and glare into dimness and mystery. As strange, in their own way, as its colossal fortresses and fantastic tombs, are the churches of Verona, with a solemn, half-barbaric splendor all their own. One afternoon Honey-wood and Kevin stood before the portal of San Zeno, that curious portal, with its columns supported

leonine, sphynx-like creatures that seem to guard jealously the hoarded treasure of nine centuries accumulated within. Rich, bizarre, unique, are the outer forms and expressions of this old church. A sort of magnificent grimness in the design of the building, lightened and softened by the delicate quaint ness of the ornamentation encrusted upon the entrance and front, takes curious hold upon the imagina-Weird sculptures enrich tion. portal, including a version of the story of the wild jager, Theodoric, at a staghunt, surrounded by hounds; the demon, to whom he has sold his soul for pleasure, grin-

ning at him from a corner; scripture subjects surmounting and emphasizing this uncanny legend; while a strange benediction sur-mounts all-the hand of the the once a day-nor a month, nor once a Almighty raised in blessing and warning, carved out of the stone above the door. Higher still the wheel window, with beauty to attract the eye, startles the fancy with its almost mocking meaning, showing fortune at her pranks, a king at top of the wheel, a beggar at bottom. The whole seems the work of a Christianity powerful and gigantic, but only half tamed, with a soul vividly awake to God, but an imagination still darkened by influences of paganism, and crossed by an innocent and childlike freakishness; a Christianity still of the sword and club, needing and receiving angelic visions to soothe its savage fervor into peace, a Titan with one foot in hell and the other in heaven, but both arms grasping the cross. TO BE CONTINUED

at eleven o'clock at night, he sick enough to have him at six in the evening." In his excitement, he poked viciously at the fire that was already roaring like a furnace. Finally he dragged a tool chest up stove for himself, and they to the settled down for a quiet chat.

"That misfortune agasthore, O'Bryne," said Larry, balancing a agasthore, glowing coal on his pipe, "has be dhrinkin' again. I made hi him promise to come before yer Rever-ence wid me Winsda' night and take the pledge." "Have you picked up any new

members for the Holy Name?" "Four for the next meetin', yer Reverence. And, begor, they need it. "Twould rise the hair o' yer head to hear the oaths they use. But the Holy Society will fix them. I haven't seen it fail yet, when man went in in sober airnest. The priest looked at him admir-

soul of a fellow-man, I never purposely miss it. 'Tis little I can do, however. Here durin' the long nights I've been readin' of a French long man that promoted what they call Catholic Social Action. 'Tis he did the great good, though he was but a plain layman. How it made me wish that I was young and had book larin' so that I could take part in some grand movement of that kind for the benefit of the immortal souls for whom Our Blessed Saviour died

Larry," returned the priest, "there is a movement of untold benefit to souls—it requires neither youth nor learning want you to promote it in St. Mary's Parish.

'Father, tell me what it is. Wid God's help, I'll do my endeavours to 'It is daily Communion among

the men. Pain and disappointment darkened his kindly, wrinkled face, as he

replied : "God forgive ye, Father Tim ! What figure'ud I cut preachin' daily Communion ! Who'd listen to me ?" fiercely down on haughty palace, Larry. I do enough of that myself

> "To sleep is it! Begore they'd rise early, and thravel far afore they'd hear such eloquence have Sunda' in St. Mary's, Father Tim, asthore

'I don't ask you to preach : I ask you to act. Example is the only thing that will start the men to daily Communion. Preaching will never do it."

"I goes wanst a month wid the Holy Name," said Larry hoping to sidetrack his unexpected proposition. "I know you do; but I want you

to go every day." "Every day !" cried the watch-

man in alarm. "Exactly. You are at Mass every day, are you not?" "Yes, yer Reverence. I stop in for six o'clock every mornin' on my way home from watchin'. God

way home from watchin'. God forbid that I should miss a chanct of assistin' when Mary's Son is offerin' Himself on the althar for my sins Then it will be easy for you to begin to practice daily Com-

munion. 'Shure, Father dear, I'm not fit to receive Him wanst a day ! said Larry, his alarm growing apace.

"Nobody is fit to receive Him

easily understood by His disciples. as the body is daily nourished with bread and as the Hebrews were daily nourished with manna in the Greatest Remedy, BUCKLEY'S 32 DAY Bat has been tried and proven invelop the age for a proven desert, so the Christian soul might daily partake of this Heavenly Catest Remedy, BUCKLEY'S 32 DAY RRATMENT. A two bottle preparation at has been tried and proven to be the arvel of the age for the above complaint. e your Druggist today. If he does not sell it nd for FREE TRIAL size and booklet. nclose ten cents for postage. K. BUCKLEY, LIMITED. 142 Mutual reet, Toronto, Canada. Dept. 2. Bread and be refreshed thereby But wouldn't it look quare

Father Tim, to see a poor ignorant night-watchman at the altar every

day ?" It shouldn't look queer to see a Christian doing what Christ and the Church want him to do. The first Christians had not like you, enjoyed the blessing of the true faith from infancy, yet they received every day. It was only later on, after false teachers had tried to corrupt true doctrine, that good peopl began to have a false fear receiving so often, and this fals fear still withholds many from the Holy Table. That is why I say that you would be fostering a movement of untold value to souls, if you would by your example encourage daily Communion among the men of the parish. Many of them could ge and, I am firmly convinced, would go, if somebody would make the start. They need example; words

do not suffice. In spite of all that, I can say, they hesitate about breaking away from old traditions." "Old traditions" were evidently exerting influence on Larry and contending in his soul with the

awakened by the thought that might be allowed to receive receive his Master daily. He asked falteringly "Could I-do ye think, Father Tim-would I be able to do all that

ought, to get the benefits of daily Communion?' The benefits Larry, do

depend upon your endeavours, but upon the divine powers which God has given to the Sacrament. It is the teaching of the Church that all the sacraments, and more especially the sacrament of Holy Eucharist, produce their beneficial effects in the soul by their own power. All that you have to do is to receive a sacrament with the proper dispositions. It will do the rest itself. It is true that you should pray earnestly as you can after receiving a the sacrasacrament, especially, the sacra-ment of Holy Eucharist, for at that time your prayers are most power. ful with God, but still remembe that the sacrament does a hundred times more good to your soul than all your prayers, can possibly do. Now, in face of this fact, shouldn't we expect anybody who really wants to do his best for the salvation of his soul, to receive Holy Communion

just as often as he possibly can ' "Begorra, I suppose so," said Larry uncomfortably.

Now, I can easily understand why the majority of men make no effort to receive Communion daily. It is because they are supremely indifferent to all that regards Goo and their own souls. They would not sacrifice fifteen minutes of sleep nor fifteen minutes' smoke for anything supernatural-they haven't enough faith to see the value of it. can understand their case well enough, but what puzzles me is this: How can good men, who rightly make the salvation of their immortal souls the principal busi-ness of life, be so foolish as to attempt this difficult task by themselves and neglect the immensely powerful aid of daily Communion.

"Mebbe, yer Reverence," ven-tured Larry, "daily Communion would help me to get the upper hand of my faults. Shure I pray for that every hour of the day, yet. more's the shame for me, lit⁺le headway I seem to be makin'."

"Listen, Larry. I'll tell you what daily Communion will do for you. And, mark you, this holds

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first walk through Verona?-the rare old mediæval city, strong and beautiful in its antiquity, though so hacked at and notched by time; set like a jewel among blue hills and mountains; its towers and spires hanging so high in the bright air, that one almost reels to look up at them; with its gigantic Roman gates and arches, its sumptuous tombs and palaces, its Gothic fountains and faded frescoed dwellings. and its solemn and venerable churches.

Kevin wakened in the morning with a thrill of recollection, and rose in great excitement. "I am in rose in great excitement. "I am in Verona," he thought, "where Juliet loved and Dante dreamed, and where the grand signori of the Middle Ages held their court. Here walked the poet of the Para-diso, guarded and watched by the mighty Mastiff lord."

It was very early, some hours before his friend was likely to appear, and he went out alone to ramble about the city. As he passed through the courtyard a flock of pigeons swooped across it, and the flash of their white wings startled him, like a message from the past. It had not needed this to bring Fanchea's little form to his side; he always called upon her in spirit to share any new joy that fell to his share; and now, side by from the spot. fell to his share; and now, side, he and the ghost of his child-

love travelled through the streets. In the Piazza delle Erbe business

was already going forward; the Square, with its rich ancient architecture, its Palace of Justice, its old Market House and House of Merchants, looked as if the contents of a hundred gardens had been emptied into its lap, while countless

huge, white umbrellas spread their grotesque wings over the treasures of fruit and flowers set forth for the buyer. Under the umbrellas sat brown-cheeked, dark-eyed

women in brilliant kerchiefs, guardwomen in brilliant kerchicle, guard ing their juicy merchandise, and making striking groups against the background of the surrounding next chamber, they lie in death.

A few notes from her fresh young voice rang up to where he sat; but he could not see her face. Startled out of his dreams, he thought he cophagus. The tomb is in three beheld the scene that was so often stages; first, the lower columns downward to claim and take possession of Fanchea.

by great dogs, and bearing the sleeping lord, who even in his death-robes is girt with the sword of State. His shield is decorated with the sword of the dancer. They thought he was going to give her money. "Fan, little Fan!" he said, tremulously, "do you not know me?" A child's face with a bright brown skin, and white grinning teeth flashed suddenly round upon him; a flood of eager Italian was poured into his ears, and an outpoured into his ears, and an out-stretched hand was held out to him,

to beg. He dropped some coin into it, and turned away to hide the tears in his eyes. What freak of CHAPTER XXVIII tears in his eyes. What freak of madness was this that had surprised

him? Seven long years ago Fanchea might have looked, from a distance, like this. He saw tall coarse looking young women stand-ing round, with beads round their throats, and rude laughter on their lips; "Oh, Heaven ! could she grow into one like these!" he thought, with horror, and hurried away All the way home to the hotel a

little song, Goethe's, rang in his ears:

"Sie aber ist weggegozan Und weit in das Land hinaus."

in sculptured ornament as that of Can Signorio, surrounded by his warrior saints."

IN THE OLD CHURCHES Besides the sensations produced

by the mere presence of vastness enriched with beauty felt by the wanderer in foreign churches, he will often, if at all peacefully minded, be conscious of an influence which grows on him as he proceeds, and springs from the continual association with the large and gracious company of the saints, whose images people the walls. Gathered from all ends of the earth the faithful servents stand in Cad's the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shin-ing with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever

FATHER TIM CASEY

It was an ugly night for a sick call, and Father Casey should have hurried home to the enjoyment of a warm room and dry clothing. Yet as he picked his way among the deep ruts and heaps of brick and steel where the Western Construction Company was erecting a row of immense concrete grain elevators, he caught sight of the red-hot stove and even daily. in the watchman's shanty. Its cheery glow had more fascination Fathers is the voice of the Church for him than the blazing log in the

grandest mansion. "A wet night Larry," he called out. For the watchful guardian had spied him and thrown open his

Yes; she was, indeed, gone far out into the world of time and space; and how could he any longer hope to follow her?" In the afternoon Mr. Honeywood and Kevin walked to see the tombs of the old lords of Veronz, within almost a stone's throw of the palace, where successively they held Court and made their home. There in the Piazza dei Signori they lived and ruled; here, as if in the next chamber, they lie in death.

lifetime, for that matter. How often have I said He comes to us, true, even though you feel no not because we are fit, but to make us fit. Everybody that is free from mortal sin and has a right intention, may and should receive daily if he has the power.

"Shure, I'm thinkin' that is much too often for the likes of me." "When you think differently from

one degree of divine grace God's Church, it is clear that, that

God's Church, it is clear that, that you're thinking is wrong." "Desn't the Church only tell us to go wanst a year at Easter?" asked Larry slyly. "The Church commands you to go once a year, if you want to be a Christian at all. However she advises you to go once a day, if you want to be a good Christian The want to be a good Christian. The voice of the Councils is the voice of the Church, and the Council of Trent says: "The Holy Council would desire that at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate, not only spiritually, by way of internal affection, but sacramentally by the actual recep-tion of the Eucharist." The voice of the Pope is the voice of the Church, and Pius X., of sacred memory, says that he is 'most earn-estly desirous, out of his abundant

solicitude and zeal, that the faithful should be invited to partake of the Sacred Banquet as often as possible

"The common testimony of the and they almost unanimously tell us that those words of the Lord's

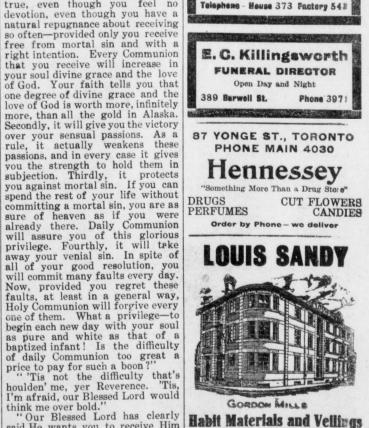
Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' must be understood, not so

love of God is worth more, infinitely more, than all the gold in Alaska. Secondly, it will give you the victory over your sensual passions. As it actually weakens these rule, it actually weakens these passions, and in every case it gives vou the strength to hold them in subjection. Thirdly, it protects you against mortal sin. If you can spend the rest of your life without committing a mortal sin, you are as sure of heaven as if you were already there. Daily Communion will assure you of this glorious sure of heaven as if will assure you this given as privilege. Fourthly, it will take away your venial sin. In spite of all of your good resolution, you will commit many faults every day. Now, provided you regret these faults, at least in a general way, Holy Communion will forgive every one of them. What a privilege—to

begin each new day with your soul as pure and white as that of a baptized infant! Is the difficulty of daily Communion too great a

or daily communitor too great a price to pay for such a boon?" "Tis not the difficulty that's houlden' me, yer Reverence. "Tis, I'm afraid, our Blessed Lord would thigh community and a such as a such as a such a

think me over bold." "Our Blessed Lord has clearly said He wants you to receive Him



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