

That workhouse was a prison and a place of torture to Kitty, rather than the haven of rest which the aged and deserving poor have a right to. Her gloomiest anticipations were more than realized. The food was bad, and there was little of it; but that was not by any means the chief cause of Kitty's suffering. The harsh and unsympathetic manner in which the inmates were treated, so altogether different from the warm charity of the Irish towards their poor, wounded her sensitive soul. The poor creatures were atoms without human feeling at all, and indeed the iron system under which they lived made them look the stereotyped edition of each other.

When Kitty had had her own little room she had been accustomed to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day, but that happiness was hers no longer, since the workhouse door shut her in. All were, however, allowed a few hours' freedom on Sunday morning to enable them to attend their various places of worship, and this privilege she never failed to claim, be the weather what it might. Her regularity in attending church attracted the attention of the matron who was a bigoted non-conformist, and when she discovered that Kitty was a Catholic, her attitude toward her became quite hostile. If she were a minute late in returning from church she would not be allowed to go to Mass on the following Sunday, and if she went to Holy Communion she had to go without her breakfast, for that meal was served at a certain hour when Kitty could not be there, and the matron said she could not keep any over just for the whims and caprices of Papists. In fact, she never missed a chance of inflicting annoyance on her. Among Kitty's most treasured possessions was a small picture of St. Anthony, which had been in her family for ever so long, and to this she faithfully clung even when she had parted with everything else she possessed. She had a great devotion to the Miracle-Worker of Padua, and before that picture of his she had prayed long and earnestly, that he would restore to her her long lost sister if she were in the land of the living and, though the long and weary years rolled by without a sign yet she never once lost hope and confidence in his intercession. One day the matron, going through the ward, saw this picture hanging over Kitty's bed. She sent for Kitty and ordered her to take it down at once.

"I cannot have such an idolatrous thing here," she said in the bitter sneering tone of voice which poor Kitty was now so well accustomed to. "I wonder you Papists dare to call yourselves Christians when you are nothing more nor less than a pack of idolaters. You ought to know better than to pray to that thing, living, as you do, in this enlightened country. No doubt you are trying to spread your ideas all you can, like all the Papists—perhaps you are a Jesuit in disguise for all I know—but I'll see that there is no more of your tomfoolery here. Remove the thing at once, and if you ever put it there again I'll throw it into the fire."

Kitty had no alternative but to take the picture down, and reverently she did so, and clasped it to her heart while her lips moved in prayer in reparation for the insult which had been offered to her dear saint. The matron observed it all, and with a sneer on her lips she remarked:

"Old fool that you are, do you suppose that that thing hears you? I assure you, you might as well be talking to that table; but there is no arguing you Papists out of your folly."

"Within, ma'am, I know that the dear saint does hear me, and this very day I'll implore him to take me out of this place, and what's more, ma'am, he'll hear my prayer, as you will see before long."

A great confidence in St. Anthony had seized Kitty's soul at that moment, and she felt her deliverance was at hand, although she had not the faintest conception of the manner in which it was to come.

"Old fool!" said the matron, "you've come here to stay, and here you'll live and die."

But she reckoned without St. Anthony.

The next day being Sunday, Kitty went to Holy Communion, as usual, and afterwards remained a long time engaged in earnest prayer before the picture of St. Anthony. She rose from her knees with fresh hope and comfort in her heart. Near the door was a wooden box labelled "Books and Papers for the Workhouse," into which the parishioners dropped occasionally whatever they had finished with in the way of literature, whether books, newspapers or monthly magazines. Standing by the box was a lady who periodically distributed its contents to the workhouse people. She was evidently waiting for Kitty. In her hand she held a book.

"It's all that's left," said she, as Kitty approached; "the others have been beforehand with you and have got all the magazines, but I think you will like it, as it is the life of a saint. You find the biographies of holy men interesting, don't you, Kitty? and this one, I am sure, you will like particularly, as it is the life of St. Anthony. He is one of your favorite saints, is he not? I think I saw you praying before him just now." Kitty was over-joyed at getting this book. It was one which she had always wanted to read, but could not afford to buy.

"Many thanks to ye, ma'am," was her reply; "there isn't wan that I'd like better, and it's it I'd take if I had me pick and choice of the whole lot. Thru for ye, ma'am, I do love the dear St. Anthony, for 'tis he

that's always ready to help the poor body. Glory be to God!"

She hastened home with her treasure, and though she had to go breakfastless, as usual, she didn't mind in the least, for now she had a feast which she liked much better.

Directly on her return she opened the book, and something fell to the floor. She picked it up, and lo! in her hands, and to her utter bewilderment and amazement, she found a £10 note. It would have meant a greater fortune to Kitty at that moment than the untold wealth to many a millionaire, but she never for a moment thought of keeping it. No one so honest as the Irish peasant. In many a village in the west of Ireland, before the famine year, bars and bolts were things unknown, so secure did the people feel in the honesty of their neighbors.

"It must belong to the owner of the book," thought Kitty; "see, here is her name and address in the corner, so I will have no difficulty in returning it to her."

But there was a difficulty. She could not get leave of an hour's absence, though she implored it almost with tears. But she kept her own counsel about her discovery, and resolved to take it to its supposed owner the next Sunday morning after Mass. The address on the book was that of a house in Torrington Square, and as that was a good quarter of an hour's walk from the church, it would make her at least half an hour late returning, but she resolved to risk all pains and penalties. So with the £10 note clasped lightly in her wrinkled hand, she hastened on the following Sunday to restore it to its owner. The door of the house was opened to her by a waiter, who looked very astonished to see her, for the place was a boarding house, and persons of Kitty's description were not usually among the callers.

On inquiring whom she wanted, she gave the name written on the book and presently she heard the waiter announce to his mistress that one of the workhouse people wanted to see her. Kitty told her of the discovery of the note, and asked her if she had lost it.

"Yes, my good woman," replied the lady, and I could not in the least imagine where it had gone, though I remembered putting it somewhere, but where I couldn't tell. All this week I have been praying to St. Anthony to restore it to me, and you see he hasn't failed me."

"He never fails," said Kitty. "He's very good," answered the lady, "but I have a grudge against him, for years. Long years ago I lost something far more precious than gold—a dear, dear sister, and though I have prayed to him every day since then, I am not a bit more enlightened as to her whereabouts. But it's a long story, and I do not wish to detain you by telling it. And now you will accept this as a reward for your honesty, will you not? Not every one in your position would have thought of a lost bank note."

As the lady spoke, she thrust 5 golden sovereigns into Kitty's hand. The latter demurred, as she did not like the idea of receiving a recompense for her honesty, but the lady insisted so much that she was forced to take it.

"A thousand thanks, ma'am, and God bless you for your kindness. 'Tis I'm the happy woman this day; for now I'll not only be able to leave the work-house, but I have enough to bring me back to Knocknamella, and sure maybe I'll die in old Ireland, after all."

"What place did you say?" queried the lady, growing pale and excited.

"Knocknamella, ma'am," answered Kitty. "Sure, that's where all the O'Connors come from, and 'twas there I was born and bred, and there I hope I'll die now."

"And your name. What is it?" asked the lady, now looking very pale indeed.

"Kitty, ma'am—Kitty O'Connor, and if I only had my darling sister Mary now I'd be the happiest woman in all Christendom."

"Kitty! my own darling Kitty! I ought to have known you among ten thousand," and the lady threw her arms around Kitty's neck and sobbed convulsively.

In another moment Kitty, too, was weeping for joy, for she instantly realized that she was speaking to her own long-lost sister.

No words could describe their happiness. Mary's story was briefly this. She had recovered from the cholera and on convalescence had been removed to another hospital a long distance away, where she had been informed through some mistake on the part of the officials, that her sister had sailed for America. Hence, all their efforts at discovering each other had been misdirected. Mary became a parlor maid in the house of a good old English family, and her mistress became so attached to her that on dying she left her a legacy of £500. She then married the lady's coachman, who had been paying her attention for some time, and with their united means they had purchased the Bloomsbury boarding house, which they made a great success, and became people of considerable wealth. When Kitty found her she was a prosperous, though childless widow, still yearning for the lost one.

Kitty did not return alone to Knocknamella. In the grand house which now looks down upon the Irish village two elderly ladies lead peaceful and happy lives, dispensing bounteous alms to the poor, who love and bless them.

"There's something that's not natural about them Papists and their saints," said the workhouse matron,

when she heard of Kitty's good fortune.

"Yes, something supernatural," said a poor old creature, to whom no one had been kind but Kitty and who had through her influence become a Catholic.

These words made an impression upon the matron. She pondered them in her heart, with the result that she, too, eventually joined the One True Fold, and her rule was thenceforth characterized by mildness and benignity towards all. From Blind Maureen and Other Stories.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

BEATIFICATION OF VENERABLE DE LA COLOMBIERE

The Venerable, Claude de la Colomiere is the one whom God chose to be the helper of Blessed Margaret Mary in making known to the world the devotion to the Sacred Heart. This saintly priest was her spiritual director at the time of the revelations; it was through him that they were first given out. The humble Visitandine had not spoken to her community about the favours she had received from Our Lord or about the mission He had entrusted to her; but when her director himself alluded to those epoch-making revelations, she felt that her secret was out and that she should no longer by her silence put any obstacle to the wishes of her Heavenly Spouse.

Margaret Mary had been professed for several years in the monastery of the Visitation, at Paray-le-Monial, when Father de la Colomiere was sent thither as superior of the Jesuit residence. The saintly religious had long been receiving extraordinary communications from God, but she tried to stifle the interior Voice which was speaking to her so constantly. She had frankly made herself known to her spiritual directors, but those men, otherwise sound theologians, failed in their discernment of her case. According to them she was really the victim of hallucinations, and needed to be turned away from her imaginings; they had entirely misinterpreted the action of the Holy Spirit in her soul.

In her loneliness and desolation Our Lord encouraged her. "Be at peace," He told her; "I will send you My servant." And what her biographers have all considered a divine intervention, de la Colomiere was shortly afterwards named her spiritual director. He proved a faithful and enlightened confessor and guide, and brought peace and confidence to the troubled heart of Margaret Mary. He calmed her fear of deception and bade her abandon herself unhesitatingly to the Divine Spirit who was guiding her. Mary herself afterwards wrote: "I was in a most terrible state of suffering until my Sovereign Lord sent Father de la Colomiere to me, telling me that he was one of His most faithful servants and dearest friends."

After the revelations of 1678, the holy nun, still impressed by her own unworthiness, asked Our Lord how she, a cloistered religious, could live a life so remote from the world, could carry out His wishes regarding the spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The answer came to her: "Consult My servant, Father de la Colomiere. Tell him from Me to do his utmost to establish this devotion and give Me this pleasure. Let him not be discouraged by the difficulties he will meet with, for they will be numerous. He must know that one is all powerful who distrusts himself; let him put his trust in Me."

This authentic divine commission to act as the co-apostle of the Sacred Heart was willingly undertaken by the saintly director and was carried out whole-heartedly. While others doubted or were alarmed at the seeming novelty of the devotion, he never questioned the genuineness of the revelations. Father de la Colomiere clearly recognized therein the finger of God, and so strong was his confidence in the great revelation of June, 1678, that six days later, which was the octave of Corpus Christi, the very day chosen for the feast, he consecrated himself for life by a solemn act to the service of the Sacred Heart. He became an unwearied promoter of the devotion; everywhere he preached the practice of the Communion of Reparation on the annual feast and on the first Fridays of the month.

He had been eighteen months at Paray-le-Monial when, in 1676, he was appointed chaplain to Mary of Modena, Duchess of York, who later became Queen of England when James II. received the crown. This royal lady was pious and humble, and would have buried herself in a cloister had she not yielded to the wishes of Clement X who felt that religion in England would profit by the presence of a Catholic queen on the throne; but the policy of her weak-kneed husband as well as the hatred of the nation for Catholicism, banished any hopes for religious toleration the Holy Father might have entertained. The queen had much to suffer in her exalted position, and she would have yielded to the pressure had not the wise counsels of her chaplain enabled her to bear everything patiently. Father de la Colomiere taught her devotion to the Sacred Heart, and imparted to her some of the holy fire

with which he himself was aflame. So ardent a promoter did she become that the first petition addressed to the Holy See for the institution of the feast of the Sacred Heart was signed by Maria, Regina Anglie.

During de la Colomiere's stay at St. James' Palace he had his own share in the trials of his royal penitent. The state of the Catholic Church in England was in such a lamentable state that it brought grief to his apostolic soul. At that moment all London was thrown into a frenzy over the monstrous fabrications of Titus Oates, and the effects were felt by the holy chaplain. He was accused of being an abettor in the pretended conspiracy to blow up the parliament houses, and in November, 1678, he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was accused, besides, of urging Protestants to become Papists, of receiving adjudgments from the State religion, and of propagating the faith of the Pope in England. Father de la Colomiere formally acknowledged these "crimes," regarding them as titles of honor, and after a term of imprisonment he was banished back to France.

Symptoms of tuberculosis having begun to show themselves shortly after his arrival in England, his condition became so aggravated by his hard life in prison that his transportation across the channel was effected only at the cost of great suffering. He had, however, the consolation of spending a few days at Paray-le-Monial. "I have seen him twice," wrote Blessed Margaret Mary; "he could hardly speak." The patient himself regarded his illness as one of the greatest mercies God had bestowed on him. "I have learnt," he wrote in one of his letters, "that God does not wish to make further use of me. I was not worthy to be employed in the direction of souls."

His native air gave him a season of respite in his struggle against the fatal ailment. During the interval, while acting as spiritual director of his religious brethren at Lyons, he planted devotion to the Sacred Heart in the hearts of others of his Order who were to spread it after his death. Realizing that his end was rapidly approaching, he endeavored more and more to perfect the conformity of his will to the adorable will of his Master. "Our Lord has been teaching me these last few days," he wrote in November, 1679, "how to make a more perfect sacrifice, which is to be resolved, if it be His will, to do nothing at all, to die even now, to extinguish at once by death the zeal and the great desire which I feel to labor for souls."

When another change of air was suggested, Margaret Mary wrote to him and besought him, if it were not contrary to obedience, to remain at Paray, telling him that Our Lord wished him to make the sacrifice of his life there. The holy man submitted, and ultimately expired there, resting as it were on the Heart of Jesus. "Oh how sweet it is to die," exclaimed Margaret Mary, "after having had a constant devotion to Him Who is going to be our Judge."

Father de la Colomiere was buried in the church of his Order at Paray-le-Monial. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus in France, in 1762, his body was transferred to the monastery of the Visitation nuns. Three years later, in 1765, a member of this community wrote: "His remains rest in a casket close to those of our venerable Margaret Mary, and there every day we invoke the prayers of those two great servants of God." In 1877 the precious relics of Father de la Colomiere were placed in a house raised to honor his memory. Since 1900 the condition of affairs in France inspired such fear of sacrilege and spoliation that the ashes of the holy apostle of the Sacred Heart were transferred from Paray to safer quarters where they are at present.

No one felt his loss more bitterly than Margaret Mary. When the news of his death reached her she begged prayers for his soul; but a few hours later, as if she had received assurance from on high, she added, "Do not grieve for him any more; pray to him without fear." She who knew him best and could gauge the treasures of grace which flooded his soul, was lavish in her praises of his holiness. In her prayers and letters she called him a saint; she gave away portions of his relics; she celebrated the day of his death as a feast day. "He is a saint," we read in a contemporary work, "although not yet canonized, there is hope that in time he will be."

Father de la Colomiere's reputation for sanctity has kept on growing during the past two centuries. He was declared Venerable by Leo XIII in 1880, and the cause for his beatification is now being actively urged before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The prayers of all lovers of the Sacred Heart are earnestly asked for the speedy elevation to the altars of this great servant of God. Once the Infallible Church has set the seal of her approbation on his life and virtues we shall have a new official intercessor in heaven. Let us pray that the day may soon come when we shall be able to address him as "Blessed," and when we may, with greater confidence in his power near God, ask him for the temporal and spiritual graces we need. Who may hope to be heard more readily than lovers of the Sacred Heart.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

NEWMAN ON RELIGION

Cardinal Newman wrote in 1851: "What I desire in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is. You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel." And again he said: "I want a laity not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold, and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it." Cardinal Newman's words have point and meaning to day.—Sacred Heart Review.

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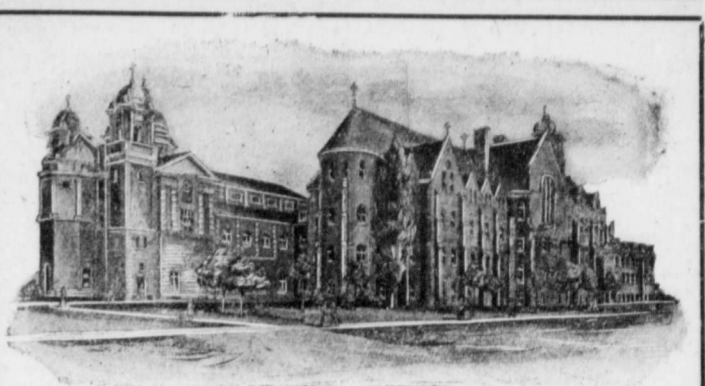
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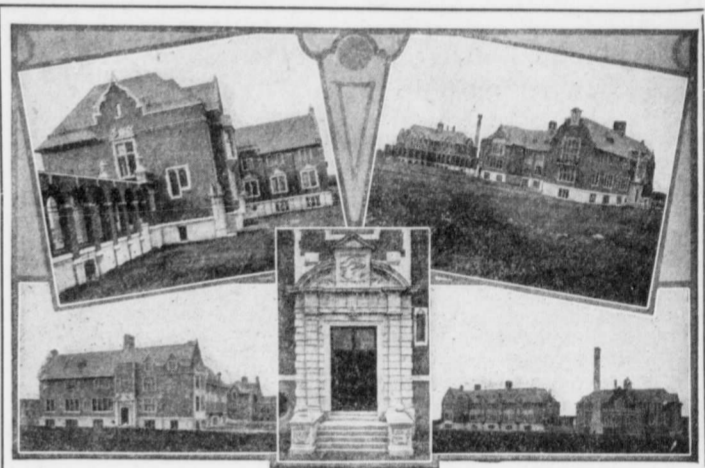
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