

The mother said nothing for a moment and then she said: "Whose praise and love will the boy at the Cistercian convent sing, Gottlieb, if he sing such a lovely voice?" "God's—the dear Heavenly Father and the Saviour!" he said, reverently.

"And you, my own! Will another little voice prevent His hearing you? And what would the world do if the only voice worth listening to were thine? It cannot be heard beyond one church, or one street. And the good Lord has ten thousand churches, and cities full of people who want to hear."

"But thou, mother! Thou and Lenichen, and the bread!" "It was the raven that brought the bread," she said, smiling; "and thou art not even a raven,—only a little child to pick up the bread the raven brought."

"He is silent a few minutes, and then the terrible cloud of self and pride dropped off from his heart like a death-shroud, and he threw himself into her arms." "Oh, mother, I see it all!" he said. "I am free again. I have only to sing to the blessed Lord of all, quite sure He listens, to Him alone, and to all else as just a little one of the all He loves."

And after the evening meal, and a game with Lenichen, the boy crept out to the cathedral to say his prayers in one of the little chapels, and to thank God. He knelt in the Lady chapel before the image of the infant Christ on the mother's knees.

And as he knelt there, it came into his heart that all the next week was Passion week, "the still week," and would be silent; and the tears filled his eyes to remember how little he had enjoyed singing that day.

"How glad the little children of Jerusalem must have been," he thought, "that they sang to Jesus when they could. I suppose they never could again; for the next Friday He was dead. Oh, suppose He never let me sing to Him again!"

And tears and repressed sobs came fast at the thought, and he murmured aloud, thinking no one was near: "Dear Saviour, only let me sing once more here in church to you, and I will think of no one but you; not of the boys who laugh at me, nor the people who praise me, nor the Cistercian, nor the archdeacon, nor even the dear choir-master, but only of you, of you, and perhaps of mother and Lenichen. I could not help that, and you would not mind it. You and they love me so much more than any one, and I love you really so much more than all besides. Only believe it, and try me once more."

As he finished, in his earnestness, the child spoke quite loud, and from a corner in the shadow of a pillar suddenly arose a very old man in a black monk's robe, with snow white hair, and drew close to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder and said: "Fear not, my son. I have a message for thee."

At first, Gottlieb was much frightened, and then, when he heard the kind, tremulous old voice, and saw the lovely, tender smile on the wrinkled, reddish old face, he thought God must really have sent him an angel at last, though certainly not because he was good.

"Look around on these lofty arches, and clustered columns, and the long aisles, and the shrines of saints, and the carved wreaths of flowers and fruits, and the glorious altar! Are these wonderful to thee? Consider! thou have thought of them, or built them?" "I could as easily have made the stars, or the forests!" said the child.

To sing his hosannas in the choir again, it would feel like the face of the blessed Lord himself smiling on him, and His voice saying, "Suffer this little one to come unto me. I have forgiven him."

He hoped also to see the master-builder again; but nevermore did the slight, aged form appear in the sunshine of the stained windows, or in the shadows of the arches he had planned.

And so the still Passion week wore on. Until one more the joy-bells pealed out on the blessed Easter morning. The city was full of festivals. The rich were in their richest holiday raiment, and few of the poor were so poor as not to have some sign of festivity in their humble dress and on their frugal tables.

Mother Magdalis was surprised by finding at her bedside a new dress such as belittled a good burgher's daughter, sent secretly the night before from Ursula by Hans and Gottlieb, with a pair of enchanting new crimson shoes for little Lenichen, which all but over-balanced the little maiden with the new sense of possessing something which must be a wonder and a delight to all beholders.

The archdeacon and the beautiful Italian archdeacon had arrived the night before, and were to go in stately procession to the cathedral. And Gottlieb was to sing in the choir, and afterwards, on the Monday, to sing Easter greetings for the archdeacon at the banquet in the great town-hall.

The mother's heart trembled with some anxiety for the child. But the boy's was only trembling with the great longing to be allowed to sing once more his hosannas to the blessed Saviour, among the children.

It was given him. At first the eager voice trembled for joy, in the verse he had to sing alone, and the choir-master's brows were knitted with anxiety. But it cleared and steadied in a moment, and soared with a fullness and freedom none had ever heard in it before, filling the arches of the cathedral and the hearts of all.

And the beautiful archdeacon bent over to see the child, and his soft, dark eyes were fixed on his face, as he sang, until they filled with tears; and afterwards, she asked who the mother of that little angel was.

But the child's eyes were fixed on nothing earthly, and his heart was listening for another voice—the voice all who listen for shall surely hear.

And it said in the heart of the child, that day: "Suffer the little one to come unto me. Go in peace. Thy sins are forgiven."

A happy, sacred evening they spent that Easter in the hermit's cell, the mother and the two children, the boy singing his best for the little nest, as before for the King of kings.

Still, a little anxiety lingered in the mother's heart about the pomp of the next day. But she need not have feared. How great the archdeacon had asked for the mother of the little chorister with the heavenly voice, the choir-master had told her what touched her most about the widowed Magdalis and her two children; and old Ursula and the master between them contrived that Mother Magdalis should be at the banquet, hidden behind the tapestry.

"Dear Lord Jesus! I understand at last! The raven was the angel. And Thou hast let me see Him for one moment as He is, as He is now with Thee, as He will be evermore!"

A DEATH-BED FAVOR.

HOW A PRIEST REACHED A PATIENT JUST IN TIME. Catholic Columbian.

A few days ago Father Kenny, now of Jacksonville, but then of Palatka, was making a tour of his outlying missions. Shortly after he got to De Land, on the St. John's River, he was told at the house where hejournaled that a young man, residing not a great way off, was anxious to see him.

"Is he ill?" inquired the priest. "No," was the reply; "he's not sick, but still he's far from what could be called well, as he has had consumption."

"What does he want to see me for?" "Don't know, precisely, when he heard that we expected a visit from you he entreated that we should request you to go see him as soon as you arrived."

"Is he a Catholic?" "Yes; that is, he was one when he was young; but he says that for a dozen years or more before coming to Florida he was out in a far Western Territory, and never in all that while saw a priest."

"Well, I'll go to see him after dinner," said the priest, and sat down to rest after the fatigue of the journey. "But he could not be easy. The thought of the man who had been away from the sacraments twelve or thirteen years haunted him. He tried to drive it away but it would not down. He endeavored to quiet it by promising himself to attend to it right away after dinner, but it would have no truce. So starting up from his seat the priest exclaimed, 'I guess I'll go to see him now.'"

He mounted a horse, rode off, reached the dwelling where the young man lived, inquired for him and found him, and made himself known as the pastor whose coming had been looked for by the congregation at De Land.

The two sat down. The priest could not see any need for urgency in his visit. The young man appeared to be pretty well, and declared that he was gaining health. He began to tell the story of his life. Even as he spoke a coughing spell attacked him. It became more violent and racked his whole frame. Suddenly it brought on hemorrhage and the blood gushed from his mouth in a stream.

The priest flew to his assistance, caught him and steadied him, called for help and sent for a doctor, and did all in his power for him until the physician arrived. When the hemorrhage was stopped he heard his confession and anointed him, and then held him in his arms until he died!

"How little we know of the future! How great we should be to trifle with what! If the young man had not begged so earnestly to have the priest sent to him 'as soon as he arrived,' and if the priest had not heeded the inspiration to go before dinner, another soul would have entered eternity unshriven.—L. V. Reilly in Catholic Review.

San Antonio, Fla., Nov. 3, 1884.

"Too Many Mysteries in the Catholic Religion." "Too many mysteries in yourself. You are all mystery and darkness. You live, and you know nothing. You speak, and you know not how. You hear, and you know not how. You cannot comprehend any of these phenomena. Who has comprehended a single one of them? The mysteries of the Catholic religion do not show that it proceeds from Him, who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him, whom we cannot contemplate at all except by reason, and utterly strange to our imagination. You do not comprehend yourself, and yet you would comprehend your Creator. You do not comprehend the finite, and yet you would comprehend the Infinite. The mysteries of the Catholic religion are like the sun. Impenetrable in themselves they give us light and warmth and food and guidance and success; they vivify those who walk with simple faith; and causes it to penetrate into new supernatural divine truths, even they laid on Hans' poor straw pallet."

It was poor Hans himself, bruised and crushed and wounded in his struggles to press through the crowd to see his darling, his poor creaked limbs broken and unable to move any more.

CHURCH MANNERS.

The church of God should be the very last place in which to forget manners and good breeding; and yet there are many who practice, habitually, in God's house, rudeness which the world will not perpetrate in the parlors of their mortal friends.

Let us imagine, for instance, a party invited to an entertainment at some hospitable mansion; would we find any portion of the guests rising in numbers before the entertainment was entirely at an end, and rushing forth frantically, as it were, into the street. Yet, how many do we see in our churches during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, who rise noisily from their seats and go trooping down the aisles towards the street, while the minister of God is yet at the altar and before the sacred ceremonies are at an end. It would appear as though the presence of God Himself, in the Most Holy Sacrament, was irksome to such people, for they seem so very anxious to escape from before His tabernacles.

Now, the requirements of common decency, not to speak of those of ordinary politeness, do demand that, except in cases of very grave urgency, the congregation should remain, in every case, not only until the service is concluded, but also until the priest of God has descended from the altar and is disappearing into the sacristy.

Often, not, however, as grave an impropriety as the former, when only a few have approached the sacred table, or when the last ones out of many have received, we see an unnecessary and unseemly haste on the part of such few, or of such last ones, in rising from the rail. Now, proper respect would dictate that in such cases, the few should remain kneeling reverently, while the priest is ascending the altar, and until he returns to its resting-place the Ciborium with the sacred particles remaining and closes upon it the tabernacle door. Of course, this suggestion can have no application in cases where there is coming behind a throng of communicants, each anxious to have a place; for, in such contingency, we should linger at the railing but a short time, and then make way for others. Neither can it apply where by remaining we might occasion to the priest inconvenience or confusion, causing him, for instance, to come again towards us, believing that we had not yet received.

Many there are who pray audibly, or sigh and moan, or who give way otherwise to demonstrations of piety that are calculated to attract the notice of others, and hence to disturb them. All of this is contrary to good breeding, even to charity, for it occasions general distraction, and often general annoyance, calling the thoughts of many from God.

Sometimes it is the altar boys who sin against the proprieties. We have, for instance, seen some of these dashing to the communion rail, while the priest had yet actually the sacred chalice to his lips, jerking the communion cloth into place, and putting all the time, in a rattling, rushing way, the confessor—just as men might do who had but a moment of time to spare during which to avert some disastrous railroad collision.

These things are all, no doubt, the result of want of thought, and hence constitute of themselves no serious offenses against God; but they are, some of them, negligences which bespeak a lack of fervor and piety which must be dangerous indeed to the soul's salvation.—Morning Star.

"Virgin Immaculate, Come to Our Aid!" One bright day in the spring of 1855, Philadelphia, accompanied by several persons of distinction, visited a catacomb recently discovered in Rome, containing many interesting Christian monuments. On his return, he dined at the Convent of St. Agnes without the walls. After dinner the pupils of the College of the Propaganda asked the favor of being admitted to his presence, to which his Holiness consented with his usual kindness.

Shortly after the rising of the pupils, the pope entered the large hall in which they were assembled suddenly gave way, and precipitated the whole company into the apartment beneath—a distance of about twenty-two feet. When the Holy Father perceived the floor descending, he exclaimed, *Virgine Immaculate, adjuvanti!*—"Virgin Immaculate, come to our aid!"

His prayer was heard. By a special interposition of Heaven, His Holiness received not the slightest hurt or injury whatever. The chair on which he was seated descended gradually until it reached the flooring below, where it was overturned. Out of one hundred and twenty persons who were precipitated by the fall, not a single one was seriously injured. His eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Cardinal Partizi and several of the students received slight contusions, but they were able to leave the Convent the same evening, except four, who were obliged to remain until the following morning. As soon as all were extricated from the ruins, the Holy Father accompanied by those who with himself had made so miraculous an escape, repaired to the church and intoned the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of their preservation; at the same time the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and a *Triduum* was ordered in all the parish churches, in grateful acknowledgment to Heaven for the manifest protection of the head of the Church.—Ave Maria.

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The regular monthly meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society will be held on Friday evening, 12th inst., at their rooms, Masonic Temple, at 7-9, All members are requested to be present. C. A. SIPP, President.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

The regular meetings of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Thursday of every month, at the board room, on one corner, Castle Hill, Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. ALEX. WILSON, Pres.; T. HEVLEY, Sec.

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