

Unquestionably, and perhaps remember something he had forgotten. "Although, Father," he said, "I have been thinking of this for days."

He was not in immediate danger of death, so I told him I would call again and thus give him time to rest a little.

His conversion spread a wave of joy over the household. He was pale and exhausted when the family came in, but an expression of peace and content made his face and white head look like the picture of a saint. Was to come next morning with the Blessed Sacrament, and he would do all he could to make ready for his august Guest.

I called in the afternoon, and found him weaker, but very tranquil and gentle.

Next morning I brought him Holy Communion. With the inner endurance that was part of his character he had fasted from midnight, and received the Blessed Sacrament with wonderful fervor. After some little time I gave him the Final Indulgence, and read some appropriate prayers.

He was like a newly baptized convert. He wanted the scapulars, he asked for holy-water, he drew from under his pillow the little badge of the Sacred Heart, and said to me, "Father, in the darkness of the night I found this, and as soon as I held it in my hand a new sensation took possession of me. My heart was as if ice had broken and warm streams gushed forth. I was filled with sorrow for my past life, and a desire to reform. I could hardly wait until day to see if my new feelings would leave me. They did not, and as I passed in review the years I have been away from the Church, I seemed to be heartbroken until I could get to confession—and make my peace with God. I held out for a while, until the Friday they were all at church, and then it seemed I could wait no longer; so I sent for you, and now, Father, I can only thank the Sacred Heart of my patron Lord for bringing me so long and bringing me back!"

"Yes, my dear Major," I said, "you owe your salvation to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. For five years your dear wife and children have besought unceasingly that merciful Heart to save you."

He looked amazed, but I assured him it was the case. He wiped his hands on his breast and closed his eyes, and I could see a tear forcing itself through the lids.

He lasted a week after that, and his sentiments were most touching and beautiful. I visited him daily and grace seemed to pour on him. He loved the rosary and the picture of the Sacred Heart was on the little table at his bedside.

One beautiful day after noon they telephoned to me the Major was dying. I went quickly. It was true. But there were none of the horrors that often accompany death. The afternoon sun was streaming into the window, and sheathed glow through the room; a gentle breeze parted the heavy curtains, and the odor of the flowers and fruit-blossoms stole in with the breeze. A crucifix was in his hand and a blessed candle burned beside him. All his family kneeling around the bed, and praying high on the pillows, the fine head lay with its crown of snow-white hair. His face was calm and lighted up with a faint smile as he gazed.

I whispered I would give him the Last Absolution. He nodded.

As the solemn prayers of the Church for the dying fell on the quiet air of the room he tried to bless himself, and raised his eyes fervently as I held the crucifix before him. When the prayers were over and the deep hush fell that ever follows the last solemn moment he seemed to rouse himself and a look of listening came into his eyes, and then in a strong voice that thrilled every one he said:

"The bugles are now playing 'Till the day when the noble and pious old Major passed into the presence of that Judge Whose tender merciful Heart had won the battle against years of pride and gathered at last the wandering sheep into the fold of peace."

O Sacred Heart, no wonder we place our trust in Thee! May our lives be Thine, and may we die safe under the protection of Thy mercy!

THE NEED OF CATHOLIC SELF-ASSERTION

The need to-day of Catholic men and women who will courageously and intelligently, in public and in private, stand for the principles of the Catholic faith, must, says a writer in The Catholic World, be evident at once to any one who walks with his eyes open.

In private life there is never greater opportunity than now for the Catholic layman who can, without giving the slightest offence, show the worth of spirituality to a world that is rapidly growing more materialistic; the worth of principle to a people that rushes after pleasure; the value of Christian dogma to souls that know no certain starting point, no place of rest; the strength of the man who knows whence he came, whither he aspires to go, whose universe has its sure terms of beginning and end, who reads that universe in the reasonable harmony of the revelation of God through Christ—to show all this to his acquaintances who may not understand, but who will certainly admire and inevitably be attracted.

To live happily with others does not mean that we must never speak of those things which ought to be most important and most sacred to all. We need not argue; we need not intrude where evidently we are not wanted; we need not seek to oppose. But there is a kinder and more effective way apparent when the opportunity comes to the Catholic layman whose faith is his very life. And the opportunity will inevitably present itself to everyone.

We are living under sorely artificial conventionalities. We speak of everything except that one thing which is everything. Let us not be deceived by the generally accepted agreement to relegate religion to the distance, back-ground and never to allow it to be exposed in any public way.

And one may be certain that however blantly the self-satisfied conventionalism of modern institutions may protest to the contrary, there are many within its immediate circle of acquaintances who

will be interested and perhaps honored, and best of all, perhaps comforted and guided, if at the acceptable time he speaks to them courageously, intelligently, zealously of those things which make life so worthy and eternally so real. He will find to his joy that he is doing the work of the Master, and that the hearts of his hearers also may burn within them.

If we but bring the consciousness of our Catholic faith, our Christian responsibility, into the whole of our life, and really make ourselves new men in the sight of God, if we but do even this, we are surely and eloquently preaching the Gospel of Christ and extending Christ's Kingdom among men. If we but live for another world, if we are constantly looking out for the things that are to come, the very fixity of our vision will teach others men that there are things beyond worth living for. One of the dangers of democracy is that every man will think he ought to do as the crowd does. The crowd, believing that every man is equal, that no one should act differently from any one else, will freely criticize and criticize adversely any pronounced individual action. Democracy may be more tyrannical than absolutism, and it often places upon the individual the burden of defying the crowd, whereas the crowd ought to encourage and help the individual to attain the highest fulfillment of his personal ability.

Are we living and working in this spirit? How far does the contrary spirit of the world eat into our souls, and through compromise, weaken our self-consciousness, weaken the vitality and the watchfulness of our Catholic dignity and our Catholic responsibility? Personal indifference, personal laziness which have led us to neglect the powers of our intellect and our will, have deafened the ears of our soul.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FOR THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

When Pope Leo XIII. issued his appeal to the non-Catholic people of England to return to the faith of their forefathers, he planted a seed that is certain to have a harvest. The idea of reunion has spread. It has captivated the hearts of many Protestants. It has disposed them to be less exacting in non-essentials and to strive to find a common basis of belief. It has elicited expressions of approval from various denominations and has resulted in an international conference recently held in Edinburgh.

Two priests have had the happy thought of working from the inside toward the reunion of Christendom by removing obstacles and making the way plain for the return of members of the Protestant sects to the Church.

The Rev. John Macdonald, of Grand Junction, Iowa, is about to publish a book, "An Appeal to Englishmen and Protestants generally to return to the unity of the faith," and the Rev. Joseph G. Lauer, of Bedford, Indiana, has had printed a little pamphlet on "The Reunion of Christendom."

These principles seem elementary to Catholics, but to Protestants, who have organized, had one faith and was to last until the end of time; that the Holy Ghost should teach all truths; that it was to instruct all nations in the Gospel; that it was founded on the rock of Peter; and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it.

There is no other Church but the Catholic Church that can claim to have been founded by Christ, that has the same doctrines everywhere, that its teaching is true, that it has the right of lasting till the end of time, and that is ruled by Peter's successor.

All the Protestant sects were established by men—Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, etc., etc. They are all of comparatively recent origin. They differ in doctrine, not only one from another, but also among themselves. It is not surprising that Protestants who can say what are the essential doctrines of their religion and who agree together even in these.

Dissension, schism, heresy are abominable to God. Christ prayed that His followers should be one. The sects cannot reunite Christendom. The Church that Christ established is the only one that has the right to have one fold and one shepherd.—Catholic Columbian.

THE DAY OF THE SOUL

The soul grows not old. For it is the passage of time is over when the time is scarcely begun. Even though we rapidly approach the time when the body will crumble like a building whose stones refuse to hold themselves longer together, there is no occasion for mourning or regret, for we can peer into the future with a curiosity so mingled with faith that all fear is dispelled. If there is better music to be heard, if there are larger opportunities to be embraced, may we not be grateful for the hurrying years which will not let us loiter, but bear us swiftly on to the next chapter in our soul's biography?

The reckoning of time is simply a convenience. It enables us to fix the relation of events in which we are interested. The seasons change from fruit-landmarks which assist the memory. The earth plunges through space, is now dark, and now light, and we speak of yesterday or yesterday. It keeps its even course about the sun, and year compared to eternity, which is the soul's heritage, and if we use it well we need give no thought to its passage.

Let it come—let it go—why should we give it a thought? Not even age can be counted by years. We are not so many years old, but so much experience in the face, for one may be young in heart and old in body. Time has nothing to do with the soul except in so far as we use it well or ill, and though we reckon on man's summers and winters, we cannot guess his age, for that is a secret with him and God.

We often look with regret on the years that have slipped away and been lost in the crowd of events because we are somehow under the illusion that there are only so many years allotted to

us, just as there is so much money in our treasury. When we have spent our money we have nothing left, but when we spend our years we have eternity left. Our natural inclination is to view life from the standpoint of the body, and we therefore get a very limited view of ourselves. Weeding the days and weeks with the tenacity of the miser who hoards his dollars.

But there is a higher and nobler standpoint, and from that we get a prospect which charms and dazzles and even oppresses us to the verge of grateful tears—the standpoint of the immortal soul, that mysterious part of us whose wings are hidden in the flesh, but which, if prepared, to soar into upper air, and never rest in its flight until like a homing pigeon it has found its ultimate destination. We would care little for the worries of life if our faith could grasp the truth, if our eyes could get a glimpse of the beyond, if the shining billows of the other world are not shrouded in mist. We should be glad that time hurries from one year to another, that the way to be trod is shortening and that in a few more summers or winters we shall be invited to another banquet. But haste and thoughtfulness must go together. The haste is inevitable and the thoughtfulness a duty.

There is no harm in running if one knows what object he is pursuing. The skeptic who chases the mad ambition of his little day and ends the only rest for his labors in annihilation leads a useless life, and ends with a broken heart. The prospect so depresses him that high and lofty motives are well nigh impossible.

Let the years come and go as they will, but let us always keep in view the golden gates in the distance, and on the far away hilltops, there are certain to be many who are guided us on our way and who will take us by the hand when strangers in the country of God. The heart need not beat like a muffled drum as it presses forward, for there are lower scenes, for if our conscience is at peace with God we shall keep step to the music of a better world. It is our faith that makes us content with what life gives us and makes us ready at any time to exchange life for immortality.—Pilot.

A CRUSADE AGAINST MIXED MARRIAGES

The Catholic Fortnightly Review utters this timely warning in regard to mixed marriage: "Unfortunately, not all Catholic girls instinctively appreciate the thought of a mixed marriage, and there are Catholic mothers who evince less horror at such alliances than their youthful daughters. We may go even further and say, there are certain to be many who will take us by the hand when strangers in the country of God. The heart need not beat like a muffled drum as it presses forward, for there are lower scenes, for if our conscience is at peace with God we shall keep step to the music of a better world. It is our faith that makes us content with what life gives us and makes us ready at any time to exchange life for immortality.—Pilot.

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modified by the late Pope Pius VII., who reigned from 1800 to 1823, at the express desire of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, for there was one expression in it which seemed to give offence to persons professing a religion differing from ours. It was this: "Hæreticos persequar et impugnabo." The word persequar was understood by persons differing from us as if it imposed an obligation upon us, by the oath, to persecute in the ordinary meaning of that phrase. The meaning which we attributed to it was only to follow up by argument and to convince, if we could, by proof. However, as it was an ambiguous expression it was struck out of the oath. There was also an objection taken that the promise of obedience interfered with our allegiance to our lawful Sovereign, and, therefore, there was a clause inserted in the oath which removed that objection, for it says, "Hæc omnia et singula ex inviolabilibus observabo quod certum sum nihil in illis contineri quod fidelitatem meam erga Serenissimum Magnæ Britannicæ et Hiberniæ Regem ejusque ad Thronum successoris devotè adversari possit."

Dr. Boyle was the great J. K. L. over which signature he wrote his numerous contributions to the press in defence of Catholic rights. The letters were the initials of his episcopal title—James of Kildare and Leighlin.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

WIT AND HUMOR

"Say," roared the irate citizen, as he bounced into the office of the country newspaper, "where's the editor?"

"Want to see him personally?" queried the office-boy.

"Of course I do," answered the caller, "in going to thrash him within an inch of his life."

"Oh, all right," answered the boy. "Just take a seat, please. There are three others ahead of you. If you watch you'll see 'em come through the window one by one. When the third comes down, you can go up."

But the visitor decided to postpone his trip.

She longed for a new hat. So she began to worry her husband for a new dress.

He—A new dress! Can't afford it. If you wanted gloves, or a new hat, I wouldn't mind. But a new dress!

She—Well, don't get hurried, dearest! You know I always give in. So just buy me a new hat.

"Ah, little boy," said the visiting suffragette, with a sigh, "I am so glad to see so many youngsters around here with solid faces. Don't you know we suffragettes have promised to kiss every little boy who has a clean face?"

"That's what we're keeping them dirty, mum!" shouted the tough lad as he bolted down the alley.

"I noticed as I was coming into your shop," remarked the stranger in the barber's chair, "that your sign indicated that you were both a 'suffragette' and a 'suffragist' artist. Now, what in thunder do you mean to convey by that word 'suffragine'?"

"I wish to convey, sah," answered the razor wielder, "that with an air of dignity that even President Taft seldom emulates, 'I wish to convey, sah, that I am the champion expert for putting' on de sea foam, sah."

The world does not dictate what you do, but you demand that you do something, and that you shall be king in your line.

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