

TERENCE AND DENIS.

BY "SISTER."

"No, no, child; I won't hear another word about it for six months at least! I have lived long enough to know that sorrow and loneliness do not necessarily constitute a vocation to the religious life, and I will not write you any recommendation to the Sisters of Charity till I see some signs in you of the stuff they are made of."

The speaker was a typical Irish parish priest. Tall, though somewhat bowed with the weight of years, his massive head whiteened by the cares and sorrows of the whole parish of Ballyferna, Father Mike Rooney was greeted with joyful reverence wherever he went except by a few black sheep, and even those who eked out of eight till a day of grace brought them back to the Father's warm heart. He had lost much of the brogue years ago at the Irish College, Rome, but there was still the ghost of it remaining, which came out rolling and sliding with a delightfully musical note of interrogation at the end of each phrase.

Now, as he walked down the path that led to the presbytery gate and opened it to his young companion, there was a twinkle in his eye as well as firmness and compassion on his face. The Kerry hills were bathed in the sunshine of a fine spring morning and the emerald tone of trees and fields in their fresh verdure made a striking contrast to the girl by his side, clad in deep mourning. She looked so sadly, her deep grey eyes swimming in unshed tears.

"But, dear Father, just think! Why should I stay here when all my hopes are buried in South Africa? Isn't Terence's death a sure sign that our Lord wants me in a different state to that which we had planned, and calls me from the world? He has made a wilderness for me? The only happiness I can ever again know upon earth will be tending those who are fighting and suffering as Terence has done."

The Empire will be moving us for their own benefit. Are you for a drop first?" "Denis, you're rickin' Allen's hand for a fight. I can't move hand or foot. Make your way to the camp and leave me."

"Would you Honor have the kindness to show me the way?—for 'tisn't myself knows it, nor ever will, till I take you along with me!" "I can't move hand or foot on his face immovable."

"Some Boers came on the ground. One gave Denis a push with his foot as he passed. 'All dead here' was what master and man would have heard if they could have understood."

"What on earth are you doing here, Denis? Have you married a Kafir and settled down?" "The story was told in a few words, and Denis ended with: 'And here's this poor bayonet crayfish and a universal and a sensible word I say! Will ye try yourself, Sir Alan?' Maybe she'd get a bit of food, for the women-folk has ever a soft spot in their hearts for the redcoats, and 'tis Master Terence that is starving."

ance's wasted form and bright eyes won over the victory. She brought food and Kafir beer, and continued to supply them as long as they were there.

Some weeks after Nora's interview with Father Mike, Mrs. O'Brien was sitting in her room with the windows opening on the lawn. The fresh spring air which sometimes surprised us at the end of March brought the sweet scent of violets from the garden, and the afternoon sun poured warmth into the pleasant room.

"On her waist writing table lay a morose lined black velvet, and inside it was a signet ring and some dried wild flowers and grasses from the African veldt."

"The heights of mountains are His; in South Africa as in Ireland, but praise be His Holy Name that He has brought me back to my own Kerry hills!"

A tall figure, thin but broad, and vigorous as ever, sprang across the lawn and in at the window to his mother's embrace, while Father Mike came on more slowly, and stopped outside to brush away a leaf.

Terence drew back aghast. "What does he mean? Nora, my darling, surely you haven't changed your mind, or made any foolish promise?" His face whitened as he spoke.

"I can't ever thank you enough, but I'll count you and Allen as my best friends all my life, Denis!"

"The heights of mountains are His; in South Africa as in Ireland, but praise be His Holy Name that He has brought me back to my own Kerry hills!"

wealth and poverty. We do not say that these contrasts are altogether absent in Catholic countries, but they are frequent there than amongst Protestants because they are entirely opposed to the spirit of the Catholic religion.

The spread of infidelity is one of the fruits which Mr. Smith assigns to 'priests and sacraments.' Mr. Smith's opinions have been carrying him away. The extent to which unbelief prevails at the present day is no doubt deplorable, but surely in that matter Protestants are not entitled to cast reproaches at the Catholic Church.

Christmas and Easter are come and gone. The third grand feast of the Christian year is at hand, the feast of the Holy Ghost. We have met Him before, for He came upon Mary at the Annunciation, and upon Jesus at His baptism; but in the one case His coming was in the silence of the midnight and of the lonely room in Nazareth; in the other case, He came under the guise of a meek dove at the Jordan, and perhaps none but the Baptist knew what Divine Visitant hovered over the Master there.

There does not arise in us a single good thought, a good intention, which is not soon mingled with a little smoke, a little human weakness. But God blows upon it, and it all goes away.—Eugene De Guerin.

purify our hearts by the light of the Holy Ghost; and the sequence is that exquisite hymn said to have been composed by Pope Innocent III., beginning: "Holy Spirit, Lord of Light, From Thy clear, celestial height Thy pure, beaming radiance give. Come, Thou Father of the poor, Come, with treasures that endure, Come, Thou Light of all that live!"

The thought of the Holy Ghost seems to be, for liturgical and Christian poet both, a subject of special inspiration. King Robert of France begs Him to dispel from the soul the horrid darkness that enfolds it, and to so purify the eye of the inward man that he may be enabled to see the Sovereign Father whom none can see, save them that are clean of heart.

When in the interpretation of Scripture authority is recognized, the intelligence of the individual can be deemed strange that anything like unity of doctrine is impossible, that the Old Testament is subjected to destructive criticism, that "the plainest statements of the four Evangelists are questioned," and that "multitudes of untrained minds imagine that books like 'Robert E. Smith's' dispose of all miracle?"

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"OURSELVES AS OT" American Catholic Quarterly Review. An Irishman writes speaking Catholicism in the States, who are mostly Irish, was not a priest of any denomination, but a man who had seen America means freedom vs. a little more we know of this present war. "American priests and nuns," said this Canadian School manager, "are pitying us, who, alas! under England, and Orange intolerance, live far away; the off; but they live their northern neighbors home wiser, and for what? In Ontario they have not of the American their flocks paying taxing themselves tarian and therefore their own schools, w at not letting the ashamed of God and is a greater matter. Well, under England Ontario, as in a limited itself, you give your government pay not at all for So that in Ireland education is practical, the parish pger of the school, and with the system. Catholics have not their schools, having case the conditions of from Her Majesty's our American pr a Republic—as i out for their schools, excellent in secular in country that claims equal. Then from the ocean, from libfraternity, comes th French parents inc who to save their godly and more vicidly withdraw them bers from the non Christian school, w the grants, all the As he takes up a paper our priest w nunciation of Engla the grant from the successful schools of their books—not Baudouin's religious emblems, ture and statue, w the Brothers have sary to put away l the week. But together with Jesu share largely, acc success, in the ex given by the Eng the higher education. But the protest of against the govern intolerance, in o swelled into pr government in An system of secondar Facts are fact are; and their c quences already b clergy of Irish de more and more blism. Who will should they wish double taxed for test, naturally, ag in Manitoba, and injustice done to That injustice the leave the Englis American. We n land's influence perial strength; men and French and more cheerfu menting and to Mantoba, and h anti-English it m they thus submit. Take French C incident of last y a religious fun an article in La calling upon his observe the great England—as if just awakened fr dred and fifty y England fought —to observe how menting and to Mantoba, and h must watch their for the day of ance; and must of England as Church. And monk, a monk laws worthy of laws have been tion, whence a monks poured or to find there fr monasteries how and to educate C out paying for Catholicism. Hear Irish-Americans your fathers were Protestant misl you could not grow own old church drals. That was but what they d ic minister und mended her w now under Am