

A High Mass Said by the Pope.

The following beautiful description is by a Protestant gentleman, who describes the service as he witnessed it at St. Peter's, Rome. "High mass was said by the Pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion, and though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering moment will never be forgotten. When the sounding of the bell announced the elevation of the host, the whole of the vast assemblage knelt or bowed their heads. The pavement was suddenly strewn with kneeling forms. A silence like that of death fell upon the church as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After a pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond anything I have ever heard or ever expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings, or as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a 'wandering breath' from the songs of seraphs had been borne to the earth. How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave which, for an instant, swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth and leaving it pure as in infancy. There was, it is true, a reflux tide; and the world, displaced by the solemn strain, came back with the echo; but though we 'cannot keep the heights we are competent to gain,' we are the better for the too brief exaltation."

Not the Same Person.

Owing to many readers being still under a wrong impression, the following clipping from the N. Y. Sun will explain itself:

"We regret that, in spite of all care, we confounded the Rev. Father Lambert, author of 'Notes on Ingersoll,' with the 'Father Lambert' who recently was converted to Protestantism. Father Lambert, the author of 'Notes on Ingersoll,' is a priest in the diocese of Rochester. The 'Lambert' who renounced Roman Catholicism was named Achille Van Lopeck; after his conversion he seems to have assumed the name of Lambert for reasons known to himself. The real Father Lambert, who lives at Scottsville, N.Y., and edits the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, on March 31st last said editorially:

'By the grace of God we are not the man who renounced allegiance to the Catholic Church. To us the Catholic Church is Christianity in the concrete. Her divine origin and mission and the truths she teaches are as fixed in our mind as are the eternal truths of geometry. * * * We are not the man. We cling to the Church of Christ with the eager grasp of the infant on its mother's breast, knowing that she is the appointed source of spiritual life, as the mother is of physical life, and that through her come to us truth and grace and the merits of our Divine Redeemer.'

We regret that we should have done injustice to the real Father Lambert, and we thank our friends who have warned us of our mistake."

In 1871 there were forty Catholic churches in New York City, to-day there are eighty-four.

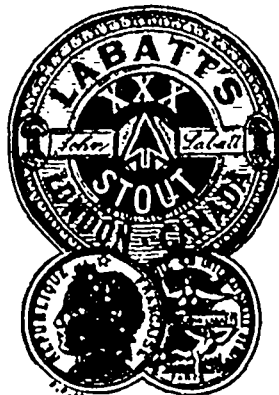


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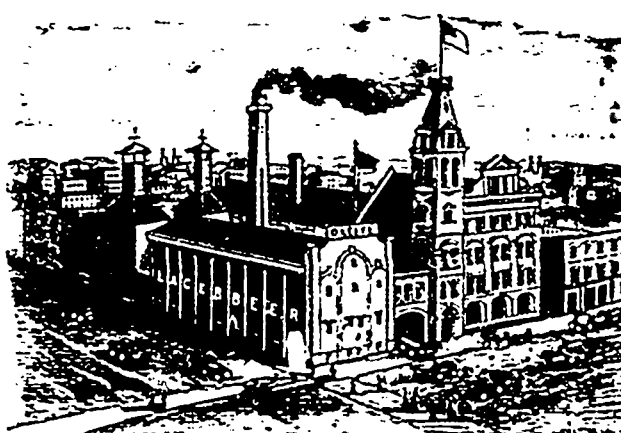
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He Made Car Fare Out of It.

The ways of the New York broker
are artful, and his eyes are always
open for an opportunity. When he has
a chance to make a bargain he doesn't
let grass grow under his feet. The
head of a steamship company recently
said to a Wall street broker

"I wish I could get a certain pier
privilege; it's so and so."

"Well, why don't you go and get
it?" asked the broker.

"I can't get hold of it."

"The pier business," said the broker,
"isn't in my line; but how much
would you give me for the privilege?"

"I would give \$1,000 dollars each
month for one year."

The broker said he would see what
he could do. The pier was owned by
a Philadelphia man, and the next day
the man from Wall street entered the
office of the pier owner in Philadelphia.

"I should like to have you buy some
bonds," he said.

"I don't want to buy anything,"
was the curt answer.

"Why not?"

"Prefer to sell."

"But these are gilt-edged. You
never saw better."

"Can't buy anything—haven't any
money. I have a lot of things on my
hands that aren't paying a cent. These
are hard times, I tell you. I have
stores that I can't rent; bills that I
can't collect. Why there's a pier over
in your city that isn't doing what it
ought to do for me. A privilege there
is just begging for some one to take it."

"Well," said the broker, "I want to
sell you some of these bonds. We
might make a 'dicker' on the pier, I
guess I could get rid of it. Will you
take the bonds off my hands if I take
your pier privilege?"

"I don't want bonds."

"Wouldn't you take them to get rid
of your pier?"

"No."

"Well, maybe I'll take the pier any-
way. How much do you want for it?"

"It is worth \$3,000 a year, if it's
worth anything."

The broker thought he might as well
take the privilege even if they couldn't
strike a bargain on bonds. The next
morning he went to the New York
steamship man.

"I can get that pier privilege for a
year," he said.

"At what terms?"

"Your own figures—\$12,000 a year."

The privilege was let right then
and there, the contract signed and the
broker was just \$9,000 better off. A
short time after this the steamship man
met the broker again.

"Say, Jones, he said, "tell me, now,
just for fun, what did you make out of
that pier business?"

"Car fare," answered the broker,
without a blush.

"Car fare?"

"Yes, car fare—round the world."

A Girl's Fortune.

Kate Sullivan, aged 14, who lives
on Third avenue, New York, has in-
herited a million. Kate's great grand
father was named Patrick Sullivan.
He owned a lot of land in county Derry
and more near Dublin. Since then
his heirs, invariably first-named Patrick,
have added by economy and shrewd
investment to the value of the original
estate. According to letters received
by Kate's mother, Mrs. Patrick Sulli-
van, the little girl's share in the estate,
which is divided equally between her-
self and her cousin Patrick, will
amount to nearly \$1,000,000 in bank
and some miles of finely tilled and
pasture lands. The letters came from
Barrister John Donohoe, who, in ad-
dition to being the lawyer for the
estate, is appointed guardian of both
Kate and Patrick.

A noble Master all may well obey,
Whose word convinces where His will
commands.