Sheep and Lambs.

[The Independent includes this among the seems which it advises its readers to learn by heart.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary and crying With a weak, human cry. I thought on the Lamb of God Going meekly to die. Up in the blue, blue mountains

Dewy pastures are sweet. Rest for the little bodies, Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God Up on the hilltop green Only a Cross of shame Two stark crosses between. All in the April evening
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs
And though on the Lamb of God.

MASS IN A MAIL CAR.

-Katharine Tynan Hinkson

A Unique Incident.

Cleveland Universe The first Mass was offered by ou Lord in the Upper Chamber at Jeru salem. Since then, His priests, following the injunction of their Master-Do this in commemoration of Me, have offered the same Holy Sacrifice o His Body and Blood in diverse coun-We read tries and places. in the lapse of centuries, the Holy Mysteries were celebrated, sometimes in secret hiding-places, in the Catacombs. in the cave by the hillside, in ombs, in the cave by the finale, in private dwellings; sometimes in view of the public gaze, on the open field, in the crowded city, on deck of an ocean steamer or on the mountain top. Hence we speak of different kinds of Masses, such as public, private, high, low, solitary, solemn, pontifical, naval and military Masses. The latest dis-tinction however, is a "railroad

The Universe is indebted for the following account to a priest of the Cleveland diocese, to whom a member of the mail crew so singularly favored first related it, and who kindly wrote the facts as here given. For obvious reasons the names of the persons, who had a part in the interesting episode, Our informant thus are not given. Our informant thus describes the "Christmas railway serv-

It was on a fast mail train, bound for Chicago. Christmas morn had once more descended on the land. Day light was just beginning to break through a pile of snow clouds that hung in the eastern sky. Field and forest, house and hamlet were passed in rapid succession. In one of the cars, with the aid of a number of lights that were turned low, you could distinguish tons upon tons of mail matter, piled up between the stall posts. The crew of worn out and drowsy postal clerks, were gathered around their chief, giving, one after another, a detailed account of their long, tedious night's work. A look down the aisle of the mail-laden car could not fail to impress you with its order. The numerous sharp corners which protruded from the canvas sacks, told the experienced mail-tosser, that Christmas gifts con stituted the main bulk of to day's de livery. And so the "flyer" sped on-ward in its rapid course towards the western metropolis, bearing the many tokens of friendship and affection which should gladden the hearts of thousands on this ever joyful Christmas morning.

The staff of the mail car was com posed of five staunch Catholic lads. who had resolved the night before, to hear Mass and go to their Christmas duty at the earliest possible moment, after "registering in" at the end of But, alas! away back at the run. Prairie Lodge the chief had received the message, the contents of which all were dreading. It ran thus—"Take your crew back on No. 25 at 6 p. m. Report for duty lat car, at 2 p. m.

These orders brought consternation to our mail clerk.

"Well," said one bright young fellow, the "baby" of the crew, "what are we going to do about it? You know, chief, it will never do to miss Mass on a Christmas morning. I never did it in all my life."
"No use, boys" replied the chief

quietly, but firmly: "I order each and every one of you to go to bed at once after we unload. There isn't a once after we unload. priest in the United States who would tell you, that you had to hear Mass in a case like this-and I positively for But, all the same, the chief issued these orders with a heavy heart and a perceptible tugging at his throat "I'm going back to the buffet," he continued, "and get some breakfast now, to save time; there is no use of fasting longer, if we are to be beater out of our Communion.

And two more of the crew followed him, evidently of the same mind. Charley, the porter, was already up and busy blacking shoes.

"Guess I bettah wake up dat young pries'," said he; "for he say to be suuah and call him eahly."

What's that, Charley, a priest

'Yes, chief," answered the conduct

or, just coming up. "It's Father K—, of C—, he is just returning from a mission."

"Where's his berth?"

"Over there in No. 4." "Come on, boys" called the chief," this is our chance. No doubt, he has his chalice, vestments and all the necessary outfit with him, and, if so, we'll have a Christmas Mass that will be an event in the history of this crew."

"What are you going to do now, chief?" inquired the conductor; but the chief was already pulling aside the berth curtains to call the half-wakened

"Come on, Father, get up; you must say Mass in a queer chapel this morning. The chance is too good to let it go by. I'll be bound -- "

"Wha-what?" inquired the priest with surprise. But the boys had allaid hands tenderly on his valises, and were eagerly awaiting to take up the march forward to the postal car. In a few moments the priest had donned his cassock and followed in amazement.

As we reached our own car a clear ringing voice struck up the beautiful Christmas processional, "Adeste Fideles," and, involuntarily, all of us including the priest, who, by this time, had been enlightened as to our situation, joined in the chorus.

In the farther end of the car we found a pile of mail bags, some of them registered. whose aggregate value of contents amounted to thousands of dol lars, if not more. And on this strange improvised altar, the priest prepared to offer the Holy Sacrifice! It was per haps the first and only one of the kind ever erected. No need to go back to the awful days of the Irish persecution nor to the time of the Roman catacomb for a church romance. Imagine for a moment, if you can, the scene in the mail car on that memorable Christmas morning. The faintest light from without, the lanterns of the conductor and brakeman, added to the lamps within, and the three candles bor-rowed from Charley, the porter, partially and barely enough illuminated this strange miniature chapel where the Sacrifice of Calvary was renewed in a bloodless manner during that early Christmas hour. Five grimy, hungry and sleepy postal clerks in their overalls, and the conductor and brakeman were the only worshippers, kneeling apart, one by one, and mak confessions to the young

priest, who was so suddenly and

strangely called to exercise his priestly

And that Mass! It is, indeed, doubtful if ever a priest at the altar was served by a man, wearing instead of altar garments, a suit of and one of "Uncle Sam's mail slinger" uniforms; a choir composed of three more in the same regulation garb—young fellows who had seen "volunteer service"in more than one choir dur ing their youngerdays-their clear, sonorous voices contending with and rising above the rumble and roar of the wheels as these clicked off fifty miles or so an hour! And the conductor and brakeman kneeling on either side of our little altar, holding it up to keep it from toppling over with the sway of the train. Nay, at times, we would fairly have to steady the priest to keep him on his feet. Oh, what a thrill went through us, as the boys re peated the angel's hymn, "Gloria in No time to stop for a Excelsis Deo !" sermon, and, indeed, it was doubtful. if our priest could have composed him self to deliver one. It was a race against time. And as the solemn chant "Sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth " resounded through the car and the sacred moments of conse cration arrived, our hearts swelled with joy, that in spite of our life amidst the din and tumult of an uproarious rail way, we could, this blessed Christma morning, unite with the priest in offer ing up our prayers of thanksgiving or the gracious birth of the Prince of Peace, the Redeemer of His people.

We still recall with pleasure the look of triumph that lighted up our good priest's countenance as he turned towards us at last to distribute Holy

Communion to the crew.

After Mass, with brimming eyes, ne gave to each his blessing, and as ll the boys slyly pressed their 'Christmas offering' into his unwill ing hand, he could no longer restrain his feelings. Throwing his arms about us he gave each the kiss of Such was the Christmas Mass ar

ranged by a brave railroad crew, and informant well remarked, 'probably it was the only one ever said in a post-office on wheels. Sagitta.

Beautiful Customs.

In Russia beggars knock at the doors or windows of dwellings, bow to the ground, and mutter: "For Christ's ground, and mutter: "For Christ's sake!" The peasant housewife in-stantly collects a few crusts and gives them to the applicant. It would be considered a sin to turn the petitioner away. In times of plenty bakers keep a kind of bin filled with bread, which is freely given to those who beg for it 'in the name of Christ."

Another Russian custom, still more touching, is called the practice of secret A family is known to be in want, but too proud to beg. Then the neighbors determine to help them without hurting their feelings. After sundown a tap is heard at the destitute family's window, and the simple words, "For Christ's sake," are borne into them. The father runs to see who is there, but finds no one. No trace is left except, perhaps, a few footprints

window ledge. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

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A TRIBUTE

To Adelaide Anne Proctor, the Gentle

Perhaps of all the writers whom the world calls poet, none ever shrank more modestly from laying claim to that title than did Adelaide Anne Procter, and yet the thousands into whose hearts her beautiful lines have sung their way, delight in laying upon her tomb the laurel wreath which, in life her self-depreciation would not permit her to wear.

The daughter of a well known author, Barry Cornwall, as he appears in the literary world, Adelaide Procter gave evidence, at an early age, that she had inherited her father's taste for letters. Charles Dickens, who was a dear friend of her fatner, relates of her that before she herself could write, she would beg her mother to copy her favorite bits of poetry into a tiny note During her school days, in which she distinguished herself by her brilliancy of intellect, the love of poetry grew with her growth, and developed with her splendid mentality. So diffident was she, however, that not even her nearest relatives knew that she desired to write, or possessed the gift of authorship, until after her first attempts in literature had found their way into print. The Cornhill Maga zine and the Book of Beauty published her earliest verses, and later sh contributed to All the Year Round and Household Words; her poems appearing over the pen-name of Mary Berwick.

The love of literature, which was part of her nature, did not cause her to devote herself to its pursuit, to the exclusion of other things. She had a strong conception of her duty to those about her, and no sick or needy one came within reach of her kindly influence without being cheered and comforted.

Remembering Him who had not "whereon to lay His head," her heart was wrung by the thought of the unfortunates without food or shelter, who through the cold nights, wandered wearily through the streets, or found some wretched hiding place from the fury of the storm, in doors or arch When, in 1860, a movement was made to establish a Catholic "Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor," Miss Procter, who had become Catholic about nine years before threw herself heart and soul into the work. A collection of her poems, en titled "A Chaplet of Verse," was pub lished in 1862, in the interests of this Refuge. One of these, "Homeless," pictures vividly the necessity for such

"It is cold, dark midnight, yet listen
To the patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and sleet?

an institution in a city where poverty

seemed the one unpardonable sin

My dogs sleep warm in their baskets, Safe from the darkness and snow; Sale from the darkness and show;
All the beasts in our Christian England,
Find pity, wherever they go—
(Those are only the homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro).

Look out in the gusty darkness,-The seen it again and again,
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window-p
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain?

"Nay, our criminals are all sheltered, They are pitied and taught and fed: That is only a sister-woman Who has got neither food nor bed,— And the Night cries, 'Sin to be living, And the River cries, 'Sin to be dead.

"Look out at that farthest corner.
Where the wall stands blank and bare:—
Can that be a pack, which a peddler
Has left and torgotten there?
His goods lying out unsheltered
Will be spoilt in the damp night air.

"Nay:—goods in our thrifty England
Are not left to lie and grow rotten,
For each man knows the market value
Of silk or woolen or cotton—
But in counting the riches of England
I think our poor are forgotten.

Our beasts and our thieves and our chattel Have weight for good or for ill:
But the poor are only His image,
His presence, His word, His will;
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep
And Dives neglects him still."

Many of the verses of this "Chaplet" reveal a deep religious spirit, and have for their inspiration confidence in and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. eral of them are still sung in Catholic churches. Particularly tender and beautiful are "Ora Pro Me," "The Name of Our Lady," "The Annunciation," and "Star of the Sea."

The character of this noble woman

was one of rare loveliness, in which were blended strength and gentleness, and abiding love for all that is noble and pure and beautiful. She was in dependent, but in no degree arrogant and a keen sense of humor and sunny cheerfulness were her chief character istics. She had withal a vein of seri ousness that led many to deem her mel ancholy. The minor key in which some of her poems were written strengthened that impression, but mel-

ancholy was far removed from her. Adelaide Procter was no idle dream er of dreams; she was not one to sit weakly by and deplore the evil condition of things. She sounded the key note of her character in "Now. and a loaf of bread on the expresses perfectly her sense of obligation to those about her, her sympathy and desire to help and encour-When we read the words that Dickens puts into the mouth of cynical old Ralph Nickleby, "Of all fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a day that is gone is the most fruitless, we assent eagerly to its truth. Compare it with this-

"Rise! if the past detains you, Her sunshine and storms forget;

"No chains so unworthy to hold you As those of a vain regret: Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever

Cast her phantom arms away Nor look back, save to learn the lesson Of a nobler strife to-day."

In both, there is the same idea of the irrevocability of the past, but in the former there are harsh accusation and condemnation of wasted opportunity, while the latter breathes sympathy, not blame, and encouragement for the fature.

Miss Procter holds in literature a place peculiarly her own. One cannot draw a just comparison between her work and that of others, equally high in popular esteem; but one can say with truth that to read her poems is to love their writer. The soul uplifting strains, sweet and unstudied, as the lilt of the wild birds; their revelation of a pure and tender woman's heart; their very simplicity forming, perhaps, their greatest charm, they take a hold

on one that time only strengthens. Her most enthusiastic admirers must admit that others among the women writers of the century have surpassed Adelaide Procter in some respects—in richer fancy, greater elegance of phrase, or more classic style, it may be-but the high, clear note of her song, with its ring of truth and beauty, brings her into closer sympa thy with her readers. It always seems to me that Longfellow might have had her in mind when he wrote of the

"Whose songs gush from the heart As rain from the clouds of summer Or tears from the eyelids start,"

". . Songs have the power to quiet The restless pulse of care. And come like a benediction That follows after prayer.

We may thank Heaven, at least, in the name of all womanhood, that her fame does not rest on such doubtful foundation as the "passion poetry and erotic idocy which has been the introduction to public notice of some later writers. Recall some of the effusions of the writer of "lava kisses" notoriety (I use the word advisedly and contrast them with the pure spirit uality of "Because," whose last stanza runs thus:

'But because this human love, though true and sweet— Yours and mine— Has been sent by love more tender, more

complete, More divine; That it leads our hearts to rest at last in

Phat it leaven, heaven, Far above you; Do I take you as a gift that God has given —And I love you!"

-" true love

'Takes joy as solace, not as aim, And looks beyond and looks above : And sometimes through the bitterest strife First learns to live her highest life,

"Earth forges joy into a chain
Till fettered love forgets its strength,
Its purpose and its end:—but pain
Restores the heritage at length
And bids love rise again and be
Eternal, mighty, pure and free."

There is about Miss Procter's poems none of the morbid introspection or pessimism that obtains so much lately Now and then one hears the passionate soul cry for home and rest, but the prevailing tone is one of hope, courage and incentive to higher and nobler life. Her greatest ability lay in the direction of the lyric. "The Lost Chord" and "The Storm" are sung wherever the English tongue is spoken. Shining brightly forth from the galaxy of shorter poems are "One by One, "A Woman's Question," "Fidelis," "A Woman's Question," "Judge Not," "A Little Longer,"
"A Vision," The Angel of Death,"
and "A Woman's Answer," while of the longer poems, "A Legend of Bregenz," "Three Evenings in a Bregenz," "Three Evenings
Bregenz," "A Legend of Provence,
Life," "A Legend of Provence,
are the and "Milly's Expiation," are the

On the second day of February, 1864 in the midst of a useful and brilliant career, Death, the "beautiful angel" of her song, closed the gentle eyes for ever. Surely, it is not too much to believe that the end of that pure, earthly life was the beginning of the heavenly one, and that she had found the answer to her fervent prayer in The Shrines of Mary "-

"At each one, a Mother of Mercy! Let still more of thy love be given, Till I kneel at the last and brightest— The throne of the Queen of Heaven."

-M. S. Anthony, in Niagara Rain

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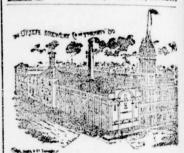
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