

AUGUST 13, 1904.

she had, they would have been so many more hours together. But Molly had forbidden it, saying that she would not have her return alone.

It was 4 o'clock and the sun was up, sparkling in a million diamonds till the glen was like a sea of dawns. The birds were all singing and she was desolately awake. It was no use to lie a bed longer. How did it come that she had slept during those last hours of Molly's in Ireland? Exhaustion, perhaps, for she had forgotten to eat. There lay Molly's griddle cake and the box of eggs on the table side by side.

She heard the goat crying and remembered that she had forgotten to milk her. Before she did anything else she went out and drew the milk from the creature's overlaid udders. She brought the milk in and covered it with a clean white cloth, as was her habit. Then she set to work to light the fire.

The habit of work helped her now. If her heart was broken, it was no reason for being a sloven. So she swept the little room and dusted it, being conscious all the time of a numb pain which presently would grow more acute. Just now she could hardly restrain from speaking to Molly, and, missing her, her eyes would roam on to the doorway, looking for the bright head that had so often lit it up.

When she had all her preparations made it was still too early for breakfast. She sat down to her sprigging. The dog came and leant his head on her knee and looked a mute question at her.

"God help the dumb beast," she said out loud; "he wants her, too."

About 7 o'clock she stood up and hung her kettle to boil on the hook over the turf fire. She put a clean coarse cloth on the table, a cup and saucer, a little bit of salt butter and Molly's griddle cake, brown sugar in a teacup and a drop of the goat's milk at the bottom of a jug.

She cut a slice of bread and gave it to the dog.

"I wonder if she'll have missed it, creature," she said. "She'll be getting out to say now. I wish she'd had the eggs. I'll send them and a drop o' the goat's milk to Mrs. Gallagher at the glen-head. The childer of her do poorly, the creatures."

The kettle boiled and she made herself a cup of tea. As she lifted her head from putting the brown teapot in the ashes "to draw" she saw some one stand in the doorway. The same one hurled herself on to the widow's neck like a catapult, laughing and crying.

"Molly! Molly! to God, is it Molly Grady in it this day?" sobbed the mother.

"Ay, indeed, I've come back to you like a bad penny. An' I'll never leave you again, you foolish old woman. I stayed the night in Derry, and I was waiting for Willie by the post office at 4 o'clock. Sure, his horse was the slowest I ever seed, I thought I'd never get back to you."

"Ah, what came over you at all, at all?" said the mother, holding her at the length to look into the happy face. Could it really be Molly who looked so pinched since Dan Tobin had thrown her over for the woman with the farm.

"Sure, it came over me while I heard them cryin' and seechin' in the quayside what a great old fool I was to be goin' on the world for Dan Tobin's sake, and I wid the best little mother in Christendom. Sure, he's gone out of my mind this day the same as if I'd never seen him. 'Tis you I want and the little house, aye, and Shep, the' ould roge here that's changed-atin' me. I'm come home the changed-atin' girl you ever laid eyes on. But sure my box's gone to America."

"What matter, jewel, so long as I have you?"

"Glory to goodness, the griddle cakes not gone too, an' the eggs. I could eat the boxful. Sure I was on the boat, the great big, ugly contrivance that it is, and when I heard them seechin' I thought o' your little face, an' says I to myself, here's one for home anyhow. So I slipped down the ladder again, lettin' on I wanted to speak to somebody, an' I walked quiet enough as long as they could see me, but the minute I was round the corner I took to my heels. And by the greatest luck in the world who did I knock up with? Willie McGrawarty. He was coming to see me, wid a little pot o' shamrock under his arm. So he took me to a kind woman he knows, an' I slept there, an' was at the post office by 4, as he bid me."

"'Twas the hour I woke and thought I heard the squish o' the water as the big ship moved out."

"Taking them poor foolish boys and girls wid it," said Molly, with conscious superiority. "But I've had my fill of emigration. And now I'm finished. See another cup, ma'am, for your daughter, and I'll have two eggs, if you please, Mrs. Grady."

A little later, when the second cup of tea had been finished and Molly was waiting for a third, she leant back in her chair reflectively and said:

"That Willie McGrawarty's a terrible nice boy, so he is. He'll likely be lookin' in on me off his arm. 'He'll be welcome," said the widow, and a little light of joy came into her tired eyes.—Katherine Tynan in M. A. P.

Wise Men Abstain.

There is no reason why people should imperil their health by taking alcoholic liquors. They are not in the slightest degree necessary to health. Some people take them because they say they feel more cheerful from them. Cheerfulness is not produced by chemistry, and is to be looked upon with suspicion, and light heartedness accompanied by light heartedness is dear at any price. We often hear people speak of taking a "social glass," but how real sociability is to be promoted by practices which are physically destructive to the individual I do not understand. Strong drink tends not to the development of society, but to its ultimate destruction. Prudent young men who have any respect for their bodies will let it severely alone.—Dr. J. Robertson Wallace in "The Young Man."

A NEW SAINT.

FATHER JOGUES TO BE CANONIZED. Providence Visitor.

The Rev. Isaac Jogues, the famous Jesuit missionary martyred by the Mohawks two hundred and fifty nine years ago, is soon to be canonized, thus adding another chapter to the Roman martyrology, and welding another link to the endless chain of saints of the Catholic Church.

Under the direction of the Rev. Father Wynne, S. J., and other Jesuits connected with the local houses of the order the entire data for the process of the canonization has been gathered and forwarded to Rome. Father Camillus Beccari, S. J., who is stationed at Rome, is to be the postulator of the missionary's cause, and will present to the Roman Congregation having charge of such serious business one hundred and twenty-six "reasons" or "points" in the declaration of the missionary's holiness of life and purpose. The most powerful argument, however, will be proof that Father Jogues "shed his blood for the faith," together with an authenticated list of miracles wrought at the shrine erected in his honor at Auriesville.

At the same time that Father Jogues' process is being conducted the merits of Rene Goupil and Katharine Tegakwita, companions of the martyred Jogues in life and death, will also be considered, and in all probability they will be raised on the altars of the Church at the same time.

While the name of Isaac Jogues is written deep in the history of the Empire State, but few knew that it was proposed to elevate the martyr to the rank of a saint. The data for the process of canonization has been gathered quietly.

"It has been a long and tedious labor," said Father Wynne, editor of the Messenger, who is personally interested in the canonization, "but we are hopeful that the end will bring the reward sought, namely, the canonization of Father Jogues and his companions.

The life of Father Jogues is part and parcel of the history of New York in the seventeenth century, and incidentally reveals the struggles, privations and pioneer missionaries of the East. Father Jogues consecrated his life to the preaching of the Gospel to the Iroquois tribes of Indians then encamped about the Canadian borders and throughout the Empire State. He rendered the French Government a valuable service in concluding a treaty of peace with the Iroquois, and in numerous other ways sought to bring about a friendly alliance between the various tribes and the reigning powers.

On Oct. 16, 1664, after days and nights of brutal treatment, he was benedicted at a place called Osseranon now Auriesville, N. Y., by the tribes he had come to save. Goupil had previously been tomahawked.

A modern chapel rises above the spot where the blood of Jogues and his companions flowed. The pilgrimages will be larger this year than heretofore on account of the interest in the canonization process.

Devout Catholics and students of early history are making a study of Jogues' life.

He was ordained to the priesthood in 1636 and a few months later ordered to the mission fields of Canada, which embraced New Amsterdam and the adjoining country. Rene Goupil, a native of Anjou, pleaded for admission to the Jesuit order at the same time as Jogues, but was denied on account of his sickly condition—and here young Goupil gave the world a lesson of a self-abnegation and the exertion of a powerful will that has few parallels in modern history.

Admission to the order in France denied him, he followed Jogues to Canada, and offered his life as a nurse to the sick and wounded. He later joined the missionaries to the Hurons.

Father Jogues became seriously ill while in Canada, and, after his recovery, was sent with a Father Garnier to the Petun Indians. Here he got his first taste of life in a New World wilderness.

When they reached the Petuns' camps this tribe gave them the same reception which has been meted out to missionaries of all denominations by barbarous tribes. They were looked upon as sorcerers and driven ruthlessly out into the storm.

They retraced their steps, subsisting on berries and a tea made from the bark of trees. They reached their Canadian mission exhausted, but after a few days the intrepid Jogues started out in a canoe to Sault Ste. Marie, some two hundred and fifty miles from the Canadian mission.

He returned to Quebec, and after ten days set out with Rene Goupil and a party of Hurons. He seized every opportunity to proclaim the principles of Christianity, and his first work on reaching a settlement would be to erect a cross. Oftentimes, his biographers say, when his companions missed him, they found him kneeling in the snow praying for the conversion of the heathen tribes.

The Iroquois were then on the warpath and had a deadly enmity for the French and missionaries. During an engagement between the Hurons and the Iroquois, Jogues and Goupil were taken prisoners.

An opportunity was given Father Jogues to escape, but he refused to leave Goupil, declaring that they should die together were it the design of God. During his captivity he stole away several times to administer the sacrament to dying Christians, and lost no opportunity to explain the Gospel to those of the tribe who would listen.

This enraged the leaders of the Iroquois. They fell upon him with clubs and beat him into insensibility. When he revived they tore off his finger-nails with their teeth, and then they took

the end of the forefinger of each hand crushed the bones until nearly all the fingers were amputated.

Jogues and his companion, on the awful journey to the settlement, responded to this barbarous punishment by kneeling and praying for their murderers. Aside from other indignities they were made to carry huge burdens on their lacerated backs.

Father Jogues has left an interesting narrative of that march to the settlement. It was found in a French library recently. It describes the customs of the Indians on the warpath, the beauty of the scenery, the settlement, but lived en route to their being compassed to "run the gauntlet" several times, gives no detail of the horrible suffering he and his companion endured before they were killed.

He narrates, for instance, that when over a band of friendly Indians were met he and Goupil were compelled to run the gauntlet. The natives gathered on each side of a lane, through which they were forced. Each of them showed how after blow on him and his companion.

On the thirteenth day after the battle the warriors reached Osseranon, since called Auriesville. Here the entire tribe joined in a celebration of the victory over the Hurons. Goupil was taken as a slave to a neighboring village, and Jogues was later turned over to a member of the tribe who had lost his slave. Goupil was tomahawked, and Jogues was about to meet the same death when a friendly Indian intervened.

In 1643 the missionary escaped from his captors and reached France on Christmas. He was accorded great honors by the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, who wept over his mangled hands. He implored his superiors to allow him to return, declaring that he might save his Indian children.

The following spring he returned to Quebec. Reaching this city, he was made an Ambassador of France to the Iroquois, and affected a treaty of peace between them and the French government.

He then started on his mission to the tribes. Although the Iroquois were supposed to be at peace with France, the priest felt that he might never return. In fact, he is said to have remarked on leaving Quebec that he did not expect to return to the mission house. He did not. War was again declared by the Iroquois in October, Jogues was seized, and his old wounds reopened by the same barbarous treatment.

There were factions in the tribe, and for a time Jogues' fate was not definitely decided upon. They were a unit on the point that the "sun-god" had been offended by Jogues and his companions, but while one faction declared "blood alone could atone for the act and appease the wrath of the sun-god," the other faction was friendly to him.

He was taken captive to Osseranon, and a council of war ordered to decide his fate. The council agreed to free Jogues and his companions, but before the news reached Osseranon, Jogues' head was pinned to a palisade; he was struck with a tomahawk, and then beheaded. The body was thrown into the river.

This was on Oct. 16, 1664. La Lande, one of Jogues' faithful followers, and a Huron Indian, were slain the day following.

It is to commemorate for all time the heroic suffering of Jogues and his companions that Catholics propose to have the martyred missionary proclaimed at St. Jogues by Pope Pius X.

The process of the canonization of Jogues and his companions will take up considerable time, as every document submitted to the Commission of Cardinals must be separately considered and authenticated. In the documents relating to Father Jogues, the late Goupil, and Katharine Tegakwita there is found an accurate statement of Jogues' life and travels, but little light is thrown on La Lande's career.

Fathers Brebeuf, Lallemant, Daniels and Garnier, companions for a time of Jogues on the Indian missions, but who died afterward in missions, along the Canadian border, are to be included in the process along with Father Jogues.

DEVOTION TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

It is natural, almost necessary, when we are speaking of the devotions of the Church, to speak also, and once again, of devotion to the Church; but it is still more necessary to do so, when we have to speak of the devotion to the Precious Blood. The Church, as we have already said, is the creation of the Precious Blood, the institution which it has founded, and wherein its virtue continues to reside. It is impossible to study the grandeur of the Precious Blood without being led at almost every step into the magnificences of the sacraments; and then again the sacraments are the structure of the Church. Theology of the Church are but one; we cannot separate them without making both of them unintelligible. With these theologies, the theology of the Precious Blood is also inextricably intertwined. This will strike any thoughtful student of theology. Moreover, as we have seen, the Precious Blood ministers especially to the dominion and magnificence of God; and the Church is the living regent of God's dominion and the sacraments are a peculiar and unparalleled emanation of his magnificence; and thus from another point of view the Precious Blood is bound up with the Church and the sacraments.

The instincts of the saints have united the two devotions. Those, whose lives strike us because of the active interest they took in the outward politics and destinies of the Church, an interest often at seeming variance with their manifest call to contemplation, are almost always found to have had a peculiar devotion to the Precious Blood. The Precious Blood magnifies the

Church, and the Church magnifies the Precious Blood. There was once a narrow-minded heresy which denied that the Precious Blood was shed for all, maintaining that it was shed only for a chosen few. Like all heresies which depreciate the grandeur of Jesus, it was an especially soul-destroying heresy; it clothed itself in the garb of harshness, as if the pomp of rigor was to give to the venerable dignity of holiness a more avoid falling into egotism. We shall avoid falling into egotism by remembering its connection with the Precious Blood. The object of the Church, like the object of the Precious Blood, is universality. It is not a snare of God to overwhelm poor souls with the insupportable responsibilities of terrible privileges. It is an assistance for the express purpose of making salvation easier, shorter, safer, more various, and more universal. Its exclusiveness is concentration rather than exclusiveness. It is its surest and its swiftest road to being universal. If the responsibilities of grace were actually difficulties in the way of salvation, it is plain that heathenism would be the best religion, because it is the easiest. The Lord's love is only a burden made more crushing by its beautiful excess, then God's gifts are snares to entrap His creatures, for the future purpose of justifying His vengeance. If men are less likely to be saved because they have more to answer for, it is cruel to preach the gospel, barbarous to invite them into the Church, treacherous to allure them to the sacraments. On this theory, the Church is part of the machinery of God's vindictive justice; and it is not life, as the Bible calls it, but a greater likelihood of death, "to know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." The spiritual depreciation of the Church is also a depreciation of the grandeur of Jesus, similar to that of Jansenism, though coming by a different road and from an opposite quarter. It will be found to be accompanied with the same distaste of the sacraments, and to delight in the same parade of rigor. But it is a theory which cannot coexist with a life of prayer, and which will wither before a growing devotion to the Precious Blood. We must learn the theology of the Church and of the sacraments in its union with the theology of the Precious Blood. Theology will make our devotion more devout; and devotion will make our theology more true.—Father Faber.

HABIT OF SIN.

Let us treat of this habit of sin and learn to know what we ought to do to get rid of the same. How a great power the habit of sin exercises over men we may learn from St. Augustine, who, as he relates of himself, was before his conversion so given up to evil passions that the sin of impurity seemed to have become a necessity to him, and that he believed that it was impossible for him to resist his sin.

"I desire, and to lead a chaste, but this was not tempted," he says, "so much by outward influences, as by my own will; the evil spirit held me will fettered and enchained." Augustine was ashamed of that ignominious slavery with which the bad habits held him fettered, and he said to himself with sighs: "How long will this seal of the lust of the flesh remain forever stamped on me? A voice within him answered: To-morrow! to-morrow there is yet plenty of time to be converted.

At last he aroused himself, however, and said resolutely: "Why not to-day? Why not at this hour? And he was converted. He threw off his debasing fetters of bad habits, and afterwards became a saint. Therefore, Jogues and his companions will take up considerable time, as every document submitted to the Commission of Cardinals must be separately considered and authenticated. In the documents relating to Father Jogues, the late Goupil, and Katharine Tegakwita there is found an accurate statement of Jogues' life and travels, but little light is thrown on La Lande's career.

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replies St. Jerome, "what is impossible to man is possible to God." With the help of His grace, which He refuses to no one, the most hardened of habitual sinners can be converted and can be led to do better, if he only has the good will. We see this in St. Augustine. He had amongst other things made a habit of swearing, and he frequently sinned in this way. He overcame this deep rooted vice perfectly after conversion. He said to himself: "Who amongst you have ever heard me swear now? And yet this sin had become a habit with me. But from the hour of my conversion I fought against it and in the combat I implored the Lord's assistance. And the Lord granted me aid, and fortified me so that now there is no inclination in me to swear. For this reason I exhort you, my beloved, never to say: "Who could forbear to do this?"—Paulist Father.

Mary's Torch of Faith.

Among so many clouds, amid so much darkness in which Mary had to follow her Divine Son in the course of His earthly life, and especially during His Passion, she bore ever burning and radiant in her heart the torch of her faith. It was on the center of the eternal counsel of God that Mary constantly fixed her inward eye. Here is the secret of the abandonment to God, which, being the perfection of love, is the highest point of the spiritual life.

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