ous termination of the "excursion" was of the baby, but he soon convinced solved there, for he supposed in such a with her. He made inquiries; nobody had seen her go out. Some volunteered to ride along the roads and the bush-tracks and down by the creek, but the solved has sort of distended horror he as with a sort of distended horror he held the condition of the grounds; but his eyes caught her at last, a little trees, and he strode to her, calling

hoarsely: " Miss Rachel!" "Miss Rachel!

She was on her feet in an instant.

"Oh, Jim!" It was all she could say for her sobs; but in a moment the

relief of his presence made itself felt, and she told him all as they walked

back to the carriage-house.
"And Sarah was there, you say," he "Sarah's the one who found told. Well, I don't know as out and told. Well, I don't know as there's anything to be done about it just now. You say Miss Burram didn't notice you,—probably she won't to-day as she's got her company, and it's kind of her way not to do anything first off. Well, don't take it to heart no more, Miss, you done it to be kind to the poor, and if your intentions miscarried it wasn't your fault."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BUSH CHRISTENING

Some years ago Hugh MacCartney left County Antrim, in Ireland, and came to Australia in order to seek his fortune. A young man, possessing some of the good qualities of his countrymen, he had been brought up a Presyterian and had become a member of he Orange society; his prejudices against the Catholics were very However, after having settled down in a bush hamlet in New South Wales, he generally managed for worldly reasons to keep his prejudices to himself.

Being a steady, honest, hard-working
fellow, he succeeded, after a time, in saving some money, and he opened a store such as is usually found in our He described himself country towns. on his eards as Ironmonger, Grocer and Provision Merchant. When his ness had prospered, the thought of marriage came into his head, and he paid narked attention to little Jeanie Mahoney, who, with her parents, had come from the south of Ireland. To her he confided that he had no ill-will against the Papists-as he called Catholicsthat he approved of many of their be-liefs and practices, and—well, if she to be his wife, she could have her way in religious matters, and he would have his. Jeanie had been somewhat careless as a Catholic, she became more so after she had met There was no priest resi-MacCartney. There was no priest resi-dent in the little township. It was part of a vast district which one priest had to look after, and Mass was said in this particular place only about once a priest advised Jeanie, but though she made fair promises she did not fulfill them. Others were lavish of advice, too, but it was often given with

> Presbyterian church. a turn for a controversy, tried to make her see what he regarded as the errors her see what no regarded as the trickly for of her religion. Without strictly for Gully, where the mission is being held, of her religion. Without strictly for-bidding her, he strongly disapproved of her going to Mass. She, however, went a few times, and this led to un-pleasantness, and even to a display of temper on his part, which frightened her. She tried to avoid the priest as her. She tried to avoid the priest as much as possible, and when at last he managed to see her, she was sullen and silent and would make no promises. She felt miserable. The light of her soul was quenched, and the gloom of despair settled on her. The store-keeper persuaded himself that she had lost all love for him, and he began to bully her. To his customers he said he did not know what was the matter with her, and that as far as he was concerned. her, and that as far as he was conce he did not hinder her from practicing the Catholic religion. He tried to persuade himself that he was speaking the

When the first baby was born, he had it baptized by the Presbyterian minis-ter. He would hear of no other baptor. He would hear of no other that he tism. He swore a terrible oath that he would have her life if she got a Popish would ha non-Catholic clergymen is sometimes in-valid, owing to their not adhering to what is essential. This Jesnie knew very well, and she was determined, cost what it might, to have her baby baptized This could not be done the Sunday the priest visited the on the Sunday the priest visited the township, for her movements were well watched on that day; and if she attempted to take the baby out thore would be a scene, probably violence would be used toward her. At all events she was persuaded that such an attempt would be unsuccessful. One thing was clear, though her husband was clear, though her busband might tolerate her own Catholic practices, he was determined, even though his business should suffer, not to allow the Church of Rome to have anything to do with a shild of his

the Church of Rome to have anything to do with a child of his.

The summer was now at hand. The spring rains had fallen and the farmers' seed-sowing was done. The sun shone with the bright glare of December and the grass had already turned brown. The baby siekened, and Jeanie trembled lest it should die without baptism. lest it should die without baptism. Rumors of a mission being given in a far-off town right away among the ranges had reached Jeanie's ears. A strange priest in a strange habit had appeared among the appeared among the appeared among the people. His accent was foreign, but he spoke clearly and distinctly and his words had great power; many were the conversions that took place. He knew something of bush life and was gentle with everybody. Jeanie thought that if she saw that good Father and made a confession of her whole life to him she would be happy again. She resolved to take her baby with her and have all uncertainty

as to its baptism removed.

Christmas was now at hand. Mac-Cartney had gone out early one morn-

thence, without waiting even to take the horses from the carriage, he hurried to the scene of the picnic; not that he had much home of having the scene of the picnic; to that he table laid for breakfast, but his midpaddock. When he returned he found the table laid for breakfast, but his wife search was in vain. Hugh had little desire for his breakfast this morning. He was now in a country where suicides were common, and the gravest fears took possession of him. In his trouble, he strolled down to a fellow Ulsterman, named Con O'Neill, who was the leading blacksmith of the place. Cen was a Catholic of the thorough North country type, who was able and ready to give an account of the faith that was in him. Occasionally Hugh and he met, and used sometimes drop into the broad

> which would be scarcely intelligible to most of our readers, and will not be given here. You know Jeanie has left me, Con, and I don't know where she is gone to."
> "Well, all I say is, 'Serves you right,' Hugh. She could not stand your

Scotch dialect of the County Antrim,

bigotry and your bullying any longer."
"Such language I won't allow you to address me. I have always been kind to my wife." You did not beat her, I admit, but you threatened and bullied her as

say; and now he has left you and you'll see her again." "If you had spoken to me like that another day, I'd have struck you; but to-day my heart is sore, and you may

say what you please.' He staggered toward a bench by the well, sat down, and buried his face in well, sat down, and buried his later in his hands. His religion and prejudices notwithstanding, he had the tender-heartedness of an Irishman. Con was moved to pity. He had spoken in a harsh manner in order to open the other's eyes, but he really meant to benefit him. He now said in a kindly

Forgive me, Hugh, for the way in which I have spoken to you; but wait until I have finished this job, and then

I have something to tell you."

His words brought a gleam of hope to Hugh's mind. The latter had still his ge buried in his hands. His trouble had now made him see a good deal of his wrong-doing, and tears flowed from

The hammering of the smith ceased.

He left the forge in charge of his men, and he led Hugh into his house.
"I have been often anxious," said Con, "to have a serious conversation with you, but I've never had the opportunity. I am an older man, and have tunity. I am an older man, and have been longer in this country than you, and you have a good deal to learn yet. I am far from saying that there is no bigotry in this country, but bigotry such as you and I saw in the Coun-Antrim does not exist here. Has ever occurred to you to find out who Catholics really have got to say for themselves? You must listen to me now. Cheer up, man; Jeanie has not drowned herself:—in fact, the chances of your ever seeing her and the baby again will little discretion and only made matters worse. At last, Jeauie scandalized the good Catholics of the district by getting married to the storekeeper in a Prochetorian church. Presbyterian church.

After marriage, her husband, who ke so many in his part of Ireland, had turn for a controversy, tried to make should not be surprised to learn that she has taken the baby to Swagman's

sides, is not the minister's baptism all

Con's reply led to a controversial

sal admiration. Jeanie believed the holy man at Swagman's Guily had had something to do with it all.

It took some time before Hugh Mac-Cartney was received into the true fold of Christ. His prejudices were very great and they were removed with much difficulty. It was a relief to him to know that he could still retain his polities, and that his bush neighbors would tics, and that his bush neighbors would not persecute him for having become Catholic.—Australian Messe

HOUSES OF REPOSE FOR THE

The true test of Christianity is com passion. Pitifulness is by no means limited in its ministrations to those who are sick or in physical pain, but re-cognizes the fact that of all suffering there is none mere terrible or harder to bear than the anguish experienced when those we love are separated from when those we love are separated from us by death. In a great country like ours, where families are frequently moving about, death is liable to overtake those who are far away from their We can hardly realize how many of the people in our daily lives have no homes at all. They really have no place even to die, except perhaps in some lonely boarding-house or hotel, and then the body becomes a positive annoyance, and is so much in the way that it is hastened so the undertaker's hospitality or with shocking hurry to the grave. What a noble charity it would be to provide in every city or large town a decent building of repose, where the friendless dead can rest while they are awaiting the last sad office we can do for them on earth— the Christian burial of their remains.

From the earliest days of Christianity a distinguishing feature of Church of Christ has been the defe and reverent care of the dead. primitive Christians were ready to risk their own lives and to endure the rors of martyrdom in order that those who died in the faith of the Cross might receive honorable care, mourning and religious requiem rites and Christian They bravely contended against their pagan persecutors, who persisted in demanding cremation for all. Catholic teaching to-day stan firmly in defence of Christian burial as it did in those terrible days of persecution and martyrdom in Rome. eareless world, as it gazes about on the luxuries and comforts of modern lite, seems to forget that there are so many who in the anguish of bereavement have no place where their dead can rest before the burial. How many there are who are unable even to prethere are wno are unable even to provide a short service at the grave!
Would that such men as Carnegie,
Rockefeller, and other philanthropists,
giving liberally of their millions, might provide a few thousands for such a blessed charity!—W. Thornton Parker, in Sacred Heart Review.

THE DUTY OF LOVE.

There is so much of what is called the gradgrind in our daily life that the average man or woman imperceptibly drifts into a habit of thought and action which possibly may best be described as tolerable—a "patting up with" and a "making the best of" things in daily routine, or maybe bearing the trials of

life by sheer force of necessity. All idea of a reason for our existence and a sensible end for creation seems to be destroyed or at least is not presently The real cause of this abor tion of creative purpose is to be found in the failure of man to understand himself. When Alexander Pope said :

Know then thyself, presume not God to The proper study of mankind is man,"

he not only chid man for the egotism of his private thought, but inculcated a lesson of self-study and understanding;

he pleaded for a real fulfillment of the purpose and will of God.

Now, as man is an evidence of the beneficence of God—the flowering of this love, so to speak—his being should show forth, so far as human nature can, the truth of Love. Beauty in mankind acct that the gifts are second-handed own belief, as he admitted afterward.

After tea had been brought in and partaker of, Con had to hurry off to his forge. Then Mrs. O'Neill had something further to say to Hugh by way of advice, and suggested to him a simple and easy way of making amends for the past.

Is but an evidence of pure love, and the leavings of donatons made primarily for another intention. Such an offering is "blind" and "lame" and "sick," and hence not worthy of the fortering of flowers to the advice, and suggested to him a simple done or offered in its behalf; thus we past. quite staggered in his admitted afterward.

The truth of Love. Beauty in mankind and the leavings of donations much admitted afterward.

The bound is but an evidence of pure love, and the leavings of donations much and the leavings of donations. Such perfection of the mind—the cultivation perfection of the mind—the cultivation are second-named and the leavings of donations. Such perfection of the mind—the cultivation perfection perfection of the mind—the cultivation perfection perf

ont genty with her, pointing and how one false stop led to another, and the knocking. She canculated that they were not home. She canculated that they were not home. She called an a thoy were not home. She called an a they were not home. She called an a flow of her acquaintances, and found that they too were absent. Trembling with fear and with seek her husband and leave the rest to the goodness of God.

She met Nrs. O'Neill at the door. "Here, take the bash! He may kill 9 now if he likes. I do not fear for next life."

ut her husband had rushed forward Velcome back, me.

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To the other and with the control of the spirite properties and the promise of the carthy were absent. Them bling with fear and with seek her husband and leave the rest to the goodness of God.

She met Nrs. O'Neill at the door.

"Here, take the baby! He may kill 9 now if he likes. I do not fear for next life."

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"As all worship is to and for the honor and glory of God, and therefrom to a better understanding of the angular that we should be face without a static, a feast without a welcome. Are static, and they were not home. She called on a they were not home. She called on a they were not home. She called on a they were absent. Trembling with fear and with seek her husband and leave the rest to the goodness of God.

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and leave the rest to the goodness of God.

She met Nrs. O'Neill at the door.

"Here, take the baby! He may kill mo now if he likes. I do not fear for the next life."

But her husband had rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

"Welcome back, my brave little woman! I never thought you had such courage, or were so attached to your faith. We will now have a folly christering! See, all our friends are present."

Jeanie grew faint, but kind friends took her in hand and in a short time she twa well and happy. True, there were the friends present.—Protestant and Catholic—there is little bigotry in the Australian bush—and they sat down to what is called in society a "high tea."

All praised the little woman's pluck, and the baby was the object of univer
"We have a better understand-ing of uny and end—the living of true love in man is but the living of true love in man is but the living of true love in man is but the living of the besought, and absolutely makes to the most perfect earthly happiness. If we truly believe the faith; the trial of this life is but the asset with which to pay our debt to God, the means to the end of currage, or were so attached to your faith. We will now have a folly christ of our existence may be, there is full of our existence of the heart; opportunity for the life of the heart; opportunity for the life of the heart; opportunity for the life of the heart is dependent of the flower of the courage, or were so attached to your faith. We will now have a folly christ of our existence may be, there is full of the full our full our

that these ordeals, necessary though they can be, can be overcome and passed with ease and cheering suc cess if we but use the means to the end, which God has placed within our hearts —the beneficence of His love.—Catholic Union and Times.

A PRICELESS BOOK.

Of the "Imitation of Christ," that little book that has brought more com-fort into the word than any other, ex-cept the Bible, Brother Azarias wrote: How, it may be asked, was author able to compass within the covers of this slender volume so much wisdom, such a vast spiritual experi-ence, such beautiful poetry and pro-found philosophy? And he has done it all with a grasp and terseness of ex-pression to which no translation has pression to which no translation has ever been able to do justice. It is be-cause Thomas a Kempis is more than a pious monk picking up the experiences of the Saints and the Fathers who preceded him. He is one of the world-authors, and the 'Imitation' is so clearly stamped with the impress of his genius that, wherever men can read, they recognize it as a book that home to their business and their bosoms for all time. Go where you will, you will find its silent influence working for good, and upon natures that seem least prepared to be affected by it.

Thus, we read how a Moorish prince shows a missionary, visiting him, a Turkish version of the book and tells him that he prizes it above all others in

Again, the book has always been a when a prisoner, found great comfort in ts pages, and read them day and night. Harpe, in his love and admiration what, in his day, was considered gant literature, thought the book neath his notice, even as the Humans before him and regarded St. Paul. La Harpe comes to grief, and, imsoned in the Luxembourg, meets hit, and, opening it at random, La Harpe, in his love and admiration But La Harpe comes to grief, and, imprisoned in the Laxembourg, meets with it, and, opening it at random, reads: Behold, here I am; behold, I

reads: Behold, here I am; behold, I come to thee because thou hast called me. Thy tears and the desire of thy soul, thy humiliation and contrition of heart have inclined and brought me to These touching words seemed o come directly out of the mouth of the Consoler Himself. It was like an apparition. He says: 'I fell on my face and wept freely.' Ever after the 'Imitation' was one of La Harpe's most cherished books."

THE OFFERING OF FLOWERS

The altar is the center of true Catholic devotion, because there is the tab-ernacle home of our Eucharistic Lord. No wonder that pious Catholics love to enrich and to decorate the dwelling place of our Blessed Lord on earth. How much more truly we can exclaim than did the Psalmist: "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwells." He spoke in the olden time, before the mystic Thursday of Holy Week. The shadow has given place to the substance

and Our Lord dwells with us.

The specific enactment of the old law was that the first, the best of the earth and the best of the flocks, should be offered to God. An insult instead of an honor was given to God by any other than an unblemished offering. We read in the first chapter and eighth verse of in the first chapter and eighth verse of Malachias: "If you offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if you offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it to thy prince if he will be pleased with it, or if he will regard thy face, saith the Lord of hosts."

On the oversion of funerals the foral

On the occasion of funerals the flora offerings are often abundant. After the flowers have done service in the house of mourning they are frequently brought to the altar of God. persons make this offering in good faith and think they honor God by their gen erous thoughtfulness. They do not re-

path of love is seemingly full of pitfalls and snares, but so complex is human life and so limitless the ways of naniacs. Their views differ radically rom those of his Majesty of England.

The tendency to ape the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church and to usurp her ceremonials has long been app In England it has been said that the Ritualists are but stealing the millinery of the Church. The larceny of a few frills, more or less, does not make uch difference.

In this instance one of the essentials has been appropriated, whether know ingly and with a proper understanding we cannot say. The doctrine of Pur-gatory is one of the most beautiful points of the Catholic faith.

Aside from its doctrinal soundness which is of course and must remain the only reason for its presence as an article of faith, the practice of prayer for the dead is one which brings sweetest consolation to those bereft of loved We wish those Quaker City Epis copalians well of their acquisition. pray it may bring them nearer still to the true fold, until finally embraced in the arms of Mother Church they find that religious peace and security for which they are hungering.

Purgatory.

The man who deliberately excuses himself for his habitual, voluntary de-linquencies on the ground that he will expiate them in purgatory, may think himself very happy if he ever reaches the outer door of heaven at all. That certainly, is not the spirit that will be likely to carry him there .- Catholic Columbian.

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