An Old Man Speaketh.

BY FREDERICK J. HALM. My hair is white with winter's frost,
My form is bent with see,
My book of life's as near complete,
There's but another page,
One page, and then life is work is o'er,
And beath the book will close;
God knows there's little joy in life,
When but the cold North blows;
And my poor heart is even like
An Arctic waste of snows.

Do I e'er think of other times, As here alone I sit? I see the scenes of childhood's days Before my fancy filt; Glad childhood, but I would not, tho' I could, go back to it.

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For who would as a boy again
Upon life's journey start.
Unless there beat against his breast
A light and boyish heart.

A head with locks all frosty white May do for some, I trow; But let me see loose golden curls Upon a childish brow; Nor would I make the change, old sage, To have him wise as thou.

'Twas thus I grew to manhood, and Thus grew I to old age; My heart was human ever, as 'Tis now in life's last stage,

You ask me if my angel e'er Went blushing to record Some sinful word or action In the Great Book of the Lord? My heart has been a raging fire, My tongue a two-edged sword!

And oft my feet sought flowering paths,
'lis hard, e'er climbing up—
And after did my parched lips
Drain pleasure's sparkling cup.

But oftener have I in tears
Beweiled my sins to heaven;
And tho' at times I still offend;
I feel I've been forgiven.

Would I not be a boy again? You deem it strange in me, That entering the long-wished port I'd not recross the sea; Or that I fain would sheath my sword After the victory?

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"The publicans and sinners drew near unto Jesus to hear Him. And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." (Gospel of the Day.)

By what power was it, my brethren, that our Blessed Lord attracted sinners. They were not content to see Himster die.

that our Blessed Lord attracted sinner? They were not content to see Him at a distance, or to be informed of His great works. With confidence they came near to lock at Him closely, to hear His voice and listen attentively to the wonderful measage of divine love which He brought to the world. The unbounded compassion of His Sacred Heart was the attractive faces which made applicant singues followed. force which made penitent sinners feel at home in His presence.

bome in His presence.

Harsh and unrelenting was the code of laws prescribed for sinners by the private judgment of the Scribes and Pharisecs. Insteed of accepting joyfully the glad tidings of God's mercy, proclaimed by the Saviour of the world, they murmured forth their foolish completints and prerorth their nonen compiaints and pre-sumed to offer public protests against the sinners whose works of penance gave joy to the angels. These benighted Pharisees were guilty of resh judgments, based on defective knowledge of God and His attri-butes. By their perversion of the truth

butes. By their perversion of the truth religion was rendered odious.

Modern hereites and infidels are the lineal descendants of the Pharisees of old, inasmuch as they present religious teaching in such a way as to make it unlovely and undestrable. Great harm has been done to the progress of true Christianity by blind leaders of the blind, misrepresenting God's dealings with His creatures. ing God's dealings with His creatures. Recent events have shown the absurdities me see them, Norah dear." So the child brought them, and there were thirteen. "Let me keep these papers a day or two," Mrs. O'Connor," the priest said as he carefully folded them up; "the eagravings are good, and I'd like to lock at them admission to heaven may be secured in all cases by fath alone, thus denying the strict obligation of performing good works. The objections of it fidels are usually drawn from the unsound and heretical exponents of Christianity. It is unreasonable to hold the Catholic Church re It is unreasponsible for false doctrines which she has long ago condemned. Let us bear in mind often, my brethren,

that upon each one of us, sinners as we are, is imposed by the Divine law the duty of seeking for correct knowledge, especially with reference to those things which effect our eternal interests. Our Which effect our elemental interests. Our Lord severely censured the rigorism of the Pharisces. By His example as well as by His words He taught us to be merciful towards sinners, and to hate sin as our greatest enemy. His doctrine is full of consolation for the weak and sinful in consolation for the weak and similiful need of encouragement to abandon their wicked ways. The beautiful devotion to His Sacred Heart during this month of June should awaken in us a strong desire to do the things that are pleasing to Him We have the certainty that His love for us is consistent and active. He asks us to show our love for Him by acts of reparation for the sins of the world and unceasing fidelity to His command-

An anonymous correspondent writes to the London Tablet in praise of mortificathe London radia in praise of morning-tion, and expresses some ideas well deserv-ing of serious thought. He says that there are many people who find it harder to abstain from intoxicating liquors than from flesh meat; and, considering how widespread is the evil of drunken-ness, he suggests that a movement be inaugurated for the purpose of asking the Holy Father to make it obligatory to abstain from intoxicating drinks on all Fridays and Saturdays diving the year, on the vigils, and during during the year, on the vigils, and during Lent and Advent. "A wholesome mortitication would thus be imposed upon the moderate consumers of liquor, a powerful restraint put upon the more or less immoderate, many a drunkard perhaps reclaimed, and especially children be taught from their childhood to restrain

Low's SULPHUR SOAP is an elegant toilet article, and cleanses and purifies the skin

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ONE EVIL.

When on a certain occasion the Emperor had become greatly offended with the saintly Bishop Chrysostom, being violently enraged, he said in the presence of his courtiers, "I wish I could be avenged of that Bishop!"

Each of the courtiers gave his opinion as to what would be the most effectual mode of punishing one to whom their master bad so great an aversion.

The first said to the Emperor, "Banish him to such a distance, so that you will never see him again."

The second said, "No, rather confiscate all his property."

"Throw him into prison," said a third. "Are you not master of his life as well as of his property?" said a fourth courtier. "Why do you not put him to death?"

"The fifth speaker, however, showed."

death?" death?"
"The fifth speaker, however, shrewdly said:—"You are all under a great mistake; the Emperor may find a much better way of punishing this Bishop. For this man, if you were to send him into exile, would take his God with him. If you confiscate his goods, you rob the poor, not him. If he were thrown into a dungeen, he would be all the better pleased as not him. If he were thrown into a dun-geon, he would be all the better pleased, as he would then have time and solitude for communion with his God. Condemning him to death would be to open the gates of Heaven to him. No, no! if the Em-peror really wishes to be avenged on Chrysostom, he must force him to commit some sin; for he is a man who fears neither extle, poverty, chains, nor deats neither exile, poverty, chains, nor death, being afraid of nothing but sin."

WIDOW O'CONNOR'S BUREAU. WIDOW O'CONNOR'S BUREAU.

It was a chilly November day in the year—early in the '80's, when Father Tom O'Fiaherty knocked at the door of the little wooden house in Southeast Washington, where lived the widow of Jimmie O'Connor. The good priest had married the couple years ago in County Kerry on the other side, had chrittened their children, and said the last rite: over Jimmie when he was killed in an ugly railroad accident, a year or two an ugly railroad accident, a year or two before the time I speak of. "An' how is it with ye, Mrs. O'Connor?" saked the good man, as he patted little Norah on the head and watched Jimmie, a sturdy the head and watched Jimmie, a sturdy child of three or four, who was tying a bit of greenish paper with a long string to the tail of the sleeping cat that was taking a comfortable nap near the stove. "I'm doing very well, thanks be to God," answered the comely Irlsh woman, teeting her smoothing iron to see if it was hot enough. "I've plenty of washing, and the ladies ye recommended me to are very kind, and are giving me all their fine work."

Just then there was a yell. The cat, suddenly disturbed, had retailated by giving Jimmie a seratch with her strong claws for his insult to her dignity and tail. "Ah, there, me little man, it's nothing,"

claws for his insuit to her dignity and tail.

"Ah, there, me little man, it's nothing," said Father Tom, "But what's that you've got tied to your string, Jimmie?'

"Faith it's only some old papers the childher were finding in one of the drawers of the old chest I bought at the auction last week." Was there ever an old Irish woman who could call a bureau anything but a "chilst of drawers?" anything but a "chist of drawers?"
"And let us see what it is, there,
Jimmie?" said the priest, taking the lad
upon his kuee. "Where did you buy this
chist of drawers?" he suddenly asked. chist of drawers? he suddenly asked.
"Oh, I just bought it at an auction," the
woman answered. "I needed something
more to kape the childher's clothes in,
and I bid it in chape." "Are there any
more of these papers in the drawers, Mrs.
O'Connor?" Father Tom carelessly asked
a minute or two afterwards. "Yis, there
is," said little Norah, "for me and Jimmie
took out a lot of them, to-day." "Let
me see them, Norah dear." So the child
brought them, and there were thirteen.

"Do you happen to know where the bureau you sold Mrs. O'Counor last week came from?" asked the priest, as he entered one of the chesper auction houses devoted mainly to the sale of furniture in Southeast Washington.—"No, I don't," answered the proprietor shortly, "We don't gusrantee anything; people must take things as they come. I won't under-take to make anything right; if we did, take to make anything right; if we did, there'd be no profit in the business."
"But you know where you got it?" "No, I don'!!" was the proprietor's answer.
"We bought it of an old nigger one day, and that's all I know about it." The man was disposed to be insolent, and Father Tom left without asking any more

questions. "Yes, these are 5-20 bonds," said the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, "and only two of the coupons have been paid. Coupons and all, they are worth about \$20 000."

\$20 000."

"Yes, ye'll be a comparatively rich woman, Mrs. O'Connor," concluded the priest, as he explained to the excited woman what the "green pictures" the children had been playing with really were. "I suppose," he proceeded, "that some one hid them away in that little drawer, and covered them up with that old rubbish and then died. Anyhow the money is legally yours, and I will invest money is legally yours, and I will invest it for you and the little ones. Let us thank Him who works in so many strange ways."-Washington City Paper.

USEFULNESS.

There are few qualities more valuable to the possessor, or more highly appreciated than that of usefulness. The usectated than that of useruiness. The useful boy or girl is a tressure at home; a help to father and mother, a counsellor to brothers and sisters, and a trusted companion. Usefulness implies industry, reliability, intelligence, capacity, self-con-trol, and these are the foundations of a successful life.

successful life.

The useful boy sees opportunities that others neglect. He is attentive to little things. He is careful of his employer's interests. He puts conscience into his duty, and is sure sooner or later to attract most effectually.

Occasional Doses of a good cathartic like Burdock Pills are necessary to keep the blood pure and the body healthy.

duty, and is sure sooner or later to attract the attention of those placed above him. He is thus always in direct line of promotion, and advancement is seldom long deferred.

If he cultivates his gift, and grows to be a useful man, his possibilities for good will be greatly enlarged. He will be consulted by his employers, for they will have confidence in his judgment; added responsibilities will be committed to him, and he is then well started on the road of higher promotion and honor.

A GIFTED YOUNG CANADIAN POET.

The last number of the Montreal Dominion Illustrated contains the following complementary estimate of the poetic gits of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, a contributor in past years to the REGORD.

One of the most promising of the younger choir of Cauadian singers is Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., whose pen is as busy as his genius is brilliant and graceful. Since the publication of Dr. O'Hagan's volume of verse, "A Gate of Flowers," some three years ago, his fame has been steadily growing, which is good evidence that it is based on real merit and will widen and brighten with the increase of his years and labors. We have known must heed at a time they should have been enjoying the strength of literary manhood. There is little fear of such a fate overtaking the gifted young writer who forms the subject of this sketch. It is true that Dr. O'Hagan has written some verse of an indifferent character—vers in which the idea is too much weakened for the sake of a melodious phrase or rhyme. But the general excellence of his workmanship outwelgbs the minor defects of his poems, while the sincerity and high purpose which ring through his lines tell you that he is as honest and manly in personal as in literary character. To estimate justly the poems of Dr. O'Hagan one must keep in mind the fact that he has a Celtic heart largely attuned to the minor chord, and that while never forgetting his native land, his beloved Canads, his heart goes cut in affection and sympthy to the land of his forefathers, whose past glories and sorrows oft bind him in posetic freams. But in all his blowed the month of the pose of the simple work of the Reparation. When Jesus falls the second time, and that while never forgetting his native land, his beloved Canads, his heart goes out in affection and sympthy to the land of his forefathers, whose past glories and sorrows of thind him in posetic freams. But in all his him to pose for the recovery of thorns.

In the elgish stadion the Holy Face is turned to compassion towards the women. Canada, his heart goes cut in affection and sympathy to the land of his forefathers, whose past glories and sorrows oft bind him in poetic dreams. But in all his writings he never forgets to say a good word for the land of the maple leaf, and his generous estimate of Canadian poets is but another proof that his are true poetic glits, for warmth of tribute is the mark of a real poetic soul. Perhaps the most finished lyric in Dr. O'Hagan's volume of poems is "Ripened Fruit." To illustrate the character of his work we give it here:

I know not what my heart hath lost, I cannot strike the chords of old; The breath that charmed my morning life Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky, But bare the nest beneath the caves; The fledglings of my care are gone, And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet I know my life hath strength, And firmer hope and sweeter prayer, For leaves that murmur on the ground Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring, That erst did plan the autumn; I see in them each gift of man Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains That ripen'd through the summer's ray; The nurshings of the nest are gone, Yet hear we still their warbling !ay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue;
But faith, that sheds its amber light,
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O, altar of eternal youth!
O, fatth that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
Give to our morns an evening star!

Some of the most dignified poems in "A Gate of Flowers" are the poems on different occasions, such as those read at Moore's centenary and the college com memorations. One of the best of these is "Memor et Fidelis." Here is a stanza which is warm with the affection and friendship of college comradeship, and does honor to the heart of its author:

What care we for the rugged verse,
If but the heart speaks in each line;
'Tis not the sunbeams on the grape
But friendship semile that warms the wine.
Bring me the lyre with tuneful strings,
For I would sing of college days,
And fling each number from my heart
Flecked with a star of tender rays.

It is needless to say that the po learning where the bureau had been Dr. O'Hagan have elicited warm tributes bought, Father Tom took his leave. from both press and literary workers.

The Dublin Nation, Boston Pilot, New York Catholic Review and the Catholic World have highly commended his liter ary workmanship, while such well known poets as Whittier, Holmes, Roberts, Mair and Frechette, and the poetesses Kathar inc E. Conway and Louise Imogen Gainey have spoken of his poetic genius in terms of praise. Canadiaus will watch with interest the literary career of Dr. O'Hagan, feeling that each success which walts him is a triumph for the future of Canadian literature.

SPERANZA. Toronto.

IS ENGLAND CHRISTIAN?

This question is asked by the L'verpool Catholic Times and then it is taus answered in the negative :

It is a common boast with Protestants It is a common boast with recessants that England is a Christian ration; and some of them are never tired contrasting the religion of Englishmen with "the infidelity in France and other Poples countries." We doubt whether the boast was ever a true one; who knows London knows how rare it is to find a professional man who professes any faith whatever.
A striking testimony to this sad fact
appears in the biography of Mr. James MacDonnell, the journalist, which has just been published; and that testimony is all the stronger when it is remembered that, although Mr. MacDonnell's father was a Catholic, he himself was a Protestant. This eminent journalist declares that, although he knew a great many men of letters and other educated people in London, he did not know "a single one who believed in Christianity," adding, "I know few who mention it for any other purpose than to ridicule its pretensions," The only exception and really an exception are ception—not really an exception—was that of a well known journalist who did believe in a hell. And these unbelievers are the leaders in thought, the teachers of the English-reading public.

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STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

THE UNLETTERED READ THE STORY OF THE PASSION FROM THEM.

A number of paintings upon the walls, illustrative of the passion and death of our Lord, may be found in every Catholic church. The illiterate, as well as the learned, can here follow the great drama of the crucifixion from its beginning to its heart-rending close. Cold and stony must that nature be which can gaze unwaved upon the scene presented by the

whelm Him with blows, and do not spare His Holy Face, disfigured and bleeding from the crown of thorns. In the eighth station the Holy Face is turned in compassion towards the women of Jerusalem who followed Him to the place of cruc'fixion, and pours the balm of consolation into their stricken hearts. Jesus falls the third time, but rises again and thereby teaches us that when we fall beneath misfortunes we should take up our cross again and carry it to the end for our dear Redeemer's sake. When Jesus was stripped of His garments His Holy Face was suffused with blushes by reason of the state of nudity to which He was reduced. In the binding of the Saviour to the cross the fiendish cruelty of human nature was exhibited in its most aggravated form, and the Holy Face experienced all the horrible pangs of the

crucifixion.

The twelfth station shows our Lord in the act of expiring on the cross between two thieves. His Holy Face is turned toward His executioners as if in benedictoward His executioners as if in benediction, and we seem to hear the sublime petition, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." As Jesus was taken down from the cross He was placed in the arms of His Mother, whose soul was pierced with a sword of grief. The sacred body was then deposited in the sepulchre and the Holy Face ceased to dwell among mortal wen. Seek in the septicare and the flory race ceased to dwell among mortal men. Such, in brief, is the history to be read in the Stations of the Cross, and it is well worth the serious attention of every Caristian.

TOO LATE.

"Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!" sings Tennyson, of the foolish vir-gins who were unprepared for the bride-

There is no phrase in the long vocabu lary of sorrow that has a sharper sting than "Too late." It is the kuell of hope, and its echo often leaves despair:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these—it might have been." If, ia a vision, we could behold ourselves when, with untrimmed lamps, we stand, and the words "Too late!" freeze our souls with horror, we would live so that to hear them would be impossible. Who that has lost a friend can forget the coldness that has seized his heart as he remembers acts of commission and omis-sion, small in themselves, but which must have given intense pain to the heart that can feel earthly pain no more? The roses on the collin very often outline the words "Too late!" A surge of remembrance floods the yearning soul as it recalls the days that are no more. -

"O death in life, the days that are no

It longs to devote itself entirely to rensir. ing the fault of the past. But the flowers on a coffia are soulless—a chain of roses cannot reach to Heaven.

And then comes the thought of prayer; and this, to a Catholic, brings hope and consolation. It is not too late—prayer can atone for all. It seems strange that any man who has ever lost a friend should doubt a doctrine of prayer for the dead, which is, indeed, a "holy and wholesome thought,'

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irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

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