

VERY KIND WORDS.

We feel very much obliged to Dean O'Brien of Kalamazoo, Michigan, for the following flattering notice of the Catholic Record, which appeared in the last number of the local Catholic paper, the Augustinian:

"At a gathering of priests the following statement was made by a very prominent clergyman and competent judge, which is very much to the credit of Mr. Colley: 'I have read the Catholic Record, and I think I receive as many as my neighbors. I find that the Catholic Record of London, Ont., is the best. Its editorials are always good and its selections are unequalled. For my part I prefer it to any paper in the States.' This public print, but we intended for it as a tribute to one who has sacrificed much in the cause of Catholic journalism. It is not often that an editor of a Catholic paper has that much said of him by such a competent judge, and if the distinguished editor we are happy to offer the tribute. We believe it is justly merited."

SUPERSTITIOUS PRAYERS.

We have on several occasions pointed out to our readers that there are certain unauthorized prayers circulated from time to time among too credulous people, to which conditions are attached which savor of superstition.

Recently one of these prayers addressed to St. Joseph has been widely circulated, to which the condition is attached that it should be written out five times and distributed to five persons, after which it is to be recited by the possessor, and thereupon whatever favor is asked of the Saint will be surely obtained.

No such conditions as these are authorized by the Catholic Church, and we desire to warn our readers against the use of the prayer referred to, or any other prayers to which such promises are attached.

There are many prayers authorized by the Church addressed to Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and other saints which are of great efficacy, and as the Church is the proper authority to sanction prayers whose efficacy is so highly efficacious for the obtaining of graces from God, whether they are addressed to God directly, or to the saints to ask their intercession, and these may be made use of with confidence, but those unauthorized forms of prayer which are foolishly or maliciously circulated on private authority are calculated rather to do harm than good by exciting false expectations.

We do not wish to publish the particular prayer to which we here refer, as we do not wish to have any share in its propagation, but our readers will be able to recognize it from the circumstance of the extraordinary promises attached to it, and to be on their guard against an act of superstition which is forbidden by the first commandment of the decalogue.

JOAN OF ARC.

A distinguished canonist residing in Rome—one thoroughly conversant with affairs at the Vatican, and who is the author of a book entitled "Joan of Arc Before the Sacred Congregation of Rites"—writes to a priest of this province that there is not a single iota of truth in the report published so extensively in the press despatches, that Rome has decided that Joan of Arc is not to be canonized. All the petitions had to be solved, and were solved, before the cause was introduced. There might, however, be difficulties to be encountered when it comes to the question of miracles performed through her intercession. But as the matter stands at present the cause is in a fair stage of progress.

We may, therefore, yet have another saint to intercede for that country whose proudest boast it was once to be known as "the eldest daughter of the Church."

A correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times grows this additional light on why Joan of Arc is not yet canonized:

"It has been my privilege to have been at Rome, and been acquainted with several members of the French clergy. According to these the real difficulty lies in the fact that no perfectly authenticated first-class miracles had been wrought through the intercession of Joan of Arc."

"This is the cause of the delay in the canonization. Extraordinary facts which seemed to enter the domain of the miraculous had been due to the intercession of the heroine, but as any one who has the least acquaintance with the process of canonization knows, this is insufficient to have any one placed on the Church's altars for public veneration. What is required is holiness of life in a heroic degree and the operation of two well authenticated miracles where no possible doubt can exist about the immediate and direct intervention of God's omnipotence through the intercession of the person whose cause is under consideration. In examining the virtues and the miracles, Rome proceeds slowly and maturely and only acts when not the least doubt about either exists."

Perfection consists in uniting oneself to God; and the surest means of being united to God is by His communion.—St. Liguori.

MONSIEUR GRANDIN.

We are pleased to see that Father Leduc has printed his funeral oration on the first Bishop of St. Albert, the Right Rev. Vital Justin Grandin, O. M. I. No one was better able to write and deliver so moving an address. Father Leduc had known Mgr. Grandin more than forty-two years and had lived with him thirty-seven years. One feels on reading this discourse that it came straight from the heart. Father Leduc would be the first to say of himself, as Mark Antony did, "I am no orator, but, as you know me all, a plain blunt man that loves my friend."

"I only speak right on," but somehow those plain blunt people do stir men's blood and move to tears. Deep, indeed, is the pathos in that rapid sketch of an heroic life: the boy longing to be a priest, the youth dreaming of becoming a missionary martyr, going to the Missions Étrangères, but refused because the short-sighted superior saw no promise in that big, wide-eyed fellow with his soft lips and his serene face, no promise in a man whose face was the mirror of his apostolic, Bishop and practical administrator; the man finding his true vocation under the banner of Mary Immaculate in an order yet young and vigorous, receiving from the Founder and first General of his Order his Oblate crucifix, the tonsure, minor orders, subdeaconship, deaconship, priesthood and finally the episcopal character; the young Bishop, youngest in the Church after his Metropolitan, the illustrious Tache, scouring the inhospitable regions of the extreme north in search of heathen souls to convert, nursing Indians attacked with smallpox, cheerfully enduring the pangs of hunger and cold and solitude; later on, the great Bishop, advancing in years, Canada, and growing ever in meekness in the face of the senior bishop of his Order, and growing ever in meekness in the face of the senior bishop of his Order, and growing ever in meekness in the face of the senior bishop of his Order.

On this last point we beg leave to insist. All Canadian Catholics, at least all those in the west, have heard of Bishop Grandin's gentleness and of his apostolic career. But we confess that we ourselves had little or no inkling of the heroic character of Father Leduc. Just because we know that we can trust his narrative, whereas we are often inclined to mistrust enthusiastic panegyrics who too freely dub their heroes saints. One of the greatest spiritual writers of the sixteenth century protests against the prevalent custom of saying ancient not be a saint. He is another St. Paul. This makes sanctity too cheap. A priest or Bishop may be a zealous missionary, an exemplary cleric and yet not be a saint. Sanctity implies heroism, heroic humility, heroic love of prayer, heroic disinterestedness, heroic aloofness from worldly or natural ties. All these notes we find in Father Leduc's funeral oration of his Bishop, friend and brother.

Though generally succeeding in hiding himself, breaking up in the frequent terror and anguish that cannot be concealed when he hears that he is elected Bishop, his mortification and spirit of prayer appear in the joy with which he shares the veneration and privations of his beloved Indians, in the continual recitation of the rosary, in his frequent curtailing his much-needed sleep in order to say Mass in the early dawn of a bitterly cold winter camp.

The Blessed Eucharist was the centre of his life. When entire months had to be spent in miserable huts, cold and starving, his one consolation was the Real Presence. At home, when everybody else had gone to bed, he would spend the night how long a time in adoration before the altar, and when in the morning, visited the Blessed Sacrament, they would find His Lordship there before them, but they knew not that he had already made the round of the Stations of the Cross. What better proof could we find of his heroic disinterestedness and aloofness from all natural inclinations and ties than his self-sacrificing devotion to the poorest and the most wretched of his flock? He always took care to have by him in his humble residence either some infirm old man or some sickly orphan boy, with whom he would share his room and whom he would visit and watch over during the night like the tenderest of mothers. Father Leduc relates once when he himself was ill, he has less seen than Mgr. Grandin, he has often seen the latter creep in on tiptoe to his bedside and, not knowing that he was observed, gently replenish the fire in the stove.

These glimpses of so saintly a life make us long for more. May we not hope that Father Leduc will give us an extended biography of Canada's great missionary bishop? There is no missionary bishop? There is no missionary bishop? There is no missionary bishop?

Mr. Grandin, with that industry and perseverance that made him so successful, always kept a journal. This, supplemented by Father Leduc's own testimony, would furnish the groundwork of a most interesting and edifying life. The lion in the path, however, is the precarious condition of Father Leduc's own health. We trust that he may have time to him a labor of love.—North West Review.

Strong and weak Characters.

Parents sometimes congratulate themselves upon the fact that one child is never self-willed, never passionate or angry, always amiable, contented and calm, seeming to need no discipline and no restraint. And they mourn over the fact that another child is eager, impetuous, wilful, troublesome, and frequently the mourning and the rejoicing ought to change places, if the future life and character be taken into account. The tranquility of the one may be only the outcome of a feeble character, which leans against the nearest prop because it cannot stand alone, while the other who was so difficult to manage, may contain the elements of a powerful nature which needs only to be guided aright to become a valuable and a noble man.

THE WAY TO PEACE.

Sermon Delivered by the Rev. P. Farrell, D. D., at the Ursuline Profession, August 26.

"O Lord, receive the offering of the whole of my liberty; take my memory, my intellect, and my entire will; whatever I have or possess, Thou hast granted unto me; all this, I offer, I restore to Thee, to be governed entirely by Thy will. Give me only love of Thee with Thy grace, and I am rich enough. Nothing more do I ask for forever."

Outside of the inspired writings, there is, perhaps, no more comprehensive prayer than this of St. Ignatius. None other could more fully express the thoughts that surge through your minds today, the feelings that arouse the enthusiasm of your hearts. O Lord, now as at my dying hour, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. I consecrate to Thee, my Creator, all that Thou hast given unto me—my whole being, my will with its freedom, my intellect with its noblest powers, my memory, my affections, my all!

Consider the circumstances of this offering. It is made with deliberation, with sublime courage. Oh, the years of preparation that have preceded this, blessed day! The whisper of the Lord, the voice of the youthful Samuel, gradually grew in intensity and persistence until trumpet-tongued, it must needs be heard. Perhaps on your first Communion day the thought came: How sweet it would be to live forever with Jesus! Perhaps the example of a good home, perhaps the influence of a self-sacrificing devotion of some saintly relative, now for many years with God—whatever the occasion may have been, you have answered God's call and corresponded with God's special grace.

"Get thee to a nunnery" is the harsh and scornful cry of the world. To the frivolous minded the convent is the asylum of disappointed hopes, the grave of disappointed ambition. But to the eyes of faith, it is the refuge of the clean heart, the suffering just, the blessed peace-makers. Only a short time ago a so-called educator and leader of thought raised his voice against celibacy. Arguing from the basis of society, he said that man's perfection was impossible outside the marriage state. It is a pagan doctrine, worthy of the age. Ask him does he know anything of Christ the Virgin. Did he ever read of the pure and lovely maid of Galilee, queen of the choir of virgins in heaven, the best and noblest of the earth in every age? Unnatural he would pronounce your vows. This record supernatural is not in his vocabulary. He understands not the power of grace divine.

"O Lord, I offer to Thee my liberty." Liberty! What a word to conjure by! It has revived the drooping spirits of many a struggling patriot band. It has been the watchword of civilization. It has been the inspiration of poet and philosopher. It is a word that has marshalled the knell of history; it has been the banner above the field of carnage; in this sign thou shalt conquer! But stay, what is liberty? Freedom from all restraint? That is license and anarchy. Why pray of liberty, and freedom without distinguishing between the use and the abuse thereof? The gift of freedom was at once the most noble and the most fatal of God's gifts to man. O God, I offer to Thee the sacrifice of my liberty! Would that I could make the offering such that I would nevermore offend Thee! In Thy own infinite liberty, blasphemous would be the thought, Thou couldst ever sin. The angels and saints around Thy throne, are constrained to love and adore but are unable to break their glorious chains. This will be your prison, with Christ the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. These chapel walls will restrict your liberty to that glorious freedom of the children of God. Against these walls the storms of vice and impurity break in vain.

"Strong walls do not a prison make. Nor iron bars a cage!"

"I offer to Thee my intellect, O Lord!" The teaching orders adorn the earth. I see in vision troops of innocent children, "eyes raised to heaven and sweet hands folded fair," blessing this day when these daughters of St. Ursula rose their intellects to the service of God. There is no human joy like the realization of the love of the little ones for the priest and nun. To them we are the embodiment, the symbol of religion pure and undefiled.

"My memory I offer on this day." Ah me, what a terrible thing is memory! Only our Blessed Father in his glorious Assumption. And the prayer on our dying lips will be: O Lord, take away from me my memory, that awful memory of my unfaithfulness, lest the remembrance be turned for me into remorse and despair. Let this consecration of my soul make me ever mindful of Thy graces and favors upon an unworthy sinner.

How full of joy and peace is the offering which you make to-day! These are moments most solemn and sacred in our lives. Levite and novice, candidates for the higher life, prostrate themselves before the altar. Let not the profane world dare measure the joy the pure heart at that awe-inspiring moment when the priest is greeted by the great High Priest, when the nun gives herself to her everlasting Spouse. Let there be no tears at these holy epousals. The father may grieve in disappointment; let him say in sublime heroism like unto the patriarchs of old: "Dear to me art thou, O daughter, as Isaac was to Abraham, but I will sacrifice thee to the altar of my God. The mother should not weep but think of that valiant hero seven children in holy martyrdom. The sister may think of her multiplied cares, but taught by One who gave new lessons of life to the world, let her say: "Mary hath chosen the better part."

"Onward and upward, therefore, brave hearts! This shall be a sign of Jesus has gone before you. Behold He goeth before you into Galilee," said the angel of the Resurrection. Yes Lord, Thou hast gone before us in humility, in purity, in suffering, in glory!

"Our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide; And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key. But a Cross gleams o'er the pathway; on! hence the Crucified; And He answers all our longings by the simple 'Follow Me.'"

—Catholic Universe.

CHARACTER AND RELIGION.

Rev. Arthur J. Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in a report to that body says that Catholicism has failed to impart "character" to the Filipino. Last and Religion jostle each other distractingly in his half-civilized life, and he will stop in the midst of a cock fight to say his "Angels" devoutly.

It may be that Dr. Brown's notions of religion need widening. It may be, too, that if he were asked to tell us what he means by "character" he would define it in terms that would damn three-fourths of mankind for not ransacking God's earth in the interests of trade. It is not easy to fix the final meaning of the word. So many things would have to be determined before we could agree even on a makeshift application of it that the discussion would in all probability be a barren one. It is generally agreed, for instance, that Milton's "Satan" betrays considerably more "character" than many of his orthodox adversaries in Michael's host; and yet the possession of it did not save him from over-throw in the end. For ourselves we are willing to admit that the Filipino, as the Protestant missionary has painted him, is not the most "characterful" person in the world. He is said to be shifty and treacherous, and there is always an ugly, unbridled elation between theory and practice in his undisciplined heart. Are the friars to blame for that, or God who left them for thousands of years without a teacher, before our American-born St. Philip of Jesus conceived the heroic idea of reclaiming him? Dr. Brown's indictment of the Catholic Church raises graver problems than he or his kind are ever likely to find an answer for.

Meanwhile let him remember that it is an accepted part of the gift in which he finds our new wards of the archipelago so deficient, not to speak too recklessly, or to vilify a body of men on inadequate grounds.—Providence Visitor.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Special to the Catholic Record. The Training School for the formation of missionaries to non-Catholics is about to be opened on the grounds of the Catholic University, at Washington. After ten years of successful work in which most remarkable results have been secured, it has been demonstrated, has been the greatest need of the work is the properly trained missionary.

It was suggested some time ago to a very intelligent priest who was the pastor of an equally intelligent congregation in a suburban town, that it would be a very good thing to hold a mission to non-Catholics in his church. His reply was that "the Catholic and non-Catholic people were on very good terms, and it would be wrong to create dissensions." It was properly explained to him that if he would get the right kind of a missionary, and have the right kind of a non-Catholic mission, instead of creating dissensions the result would be a better understanding of the Catholic position, and a higher appreciation of the motives of the Catholic people.

He was persuaded to try it, and that same pastor is now the most zealous advocate of the missions to non-Catholics that may be found in a day's journey.

At his invitation the non-Catholics did come to the exercises. The first night a prominent non-Catholic called on him and said, "Father, I want to thank you for the religious treat you provided for us this evening. There were many things I did not understand about the Catholic Church, and many other things that I grossly misinterpreted; but the discourse to-night explained so much that the Catholic Church has gone up 50 per cent. in my estimation." The statement was somewhat patronizing, but it was unaccountably so. He meant well. And before the end of the week a number of gentlemen called to know if they could not arrange to continue the work, and they offered to subscribe an amount sufficient to pay the missionary's expenses.

There were twenty-three converts made at this mission; but probably this was the least good thing that happened. The general feeling of amity that was established, and the better understanding of Catholic practices that was introduced, will continue to manifest itself in a thousand and one ways.

The good results were secured by a tactful missionary, trained to do his work in the proper spirit and by the best methods. If another sort of a missionary had undertaken the work, one who is contentious and denunciatory, and bitter, antagonisms would have been the result, and religious dissensions would have replaced the existing peace and good will.

The prime necessity for the non-Catholic mission movement just now, is the training school where the right kind of missionary may be formed.

True Courtesy.

Courtesy is not a veneer, a cloak to conceal the innumerable deformities of character. By no means. That sort of thing is hypocrisy, easily penetrated and contemptible. A brute who does not pretend to be anything but a brute, may command our respect, but the seemingly well-bred person beneath whose thin surface of artificiality is revealed a coarse and vulgar personality, earns only our disgust.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

SUPPORTING THE CHURCH.

There are many obligations of the reality of which we are thoroughly conscious; but we are conscious in an abstract kind of way that does not result in work commensurate with our consciousness. There is, for instance, our duty toward the municipal government that would approach our ideal of the way in which a city should be conducted, but when voting day comes around, or when it is necessary to exert ourselves more than usual then we shrink the work, and leave it to those whose energy, and interest enable them to fill whatever public office they please with whomsoever they please. And so also it is, although in a different way, with us when the subject is the support of our church. As Christians we all admit that our Church must be supported by something more substantial than a material point of view than mere good will. And then as Catholics we are perfectly aware that one of the precepts of the Church involves the absolute obligation of contributing in accordance with our means to the material support of the Church. Now all this we know; but we do not realize it all. For example, where monetary necessities require donations, we are all aware that it is nearly always the same people who contribute. The reason is not so much because the rest of the congregation do not know that they also have duties toward the Church as to the fact that they do not realize the necessity of fulfilling those duties. If all were to realize this, a great amount of the unnecessary worry and labor that now falls upon the ministers of our churches would be removed. The duties of tending to the spiritual needs of the people are very heavy. They are the kind, too, from which they can never be any rest. Certainly, then, everyone should be more thoughtful; the faithful edifice that he attends every Sunday must fill him not only with romance and with devotion, but also with a more acute realization of the fact that he must materially help his pastor in maintaining suitably the beautiful temple of God.—New World.

EATING MEAT ON FRIDAYS.

With perhaps more desire to ingratiate themselves with their Protestant friends than to gratify their appetites, there are, it is sad to relate, a large number of Catholics who break the law of the Holy Church by eating meat on Fridays. It is a phase of shonismism unfortunately found little among the poorer people, who make the majority of the Church in this country, but affecting those fairly well-to-do and who are so little by propriety, that as they get on in the world they begin to think more of the approval of man than of heaven. By ordering a steak in a public restaurant on Friday they hope to give the impression that they are broadminded, that there is no bigotry about them, and that they belong to a superior class to those who are fastidiously orthodox of their scrupulously order fish.

This type of Catholic is to be found mostly in larger cities, and in various eating houses we have seen them in numbers aping this false liberalism in religion. But if they only knew it, instead of creating a good impression on Protestants, whose opinion they would appear to hold dearer than that of God, it is a Church and their fellow Catholics, they are earning contempt and derision, for, curiously enough, the Protestant mind can no more be reconciled to a Catholic eating meat on Friday than the Christian mind to a pork-eating Jew.

Instead of impressing his Protestant friends with the idea that he is a decent fellow with no nonsense about him, they regard him with a vague distrust, and among themselves talk of him as a bad Catholic. His action savors of hypocrisy, especially when they know that he goes to Mass, and they are rather inclined to dislike him to like him for his laxity.

We are at present treating this subject from a purely worldly point of view, and we can assure Catholics who are so very anxious to stand well with Protestants that they will never lose their friends by remaining faithful to the precepts of their religion. The Catholic servant who enters a Protestant household and hopes to secure her position by eating an onion on Friday at once becomes an object of suspicion, and her mistress is far more likely to count the spoons daily than to raise her wages.

It has been observed that when a Catholic girl has descended to petty speculations, she has grown careless of her Church, and one of the first signs of Catholic indifference is the non-observance of the law regarding Friday. In society the same feeling obtains. The Catholic woman who happens along on Friday to take part with a Protestant family and with an affectionate of liberality says nothing when helped to beef, incurs the suspicion of his hosts. He is ashamed of his religion, they whisper, and they regard him as a poor fellow, a weak-kneed scoundrel who cannot be trusted.

On the other hand, respect and esteem is the portion of the man who quietly declines the meat and reminds them that it is a day of abstinence with him. It is just what they would expect, and he wins that additional regard which any man of any denomination inspires by unaffected adherence to his principles. It is just the difference between the shonoon and the gentleman, and Protestants are quick to appreciate it. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sals, once met a Protestant gentleman who sought to pose as a liberal man in religious matters, half hinting that he was ready to become a convert. "For," said he, "I am afraid that I am a bad Protestant." "Therefore," observed the Bishop, icily, "I am afraid you will make an equally bad Catholic." Just as undesirable of Protestants is the meat-eating Catholic. In fact they would prefer even a pork-eating Jew.

—Catholic Home Companion.

Communion is a society in which interests pledge and entwine themselves.—Nigr. Baudry.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

BY VERY REV. FR. HARNETT, V. G.

On what conditions are Catholics permitted to contract marriage with those who are not members of the Catholic Church?

The conditions may be reduced to four. The marriage tie must be regarded as indissoluble, except by death. The Catholic party must be guaranteed the free exercise of religion according to his belief. The non-Catholic must agree that the children that may be born of the marriage shall be baptized and educated in the faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church and no other marriage ceremonies than that before the Catholic priest is permissible.

A promise of compliance with these conditions is always required for the lawfulness of what are commonly called mixed marriages. An analysis of the conditions will serve to explain why such a promise is exacted. With regard to the indissolubility of marriage: Should a man and woman agree to live together, say for ten years, or while, for instance, the relationship after the marriage ceremony is mutually agreeable to them, it is evident that an agreement is not a contract to last during their lifetime. If God decreed that marriage should be a contract to be dissolved only by the death of the husband or wife, those who give the necessary consent for such a contract are not entering into the marriage state, but merely agreeing to live together as if in reality married. The form is present—the substance absent. Even the civil law supposes the consent to a lifelong compact. For when called upon to grant divorces we never hear the question asked, "For how long did you agree to marry?" Therefore the Church insists on the indissolubility of marriage lest the contract be vitiated in its essence.

I often hear this query, "Why does the Church insist that children born of the marriage of a Catholic and non-Catholic shall be baptized in the Catholic Church?" To answer let me ask what is the belief of non-Catholic Christians regarding salvation? Do they not maintain that it is as easy to be saved in one Church as another? Do they not maintain that it is as easy to be saved in the Catholic Church as in any other? A Christian who thinks this does not do violence to his conscience by agreeing that his children shall be baptized and educated in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church.

If he should think otherwise, his duty would be to see that he be not instrumental in bringing children into the world who have not a fair chance of salvation. He should, therefore, marry one whose conscience is not outraged, one of his own persuasion or of kindred belief.

While Catholics maintain that those who do not visibly belong to the Church can be saved, they likewise maintain that owing to the means of salvation within the Church, it is easier to save one's soul in it than when not visibly connected with it in doctrine and practice. The necessary consequence is that as parents are bound to support, clothe and educate their children to make the burden of life lighter to them, so are Catholic parents, owing to their baptism and education, bound to see that their children be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith, even from their tender years. I would have it distinctly understood that this obligation of Catholics is not simply a command of the Church. It is a natural obligation from which the Church of the Vicar of Christ on earth cannot dispense.

What would one think of a man contemplating marriage who would say, "I will not supply food or clothing for the children that may be born to me; I will suffer them, if they live through the kindness of others, to grow up uneducated?" Any person would say that such a father was unnatural. In like manner he is an unnatural parent who, believing it is easier to save one's soul in the Church than outside its visible communion, says: "I care not to give my child such a start in life as will render his salvation easy and more secure."

With regard to the ceremony—Why are not two ceremonies allowed? The Catholic Church regards marriage as a sacred contract elevated by Christ to the dignity of a sacrament. At all times it has sedulously guarded it as a great sacrament. Issues that marriages are properly celebrated and realized that once it is entered into validly, any other ceremony of a like nature would be, so to speak, a burlesque, partaking of the nature of a sacrilege.—Catholic Home Companion.

Remarkable Cure at Lourdes.

Mrs. Radini Tedeschi has telegraphed to the "Voce della Verita," Rome, that on August 12, his mother was cured of a serious illness by drinking some drops of the water of Lourdes. She had, the Monsignor states, been despaired of by the doctors, was in extremis, and her relatives were offering up prayers for her as for a departing soul. The Rt. Rev. gentleman and the other members of the family look upon the recovery as almost a resurrection from the dead. Mrs. Radini Tedeschi promises to publish later on a detailed account of what has taken place. It will be looked forward to with lively interest. Care is taken to examine most closely cures which occur at Lourdes, so that every suspicion of undue credulity may be removed.

Short Horizons.

It is a blessed secret, this of living day by day. Anyone can carry his burden, patiently lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to the things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make our life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.