

## LENT.

Comes the quiet time of year—  
Now the gray road doth appear  
Which reluctant feet must tread  
Amidst the ashes of the dead.

Gray and chill, yet safe and sure,  
Fringed with snowdrops pale and pure  
Underneath a sky that grieves  
O'er barren boughs and fallen leaves.

Harsh and frozen is the earth;  
Distant, summer's flowers and mirth;  
Gleams alone in thickets damp  
The daffodil's yellow lamp.

One by one the pilgrims go  
By the pathway, sad and slow;  
Each one thinketh in his heart  
How he doth his daily part.

Sorroweth for the sin that kills,  
Mourneth o'er the will that wills  
Evil 'gainst the high and good  
Hero of the holy Rood:

Weepeth for a wandering world,  
Out of light to darkness hurled;  
Prayeth that all feet may come  
To the everlasting home;

Museth on a brother's pain,  
Planneth for another's gain;  
Giveth dole to sick and poor  
Out of great or little store;

Traineth self to stand aside,  
With denial satisfied;  
Smiling on another's bliss,  
Adding to his happiness;

Thankful for an ampler share  
Than he knows of pain or care,  
Conating each a step of light  
Reaching to a fairer height.

Pilgrims, we will travel there,  
Through the biting wintry air,  
On the narrow Lenten road,  
Leading o'er the hills to God.

As we wend, it groweth sweet,  
And unwaried are our feet,  
When at last the bloomy spring  
Comes to end our travelling.

May we, each one, keep this tryst  
With the ever-blessed Christ,  
Who will in one fateful day  
Meet us on a lonelier way.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

## A PAGE OF HISTORY.

Interesting relics of the Franciscans of California.

There is an ancient and a modern history of California. The latter dates from the discovery of gold by Marshal at Sutter's Mill, January 18, 1848, and the former commenced when that sturdy Franciscan Friar, Father Junipers Serra, established the first mission at San Diego, July 1769, and thus laid the corner-stone of civilization in California. Father Junipers Serra founded not less than thirteen missions before he died in 1784.

These missions, together with several others founded by the Franciscan Friars after the death of Father Junipers Serra, extended along the Pacific Coast from San Diego to San Francisco, and have played an important part in the civilization and government of Mexican California. They were the seats of learning, the agricultural centre, and in a measure the padre of the mission ruled the country for miles around. With the establishment of a mission cultivation of the soil was begun, for each mission had to be self-supporting.

In the selection of a site for a new mission Father Junipers Serra used rare good judgment. The lands in every instance were the most fertile, best watered, and the most picturesque within a day's journey. The old mission at San Diego is situated in a beautiful valley a few miles north of the present city. Only the walls are standing, and the chief object of interest to the tourist is the old bells, which have been removed from the mission town, and now hang on a low framework close beside a new chapel and school-house.

About twenty miles north of San Diego we come to the Mission San Juan Capistrano. This mission was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake during divine service in 1812. Many lives were lost, but the church records do not give the number. Portions of the mission were rebuilt, but not equal to its former grandeur. It is still occupied by an old padre, whose principal duties now are the singing of chants, and the daily ringing of the old bells. Of these there are five, and being composed of five per cent. silver they have a rich tone that has made them famous. This mission was once quiet renowned for its school, and at one time several hundred Mexican Indians and white children daily answered its roll-call.

One of the most interesting of all the old missions is one at Santa Barbara. Although it was founded as long ago as December, 1786, it is the best looking mission church in the State, and the only one in which there still meditates a Franciscan Friar, with a shaven head, and hood and gown. This grand old structure will compare with Airla and

San Sebastian. Its bells came from Spain, and are composed of equal parts of copper and silver taken from Mexico. For more than a hundred years these sweet-sounding bells have mingled their morning melodies with those of the linnet and the thrush.

Some twenty friars live in the building, which accounts for the good state of the mission. In fact it has undergone so many repairs that the building is to some extent a modern structure. The main body of the church is 200 feet long and 40 feet wide. In a wing 130 feet long and 35 feet wide live the twenty remaining members of the community of Franciscan Friars.

A feature of the mission is its extensive garden, wherein flourishes what is said to be the largest grape vine in the world. Its trunk measures 34 inches in circumference, its branches are trained over an arbor 75 feet square, and it bears on a yearly average over four and a half tons of grapes. It has been known to yield a crop of six tons in a single season.

It is a curious law of the Franciscan Friars, and most religiously adhered to, that no woman shall be allowed to enter this garden. The only occasion when this rule has been knowingly violated, with the permission of the Franciscan Friars, was in favor of the Princess Louise at the time of her visit to the Pacific Coast a few years ago.

Probably the most interesting of the old missions, from an historic standpoint, is the Mission of San Carmelo, or Carmel, as it is commonly called. It was founded in 1770 by Father Junipero Serra.

It is there Padre Serra made his home, and there he is buried in the sanctuary fronting the "Altar of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours."

It is there that may be seen the last resting-places of several priests, who were co-workers with Padre Serra, and fifteen governors of California when it was subject to Mexico.

During the month of August in the year 1889, Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford spent some weeks at Monterey. In their drives about the old mission they used to pass the rough, wooden cross that marks the landing-place of Father Junipero Serra. Mrs. Stanford conceived the idea of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the pioneer missionary. It is ten feet high, and represents the friar, clothed in the habit of his Order, as stepping from an Indian canoe, in which is a large cross, and the planting of which was always the first step in the founding of a new mission. The features of the face are reproduced from long-preserved paintings. One hand is raised as though giving a blessing, and in the other is a small uplifted cross.

On one side at the base of the monument is this inscription:—

This monument was erected in 1891, by Jane L. Stanford, in memory of Father Junipero Serra, a philanthropist seeking the welfare of the humblest, a hero daring and ready to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-beings, a faithful servant of his Master.

On the other side of the base is this quotation from the Holy Scriptures:—  
"As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith, that will I speak."

Another interesting old mission that is yet in a fair state of preservation, is the San Buenaventura, founded by Father Junipero Serra, in March, 1782. This old church is 150 feet long and 35 feet wide. The walls are six feet thick, built of twelve bricks two-thirds the way up and topped with a dome. On June 7, 1857, the church was badly wrecked by an earthquake. The building was repaired and a shingle roof took the place of the old tile one. The interior of the church is spacious and attractive, several of the paintings being quite valuable. The altar stands as originally built, and apparently in as good condition as it was one hundred years ago.

It is curious and almost surprisingly strange that none of the numerous rich societies of California, have so far taken any steps to preserve these old missions or their interesting and historical relics. The mission of Santa Barbara is now the only one yet in possession of the Order that founded it—the Franciscan Friars.—*London Tablet, Jan. 14, 1893.*

**PAIN-KILLER.**—The testimonials borne to the efficacy of this valuable medicine are sufficient to warrant its introduction into every house. Our own opinion is that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of. A 25c. bottle will last for a long time, and its low price places it within the reach of all.—*News, St. John's, Que.*

## THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM.

Protestantism is falling to pieces, where the State does not give it active support, it seems struck with some fatal disease, which undermines its constitution and soon leaves it struggling with endless divisions and controversies. It is an admitted fact that Protestantism does not reach the multitude and the poor; in the quarters inhabited by the latter there are generally no churches, only poor little chapels, served by one of the assistant clergymen attached to some other church; even where there is a properly constructed church in their neighborhood, poor Protestants do not attend. Again and again have newspapers and churches themselves sent out enumerators to count the attendance of worshippers in the churches on Sundays. As a result they have found that at the Catholic churches Masses were being celebrated every hour or every half hour from five to eight, to nine, or even ten in the morning, at which hour generally commenced Solemn High Mass. To the amazement of all except Catholics it has been shown that at all these Masses the Catholic churches were crowded with devout worshippers, men and women, old and young, rich and poor. To Catholics this is not surprising; there is an obligation binding upon the consciences of all Catholics to attend Mass on Sunday, an obligation from which only the gravest cause can excuse, and Catholics know that to fail in that is to sin grievously and be untrue to their religion.

Now, as a general rule, Catholics wish to be and endeavor to be faithful to their religion, so they make of Sunday, not a sabbath of gloom and despair, as Presbyterians, nor a day of pleasure and riot like infidels, but a day of prayer and rest; they at least attend Mass in the morning, and though not under obligation to do so, they assist in great number at Vespers and Benediction in the afternoon or evening, and during the rest of the day they take such pleasure as may be enjoyed in a quiet, happy way, innocent pleasures in which all participate, merry family meetings, making indeed of Sunday a day of prayer, of rest, and of recreation, showing that the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

Meanwhile what do the enumerators find in the Protestant churches? Generally only one morning service, at which the attendance is very select and genteel but not numerous, an afternoon service distinguished also by like lack of members and abundance of gentility; no where do they find the crowds that throng the Catholic churches, no where the poor kneeling side by side with the rich. It is fully proven and universally admitted that the proportion of church attendance among Protestants is nothing compared to Catholics.

Why is this? Because Protestantism has lost its hold upon the world. Error may for a time prosper, but it cannot last. Protestantism is to-day repeating the history of Arianism. In its time that heresy overspread Europe, Asia and Africa; in proportion to the extent of the then known world Arianism had spread as much as Protestantism, it had subjugated whole nations, it had the support of Kings and Princes, and was as proud and arrogant as Protestantism in its claim for liberality, piety, wisdom and knowledge, and yet its doom came, the doom of all heresy, Death. Its adherents gave it up, many of them embracing Catholicity, many others falling away altogether from all Christian practice, and Arianism which once overran so many nations is now only spoken of by all alike, Catholics and Protestants, as a vast heresy which desolated the world; so it is with Protestantism, it has lost its hold upon the people, they are wandering away from it, some are returning to Catholicity, some are going over to arrogant, sneering, blasphemous infidelity, many are joining the ranks of respectful Agnosticism. Sincere Agnostics are seeking for the truth, but the basis of truth being lost to them they cannot easily find it, yet having no hatred of truth, being above prejudices, with no preconceived ideas, the Agnostics, certainly a great number, are on the way to the truth, and as such are deserving of our respect and sympathy.

**NO BOGUS** testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell **HOOD'S Sarsaparilla**. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true.

They are the deadliest enemies of Protestantism. They perhaps more than Catholics are exposing its hollow pretensions, are laying bare its true history and showing to the world its real character. In the history of the Decline and Fall of Protestantism the work of the Agnostic will occupy no inferior part.—*The Monitor.*

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP.

Nature is sinking in peaceful repose;  
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;  
Sweetly the dewdrop's asleep on the rose,  
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.  
Heaven shield father wherever he be,  
Whether on land or the billowy sea,  
And bring him back to his baby and me—  
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

Lightly the ripples play over the rill,  
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep;  
Singing the roses to sleep on the hill,  
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.  
Softly the katydid sings in the vines,  
Up from the lowlands the murmuring winds  
Steal through the stillness to play with the pines—  
Hush-a-by, little one, sleep.

## EVERY CHILD SHOULD BELONG TO IT.

The Holy Childhood is a pious association for children, instituted for the redemption, baptism and Christian education of children of heathen lands. Any child may become a member of this association. The only obligations of membership are the monthly one cent and the recitation of one "Hail Mary" daily for the intention of the association, adding the ejaculation, "Virgin Mary, pray for us and for poor little infidel children." The association educates and sustains one hundred and fifty thousand children. Its Golden Jubilee occurs this year, 1893.

## NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a slob, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.

## WHAT BECOMES OF THE "TOMBOY."

And what of that little nondescript known as the tomboy? asks the Philadelphia Times. What becomes of the romping, hoydenish girl who much prefers the society of the naughtiest boys to the nice, well-behaved daughters of respectable neighbors, and who cannot endure the quiet games with the aforementioned cherubs and their meek dolls, who have such a tiresome fashion of forever smiling up into one's face?

Does she still continue to enjoy masculine sports when she has arrived at years of discretion? Is she still inclined to torn frocks, disheveled locks and an abhorrence of all those things girls hold most dear? As far as our observation goes we would most flatly say no, quite the reverse. The greatest tomboy we ever knew turned out to be the most demure creature at twenty that we could imagine.

She took to fancy work and hospital-visiting with a vigor that seemed must be meant to atone for all those years when she could not be induced, save under the threat of being kept in the house, to take up a needle and struggle with the unhappy bit of patchwork that never seemed to progress beyond a most unsightly square that had been used to wipe away the tears from a very dirty little face bent over the obnoxious bit of ladylike employment, and the hospitals served to make up for the abhorrence of those childish days of anything that savored of respectable self-sacrifice.

Many other instances we have known where the most charming women have been evolved from the rude little tomboy girl; therefore, do not despair if the small daughter shows a decided penchant for tops and marbles rather than dolls and sewing.

## IT HAS NO EQUAL.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used your Hagar's Yellow Oil for many years, and have found it unequalled for burns, scalds, cuts, etc. Mary A. Collett, Erin, Ont.