

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S CONDITION.

In view of the somewhat alarming reports as to the condition of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, a representative of The Pall Mall Gazette called upon Monsignor Johnson at Church House and ascertained that Cardinal Vaughan was "about the name."

The English Benedictines, who are under notice from the French Government to quit their monastic college at Douai by July 6, have accepted the invitation of the Bishop and Chapter of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Portsmouth to undertake the management of St. Mary's College, Woolhampton.

Students of many nationalities and of varied speech have found shelter within the walls of Oxford in the course of the University's history. The English language, however, had probably never been heard in a public speech at a University Society's dinner until last week.

FRANCE

The motor-car was put to a novel use in France recently. The Carthusian monks were expelled from their house in a French village at short notice, and as the monastery was seven miles from the nearest railway station it seemed as if the members of the community would have to walk that distance.

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by the King of England. He is now Sir Emile Combes, as some of the papers humorously point out. It was probably in honor of this that he sent the police to break open the offices of The Cross the other day, to see if there were any prescribed Assumptionists there.

Mgr. Larue, Archbishop of Peleusianum, the modern Port Said, in Egypt, formerly Bishop of Langres, was buried in the cathedral of the latter town on Wednesday last, his two nephews, M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador to London, and M. Jules Cambon, French Ambassador to Madrid, being present.

Cardinal Lecot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, speaking recently at Talence, while installing there secular priests in place of the expelled Oblate Fathers, said in the course of his allocution: "The Church of France is in danger, for it is threatened, not only in its Orders and Congregations, but in its secular clergy."

UNITED STATES

The International Truth Society of New York has held its annual meeting at which great activity in all the States of the Union was reported.

"I have listened with the greatest of pleasure to all that has been said this evening, and, were it not so late, I would give expression, at considerable length, to the pleasure it has given me."

"One of the reasons—not the sole one—is because Dr. McGinnis has taken up a work, only recently, which was taken up twenty-four and a half years ago by myself."

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think, has written a history of New York City which is pretty well known and has had a considerable circulation, and he has that same lie in his book. Some fifteen years ago a friend of mine, the president of a bank here, called Mr. Strong's attention to this mistake and handed him one of these leaflets. He said he would correct it in the next edition.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

In the current number of The American Catholic Quarterly Review Rev. H. T. Henry of Overbrook Seminary has an instructive article on "The Two Stabats." He furnishes a translation of the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," in the introduction of which he says: "In the following translation from the text of the Roman Missal and Breviary, we have tried to preserve the multiple rhyme observable in the second and sixth stanzas of the Latin."

O the sadness and affliction Of the Mother's dereliction At the Cross of her dear Son! Through her heart, His woe perceiving, Broken with excess of grieving, Passed the Sword of Simeon.

Such a sadness hath no other Bosom-felt, as that blest Mother Of the Sole-begotten One: O the swelling grief upwelling, In that virgin-bosom dwelling, As she gazed her God upon!

Who could tearless view that loving Mother, every moment proving Depths of woe beyond belief? Who could see, nor share her sorrows, As at every glance she borrows From His pains a newer grief?

Mother, fount of love o'erflowing, Let me feel thy sorrow, knowing None such other deep delight: Let me burn with the sweet fever Of Christ's love, that I forever May be pleasing in His sight.

Mother, let my heart be wounded With His wounds, and the unbounded Sorrows of the Crucified: Who, from bending Heaven descending, Came amending earth's offending— All His pains with me divide.

NO-USE EATING

Unless you Digest your Food—Winnipeg Man proves that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Digest it. It is necessary to eat to live, but it is yet more necessary that the food should be properly digested.

FOUND—A GRANDMOTHER

"Say, Jim," said one street gamin to another as a handsome carriage passed them, "see that good-looking feller sittin' with the old lady in that rig?" "Yes," said Jim. "What's he done?" "He's struck it rich. He was lost pretty near all his life—strayed away or somethin'; and he just wandered down here and was taken on at Henderson's for cash-boy! Then one day the old lady recognized him for her long-lost grandson. And there he is."

There was more truth than fiction in the street boy's tale. I, who know all about it, will give it to the reader. A clean, bright-looking, handsome boy stood gazing in at the window of the largest dry-goods house in Santa Magdalena one morning about two years ago.

"Good morning," he said; "are you admiring our window?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, "and wondering at the same time whether I might not see you inside."

"Well, you might. One of our cash-boys, our very best, met with an accident this morning, about an hour ago; he fell downstairs and broke his leg. I don't know but what we might take you on while he is absent. It will probably be for six weeks or more. Have you ever worked in a store?"

"No, sir. I always went to school till now. My mother worked." "And she is unable to do so any longer?" said the man.

"No, sir, in San Francisco. But I had a reason for coming here. First, I went to Los Angeles. I was there six weeks; then I came down here. "Have you friends?" "Not a friend in the world, sir."

"Well, you look like an uncommonly well-brought-up and bright boy. Come along. We'll see what you can do. What is your name?" Mr. Henderson inquired as the boy followed him to the office.

"John Slocum," was the answer. "Well, John, Mr. Harmon here will tell you what you have to do. A boy to take Ellsworth's place while he is at home," he explained to the clerk and went his way.

John Slocum soon became a favorite in the store. He was always willing, always quick to perform his duties, and was altogether destitute of that obnoxious "smartness" which is so disagreeably characteristic of the modern young American.

"Ah, it is the same little boy!" she said, wistfully, and once more her cheeks flushed pink. "Sit down, my child," she went on, pointing to

a hall chair. "I believe you have run all the way." "Yes, ma'am, I did," John answered. "Mr. Harmon said I must hurry." He looked up in her face as he spoke, and something in his eyes made the old lady draw a quick, sharp breath.

"What did you say your name was?" she asked, sitting down beside him. "John Slocum," he replied, but this time he faltered. "Yes, yes, I remember," she said softly. "You remind me of some one—someone. Come here; I will show you."

She led him to the parlor. Above the mantel hung a picture of a boy which bore a marvellous resemblance to the one at her side. "That is the portrait of my only son, taken when he was about your age. Do you not think it is like you?" "Yes, it is," answered John, in a voice scarcely audible. "Where—where is he now, ma'am?"

"He is dead!" she said the old lady, turning away. She opened the door for him, and smiled kindly as she went on: "My boy, I do not want to lose sight of you. Have you a mother? Do you live with her?" "I have neither father nor mother."

"Well, I must see you again. Perhaps I may be able to help you a little—to a better position. Do you like your place?" "Very much," said John, heartily. "Mr. Henderson is a fine man." "I know that," she rejoined. "I will speak to him."

The next moment the door was closed and he was hurrying down the steps. Mrs. Elliston had finished her dinner that evening and was about to go up to her sitting-room when the bell rang. The servant appeared immediately after and said: "A boy to see you, ma'am. He says his name is John Slocum. He is from Henderson's."

"Strange that he should come at this late hour, James. But I shall be glad to see that little fellow again." She found him in the hall, seated on the same chair where he had sat in the morning. He rose at her approach. "Come in here, child," she said. "It is pleasant by the fire."

He followed her. "Another mistake?" she inquired, with the sweet, sad smile which made her old face so beautiful. "No," he answered; and then his self-possession left him and he trembled violently, while his face grew white.

The old lady perceived the change. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Are you in any trouble?" "I will try to tell you," he replied. "This morning you said that I looked like your boy, and I know I do. When I saw your face in the carriage I thought you were very like—some one—a picture. I have it here."

He took a small package from his breast pocket and opened it. It was the face of a middle-aged woman, very beautiful and sweet. She took it from his hand. "Where did you get it?" she gasped. "It was my father's," he said. "It is the picture of his mother."

"What kind of a place was Thundering Bells?" she asked. "Not a nice place, but we lived there. When my father died, my mother married again, a mining engineer."

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