The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

His Holiness Pope Pius X. continues to give audiences with a regularity which is quite notable. On Saturday November 28th, the Pontiff received in separate private audiences the Most Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, and Most Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, Australia. Each Bishop presented to the Holy Father a Peter's Pence offering from his diocese—the Bishop of Rockhampton £188 and the Bishop of Goulburn £300. In his conversation with the Bishops the question of Catholic education in Australia came up, and the Pontiff was intensely gratified to learn from the Bishops that the Catholic schools were altogether under the control of the Bishops in Australia.

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On the same day the Rector of the Irish College presented in private audience Peter's Pence—from the Diocese of Waterford £400, from the Diocese of Clonfert £123 8s 9d, and from the Diocese of Down and Connor £370. On the same occasion onsignor Murphy presented, on behalf of the Bishop of Waterford, an address of congratulation and loyal attachment to the Pope from the Waterford County Council. The Holy Father received the address with lively satisfaction, and bade the Rector ask the Bishop to convey his warm thanks to the members of the County Council, on whom he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction.

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On Sunday, November 29th, the Holy Father accorded a special audience to the Superiors and Students of the Irish College. A portion of one of the famous Loggie of Raphael was prepared as an audience chamber, and there, at half-past three in the afternoon, the College awaited the coming of the Holy Father. The Pope arrived punctually, attended by Monsignors Bisleti and Bressan, and proceeded to the throne which had been prepared for him. Monsignor Murphy then read a short address in Italian, of which I subjoin a translation:

"Most Holy Father,

"We, the Superiors and students of the Pontifical Irish College in Rome, come to lay at the feet of your Holiness the tribute of our filial devotion.

"Heirs of the faith brought us by St. Patrick at the bidding of your predecessor, St. Celestine, we account it our supreme privilege to have preserved that sacred patrimony intact through the course of a history of suffering and sorrow, and never to have faltered in fidelity and obedience to the Apostolic See.

To the end that in our future missions we may labour with enlightened zeal to perpetrate amongst our people this noble tradition of devotion to the Catholic Faith and of attachment to the See of Peter, we implore, Most Holy Father, your Apostolic Benediction."

To the address the Pope made a reply full of fatherly feeling, dwelling on the joy he felt in seeing himself surrounded by his Irish children—students of his own college; exhorting them even now, while they were citizens of Rome, to be as examples to their fellow citizens of the virtues which they had inherited from St. Patrick, and consoling them by expressing to them his confidence that the "noble tradition" to which their address referred would be safe in their hands.

When the Holy Father had finished speaking he allowed the Rector and Vice-Rector to present him to the students one by one. To each he gave his hand to kiss, and for many he had an appropriate word. Noticing their fresh, bright looks, the Pope turned to the Rector with the remark: "Vedo che sono bene mantenati" (I see they are well cared for).

When all the students had been presented the Holy Father bestowed on them, in solemn form, his Apostolic Benediction.

The Pope then withdrew. The audience left on all who were present at it deep impressions, not only of the fatherly goodness of the Pope, but also of his interest in and solicitude for the Irish College in Rome.

A short time ago the Pontiff, as a sign of his affection for the Irish College, sent to it a gift of books treating of theology, history and literature. These, which amount to fifty, are very beautifully bound, and are of considerable value.

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The Sacred Congregation of Rites has formally confirmed the veneration bestowed in Ireland on the Patron Saints of Dioceses, and also the Lessons in the Breviary regarding these saints. This is a matter of special satisfaction to the Irish people. The conclusions of the Congregation of Rites have been confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff. Formal announcement of this is about to be sent out to the Bishops of the various dioceses.

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For several weeks past Pius X. has been the chief theme of a host of reports and conjectures on the part of the Italian press more than usually rash and erroneous. That he was going to leave the Vatican, come out into the city, and even make an excursion to Venice, were repeated so often, and with such circumstance and detail, that people believed that, after all, there might be some truth in the reports. A day was finally named on which it was certain that he would issue forth—Wednesday, the 25th of November. The day has come and gone; but Pius X. did not appear outside the Vatican.

The quiet and gentle methods of the Pope, his reticence, and his apparent indifference to what is said of him in the hostile press of Italy, have encouraged writers to attribute to him intentions and designs which are quite out of harmony with the attitude observed by Pius IX. and Leo XIII. towards the Italian Government. With more persistence than usual it has been repeated that Pius X. was about to remove the prohibition that his predecessors had put upon Italian Catholics voting, or being voted for, members of the Italian Parliament. It has been regarded necessary to notify the falsity of that report, and a recent number of the "Osservatore Romano," the Catholic journal to which important communications from the Vatican are presented to the public, contained the following note: "We are authorized to contradict the rumors spread lately by the press of the city and by other journals regarding the abolition of the non expedit, they being absolutely deprived of all foundation."

Brief, clear, and definite is the form of contradiction, responding perfectly, as the "Voce dell Verita" has it, to the decided will of Pius X. concerning religio-political function of his high ministry. This note of the "Osservatore" shows clearly the idea expressed by his Holiness when, in speaking to the Cardinals in his first Secret Consistory, he said that he was very much surprised that anyone should imagine a change of Pontifical conduct in that which concerns the government of the Church. His new declaration ought to convince impartial minds that the policy of the Holy See in this respect is unchanged, because the conditions called forth the prohibition remain unchanged.

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A very interesting work, which has just been published in Rome, treats of the Italian posts in the Middle Ages. The first volume, which is all that has appeared yet, treats of the postage system in Upper and Middle Italy from the year 476 to 1600. After the disasters and sacklings of the Eternal City Theodosius, the Emperor, a man of much wisdom and force of character, amongst his other services to the State revived the Cursus publicus, a species of State post, reserved at first to the transport of functionaries and of objects belonging to the Government; and he improved this service on the curiales, or city municipal authorities, who were obliged to maintain carriage service and to provide for the salaries of the persons engaged in the post and of their escorts, and also to maintain the high roads in good order.

During the succeeding centuries this service was employed specially to further the designs of the ruler for the time being. Clodoveus, in his restoration of the ancient Roman Posts, was inspired by the need of uniting and centralizing his power, in order to give unity to the operations, the intentions and the aspirations of the Empire.

The Universities of the Middle Ages by the various necessities of communication between one country and another which they brought about, may be said to have created a postal system for themselves. This postal system was the indispensable complement of that contest of studies which went on, and correspondence which passed between professors and students, between the latter and their families, and between university and university. With the decline in the attendance at universities the post which they required decayed also.

It is interesting to note that amongst the many laws and ordinances of the Florentine Republic there was one of 1529 which, notwithstanding that it was established for a useful purpose, soon degenerated into a gross abuse. This was called the "tamburagione." It consisted of a box fixed in a public place, in which secred denunciations and anonymous charges against persons high in office or powerful were placed. The boxes were called "tamburi," or drums, probably from their form. The writer Varchi in the sixteenth century describes them, and details the abuses they led to. A similar system was in use in Venice, where it was known as "Bocca del Leone di San Marco"—the Lion's Mouth of St. Mark. In Verona—a city dependent on Venice—a similar lion's mouth for the reception of secret denunciations is to be seen in the very beautiful public square, which is flanked on the one side by the Palace of Can Grande, in which Dante was received during his exile, and on the other by the Palazzo della Ragione—one of the loveliest gems of architecture in Italy. What is perhaps the most interesting thing associated with these lions' mouths for anonymous denunciations is that they are the first specimens of the postal boxes such as adorn the streets of modern cities.

The story of the Italian Posts in the Middle Ages as related by Enrico Mellilo in the book just published is full of a new and curious interest.

ENGLAND

A NOTED CONVERT DEAD.

Information has been received from Davoz Platz of the death of a remarkable young Catholic priest, the Rev. W. R. Carson. The son of an Anglican clergyman and the grandson of an Irish Bishop, Mr. Carson joined the Church in 1892, and five years later was ordained by Bishop Bagshawe, of Nottingham. He devoted his time largely to efforts to promote his cause of reunion, and in England and America in Anglican and Roman Catholic papers and magazines he published his contributions. The most noteworthy of his works was "An Eucharistic Eirenicon," which appeared last year with an introduction by Viscount Halifax.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world, and to the inward peace of our own minds.

THE MAN IN BLUE

AN EXQUISITE MUSICAL STORY

I am the youngest son of thirteen children of Burgermeister Kraus of Bingen and his wife, Frau Maria. My father adored music, and we were all taught to play on some instrument or other, or else to sing, and, by my faith! I hold we did considerable credit to our musical education. When I was sixteen my father presented me with a fine, old Cremona, which I christened "Fortunato," and which eventually became my lifelong friend and companion.

Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to take my dear violin into the woods and there, by the murmuring brook, beneath the rustling trees, dreamily improvise new melodies and vary old ones. So greatly did my father delight in our accomplishments that he organized an amateur concert every Thursday afternoon, at which at least a quarter of the town assisted to admire or criticize about as much music as could be crowded into a three hours' performance, divided into two equal parts by a tray of light refreshments handed round by Karl and myself.

One fine autumn afternoon, just as our first sonata was concluded, a very singular individual entered the concert room. He was as thin and pale as an apparition and entirely dressed in shabby garments of light blue corduroy. His well worn knee-breeches were blue, his jacket was blue, his vest was blue, and the huge cravat that fastened his great flapping shirt collar was also of varied and faded shades of blue. He had a big, hooked nose, thin, hungry looking jaws, and the only redeeming features that he possessed were his dark and intelligent eyes, and these were hidden by a pair of blue spectacles. His long, untrimmed hair was a ginger red, and his beard, I verily believe, had never been cut since it first began to grow.

He did not attempt to apologize for his intrusion, but without looking to the right or to the left made straight for a vagant seat, and began to pay marked attention to the music. It was my turn to play, but I was so confused, so utterly dumfounded by the appearance of this strange creature that when I struck my violin with the bow my hand trembled so that I could not produce a single note. Again and again I tried, and at last was about to give it up in despair, when the Man in Blue rose from his seat and came straight to me. "Young man," said he, "you have a more difficult instrument there than you think. Hand it to me and I will play in your stead." I mechanically gave him "Fortunato," and he at once commenced his performance. Never had I heard such playing before. The instrument seemed to receive from his bow a soul capable of expressing every emotion. We were all amazed and delighted, and at the termination of his concerto such a storm of applause rewarded the singular performer that, quite overcome, he acknowledged the ovation in such a grotesque manner that we youngsters tittered.

I should here mention that we were on the eve of our grand annual musical festival, at which some of the greatest musicians of Germany had announced their intention of attending. My father, naturally concluding that our guest was some celebrated maestro who had arrived incognito, hastened to thank him for the favor he had conferred upon us, and also to offer him his hospitality during his stay in town. The Man in Blue at first refused, then hesitated, and finally accepted our pressing invitation.

We paid him every attention, and by his gentle manners and delightful talent he soon won our affection. But every attempt to find out who he was and whence he came proved vain; he took no notice of our hints, and not one of us dared ask him the questions direct. He set himself to work to teach me a great many things concerning the violin and its use of which I was previously ignorant, and to this curious man I owe many of my subsequent and greatest triumphs. "My son," he would say, "love music. Music is the food of the soul, the only possession we have on earth which we shall retain in heaven."

If a stranger happened to pay us a visit, our new friend would immediately take refuge in our garden. He liked to be alone with Karl, myself and "Fortunato." One day a merchant named Krebbs came on some matter of business he had to transact with my father, and stumbled upon the Man in Blue, who was making good his escape. The poor violinist on seeing Merchant Krebbs turned as pale as death, and covered with confusion, tottered to a bench, hiding his face in his hands.

"Well, I declare," said Krebbs to my father, with ill disguised curi- receive that creature into your family. Why, I thought he was in prison or in a lunatic asylum, or drowned or run over."

"Do you know him, then?" asked my father, with ajil disguised curiosity.

"Know him! Of course I do. His name in Beze and he is by trade a carpenter. But, bless you, he's as mad as a March hare. Some time ago our church organ was struck by lightning. Beze came forward at once and proposed to mend it, provided the parish furnished him the materials. As he was known for a good musician and a clever workman, our pastor granted his request. To work went he, and slaved night and day for at least six weeks. At last the organ was mended, Beze struck a few chords, and it sounded better than ever. The day arrived for the first public hearing of the renovated instrument; the Mayor and all the village were present, and Beze himself did not fail to appear attired in his usual blue. Blue is his color. He made some vow or other years ago to the Virgin never to wear any other than her colors—blue and white. I tell you he is crazy. But to return to the organ. When the organist began to play upon it, devil a sound would it produce, except when he pulled the new stop out. Off went the organ whoo! whee! and then it set to squeaking and whistling like mad. The girls began to laugh, the Mayor to swear, and the pastor—well, he became frantic, poor man. Beze is a fool, an idiot. 'He has ruined the organ,' cried every one. And soon, amid the derision of the congregation, your friend left the church. Strange to say, since that day we have never seen the creature, but our organ is completely spoiled and remains as silent as the tomb."

Thus spoke Merchant Krebbs. I could hear no more, but hurried out to console our poor friend. I found him sitting all forlorn under an apple tree, his face turned towards the setting sun. "Ah, my young friend," he cried, "do you see yon little cloud which obscures the splendor of the sun? So the words of a foolish man may tarnish the name of a genius."

"But," I replied, "see, the little cloud has already vanished, and the sun is all the brighter for the contrast."

He smiled. "The clouds that hang over my tarnished name will have to pass away soon, or it will be too late. That organ which I reconstructed has a soul within it. All my life I have worked hard to lodge my ideal of music within the compass of a single instrument. I have done this. The soul is there, but I know not how to play upon the organ, and in their blind rage they will not allow me to explain the mechanism of the instrument to them. Oh! that I could find Sebastian Bach. He would awaken the soul of music that lies asleep in my organ, and prove to the world that Beze is neither mad nor an imposter."

My father took no notice of what Krebbs had said, and when he joined us in the garden he entreated Beze to play to him as usual in the open air. The Man in Blue played a number of national and simple melodies in such a pathetic manner that I saw my father's eyes fill with tears. At fast he said: "My friend, though your organ is a failure your music is heavenly. Stay with me, I pray you, yet awhile."

"My organ is not a failure; it is the one triumph of my life."

"But no one can play upon it."

"One day some one will, and then"—

"Well, we will say no more about it. Come! supper is ready," and he led the way indoors.

Next morning the Man in Blue was missing. We were sorry for his disappearance, but soon forgot all about him, the festival being at hand. Gluck had promised to come, and we were anxious to know with whom he would stay. Then Bach arrived, and soon after Graun, whose genius alone inspired his lovely melodies, and with him came those inseparable friends, Furch and Hasse. From Hamburg came Gassmann and Telemann. Few of you, I dare say, have ever heard of these composers and yet, believe me, you are more familiar with their melodies than you imagine. Many of the popular tunes you now admire I have heard in my youth fresh from the brain of their original composers, and free from the twirls and shakes clumsily added to disguise their true origin. Those illustrious persons were as simple and unostentatious in manner as it is possible to be. They assembled in St. Cecilia's Hall, and I had the privilege of assisting at the rehearsals. I often passed hours listening to their long discussions on harmonies, figures, scales and chords. Sometimes one of them would call for a glass of beer, or offer his companions a bottle of Rhine wine.

One night Gluck played for the first time a portion of his "Iphigenia," and on another Bach enchanted us by a performance of his delightful Preludes. Bach, somehow or other, took a fancy to me. He observed the marked attention with which I listened to the remarks of the different composers and to their music. He asked me my name, and who my father was, and, growing bold, I related not only all about myself, but also the story of my friend in blue.

"An organ no one can play upon!" exclaimed the great composer. "Well that's singular!"

"But I am sure you can."

"Why?"

"Because I am certain that the man who made the organ is a great musician, although he cannot play upon it himself, and thoroughly understood what he was about when he attempted to mend it. He plays the violin like an angel."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun.

I hesitated and hung my head. I did not dare say "Yes," and yet I could not say, "No."

"Speak up, my boy, always tell the truth."

"He plays better than you, I think, sir; but, then, he always plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a room."

"True—so it does."

"My masters," said I at last, after some hesitation, "will any of you in your charity try the organ. The village is not far distant. You will thereby help this poor man."

"I will go myself," answered Bach, "next Sunday. But do not say anything about it to any one—only to your friend, in order to insure his presence in the church."

I gladly promised to carry out the illustrious composer's request.

On leaving the St. Cecilia Hall that evening—it was a Friday—to my surprise almost the first person I met was the Man in Blue. Hidden in the courtyard of the hall, he had been listening to the music, and was in a state of nervous excitement and enthusiasm which quite alarmed me. At first I hesitated to tell him Bach's intention, but at last did so. He received the news in a manner I little expected. He made no demonstration, but followed me in silence, until we were in a lonely part of the town—a little square, in the centre of which grew two or three trees. Here he paused, and, falling on his knees, prayed earnestly. The moon shone down upon his uplifted face, and it seemed almost beautiful, so great was the expression it bore of earnest devotion and gratitude. When he had finished his prayer, he embraced me in silence, and we parted.

Sunday arrived, and at an early hour I started for the village church. As I crossed the little field in front of it, I saw advancing from the opposite side several of the professors and among them Bach. By and by, as it got noised about that some of the celebrities were in the church, it filled up to excess. Presently Bach ascended the organ loft. How my heartbeat! Mass began. At the "Kyrie" the hitherto mute instrument for the first time wafted forth such heavenly sweetness that the congregation was thrilled as if by the music of angels. As the Mass advanced, the more marvellous became the harmony. The "Agnus" was so plaintive that I saw tears in the eyes of Gluck, who stood by me, and the "Sanctus" sounded so triumphantly that it required but little imagination to believe the Cherubim and Seraphim were indeed singing their jubilant songs of praise, "Holy, Holy is the Lord God of Sabaoth!"

But where was the Man in Blue? Standing by the altar, with his face toward the organ. His expression was one of supreme happiness and peace. His spectacles had fallen from his beautiful but nearly sightless eyes, and tears of joy were running down his sunken cheeks. His homely features seemed transfigured.

When divine service was over the congregation passed round into the porch to see the great composers. "Long live Bach!" "Hail, Gluck!" they cried as they recognized these popular men. But Bach held aloof. "Lead me," he cried, "to that man of genius who has so wonderfully improved the king of instruments."

"Master," I cried, "he is in the church." And we re-entered the sacred edifice together, followed by Graun. I led them to the Man in Blue. What a change had come over him! He had collapsed on a bench, and the pallor of death was on his brow. When he perceived us, he endeavored to rise.

"Ah! excuse me, my masters, I receive you very poorly, but I am not well; the joy has killed me. I am dying of sheer happiness."

They raised him between them, while I ran for the priest, shutting the door as I went out, to prevent intrusion.

"Master, I am dying—play to me," he begged. Bach, seeing that mortal aid was vain, left us and went up to the organ loft. Solemnly he played as he had never done before. The priest came, and Graun and I knelt down while the Man in Blue received the Last Sacrament. When this pious act was accomplished, we came nearer to him. He took my hand, and Graun rested his head upon his own breast. Solemnly the music stole through the silent church, solemnly the sunlight streamed through the stained windows, and the Angel of Death stood within the Temple of God.

"I am very happy, murmured the dying man, "since Bach plays to me on my organ and Graun allows me to rest my dying head on his bosom."

Turning to me, he said gently: "God bless thee my child; tell them I was neither mad nor an imposter. My organ has a soul!"

Graun bent over him and kissed his brow, and with an exquisite look of gratitude for this act of sympathy and respect he died, and the Angel of Death winged his way back to heaven bearing the soul of the poor Man in Blue to God.—Richard Davey in Cassell's Magazine.

Christmas As Once It Was

Yule.

With Christmas Eve the great midwinter festival opened. The fairies and bogies and witches and hobgoblins had begun their sway on Hallowe'en, and had made their presence known by creating much hubbub, knocking at doors and floors and producing sundry uncanny noises and playing divers pranks. But now they were confined for the time being. To this Shakespeare refers: (Hamlet, Act I, sc. I.)

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and gracious is the time.

The Christmas candles were lit. They were of uncommon size and served to illuminate the house during the festive season. The yule-log began to blaze in the spacious hearth. This yule-log consisted of a huge block of birch-tree, cut in the early part of December, stripped and left to dry. With great pomp and ceremony the yule-log, wreathed with greens, was carried into the house, the principal bearers being the oldest member and the youngest child of the family, whilst all the rest assisted in the carrying, to the tune of some prescribed carol. It was laid in the hearth and kindled with the remnants of the preceding winter's yule-log, reserved for that purpose. Day and night it blazed and burned. As long as it lasted the servants were entitled to ale at their meals, wherefore they made sure to cut a large, knotty trunk of birch for Yule. Thus was the feast introduced with much ado. It was the feast of feasts. People were wont to say, in giving answer as to their age, that they had seen so and so many Yules. The word yule has been explained variously. The most probable derivation of the term is the ancient English geol which means wheel (the circle of the year). The "hot cross buns" still distributed in some parts on Good Friday, which occurs about the time of the Lady-day quarter, are probably a relique of the wheel symbolical of the year and its four quarters. And this fact corroborates the idea that the wheel with its cross of spokes, being synonymous with quarter day festivals and feasts in general, was applied especially to the great midwinter festival of Christmastide. The circle and the cross is, as is well known, a symbol frequently to be found in ancient mythologies.

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England is unable to produce a man of sufficient brains and calibre to look after the lawless in London, and to protect the crowned heads that occasionally visit Great Britain from the Continent. Superintendent Melville, from Smeen, County Kerry, the genius of Scotland Yard, has just retired on a pension of £280 a year. Had the position held by Mr. Melville been an ordinary Civil Service position, or the usual kind of sinecure associated with official life, we can quite imagine the kind of appointment that would have been made to that vacated by Inspector Melville. But the Government of England know that it would be madness to put a duffer, no matter how well recommended, at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. It was clear that a man of brains should be appointed. Chief Inspector Quinn was the selection of the authorities—another Anglo-Saxon, this time not from Kerry, but from Mayo. "It is remarkable," says The London Daily News, "that so many Irishmen rise to positions in Scotland Yard, considering that only a small percentage of the Metropolitan Police, from whom the detective force is recruited, is Irish. Indeed," says the writer, "there is good reason to believe that an understanding exists to the effect that not more than one recruit in six admitted to the Metropolitan Force is to be an Irishman. Why a sort of Protection should prevail against the 'dumping' of Irishmen on the London police market it is hard to understand." And yet, although the chances are at least six to one against them, the Irishmen in the London Police Force take the lead every time and always get to the front. The very opposite is the case in Ireland, where a Catholic Irishmen, like Melville or Quinn, has as much chance of getting to the top from the bottom as he has of becoming Lord Lieutenant.

The Grace of the Christmas Candle

An Irish Legend.

Oh, the Celtic children of faith believe (Sweet, I ween, are their fancies all)
That when the bless'd candles on Christmas Eve
Are lighted in cabin and hall,

The dear Child Jesus, with tenderest smile,
In the noon of that night sublime
Doth visit each home of that favored Isle
While the Mass bells merrily chime.

And wherever He seeth the hallowed light
Of the tapers so tall and fair,
He entereth in through the casement bright,
And leaveth His benison there.

And oh, till He cometh again the year
With the glory of Christmas-tide,
Small blessings so sweet of the Christ-Child dear
With the children of grace abide.

Their crops shall thrive and their store increase,
For never a shadow of ill
Can dim the light of the Heavenly peace
He bringeth to "men of good will."

—Harriet M. Skidmore, in "Roadside Flowers."

"Mirth is God's medicine," said Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The great, serene souls of life have attained their lofty poise only by passing through the furnace of affliction. Their faces wear the scars only because of their ignorance at the time. Later they learned to laugh at disaster, and laughing, instead of lamenting, they know how to turn defeat into victory.

When you go to Holy Communion think that you see the Divine Child looking through and through you with His clear, pellucid gaze, and asking you the question, "Will you be true?" Are you resolved to combat resolutely the visible faults all can see and be scandalized by, instead of the half-dozen imaginary ones with which you love so much to torture yourselves? And I should dearly love to return His glance with one as limpid and as true, saying, "O Lord, no one knows better than I how blind and weak I am, but I wish to know, I wish to see what Thou desirest of me, and will try with all my heart, regardless of all obstacles, to accomplish it." He wishes you to be real Be real.

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All Graduates Placed in Positions

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CUTLERY

We have a large stock of the latest patterns in table cutlery.

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It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that some from irregular habits or lack or care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation, though gentle, is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

The primary consideration is not how one shall get a living, but how he shall live; for if he live rightly, whatever is needful he shall easily find.