

The Irish Jaunting Car.

The driver of the Irish Jaunting Car at the Dominion Exhibition just closed says 1903 was his busiest season.

You may boast about your rail, With its "special" and its "mail," Of your cycle and your motor, speed- ing far, You are welcome to the three, If you leave, agra, to me, Just the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

Sure for ever in the mind Is its memory entwined With the dearest recollections there that are Like a picture from the past, That no change can overcast, Is the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

In the morning long ago How my boyish heart would glow— Ah! no sorrow then life's happiness could mar— As we hastened to the fair, And the fun that waited there, On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

And when evening gathered there, On the little market town, And we rattled home by light of moon or star, How merry was our song As we gaily drove along On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

On the gladsome wedding morn, When the dew was on the corn, Sure it's little then we recked of jolt and jar, While we proudly drove in "state" From the cheerful haggard gate On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

And when Sunday came around, And the happy, holy sound Of the chapel bell came stealing from afar, Well we knew its sweet intent, And to Mass we meekly went, On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

Ah, the olden vanished days, With their quaint, romantic ways; In your present prosy times they have no part. Sure the earth was fairer then, Fresh, unfolding to our ken, From the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

But the world is altered now, And the years have blanched my brow, I am fading far away from scenes that are, To the churchyard cold, below, They will take me soon, I know, On the old, familiar Irish jaunting car.

The Angelus Bell.

Sometimes persons who are strangers to our holy religion wonder at the triple ringing each day— morning, noon and evening—of the Angelus Bell. They do not seem to understand the real sublimity of the prayer that accompanies that ringing. In his delightful work, "Parfums de Rome," Louis Venillot, one of France's most Catholic writers, has a beautiful passage in which he tells of the Angelus. He was on his way to Rome, and a halt in a desert spot permitted him to hear the noonday Angelus. A woman and child who were watching the train pass made the Sign of the Cross, and recited the Angelical Salutation. "Why," asked Coquelet, "do they make the Sign of the Cross?" Is it the train or ourselves they take for the devil?

"Neither the train, nor me, nor you, Coquelet, full of malice though you are. This woman and child are not thinking of the devil, they are thinking of God." And he added, then, the following beautiful description and explanation of the Angelus: "They have heard the Angelus, and they are praying. Listen to those sweet and noble sounds—that is the telegraphic language of the Church, invented long ago and now understood by all the people. "What does it say?" asked Coquelet. It says something which is infinitely above you and your learned kind, but is still within the comprehension of these little ones.

"It says that the Angel of the Lord announced to Mary that she was to become the Mother of the Saviour of the world; that Mary answered the angel: Be it done unto me according to the will of the Lord. I am His handmaiden; that Mary conceived by the Holy Ghost; that the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.

"To this divine account, to this profession of faith, the bell adds the prayer of the Church: 'O Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners; pray for us now and at the hour of our death.' And this is what these poor people are saying in unison with the bell—The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us!

"Long ago, over the territories of St. Louis, King of France and Suzerain of England, fifteen hundred bellfairs used to point to the sky, with the Cross of Christ for a crown upon them. In those days a man could hardly raise his eyes without beholding the sign of our redemption—The word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and did for us!

"This harmonious voice of prayer

flooded the fields, climbed the mountain heights, descended into the hidden valleys, penetrated into the depths of the forest, dominated all human sounds. A voice of consolation, of hope, of salvation! He loved us, He has pardoned us, He has died to win us, He has reigned over us!

"It spoke without ceasing. It reminded men that they were kings, the sons of God, co-heirs of Heaven, and that Heaven is the reward of faith, hope and charity.

"The great voice did not disdain to speak of men after having spoken of God. It announced baptism, marriage, death, it asked the prayers of men for those who were just entering into life, and for those who were about to appear before the judgment; it asked prayers for those who were to be united in life. The human family in those days knew no pariahs.

"I do not know where bells were invented, but it is certain that the widespread use of them is to be attributed to a Pope. It is Rome who has given us this harmonious voice with its divine language. It is she who has given us this sacrament on which that prayer might fall from Heaven upon our souls like a sea of benedictions!

"O Rome, Mother of divine, Mother of light and of hope, Mother, too, of all sweetness, all joy and all poetry! O Rome, inspired of God to fill with strengthening delights the poor heart of man!"

Surely there exists no other faith on earth that could inspire such a sublime passage. There seems to be something, specially associated with Rome, with her magnificent and holy doctrines that is calculated to raise the soul above the littleness of earth and to lend it wings, far more powerful than those of mere poetry, to soar into the atmosphere of the pure and the spiritual.

Going to Sing for Lepers.

Archbishop Farley has granted to two Franciscan Sisters in Syracuse permission to go to the Sandwich Islands to nurse the lepers of that territory. They are Sister Mary Leonida and Sister Beata. The former was Miss Theresa Kilmurray, of Newark, N. J., and the latter comes from Louisville, Ky. Sister Leonida is one of the youngest nuns in the Order, having received the veil last year. She is also one of the most accomplished, having devoted her life to music and being the possessor of a beautifully developed voice. It has long been her ambition to brighten the lives of those greatly afflicted, and this was the incentive for the development of a talent which would give pleasure to the exiled lepers. The leper law of the Sandwich Islands forbids the return of any who enters the leper colony, or even direct communication with the world by such a person.

In his journal M. A. P. (Mainly About People) Mr. T. P. O. Connor, M. P., the editor, publishes the following incident which illustrates the broadmindedness of King Edward VII., of which we are being afforded many evidences since he ascended the throne. It is thus told by our contemporary in the issue of the 8th of August: During the State visit of President Loubet to England there was a good deal of speculation as to what would happen in the event of the Pope's death, and whether any of the Royal entertainments would in that case be curtailed or abandoned. The President himself, although the official head of a nominally Catholic State, seems to have carefully refrained from any expression of feeling on the subject; but it appears that King Edward, with his usual tact and decision, had already made up his mind.

The Adjutant-General of the Army, General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, in an audience with His Majesty a day or two before the great ball at Buckingham Palace, respectfully submitted that, as a Catholic, he would be prevented from appearing at the function in question, should the Pope die before the appointed evening. The King immediately intimated that in such an event the ball would not take place at all. In reply to a respectful representation that it would be difficult at the last moment to communicate this to the thousands of invited guests: "Well," said the King, "if they do arrive at the Palace, they will just have to turn round and drive home again."

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Notes From England.

SILVER JUBILEES.—Three priests of the diocese of Liverpool recently celebrated the silver jubilee of their ordination to the priesthood, says The Universe, of London. The jubilarians were the Very Rev. Dean Billington (rector of St. Peter's Church, Lancaster), the Rev. Father Byrne (of Thurham), and the Rev. Father Rigby (of St. Joseph's, Liverpool). All three were ordained 25 years ago by the late Bishop of Liverpool (the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly), and received the ecclesiastical education of St. Catherine's College, Ushaw, near Durham. Alderman Preston, J. P., who is brother of Bishop Preston, and was twice Mayor of Lancaster, received his education at Ushaw, and on the evening of the 24th ult., he gave a dinner in honor of the jubilarians, which was largely attended. Pontifical High Mass was sung on the following morning by Bishop Preston, in St. Peter's, Lancaster. The Rev. Father Rigby was deacon, and the Rev. Father Byrne sub-deacon. The Right Rev. Dr. Hedley (Bishop of Newport) was present in the sanctuary. The Very Rev. Dean Billington, was also present, and a large gathering of clergy contemporary students with the jubilarians—attended from various parts of Lancashire and the neighboring counties. The Bishops and clergy afterwards breakfasted in the refectory, and then went on a visit to Furness Abbey, and Barrow.

A NEW CHURCH has been opened at Benwell. It will accommodate 500 worshippers. The dedication services attracted a large number of the faithful.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.—Sister Falgout, of Stanbrook Abbey, the other day, celebrated the 50th anniversary of her entry into religious life. The occasion was one of great rejoicing.

NEW SCHOOLS.—An evidence of enthusiasm for the cause of education was strikingly noticeable when the new Catholic school at Whitwick was recently opened. The building had been erected at a cost of \$25,000, and was furnished by the County Council at an additional outlay of \$2,500. The donor of the splendid schools is Mrs. Haydock, of Whitwick.

Father O'Reilly, opening the proceedings, briefly introduced Mr. Ope, who he said was well known as an authority on educational matters in the county, and whom they welcomed that day. He (Father O'Reilly) would ask the architect to deliver the key to Mr. Ope to open the door to let them in.

Mr. Ope, receiving the gold key, said he was greatly obliged for the invitation, and it was a very great privilege for him, representing the Education Committee of the County Council, to be able to take part in the opening of the magnificent Whitwick and the neighborhood on their possession, and had no doubt that for many generations the schools would give an education which would conduce to the happiness and welfare of the neighborhood, the prosperity of the country, and to the glory of God.

The key, which was of pretty design, bore the inscription: "Opening ceremony of the Holy Cross Schools, Whitwick, August 25, 1903. Presented to Thomas Ope, Esq., J. P., C. O., O-baston Hall, Newcastle."—True Witness.

The Catholic Record wisely remarks: "A man who is thoroughly in earnest can do much towards increasing a society's usefulness. It is true, this remark, but it is always true. He will encounter obstacles of various kinds—the derision of those whom he strives to benefit and of the outsider who does not understand. So was Ozanam treated, when he began to press into the service of Christ some energy that was squandered on nothing, and Dom Bosco when he set out to feed and to educate the street gamins of Turin. Every man who does new things is the target of gibe and taunt. An earnest man may not have the talent or zeal of those whom we have mentioned, but he can exert by his life some influence upon his fellows, and mayhap find the means to awaken souls that are asleep to all the glorious possibilities of life."

"In connection with the recent Catholic congress (an annual event) at Cologne, Germany, there was," says the Freeman's Journal, "a grand street parade in which thirty thousand people took part. If they had a Catholic Congress meeting annually in France, organizing Catholics in the work of protecting Catholic interests, there would be no such infamy there as the expulsion of the Catholic religious and the confiscation of their property. These outrages are perpetrated in France, only because French Catholics have failed in their duty."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Say, mamma," queried little, Mary Ellen, "what's a dead letter?" "Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother.

Worms are dangerous, often bring on convulsions and death. If your child is suffering from them, administer Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup which is safe and always effectual. Price 25c.

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Towne.—Do you see that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with his bare feet, and now he's got millions. Browne.—Dear me! He's worse than a centipede, isn't he?

Headache all Gone.

Mrs. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook, N. S., writes: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and 25c., all dealers.

Husband.—I can't see, my dear, what good that border of fur does around the bottom of your skirt. Wife.—Well, it does lots of good. It shows the neighbors that you can afford it.

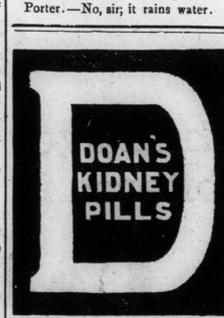
Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a good remedy for man or beast. It reduces swelling, allays inflammation, takes out pains and cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, quinsy, sore throat, etc. Price 25c.

"What's the matter with your head, Madge?" asked a visitor on seeing a child's hair wound in curl papers. Little Madge, whose two sisters have naturally curly hair, answered glibly: "Why mamma has to do this, 'cause my hair is natcherly braidy."

The Renewal of a Strain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been kissed by strawberries, have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparil, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

Passenger.—Does it rain, porter? Porter.—No, sir; it rains water.



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