

and over to me he comes and kneels down to me side."

"Much the worse, chummy?" he says.

"Enough to go on with," I answers him, "but with the help of God and a couple of stretcher-bearers I may make the dressin' station afore I bleed to death if I'm in luck's way. And yerself," says I, "ye've got a packet if yer limp is not beylin' ye."

"Just a bit iv a scratch in the instep is all that's wrong with me," he says, "and there wer' worse accidents at Waterloo. But as for yerself, be the look iv ye, he says, 'ye'd better be out iv here. And if I get anyone to give me a hand I'll help to carry you."

"When he said that he sat down, and I could see a burnt hole in the back iv his tunic and I knew that something had gone in there.

"Ye've a bit in the back," I says to him.

"It's nothin'," was his answer; "but for all that, it's makin' me a wee bit weak."

"Then we had a long talk, the two iv us, Billy Morrow and me, and even over to the open, with the bullets flickin' the dirt in yer face, there's a lot that one can talk about—fights and markets and that sort iv thing. Billy Morrow was tellin' me that cattle at home are fetchin' no end iv money now, and that a man in Ireland with his land under flax is in a good way to make a fortune. They use flax for aeroplane wings, he was sayin'." And even as he spoke an aeroplane came over our heads, and I saw on me back as I was, I could see it quite clear.

"To think that the flax for the wings iv that one may come from Ireland," I says to Billy Morrow.

"And maybe from me own big iv land, as well," says Billy.

Denis Doherty stretched himself out with one spasmodic jerk and began to whistle "Boyne Water."

"Well, that was a spasm!" Denis Doherty said in a weak voice, as a Purgatorial minute came to an end.

"The two iv us, Billy Morrow and me," Doherty continued, "lay there until Billy saw a stretcher bearer. 'Hi!' he shouted at the top iv his voice: 'come here!' The stretcher bearer came up."

"Where's yer mate?" Billy asked him, and he was told that his mate was killed. "Then we'll lift this man on the stretcher, says Billy, maning me, 'and I'll give ye a hand to take him back.' So I was lifted up on the stretcher and they got ready, the two iv them, to carry me in."

"Billy," I says to the man, "ye go down the sap for ye're not able for this work with that hole in yer back. I'll lie here till someone else comes along." The sap was runnin' down to our trenches through No. Mac's Land. But sorra the bit iv Billy would listen to me. "I'm goin' to carry ye in," he says. "I'm not so far gone but I can help a countryman in a case like this."

"So off with me the two iv them went, but they hadn't gone very far when a shell fell very near and I dropped with a flop to the ground, stretcher and all. When the splinters stopped whizzin' over me head I shouted for the two men, but not an answer could I get. So not being able to move I lay there, and when other men came to carry me in it was in the grey iv the evening that they arrived. They found me there, with Billy Morrow and the stretcher bearer lyin' dead between the handles of the stretcher."

As Denis Doherty concluded his narrative the M.O. came across to the stretcher and proceeded to dress the man's wounds. The job was a tedious one, for the Irishman was wounded in many places. A number of the wounds were serious, and while the doctor proceeded with the work of healing Denis Doherty whistled party tunes. He knew quite a number, but for all that he whistled some of them more than a dozen times before the job was completed.

CONVERT'S IMPRESSION OF THE MASS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

When I recall my first impressions of the Mass—if in my bewilderment I can be said to have received any impressions whatever—I assure myself that the majority of Protestants and unbelievers, who look coldly or curiously upon the altar, are as little mindful of the sacred significance and as unworthy as I was. Oh, the loss of these! Do we not see in the chalice on the altar Our Lord entering the garden of Gethsemane? It is the first scene in the mystical drama, and every breath is hushed. The Divine One is burned with a foreknowledge of His doom. He kneels in the garden; we kneel with Him, and are to follow Him, step by step, to the end. At the Concoiter He has fallen bathed in the sweat of His blood; He is betrayed with a kiss, led away captive, grievously smitten and denied. The celebrant turns to us as the Dominus Vobiscum and in his glance we see the conversion of Peter. Our Lord is led before Pontius Pilate. He is spoiled of His garments—at the unveiling of the chalice—scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate washes his hands of the crime, and at the moment the celebrant moistens his fingers "Behold the man!" cries Pilate and the voice from the altar pleads. "Orate fratres." At the Preface we hear the warning bell. The awful progress of the tragedy is watched in breathless silence; only from the organ loft comes the wail of the singers. The bell rings; He is condemned to death and made to bear the Cross, while His brow is

wiped off with the handkerchief of Veronica, and the effigy of the sorrowful face is retained for ever. He is nailed to the Cross, and at the Elevation of the Host, while the chiming bells mark every posture of the celebrant at the altar, while the torch-bearers gather about, the smoking censers are swung aloft, the flowers are scattered upon the air, and if it be a Military Mass, the whole body silently present arms, while the devout kneelers bow their heads and beat their breasts in contrition, lo the cry is raised on high. A moment later the elevated chalice begins to vibrate and the blood that seems to gush from the riven Heart of Him Who died for us. In memento, which follows, He is praying for the world; He is merciful to the penitent thief, He thirsts and He utters the Seven Words upon the Cross. (Here the Pater Noster is loudly chanted.) He dies. He descends into hell; and at Agnus Dei, while the bells chime again, there is the conversion of many at the Cross.

In Communion we commemorate His burial. His resurrection follows. And He appears to His disciples at the Dominican Vespices. The last Collect is a memory of His forty days with the disciples; the last Dominus Vobiscum, of His Glorious Ascension; and with the Benedictio descends the Holy Ghost. O marvelous Sacrament! mysterious, majestic! O never failing source of joy! What a privation is theirs, who having once known Thee, are parted from Thee! How do they survive who trust not in Thee, and who seek Thee and know Thee not?

That the loftiest of character, the noblest specimens of humanity that this earth has seen have been humble and docile children of the Catholic Church. They who know her best serve her most gladly. They who have studied her most thoroughly are proudest to do her honor.

"Therefore, Catholic parents, if you would bequeath to your children that most precious of all gifts, without which whatever else you leave them will be poor indeed; if you would give to them that which ennobles life and sanctifies death, that which was shown up above the mere, sordid, mercenary doctrines of the age to understand the true value of their own souls, that which establishes for them true principles of action, true honor, true manhood; if you would discharge well the high privilege entrusted to you, and for which you must one day render an account, look to the proper training of your children in your homes."

And you Catholic youth cast aside the foolish, empty pride and conceit that hold you back from that which you know to be your duty. From the Works of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

CAUSES OF IRRELIGION

"The influence of the home life for good or evil upon the religious life of the community cannot be overestimated. The influences that are brought to bear upon our minds as children cannot quite be annihilated even by the roughest contact with the storms of life and bitter experiences of the world.

"We can never quite forget the scenes of quiet peace and Christian happiness which made home so dear a place in youth, and for manhood so hallowed a memory, when we have gone from it forever, or they who formed its sacred circle are long since gone to the better home, or are scattered abroad, separated in life's interests and life's employment.

"The most hardened sinner, the most forsaken wretch, at the thought of the Christian home of his early years must feel ashamed of his guilt, and wish that he were pure and good as when his mother, now gray and worn with grief for his waywardness, made him kneel beside her and ask God to keep him from danger."

No one but God can tell how often the thought of that influence, so sacred, has stood up before men in temptation and helped them to gain the victory.

"But within the memory of home is otherwise, when it is remembered only as a den of disorder where God's name was uttered only in anger and blasphemy; where no prayer was ever heard or taught; where the Church and all religious matters were mentioned only to be scoffed at or ridiculed; where there was naught but quarrelling and strife, and perhaps drunkenness to fill the measure of iniquity, who can wonder that they who have felt such influences in early life, who have spent their youth in such surroundings, should go down deeper and deeper into the sink of sin, should give up the Church with all its sacred influences, fall away from religion, lose faith in man and then in God, and after a life of wickedness and shame die in awful despair?"

"We to the parents who thus betray the trust God has confided to them! With care and vigilance and prayer and constant watchfulness they should have guided their offspring up to God, looked after their religious training, showed them the example of a Christian life. True, when such parents appear before the eternal Judge on the last day to give an account of the children whose guardians He made them that they might teach them to love and serve Him, they will fall upon their faces and call upon the mountains to cover them from God's wrath.

"By what right will they stand upon the right side if those children through their neglect and bad example are lost eternally, and are there upon the left among the eternally accursed? Think of it in time, you who are parents. Do not lay up a double share of wrath for yourselves against that day.

"Another obvious cause of the lack of true Catholic spirit is pride of the stupidest and most ignoble kind: for it is the pride of ignorance. It is most singular that in these days of boasted enlightenment, when undoubtedly so much has been achieved in practical science, so little should be known of what is really valuable science.

"If you remember St. Paul thanks God because the Corinthians were rich in all utterance and all knowledge. They were rich because the testimony of Christ was confirmed in them. And yet this very knowledge of Christ and His Church is of all sciences the least known. It is most astonishing how little is known by the so-called learned men of our day of the true nature of the Catholic Church; of its belief; of its traditions; of its claims; of its history. How truly DeMaistre says that all history of the last three hundred years, especially concerning the Church, is a grand conspiracy against the truth.

"Every student of history knows that the loftiest of character, the noblest specimens of humanity that this earth has seen have been humble and docile children of the Catholic Church. They who know her best serve her most gladly. They who have studied her most thoroughly are proudest to do her honor.

one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love.

It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lower depths. It forges the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it.

A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.—The Catholic Bulletin.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD

By Rev. Joseph Huselstein

We are surrounded by things invisible to us. Unseen is the air that laps us about and unseen the ether through which vibrates to us the light of distant stars.

A drop of crystal water, pendant at our finger tip, is alive with beings invisible to the naked eye, while the heavens are filled with stellar worlds which the most powerful telescope can bring into our ken only as the merest dots of light.

Even the ray of sunlight, passing through a prism, is broken into a spectrum of rainbow hues whose margin fades into the invisible, eluding every quest of science.

Invisible, save in the effects produced, is the mighty power of electricity which God has placed at the service of man, to drive for him with lightning speed the massive engine wheels or bear his messages with flying feet, a servant ever at command. The flashing spark may give momentary notice of his passing, or the brilliant incandescence tell us of his presence, but he himself remains a mystery.

What wonder, then, that in God's creation there should exist as well an invisible spiritual world of which we have authentic knowledge, not merely from the sacred Scriptures, but likewise from the manifold supernatural visitations that have at all times abounded within the Church of God?

What wonder that in God's creation there should exist beings far mightier than we, with intelligences surpassing our own, with power and beauty and splendor that dazzle the mind, pure spirits who surround the Throne of God, lifting up their threefold, "Holy, holy, holy!" yet not disdain to come down to earth on their missions of mercy and to perform towards us their services of love: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" (Hebr. i, 14)

Solemnly we are warned, because of them, not to despise God's little ones: "For I say to you," our Divine Lord tells us, "that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven."

More certain than the things of sense is that invisible world to the eyes of the Christian who lives by faith. What joy to know, moreover, that there is bestowed upon us, for guardian and protector, a splendorous spirit from the Throne of God. Do we give Him, in return, the reverence, love, obedience, and gratitude that are His due? What joy to know that we, too, may be with Him fellow citizens of that city which, as we read in the Holy Book, "hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

THE WHITE CART WHEEL

STORY OF AN ARCHBISHOP'S COAT OF ARMS

The old city of Mayencé has for its coat of arms a white cart wheel. Its origin is thus described:

Long ago an Archbishop of Mayence was chosen for his piety and learning, but many remembered him as the wheelwright's son, who had once worked at his father's calling. As the Archbishop passed in stately procession to the Cathedral to be enthroned some jeered him, and one individual chalked white cart wheels on the walls of the city.

After the ceremony the Archbishop saw, hanging over his head a shield which was to bear his arms. He was told that he might have what blazonry he liked, and he at once ordered a painter to, decorate the shield with a white cart wheel, that amid the great and noble people around him he might never forget from whence he sprang.

After his death the people of Mayence adopted his arms as those of the city, in memory of the wise and holy rule of the wheelwright's son.—Sacred Heart Review.

INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head.

It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater.

A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the

one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love.

It rises to the greatest heights, it sinks to the lower depths. It forges the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it.

A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.—The Catholic Bulletin.

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A PUBLIC CONFESSION

One of the greatest trials experienced by Father Damien after he became a leper was the prohibition which prevented him from visiting the other islands, for this interfered with his receiving those spiritual helps upon which he had placed his trust. His urgent application for permission to communicate personally with his Bishop having been peremptorily refused, his Bishop determined to visit him. It was while journeying among the other islands that Bishop Maret requested to be put ashore at Molokai. But the captain of the vessel refused, the Government having forbidden all communication with the leprose.

There was no alternative, therefore, but for Father Damien to approach the trader. Putting out in a small boat rowed by some of his lepers, he came within speaking range of his ecclesiastical Superior when, standing up in his frail craft with a stretch of sea between, he made his confession aloud, and thus publicly received sacramental absolution.

Surely such a confession as this must be unique even in missionary annals! Not can one but think that the humility which prompted this self-abasement—for the confession had perforce to be made in the hearing of the other passengers who crowded the deck—brought down a blessing in full measure.—From "Father Damien" by May Quinlan.

It was pleasant to sit at the Lord's feet. Out here in this world of His, you must dwell with sin and suffering; you find falsehood where you expected truth, deceit where you looked for sincerity; your ears are assailed by the cries of sorrow, and your soul rent by the more bitter woe of the silent mourners, as they bend above graves not made by hands. But, some may say, I have not been appointed to go down there and do the Lord's bidding. He has not placed the sword in my hand, I have not received His orders. Not all of the king's soldiers are in the fighting line, else it were a sorry battle; and full well he and those struggling men down there know their strength lies in the reserve force. But when the king calls he will find his reserves ready—can you be less faithful than they? When the Master calls, comrade, let Him find you standing!—Anna C. Minogue.

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MY ROSARY

A plain, uncostly thing it is, This rosary of mine, But round its black and shabby beads The holiest memories twine.

Upon its cross my lips have pressed Hot kisses o'er and o'er— As time goes on it seems as though Each day I love it more.

Its chain is fastened round my heart, And in that bondage sweet I rest secure near Mary's side, At Jesus' wounded feet.

Some day God's angel, Death shall lay His hand upon my heart, And still its throbbing, bidding me From things of earth depart.

Then, clasped within my lifeless hands Upon my quiet breast, This rosary shall plead to God For my eternal rest.

It was pleasant to sit at the Lord's feet. Out here in this world of His, you must dwell with sin and suffering; you find falsehood where you expected truth, deceit where you looked for sincerity; your ears are assailed by the cries of sorrow, and your soul rent by the more bitter woe of the silent mourners, as they bend above graves not made by hands. But, some may say, I have not been appointed to go down there and do the Lord's bidding. He has not placed the sword in my hand, I have not received His orders. Not all of the king's soldiers are in the fighting line, else it were a sorry battle; and full well he and those struggling men down there know their strength lies in the reserve force. But when the king calls he will find his reserves ready—can you be less faithful than they? When the Master calls, comrade, let Him find you standing!—Anna C. Minogue.

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