

THREE found forth a double food, The sustaining life, The stream of water and of blood From that dear side—Evelyn.

SEVENTH MONTH 31 DAYS July PRECIOUS BLOOD

Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, and various feast days including the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Transfiguration, and the Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

Indulgenced Prayer My God and my all! An indulgence of 20 days, granted to the faithful as often as they recite this ejaculation.

...The HOME CIRCLE

A GROWN-UP SISTER. A grown-up sister's good to have. When I come home from school, We take our books out on the porch, To learn the last new rule, And when our lessons all are learned, We to the garden hie, To watch the ant, the bee, the bird, And painted butterfly.

THE BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD. In a page of the Brooklyn Eagle, entitled "The Scriptures Expounded by Well-Known Clergymen," we find the appended "Tributes to Mary," by the Rev. P. C. O'Reilly.

"Her love for her Son, her deep interest in all that concerned Him, none can tell into doubt. And since her Son so loved man that he laid down His life for him, can we hesitate for a moment to believe or suppose Mary indifferent to this work of salvation? An ordinary good Christian or a saint, say, is never found without charity for his fellow man. The very word saint or holy implies charity, and it would be a contradiction to suppose a saint without this principal virtue. To be a saint, then, we must love our fellow man next to our God, and as that love for our Supreme Master increases, so also increases our love for all mankind, until like a Vincent de Paul or a St. John of Matha, a St. Francis Xavier or a St. John of the Cross, we would kneel and lick the putrid sores of the ailing to lighten their passing sorrows, for in these countenances is seen the image of Him who created us all in His own likeness.

heart when Simeon gave his prophecy. It was in truth a sword of sorrow and a dagger of poignant grief that would accompany her through life, and whose bitter cut would never heal until she closed her mortal eyes in death and the curtain of life drawn back forever. She had to taste the cup of woe reserved for the widow without means for her orphan. She had to bear the grief of a mother whose only child is consigned to a public death of shame and torment by public authority. In fine, there is no want, no agony, no grief, no disgrace, incidental to human misery, which this singularly holy and most elevated of all creatures has not to endure, and in a manner so intense that it surpassed in an eminent degree the accumulation of all human woe. If, then, it surpasses our powers of calculation to reach the extent of merit obtained by Mary in a single year before she became the mother of God, when she was only the 'vessel of election,' destined for so great a dignity, what can we say of a single day's merit after she became God's mother? What can we even imagine of such a merit elevated by intense human suffering and endured without a shadow of imperfection for the sake of God alone! Every moment extended that merit far beyond human conception. Every dignity sinks into insignificance in comparison with Mary's. Every created being must bow in humble recognition to her elevated supremacy. And this daughter of fallen Eve, of the sinner David, of the sinner Ruth, of the sinner Thamar, of sinners in every generation rises before us, pure and immaculate, queen of all angels and archangels, superior to principalities and powers, above the cherubim and seraphim, our model of humility, our exemplar of charity, our Mother of the Great and living God.

dustrious woman putting leaven into three measures of meal, carefully sweeping the floor to recover something lost and economically mending an old garment. And when Jesus seeks a comparison to recommend the purity of heart, He draws it from the resemblance of her who cleans 'both the inside and outside of the cup.' And we suspect that this thought is of Mary when He praises the offering of the widow 'who gives not of her abundance, but of her indigence'.

"Do we realize the inheritance left us by a crucified God? The bounty that we have reaped from a Calvary and the eternal glory that awaits the faithful servant? These two thoughts so diametrically opposed and yet so characteristic of humanity, are subjects for our life's meditation. Adam sinned and by that sin lost heaven. Christ died, and by that death reopened the gates of Paradise. The loss of the human race was begun in Eve and consummated in Mary. In Mary commenced our deliverance, and in Jesus it was completed. There is also a new tree, which is the Cross, and the fruit of that tree is your crucified God. The first tree caused death, the last tree life eternal. All the evil was washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and all our hopes maybe centred on that dear Savior for salvation. The sorrows of Jesus were in truth the sorrows of Mary, and so heartrending was the scene at that terrible crucifixion that the daughters of Jerusalem compassionately called her 'poor mother'.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so. If we desire our prayers should be heard, our actions must be suitable to our petitions, we must exert ourselves both before and after prayer in rendering ourselves worthy of the favor we ask.

Loretto Convent Niagara Falls. Niagara Falls, June 25. Within sight and sound of the mighty cataract and on the afternoon of Thursday—an ideal June day—picturesque old Loretto Convent presented a scene that was beautiful in the extreme and one that will long remain fresh and green in the memory of those fortunate enough to be present as well as the young ladies who so creditably furnished the entertainment for the occasion. It was a closing day and the pupils were all animation, from the little tots right up to the young ladies who are radiant in the blush and beauty of budding womanhood. It was a day filled with joys and sorrows to those who are leaving the portals of their alma mater for the last time as pupils to now assume the more serious duties which life's battle presents to us all. It was joyful, because the goal for which they had striven so hard—an education, well-rounded and which is absolutely essential to the women of to-day—had been reached with honors. The sorrowful side which presented itself was the fact that that sweetly-said word "goodbye" was to be spoken to their companions in study and the ladies who had striven so conscientiously to fit them for whatever the future might have in store. The closing exercises were conducted in the spacious and well-appointed assembly-room before a goodly com-

pany of reverend gentlemen, relatives and friends of the graduating class. The ladies of that class who thus bid farewell to school days—the happiest of their lives—with all the pleasant associations connected therewith, are as follows: Miss Gertrude Madden, Lockport, N.Y.; Miss Bernice Golden, Bangor, Me.; Miss Catherine Hughes, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss Gertrude Hefferan, Erie, Pa.; Miss Edythe Quinn, Straight, Pa.; Miss Irene Ducey, New York City; Miss Josephine Foster, ... The list of prizes won by the many pupils in attendance is a long one. Music and good music, both instrumental and vocal, was to be expected at such a gathering and the expectation was realized to a degree. The sentiment expressed in the vocal poem 'Heigho for Merry June! All the earth is now atone! The flow'rets don their best attire, And set the meadows all aglow, With red and gold and white and blue, And blossoms of every hue was beautifully exemplified in the music. The piano solo 'To Spring was a pretty selection and was beautifully executed by Miss Hefferan, as was also the solo parts in the ballad by the same young lady. The semi-chorus, 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon,' and the waltz Rondo, were both grand productions, excellently executed and the swing and rhythm so perfectly blended that they carried the audience right with the spirit of the selections. The main feature of the afternoon's entertainment, however, was the presentation of a five-act dramatic sketch 'Diana or Christ.' It is a story of the time when Rome as a nation was at the height of her power and glory. The tale deals with the religious conditions which prevailed at that time. The Grecians with all their learning bowed the knee to the goddess Diana while the Romans looked to Christ, the meek and lowly Nazarene, for guidance and comfort. Virgilia, a beautiful and accomplished daughter of Rome, was wooed and won by Aegisthus, a talented Athenian, while on a special commission to Rome. She is taken back to the home of her husband but remains true to her Roman principles till the great festival of Diana is held and Aegisthus calls upon his queenly power of Italy to pay homage to the Grecian goddess. She did her husband's bidding and in doing so committed a deed that she regretted ever after, vowing then and there that no child of hers should ever touch that strange unhallowed censer. Virgilia flees with her young daughter, Electra, and leaves her first-born, Atho, with his father. The story, which is full of dramatic situations and teplete with stirring scenes and speeches, runs along till by a strange, unnatural and sorrowful coincidence, Aegisthus in carrying out the decree of the Ephesians is called upon to condemn his own daughter, Electra, to death because she refuses to bow to Diana and remains true to the lowly Christ. Such a devotion to principle and faith was a revelation to the Grecians and the voice in the air which said at the death of Electra, 'Lost! lost! forever lost! What have I done to thee O Gallian, that Thou shouldst torture me thus?'

The high priest 'It was Diana's Let the festal rites give place to mourning—for her sway departs with Ephesus. The Oracle hath writ—'when in the hour of death, a victory is given to virgin innocence—that day Diana's reign is ended—and the Christ—the Nazarene hath conquered.'

What One of Canada's Leading Business Houses Thinks of Our Paper. Toronto, March 3, 1962. The Catholic Register Co., City: We have been using the columns of the Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory. The constituency reached by The Register is an important one, and we know of no other medium so well situated in this respect as The Register. Yours truly, CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. J. J. Seitz, Gen. Mgr.

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