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Late repentance is seldom true,

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Jacques Coeur. By M. Cordellier Delanoue. (In all the dramatic and stormy scenes in French History during the 15th Century, there is so more striking figure than that of Jacques Coeur, whose wonder-ful career fills so large a chapter in the history of Charles VIII's reign, 252 pages.

but true repentance is never

late.-R. Venning.

of his tenure to a place as server at St. Aidan's; for though she knew that he was all right at heart and had, as she believed, a real vocation, there was no telling what moment he would break forth into some freak the long-distance call.' or deviltry that would argue the want, to some the impossibility, of over his banter, and murmured :

any seriousness in his character. As Mrs. McMullen approached the bouse she heard the children scream off with complete instructions as to rear of the woodshed. You won't kill us, Mickey," was the terrified cry, and a prompt "Just watch me," was the heartless answer. Quickening her steps, Mrs. Mc-Mullen got behind the house seemingly just in time to prevent what might be a horrible slaughter. Tied down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone together to the back door-step lay who was also little Jimmie and Kittie Malone, saw her fall. their eyes protruding in horror, while Mickey, brandishing a hatchet and a Mullen has got her third stroke. saw as he did a war dance, his face streaked and blotched with green and yellow paint preparatory to opened her eyes, "and my boy." and yellow paint preparatory to executing his wrath on the children of the paleface. As Mrs. McMullen appeared a war-whoop ended in a

gasp of astonishment. 'Michael Paul McMullen-what in the name of Heaven are you up to ?" demanded the disheartened mother with tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Nothing, ma," confessed the perspiring, though composed, aborigine, "only showing the kids what it is not to have Christian parents what don't Ten minutes after love you and-" the Malone children were safe on their own side of the fence, Mrs. "yellocu-Malone knew from lusty tion" in the wood-shed that one child of Christian parents was experiencing the strength of his mother's affection.

During the remainder of Lent a wonderful change came over Mickey; whether his mother's talk had made him realize the high expectations clinking censer swinging before him she cherished for him or whether the with pendulum-like regularity. argument, it is hard to say,-perhaps both made deep impressions on the admiration of half the boys in the admiration of half the boys in the vestry.

The last bell began to ring and received a slight stroke of Father Hugh came in to vest. Withparalysis, the second one, a week after the incident related above. At any rate, his conduct at school got to be remarkably good, and as he never missed a practise for the Willie servers, even Father O'Rourke began inch. never missed to think there might perhaps be nething in him.

By Holy Saturday Mickey had got front his part down fine. There was to be a Solemn High Mass at St. Aidan's on Easter Sunday; true, there would be only one priest, but the impossibility of securing the other ministers didn't bother Father O'Rourke,—if he couldn't have a deacon and a subdeacon, well, it spared him the agony of instructing a master of ceremonies for the occasion. It seemed, more over, from the amount of time and attention he lavished on Mickey (with the new censer!) that he expected to fill up with incense otherwise be in the Easter ceremon-

Mickey was now an adept in his swing the censer to a perilous arc could swing it for twenty minutes without striking the floor once. Nor was all the glory of these achieve Night after night his mother put from weariness; and now Mrs. McMullen's crowning usefulness and
delight was in mending and pressing
dim eyes turned from her boy to the

were equally mind to the facts of the
resurrection. In Christian art the
synagogue is represented by a figure
that is blindfolded, by a figure that is from weariness; and now Mrs. Mcslightly frayed cassock that priest and back again. Mickey was to wear and in "doing" historic practice at St. Aidan's for the boys who were going to serve at Easter to take home the surplices week before and have them washed and ironed. No boy in the demand of the thurife sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was kneels at the Elevation. sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was resolved, should look neater than

Easter Sunday opened fresh and pure on the world like a goldentongued lily, and Mickey thought as the stood beside the wash-basin in the morning that never before had he lined face as her eyes opened for the the morning that never before had he seen the sun dance so splendidly on the wall.

"Hurry up now, or the eggs'll be cold," called his mother; "if you're late for that Mass this morning-

"There's about two hours yet," yawned Mickey, though he moved about with an eagerness and enthusiasm his voice did not betray. His Sunday clothes had been pressed by Mrs. McMullen till they glittered like an armor, and Mickey had exhausted himself the night before putting a shine on his rather wellworn and stubby shoes.

"Mother, I'll never be Pope," he remarked as he fastened his father's large linked watch-chain in his waist coat and surveyed himself in the glass. "I don't think my eyes could stand the sparkle of the pictorial

"Go along now, you and your hierarchal brag," called out his mother from the rattling dish-pan in the pantry, "and get that part straight in your hair."

At halt past nine, after the most careful attention on the part of Mrs. McMullen and untold agony on her son's, Mickey stood forth as handne, as perfect generally, as nature and art and his mother could make

You'll do," exclaimed Mrs. Mc-Mullen at last, with a sob of happiness, and then, ruining in a mome the effects of half an hour's sedularound Mickey and gathered him to in both the life of this world and the her heart in the true mother way.

moment's shading of doubt in his mother's eyes, "you'll see me wearin' the two story hat yet hafare I are the most widely spread and they have the largest number of followers:

Mrs. McMullen smiled absently Your father would be a proud man off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. minutes she had locked the house and walked to the gate, when she stopped, put her hand to her head for a moment and then sank heavily who was also on her way to church,

"God save us, John," she cried to feet was the redoubtable her husband, "come quick, Mrs. Mc-

The sacristy at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with corked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

'It's great," whispered the "head" "candles by the hundreds. acolyte "and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

A dozen boys in stiff, rustling surplices, their faces wearing a waxy shine and crowned with hair that in most cases seemed with difficulty persuaded to lie a certain way, were moving about trying hard to look unconcerned. One alone was disturbed; aloof, in dignity removed as were, wearing the thurifer's violet, his surplice snowier than all the surplices, the part still straight in his hair, stood Mickey, his face as blank as the face of a clock, the branch was the stronger to one side he stood, in office at least filled, that the promised One of Israel

> the organist was insinuating a Vidi Aquam which Father O'Rourke of and indifferent to the wonderful caught up and practiced sotto voce.
> "Are they all in?" Squint-eyed Willie Blake opened the do "Yes, Father," was his judgment after a minute. 'Line up, boys; thurifer, to the

hesitatingly into the sacristy, "Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants the priest at once.'

Dying!" O'Rourke. My mother!" gasped Mickey,

exclaimed Father

turning as white as his surplice. "The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime let ye say the prayers for the dying for Mrs. McMullen.

Stopping only to take off his cope, hatever rubrical voids there might Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacristy door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as peculiar line of service; he could though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, without upsetting its contents; he ready for the procession. In a few

woman's bedside.
"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. ments to be given to Father Hugh's McMullen as she opened her eyes patience or Mickey's own exertion. and saw that Christ and His ministers were under the roof, "it's me Night after night his mother put him through his paces, made him swing a pail of water, hung from a string, till Mickey's arms ached string, till Mickey's arms ached speed string.

'Kneel, Michael," whispered Father

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes but almost automatically his arms brought the censer up as the rubrics demand of the thurifer when he

The odor of the fresh budding things full of new life came through the open door and the incense rode out the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquisite peace last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of them before.

'You'll get the ring, asthore," she murmured dreamily and slept in

"There was no "Solemn High" Mass at St. Aidan's that Easter, but will be one there tomorrow, and "Mickey" will officiate, wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "twostory" hat.

ANOTHER PROTESTANT TRIBUTE

Sir Robert Hart, a Protestant writer, says of our apostles in China: "The Roman Catholic missionaries have done a great work both in spreading the knowledge of one God and one Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other, and they are second to none in zeal and seifsacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangement is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is perfect unity in teaching and practice and ous labor she threw both arms practical sympathy with their people

"That's all right, ma," spoke Roman Catholics were the first in

deserve the nick-name of 'Rice-Christians' is proved by the religious zeal of the well-instructed neophytes their moral conduct, their fidelity during the times of persecution, the large number of daily communicants, and by the substantial help they contribute according to their means toward the building of churches, schools and hospitals."—St. Paul

EASTER REFLECTIONS

Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Some years ago there was exhibited in Chicago a panoramic picture of the Passion. It was truthful, artistic and devotional. From a vantage point the visitor saw beneath him rocks and roads and battlements, nor could the eye distinguish where the artificial stones and trees, and thorny shrubbery gave way to or were inter-mingled with the work of the painter's brush. The perspective was perfect; the conception grand; the subject sublime. Facing the city of Jerusalem with its dark and forbidding walls one saw to the left the hill of Calvary, the three crosses, the small group of devout followers, the scoffing and triumphant priests and pharisees, the Roman soldiers.

But to the right and rear as far as the eye could reach were groups of men and tents and camels. What were the actions of this great crowd of people? What were their thoughts? Were they making any effort to draw near to Calvary were they conscious that the great est event of history was transpiring before their eyes, that their redemp tion was being wrought? Little dreamed they that the prophecies of the Old Testament were being ful the envy, if not in native appearance was there before them, that they part of the populace were ignorant tragedy that was being enacted.

As it was then, so it is today. By far the greater number of men are ignorant of the facts of the Passion. of the suffering and death of Christ

for the sins of the world. The Jews who cared nothing for 'Please, Father," Mr. Malone broke | Christ's death, cared nothing for His resurrection. As His passion had brought no sorrows, His resurrection brought no joys. So it was with the world then, so it is today. Only those who know the real joys of who have sorrowed with Christ during His passion; and these are few when compared with the indifferent, thoughtless multitude. As on that eventful Friday afternoon men within view of Calvary were as ignorant and indifferent as the very camels loitering around the tents, so today thousands and tens of thousands are as unconscious of the Christ as mute beasts of burden. Strange apathy of the world then; strange apathy of the world today

What was there in the lives of those who camped at the very foot of minutes they were at the dying Calvary that they should know woman's bedside. heights? What was there in the lives of those of the very city that blinded them to the realities of the accomplishment of the prophecies in the mystery of the death of Christ. his surplice; for it was the oric practice at St. Aidan's for woman with the Bread of Life.

Kneel, Michael, Wansperton of Life Hystery of the Mystery of th eneath the sacred wound to catch the life giving blood of the Divine

> Are you of the vast crowd of the indifferent? When the bell for Lenten services rang did you close your ears to its sound and summons? When others knelt to kiss the crucifix on Good riday, were you among the sorrowing friends of Jesus? you like the thoughtless visitors to Jerusalem who camped beneath the foot of Calvary and did not know that they had but to lift their eyes death, her Mickey in the violet and see the loving Victim of the sins cassock and the cloudy white lace of the world? If such was your surplice, his eyes in tears more attitude during Lent and Holy Week, the true joys of the resurrection will not be yours. You have not wept with Christ and with Him you will not rejoice; you have not suffered with Jesus and with Him you will not partake of the glories of the resurrection! Easter could have but little meaning to those who have not sorrowed on Good Friday.

The real enemies of Christ were few, but they thought that their victory was complete. Had they not stood beneath the cross and watched Christ expire in the most terrible agony? Had they not heard His fruitless cry for help? Had they not seen the lifeless Body taken from the gibbet? Was not that lifeless Form guarded by the soldiers of the law a Was not this triumph complete True, there had been strange events! The sky had been darkened, the veil of the temple had been rent, and the graves had given up their dead. Strange things, these happenings But all was over now, and Christ's

enemies were triumphant. As it was said of Christ so has it been said of His Church. Time and again have those who were wise in their foolishness predicted the end of the Church of Christ. They have granted that it accomplished great things in its long and checkered his-

pass away and be forgotten with the other institutions of the past. While they yet hope and prophesy, the Church comes forth from obscurity and persecution even as its Founder rose in splendor and glory on that

first Easter morning.
Oh! fearful, timid soul, learn from this a lesson. When into your life comes a shadow, when some sorrow or cross or temptation or disappointment is yours, remember the tempor ary victory of Christ's enemies, the three days in the silent tomb, the trials of the saints, the persecution of the Church; but above all remember the glories, the joys of the resurrec-

Let us turn for a moment's con-sideration to the friends of Christ Few remained faithful during the trying hours of the passion, and few participated in the joys of the resurrection. It will never be given to us weaker mortals to understand those supernatural joys of Christ's Mother on that first Easter morning! And yet from our own experience we can form some idea of her greater participation in these heavenly delights. That glorious glorified body of Christ, which is to be the delight of saints through an eternity, appeared to Mary on the first Easter morning. That visit brought delights that more than compensated for the days of anguish; that vision of rapturous beauty inundated her soul with a heavenly joy; and that presence of her risen Son brought unto her an ecstatic delight and love never before experienced on earth.

But the resurrection and Easter are not things of the past. Their glories and their joys have come down the centuries to us as followers of Christ. Oh! we can never repay Christ sufficiently for calling us to be His chosen followers. not among those who cried for His death; we are not among those who were indifferent; we are His chosen friends. If by our unfaithfulness we have imitated Peter, we like him have repented. We glory in being the friends of Christ, His chosen friends. We have sorrowed with Him in His suffering and we rejoice with Him in His glorious resurrec-

Tell me, Christian soul, would you exchange the supernatural delights of religion for the grosser joys of the world? Would you give the peace of a good conscience for anything that the world could bestow? not Easter brought to you an unspeakable love and quiet and hope and joy that nothing else can give

A short time ago I knelt in the old church where I made my first Communion, where I served as an altar boy. I remember well the feeling that often came over me when, evening services, I extinguished the candles; and as one by one they went out and left the church in a mystic twilight, I felt a peace a joy down in my soul that the world could never give.

If our thoughts are upon the feasts of the Church, if as these feasts come we prepare for them, if we are in sympathy with the spirit of the feasts, they must bring a reciprocal reward to us.

The special spirit and reward of Easter is hope in our own resurrection, the time when our bodies will rise clothed in immortality and resplendent like the glorified body of Christ. May Easter be to you a time supernatural flowers, its music, its peace, its joyall are but the faintest shadows of the final, glorious resurrection .-Chicago New World

THE RESURRECTION

O Risen Lord, in shining whiteness O Glorious Christ! Thy countenance

of light Dawns like a gleam of hope from doubt of night, And with its radiance all the world is glad.

What now can cause Thy people to be sad? Their King has forced death's gates. The withering blight

Of sin is checked. No more wrong stifles right, with satanic sneer commands what grace forbade.

Rabboni, through Thy victory, faith is strong; My Lord in conquering death has

conquered me.
To whom but to a God could power belong To live in death? Could frail mor-

tality Bring light from darkness? Raise then faith's song, Hail, Mighty God, Strong God, from

bondage free! -J. T. McGrory, S. J

ROMANTIC SCOTCH CONVERSIONS

It were much to be wished (writes convert) that someone thoroughly intimate with the facts of the cas and none could do it better than some one of the clergy who were among his intimate friends—should write a narrative of the romantic circumstances of the conversion of the late Lord Ralph Kerr and of his brother, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr,

still happily with us.

The story of how his mother, the Marchioness of Lothian, herself a convert planned the withdrawal of her two boys from the guardianship of a Protestant tutor, and under cover of night drove them away in a carriage from Newbattle, and secured their upbringing in the Catholic Faith would make quite a thrilling narrapreparation for eternity. The tory. But now, say they, it is to would make quite a turning narra-

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late Marchioness of Queensbury, who and has long been an invalid, the to secure that her children should be title and estates fall to the family of rescued from Protestant influence and Lord Ralph Kerr.—Glasgow Observer. training actually engineered and carried out a flight to France, where her two sons (one of whom is now Canon Lord Archibald Douglas of Girvan) and a daughter were educated as Catholics-a bold stroke which, as some of the ancients among us will remember, almost led to a diploquarrel between the French and British Governments. The bigotry and bitterness prevailing at that time rendered such drastic measures necessary to save the souls of the young. It is worth recalling that, failing a direct heir to the present

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Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness suffering rests with yourself .-Marquis of Lothian, who is unmarried | G. S. Merriam.

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some years ago. My, Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years

me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto. and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought by Have you been in Toronto lately?

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Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER H USE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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