

for in the parish of Ste Anne as the best of Fathers. His Grace Archbishop Begin officiated at the funeral with visible emotion; the priests and the faithful who attended the mournful ceremony in great numbers were divided between regret for such a loss and admiration for so beautiful a life. The happy jubilate was no doubt already free from purgatory and invited to celebrate in heaven the anniversary of the date when he gave himself up completely to the good Master who has promised a hundred fold harvest and life everlasting to him who abandons for him his fields, his brothers, his sisters and all his goods.

P. WITTEBOLLE, C. SS. R.

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### Pin-Pricks of life

It is not always the real trials and weighty afflictions of life that wear out women, but rather the small wories, the little pin-pricks, so to speak, that are the great foes to peace in our households. Human nature being very imperfect, a great many good intentions relating to trivial matters are so misunderstood and become so mixed that more trouble is caused than they were meant to create in the beginning. For, unfortunately, things will not go right simply for the wishing, nor, indeed, always for the trying. Says one writer, « Grave anxieties add to our wrinkles: keen sorrows drive nails into our coffins; but it is the trifles, seemingly insignificant, that darken our days. »

These slight annoyances are always personal, and usually confined to domestic matters; the misdeeds of servants, the shortcomings of the children, the failure of the breakfast, the delay of the dinner, the spoiling of the cake in baking, are all trials of patience; while the arrival of unexpected company, the having to give up a pleasant walk or an anticipated night at the theat, the destruction of our best china by a careless servant, the loss of our pet dog, the killing by an early frost of our favorite rose, are all bothers, which, while they seem small, serve to annoy us beyond the point of endurance. Yet all these happenings come into the daily lives of most of us, and we must expect them to break into our felicity and leave their marks behind. Much, however, after all, depends upon ourselves as to know how these pin-pricks affect us. With the wiser of us they are only passing moments, and through the mist of present disappointments hope shines and what at first seemed to be irreparable can nearly always be remedied. Honor to the brave women who have schooled themselves to *bear patiently* the petty worries of life, for to such in the end will come the power to meet the larger catastrophes and sterner realities with strength and courage.—

ELIZA R. PARKER.