Peast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Rejoice, O ye Spirits and Angels on high! This day the pure Mother of

By death was set cending the sky, Was welcomed by Jesus, triumph and joy, To the Courts of His Glory

above. O Virgin divine! what treasure are thine!

What power and splendor un-

With flesh thou hadst clothed the Lord of all might: He clothes Thee in turn with His And one pure Maid, in meek infinite light, And a vesture of radiant gold.

He, who on thy breast found nurture and rest, Is now thy ineffable Food And He, Who from Thee in flesh lay conceal'd,

Now gives thee, beholding Hi glory reveal'd, To drink from the fulness of

Through thy Virginal womb what graces have come! What glories encompas thy

Where next to thy Son, thou sittest a Queen, Exalted on high, above Angels and men!

Inferior to Godhead alone Then hear us, we pray, on this blessed Day;

Remember we also are thine; And deign for thy children with Jesus to plead That He may forgive us, and

grant us in need His strength and protection

chose for His Son her womb;

Her glory it was to conceive! -From the Roman Breviary. Translated by Fr. Caswell.

The Going Up of The

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

A dazzling fleece of wind-blown

Rising from out a rose sapphire sea!

Past virgin moon and silent, sparkling star, Life's fetter'd dove set fre glad release,

With outstretched arms, our Lady floats afar, Crowning the August night with radiant peace!

Below, an open tomb with lilies Where Love will, later, seek vanish'd corse

Above, the walls of glitt'ring jasper stone. The Gates of pearl-each one a splendor-source

When glows the Vision of the Mighty Three, court sublime;

Anna and Joachim-grave Zachprime

Of heav'nly beauty; and Of Holy Innocents, with gar-

lands red, Circling the martyred Stephenor with lyre Of dulcet tones (blest Gabrie

at their head) Thronging the wake of Joseph Mary's spouse, With thro' their midst his Bride

fevered brow, and with a cry of at last, doth bring, glorious "House Not 'made with hands," wher Christ her Son is King

O happy hour! when all sorrow ends,

Itching Skin Distress by day and nightwith Eczema or Salt Rheum-and out Lothan, kissing the cooled, unfevward applications do not cure.

blood-make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will "I was taken with an iconing on inj arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was sait rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mas. IDA E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rapturous feast! when our Is lifted up to reign beyond the

Is sovereign crown'd of earth and paradise!

LOTHAN, THE LEPER.

A tale of the halowed time when the God-Man went about the Holy Land doing good

(Continued from last wee.)

You have called Me Master ow, Lothan, believe the Master In an instant He had turned and, leaving Lothan astonished at His words, walked away through the fields below and out upon the

vords kept ringing in Lothan's ears as he watched Him cross the upon the city. He could not forget the voice that betrayed such depths of kindly love; those eyes All praise to the Father, Who that seemed to see beyond and far away and read what was in-A Mother, the daughter of Eve; visible; he could not forget those All praise to the glorious Child of words that proclaimed authority and kingship, and through it all All praise to the infinite Spirit by he heard His voice saying, "Loth-

an, believe the Master. Lothan sat down behind the pring. No longer now was the Master in sight, but His words ngered with incessant force. He cried to think and reason, but his thoughts were all upon the Mas-Why had He said, "Believe the Master?" But Lothan could

Dead!" The thought almost craged him. "Why did he bid me to go to her, disregard the law, A golden glory, skyward borne and drown that awful voice within?" But Lothan only looked afar off and shook his head "But did he not call me by hame, with-Majestic form and rapt, uplifted out me telling? Did He not take me by the hand-me, a leper? Did not His heart seem to burn within Him when He spoke the name of mother? And why was His shadow a great, huge cross when he spoke of death? Ah, Master, I dot know, I can not know; but, Master, I believe,

> And Lothan still thought on. A lonely figure slowly crosses the fields, seeks the city walls, and, once within, hurries onward to a little dwelling, where a dim amp burns like a guide for the angel of Death. Lothan has believed; noiselessly he approaches, for people are moving about with-

The little window of the ick-room is ajar, and thrusting aside the vines he looks inside. His mother is breathing her last, There is a neighbor-woman there The wounded King amid His the end has come. Eli, at his mother's side, is flooded with tears, and with childish protestations is forbidding her to die-at Elizabeth—the Baptist in the least till Lothan comes. "Ah Why does he not come?" And the little eyes, turning to the kind old neigbor, see the figure of his

brother at the door: "Lothan Lothan, the words of the Master ringing in his ears, hastens to his mother's side. The awful words, "Unclean!" "Unclean!" are hushed forever, for Lothan has believed. He falls upon his knees. resses his quivering lips to the

SCOTT'S **EMULSIO**

My mother-Eli! Oh, my God, my Master! I believe! See, mother! Eli, I am clean!" And

ered cheeks he loved, cried, "And The source of the trouble is in the thou, too, my mother !"-F. X. Downey, S. J., in Benziger's

The Art of Conversation.

like all else, it changes with the times. Not many generations ago a good conversationalist was simply a good monologist, and those who cherish that ideal often lament the decline of the art of conversation. The day of the brilliant talker, who monopolizes the field, and reduces tity, is indeed past. It is now A rainbow in the sky, customary to give your neighbor So was it when my life began

pet theories. If religion or morals be his theme, he lectures you with ponderous solemnity. Good talkers touch serious themes lightly, although never irreverently,

in that respect.

Long and intricate stories also cast a gloom over conversation, as or example, the life history of ome persons whom no one pre sent knows or cares about. "I knew a woman in Tompkinsville," begins one of these ardent analysts flammation. of character; and then follows a careful description of her appearance, her ancestry, her eculiar ways, her tastes, her virtues, and her limitations. Her ease might have been amusing or motor car does not smell its odor instructive if sketched in a few hillside and stop to look and gaze lively sentences, but before the narrator is done with her the istener is willing that Tompkinsville and all its inhabitants

> There are many other ways in of which are well enough understood; the duty of the listener has not been so often pointed out. Whatever the provocation may be, there is no excuse for inattention or interruption. It is astonishing how little courtesy in his matter is shown by persons therwise well-bred. What if the emand upon the listner's patience severe? Because you are a bore, shall I be a bore? The wandering eve, the inattentive manner, the

plame-worthy, but interrupting is An interruption has an actual hyscial effect, like a sudden heck or stumble in walking. In room, annoying. If your speech or story was of some importance, you are unwilling to have it spoiled, and if it was unimportant, you feel rebuked for triviality or banality. Habitual interrupters will break n upon anything, from a remark of marriage. If any thing or per their wandering attention, they will nudge the person next to them or turn their backs toward

you in bland incivility; if they have a sudden idea, they will nsist on talking you down. A conversation should not be ere battle of words, in which ne of the combatants is driver o the field. It should be a good humored exchange of ideas, carried on with interest and sympathy on both sides, and above all, with inselfish courtesy. This is the onclusion of the whole matter

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other people to admiring nonen- My heart leaps up when I behold a chance, but there are still sin- So is it now I am a man, ners who offend against courtesy So be it when I shall grow old Or let me die!

One of the worst is the talker The child is father to the man who "improves the occasion," and And I could wish my days to be harangues you tirelessly on his Bound each to each by natural

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> Forget-me-nots," answered Brown as he hurriedly left the

Minards Liniment Cures Neu-

She-Sir, you forget yourself He-Possibly; but I can think of myself any old- time. - Simpli-

ord says:-"It affords me much asure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price

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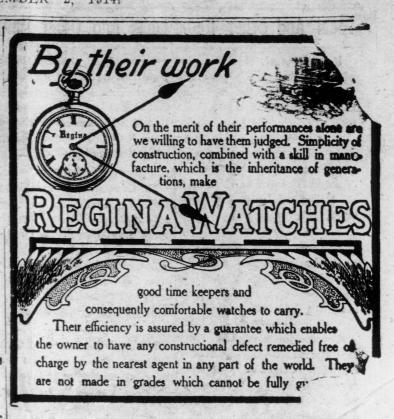
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