Pitied of Angels.

Row David In 1 no. S.J. on 11 M on the S. v. I Hear:

Amid the words of mer.y, failing on th

Mong the gorge na storms of masic in the

mellow organ calter;
"Mong the upward are induced prayer
the rich and selection pearing,
#

-Al zani r smith.

The Church of the Holy Ancole is vast and beautiful. Standing 1.1 a prominent position in one of the largest cuties of the United States, it is known to Catholic travellers as the principle of the Wealthy Irishmon, who, by the first of a Wealthy Irishmon offer to Almophy God a traple not along ther unworthy of Bis worship and trains.

offer to Almoshy God a temple not along ther unwerthy of His worship and graise.

It may very well have been that the founder bad a special devotion to the biessed sprits in whose hemor the biessed sprits in whose hemor the burst is dedicated; at any race, I we flare pean churches contain so many mainted and senfoured if are so these ambassadors of God. Very sweet to look upon are the angels of the Eucharist, carved in stemo on the flare and contained and moving, the sight of the angels of the plater; devout and moving, the sight of the angels of the thintenance and Culvary, bearing the instruments of the Passion; far and beautiful the angels of the Resurection, and the consoling sprins who, on the day of the Ascension, stood by the Apostes on Mount Olivet; perpetual reminders, indeed, of the D. vine Presence that hallows the building of which they are a part, for the head of every angel figure is turned towards the high altar, and its eyes are ever resting upon the tabernacle of God with men.

To some, however, the painted groups, high up above the arches, be-

with men.
To some, however, the painted groups, high up above the arches, below and around the clerestory wind ows, are more beautiful and more moving. From the great organ gallery, the nine choirs of celestial singers are, of course, more plainly seen than from the floor of the nave, and very fitting it is that the chor isters of the Church militant should be confronted with the chorus of the Church triumphant. At intervais, here and there above the spring of an arch, are representations of the Seven Sprints who stand before the throne, and upon these figures a skilled painter has bestowed his most careful art Close to the organ-gallery, and looking immediately down upon the singers, are St Gabriel, the Angel of Baptism, and St. J-hudiel, the Angel of Baptism, and St. J-hudiel, the Angel of Penance. Full of strength and spiritual beauty are these figures of "young men in shiring garments," and if the byercats long and lovingly upon the great Gabriel standing by a flowing fountain, and with the lilies of the Annuciation blooming at his feetestially one will not turn away in terror from the guardian Spirit of Penance. Grave, but very winning is the aspect of St. Jehudiel, and though his left hand holds the ecourge of three black cords, his right offers to the speatstor a shining crown of gold—the eternal reward of those who cleanes their souls in the fountain of the Prelous Blood.

Years ago, a little child, who sat on a low stool close to his father's organ-bench, studied these pictures long and earnestly. For him, at least, the front of the gallery blotted out the interior of the great church below, and only the ground roof and the pictured walls about the elerestory were visible. He was never tired of looking at the angels of the organ loft. Sometimes, indeed, he would fail saleep, but this was only to dream of the angel faces that similed upon him in his slumber. From such viscous him sweetly enough, and once the noble diapason rounded the chilid were wide awake. Rirely did Professor Fryth employ the full po

for long hours together, giving no trouble to his father's elderly house keeper and her one assistant. Every number, however, a powerness came to the justify villa on the out-kerts of the city where the Professor head, and the quekings with which Ambrose featned to read and write was on a new with his read progress in the art.

and the quakars with which Ambrose learned to read and write was on a par with his rapid progress in the art of muse.

Whenever the Professor could is so, he spent his evenings at hema in the coesty of his little son; though it not unfrequently happened that a concert engagement kapt him in the cory until a cate hour, for Mr. I ryth was on accomplished painst—well as organist. However, Sanday was a royal day both for father and son. The Professor had only to attend to its obserted dutes. High Mass and Vespers, and in these Ambrose could be without heart for an analysis of the could be without heart for an extending the country of which the father found it afficult to above.

"When Ambrose gets a little older," and the Prafessor had only a gis." I most south the father found it afficult to above.

"When Ambrose gets a little older," and the Prafessor of the Fathers for reignoss tagt retion. Only a tran. I to others no conditions the great of the mass of the Catechism is the house of the country of the condition of the lines of the Catechism is the thing, 'said the priest, " and habits of very regular prayer. He is a dear little man, I sm sure, and will take in the truths of religion as rapidly as he absorbs every other kind of learning. Only don't put it off too long. Professor. A child's picty is a very beautiful thing, but it is apt to be fameful and sometimes unreal. Poe try, like music, is the gife of God, and a thing to be treasured for the sake of the giver; but it is not religion. And the picty of young chirdren is largely made up of poetry."

"But he is so young at present, Pather—only just turned six. You see he has not yet reached the age of reason."

"Don't be too sure of that," the Rector answered. "From what you cell me, and from what I have seen of him, I think it highly probable that he has rached the age of reason."

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"Don't

interest
"You mustn't say that you hate an
angel, Ambrose; that is downright
naughty."
"But I shall always hate him till—

"But I shall always hate him till—till he throws away his whips,' the child reclaimed with some vehimence.

"But, my dear, the angel is much too kind to hurt you. And then the golden crown—think of having that to keep as your very own!"

"The other man (he meant St. Gabriel), "hasn's got a whip. I like him best, and his flowers are so pretty."

him best, and his flowers are so pretty."

"Well, my darling," answered the father, sorely puzzled how best to answer his childs objection, "at present you have nothing to do with the Angel of Penance. Some day, perhaps, you will love him as much as you love the Angel of Baptism."

II.

"O blessed Music, at thy feet we lie,
Pitied of angels, surely."
—LEIGH HUNT.

II.

"O blessed Music, at thy feet we lis, Pitied of angels, surely."

As Ambrose grow up, a very notice able quaity in him was a great shrinking from everything painful or up pleasant. Yet there was so much apparent piety mingled with this soft ness of disposition, and so much that was winning, even in his wifulness, that the fattier had little anxiety in regard to his darling suture, and was accustomed to think and speak of the boy as a duiding and aff-citionate son.

Of a loving nature Ambrose certainly was; but there were times when the fatter had to acknowledge that his child was both obstinate and disobedient. Yet the Professor shape from the bare idea of ever inflicting the smallest punishment, and was disobedient. Yet the Professor shape from the bare idea of ever inflicting the smallest punishment, and was disobedient. Yet the Professor shape from the bare idea of ever inflicting the smallest punishment, and was disobedient. Yet the Professor shape from the bare idea of ever inflicting the smallest punishment, and was disobedient. Yet the Professor's have discret friends suggested a distant school he was bornfade exceedingly.

"You forget that he is my only child, and that he is not like other boys," said the father one day to a bound the poole in owadays. No doubt it is flattering enough to luman pride to famous possible from the surgerine.

I grant you he is a lad of delicate sonsibilities," answered the plain spoken person, "but really, my dear professor, the world is full of such because of his professor that some thinks, and the professor that the tops of this sort—unless very carefully brought up and enlighced to a was endeaded the professor to make the such an accordance with such a naction, but it is certain that boys of the sort—unless very carefully brought up and enlighced to a was described to the professor to make the order to the professor to make the order to the professor to make the order to the professor to make the professor to make the order to the professor to make the order to the

discussing Ambrosa with his own Spiritual Father, the Rector of the H dy Angels. The priest listened very patiently and attentively to the Professor's long panegyric of his son, and then—to the musician sationalism ment—proceeded to speak, just as plainly as, if a little mere kindly than, the person whose words we have recorded, of that miserable form of unnanliness and selfishness which is very apt to ac called by the softer name of sensitiveness.

But, my dear Eather Toried the

"But, my dear Father," cried the Professor, "my boys soul is respon-sive to the very faintest touch of-of beauty, or of affection?"

of beauty, or of alre-cton!

"If that be so,' said the priest, lecking very grave, "your son's jour pay through life will be a peritous one, and at is your first duty as a father to put him in the way of receiving all the 'xira graces he will certainly need-and which, mind you, the good God is perf. ettly cady and willing to give him."

The Professor unserstood the priest's meaning only too well. That religious next song said by the former years ago, and warmly seconded by the latter, had come to little or nothing. Under some perfect of the priest's meaning only too well. That religious next sold he was a prior engage ment—the father had nearly always xewed his son from attendance upon what so closely affected the boy's spritual good. Even the First Community of the son had been put off until the boy was nearly ten, and subsequent confessions had been put off until the boy's spritual good. Even the First Communiton was deferred until he was thirteen!

"This good priest does not understand my Ambrose, that is clear,' the Professor said to himself, as, on his way bome, he passed into a confectioner's shop to got the half pound of sweets and other dainties his son had asked him to buy. "Yes, it is evident the coof Father does not understand. What is it the pour other says in Shakespearc's play, 'He talks to me who never had a son.' Yes, yes; that is my possibon, exactly.'

Poor man! Was it possible that he could be forgetful of the obvous fact that his parish priest was the father of a huge family of spiritual children, and that he know immeasurably more of their needs and infinities and temptations, than their own parents could possibly know!

Entering the drawing room of his pretty suburban villa on this particular morning, the Professor found Ambrose lying at full length on the sofal children, sadings, a story-book, a great pile of illustrated papors heaped on the floor beside him.

beside him.
"What I no lessons to-day, Ambrose I' exclaimed the father.

brose 1' exclaimed the father.

"Lessons" the boy-jaculated, with out looking up from his story-brok—
"I should think not, indeed—Say, father, have you got that chocolate and candy?"

"But hasn't Mr. Kerson been here this morning?" the father asked as he handed the boy two or three bulky packages.

"O yes, he came," the boy answered, laughingly, "but I guess he went off again pretty quick. Why I am just tried to death after last night's

oncert."
"Dear me, yes; I was forgetting."
The Professor sighed a little as he
left the room. These public appearances were getting too friquent; he
began to fear the boy would grow up
an ignoramus. However, the father
had so many pupits to see that he
could not stop to argue with bis son.
"My dear I shall not be home till.

regretting his readily accorded per

mission
At three Colock in the morning the youth burst into the house hested and flished with drink, and almost incherent in his rhappolical account of the evening a music and—what had succeeded it.

reeded it. It was heavenly—heavenly," he "It was neaveny—neaveny, ne shouted again and again, but the only celo in the father's heart as he helped the lad to bed was—"Hellish"

shouted again and again, but the only echoin it to father's hierra as he helped the lad to bed was—" Hellish".

On the previous might the Professor had each little or nothing to the excited youth; in the promise he specke gravely, seriously, and a little severely; but to the father's complete dismay Ambrese interrupted him with a torrent of violent language, largely mingled with downight personal atties. The scene was a panful one, it unded by the youth leaving the house in a ragine passion. On the same day he wast fired, and acceptally partially and heart broken father made in offerto nee his sin, and it was only on the last day of the week that the Professor wise a letter to Ambrose, addressing it to the operations. A reply reached him on Sanday morning at the very time the menters of the company were on their way to the rail-way station.

The note was brief, heartless, and callous. The youth accused his father of trying to keep him out of the profession—of wishing to hinder his best prospects. It even hinted at the Professor's jealousy of his son's many successes. It ended with "Farewell forever!"

On that Sunday morning there was no organ musto at the Church of the Angels; yet the poor suffering organ is crept to the church, and, keeling in a remote corner, prayed as he had not prayed for years—pitted of angels, surely!

Puted of angels, sindeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words. Pritied of angels, indeed! But not in the sense of the poet's words.

see their charges oblivious of everything save
"Music which makes giddy the dim brain
Falat with intextection of keep jey,"
pitted for the peril they are in, and
the awful risks they ruu who abuse
one of Gods best gifts, and who
permit that which was intended to
draw down fire from heaven to carry
them to the very brink of heli!
Pitted of angels, in very truth, when
health, life, and the immortal soul
are sacrificed to the requirements of
this too fascinating art!
"Music's eternil power was given
Not to discolve our clay
But draw Promethean fire from heaven"
But draw Promethean fire from heaven"
But draw Promethean fire from heaven"
Slowly, so slowly, passed the weary

But draw Promethean the from heaven.

—New Man.

Slowly, so slowly, passed the weary years for one; for the other, time way, but a perpetual whirlwind of passion and of so-called pleasure.

From the daily papers and the musical journa's the Professor gathered that his son had by degrees won for himself an assured place among the leading players of the time. Almost at the outset of his earcer Ambrose changed his name. He was now known to the great world as Signor Sauni.

known to the great work as Signor.

After a lapse of twelve years the soffering father, though only a little past fifty, was bowed and bent like as man of lour soor years; ye he still attended to his academical duties, and had a fair number of pupils. Several times he bad tried to resign his post as organist, but on each occasion the rector of the Holy Angels succeeded in persuading him to retain it.

"You are the only friend I have left on the earth," the Professor had said to the priest; "I cannot rus counter to your wishes Would that I had listened to you years ago!"

Yet it cost him much to produce that jubilant muse he had one re joiced in, and, often enough, at the close of some function, instead of flooding the huge building with a torrent of massive harmony, he would produce exquisite muse, indeed, but notes "the exceeding mystery of whose loveliness saddened delight."

Nor did the player linger at the organ as he had been wont to do He had become a man of prayer. Before the church was half empty of its worshippers the organist would be kneeling in a dark corner of the gallery, seeking consolation from a never falling source; praying for pardon of the foolish fondness that had wrought euch ruin to his only child, praying for the salvation of his son's soul—at whatever cost.

Late one night he sat in his solitary dining room, rapidly scanning the papers of the day. He had begun to find a melancholy interest in running through the columns of the daily and weekly journals, on the chance of seeing some notice of his son's performances: experiencing a certain and excitament in following Ambrose in his travels from one city to another, and sometimes from the United States to Europe and back again. To night, however, the papers contained nothing that specially interested or concerned him, and he was about to put them saids and retire to his bedroom, when, in the very act of folding a sheet of The New York Herald, his eye was caught by a paragraph that he had overlooked. It was only a late telegram announcing a

ind heart. - S can't Sauint is among the seriously in-jured.

An hear later the Professor was in the mail care going West.

A full month passed away before the Professor returned to his home When he did so he was accompanied by a tall but tottering young man, was had to be assisted out of the cabulationst correct on his father. by a tall but tottering young man, who had to be assisted out of the cab and almost carried into his father's house. The left shewe of Ambrosos coat hung himp and empty, his left arm had been amputated hourly after the acceding. It is had to say if your sorrow preponderated in the father's breast at this strange home coming of his son; it is certain however, that before many montes were over, in the son of both father and son, a subdued gladness was lord if all.

Yet the day came when the penticular production of resilessnesses.

"You control postery keep maker, had been for a sign for resilessnesses."

"You control postery keep maker, had been had sail."

But, my dear child, ighere would

there, father! Ambroso had said.

"But, my dear obdd, ishere would you go and what can you possibly do?"

"I ought to shift for myself. If think. Of course, I can never hold a voun again; will I might, perhaps, give lessons or—or something." He stopped as he saw his father's eyes filling with tears.

"Seed to reveal and he seed to the stopped as he saw his father's eyes filling with tears.

"Surely, surely, my boy, you]will never leave me again !

over leave me again!" "But—I am ashamed to say it ther —I have saved absolutely

father — I have saved absolutely nothing."
"And what of that, my dear lad? You know that I am not a poor man. There is enough for both of usenough also for you when I am gone. No. no. Ambrose! Promise me you will never thuck of leaving me while I live." The father had risen from his obair, and was leaning over his som with an intensity of expression that made the young man grasp the closer's hand and kess it again and agalp.

son with an intensity of expression that made the young man grasp the cloier's hand and kess it again and again.

"My dear, dear father," he cried through his tears, "I am a worthless and despicable wretch, but I am still your—if you will have ne—and God's."

In the eventide of the old organist's fe there was much light and peace. The scourge of the Angel of Penance had fallen heavily indeed upon father and son alike, but, with the heating of their wounds, came joy and happiness to both. Two more loving and devoted men never tried to make each other's life bright and beautiful. In this they could scarcely have failed, fo the well-spring of all their happiness was the mercy and love of a forgetting and forgiving God.

The organ gallery at the Angel's Church became to the Professor and Ambrose a second home; the devote their oblief employment. As time wont on Ambrose found to his delight that the lose of the left arm did not render organ playing impossible, especially now that the mechanical limb, with which he had been provided, was at least available for pushing in a stop, or holding an occasional note. When, therefore, increasing age and teelbeness made the duty a burden to the Professor, Ambrose was held to be fully casable of retaining the appointment. Many of the father pupils, too, were gradually transferred to the son, and thus all anxiety for the latter's future was completely removed.

one staters latters was completely removed. One Sunday aftermoon, after returning home from a great function—the Church of the Holy Ang-ls was keeping its Dedication Festival that day—the Polessor was suting at the piano in his drawing-room, recalling

his heart. Begins Baulini is among the seriously reported.

An hear late the Professor was in the mail cars going West.

Trap of pager, alternate y the king and writing. Suddenly the father cruck a great final chord and left the

cruck a great final chord and left the prano. saying in an undertone. "How patry in the imaio of earth toe mire one thicks of the ravishing harmony of the angels!"

"What are you saying about the angels, faller? "Ambrose asked, putting d.wn his pen.

"Why, my der, I was just thinking the angl. In the church must firtour muse in the church must fir the harmony they themselves produce."

Nywadawa, father, we seem to

produce."
Nowadaya, father, we seem to think in couples, so to say. Just insten to a limit throught that came to me after High Mess, and which I have tried to put in ver.

* Twan on a day when a r h mary-fighted Assach of the transfer of property In this marks on a first of property Of marked products on the field of heaving

Wrie Wist's spirite stored and

al wer !.

It is it, "it is it of picy, spare me more!]

My angle pressure then I quick per-

cetted 1.

Looking on me with love he gently smited:

Gazel movered while far heaven his look received.

Saw time, when safely turning, said—

Proriched.

"Ab!" said the father, smiling through his tears, "that, I fanov, is the sense in which we are "pitted of angels!"

Mr. Laurier on the Position of Canada

London, Jane 15.—The Daily Chronole publishes this morning a long and important interview with Mr. Wilfeld Leurier, the Duninon Premier. Referring to the German and ;—"England must advance or Canada must retreat."

and :--- England must advance or Canada must retreat."

On being shown a despath from Ottawa declaring that Canada had decided not to approach the United States on the subject of reciprosty, sud after glanoing at head-lines in the English pap. rs. such as "Canada's Lesson to the United States," he said that this was not the attitude of the landam Government, and added:-- We are anxious to mintain friendly relations with the United States. We have always desred by friendly co-operation to settle the questions of our trade relations, fisheries, alien labor and international deep water. ways in a comprehensive and statemanike way; but you see, the people of the United States regard themselves as a world in themselves.

The United States Wants Hawali.

London, June 15.—All the afternoon newspapers discuss the H-walian
question and the proposition to annex
tuese islands to the United States.
The Globe says: The question is essentially international, and cannot be
disposed of by the decree of one power alone. Great Britsin and France
are in the same positions towards
Hawaii as the United States.

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suf-fer excruciating agoly after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stom-sch, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system Dr. Parmelee a vigetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such trou-bles. They correct acidity and joen the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dy-pepsia.

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