AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By Christine Faber

CHAPTER LXXIII.

"Rachel knows everything?" said Notner, in a tone of inquiry, replying to what Herndon had told him of his

recent interview.
"Everything; I did not tell her in so many words that Trevor meant me, Terry, Trevor Herndon, nor did I tell her that my millionaire friend was Not-ner, but I think she understood that,

"Then you have not told her that my name of Notner was only assumed, and that my real name is Renton; Rentonng so called to humor a whim of my father, who wanted a place down here called after the family. Ugh! it grates upon my sensibilities—and I don't know but what I shall keep the name of -and I don't

Notner, for the present, anyhow."
"No one will object," said Herndon,
and Notner asked, "How did Rachel receive the story?

With more self-control than I exnected-at the close of it she went im-

mediately to her aunt."
"Her aunt?" that was the thought in Rachel's mind as she opened the door of Miss Burram's private parlor, expecting to go thence to the bedroom. But there, seated in the parlor, was some one Rachel for a minute did not recognize-not till two arms were outstretched to her and a voice hoarse and broken, but filled with love, sorrow and longing, called:
"Rachel! My nico

My niece, my child!" Then Rachel recognized the wrec in the chair; she went forward shud-deringly till the arms were wrapped about her and tears like drops of fire

fell upon her face.

Miss Burram was a wreck, from her white hair in which there was not a single streak of color, to her emaciated limbs which could not yet bear her alone. Her face was full of lines and wrinkles, and her head had a way of drooping forward which was in sad conto her old, haughty manner of holding it. Nothing about her was the same, and to Rachel it seemed as if same, and to Rachel it seemed as it some entirely new and different being had taken Miss Burram's place; it was a very tender, and loving and humble being, however; a being whose love, and tenderness and humility won speedily from Rachel almost the same affec-

tion she had given Tom.
Dr. Burney said Miss Burram would Dr. Burney said Miss Burram would in time entirely recover her old strength. and as a means to that end, he recomand as a means to that end, he recom-mended an ocean voyage. To his sur-prise, his patient agreed with him.

"I have been thinking of it," she said, smiling, "and thinking of asking

you to accompany me; but we shall not undertake it till after the wedding "The we lding!" repeated the doctor,

utterly bewildered. His patient laughed softly:

"You are not as penetrating as my niece, Miss Minturn, is; she divined it before I told her. I am to become Mrs.

An, yes!" said the doctor, smiling also, "I understand now—and when?"
"A month from to-day; immediately, we shall all, including Mr. Notner, and taking with us faithful Jim Hardman, sail for Europe. We shall stay there as long as we choose, leaving Sarah and Mrs. McElvain as caretakers of the house here; Mrs. McElvain's sonhouse here; Mrs. McElvain's son-quite well now, as you know-will live here also during our absence. I am going to have a sociable wedding, Doctor," said continued; 'I am going to invite the whole family of the Geddings, and Miss Fairfax and her uncle, and Mr. Burleigh, my man of business, though since the authorities razed that tenement-house of mine, he has had nothing to do for me; and Mrs. Toussel, and her son who did such good service with his salad when Herrick forced his way here, and Mr. Russell, and Father Hammond, and the day after, we shall an account of it in the papers, giving much mention of my niece, so Rentonville curiosity shall somewhat satisfied. We arranged it all, Terry and I, last evening; so, now, Doctor, you have a month in which to make me well enough to do the honors at my wedding.'

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Miss Burram's wedding! It made such a stir in all Rentonville that it almost capped in importance Russel's election as Supervisor, and Herrick's trial, which had just begun.

Mrs. Gedding could not refuse to ac

cept her invitation, and truth to tell, though she made a little show of keeping up her former objections, she was as anxious to see Miss Burram married. as were the other members of her family.
Rose was wild with delight, being in

receipt of most affectionate and press-ing invitations from Miss Burram and niece to call upon them at once, and Rose having enlisted her father, he broke the news to his wife, adding: "You cannot have any reason for objecting to Rose's visits now, Martha;

Miss Burram has recovered her health. and her Charge, being Miss Burram' own niece, is a very proper young lady for our daughter to associate with. And Mrs. Gedding, thankful that

there was so good an excuse for yieldto her husband, answered Ill" Of course, Harold; Miss Burram's Charge being Miss Burram's own niece. puts a very different face on the mat-

At Miss Burram's wedding, there was no one, not even excepting the bride and groom, who was of such importance as young Toussel. He had been permitted to superintend the making of the salads, and even the serving of them, and when the speech-making was in order, he was made still more happy by being allowed to make a speech in favor of what he considered his lifework. He ended by wishing, as he said, the very best wish he could possibly make, "that Mr. and Mrs. Herndon during all their future life might always be blessed with good salads."

Rachel's happiness was added to by having Mr. Burleigh put into her hand

a letter, and telling her:
"It is from the flowe is from the flower-girl whose

aunt, now Mrs. Herndon, had me make try people for a search for her and for the family of sought her aid to the Rendeys. The letter will tell you the rest

tears come to her eyes; it told her of a comfortable home provided for them and would pause in delight before tuft all ; lucrative work obtained for Rendey. and of a good paying position, suited to her capabilities, obtained for the flower-girl herself—"All done by your aunt, Miss Rachel," the letter stated, "your aunt, to whom I said such awful things. wrote, in a letter to me that Mr Burleigh brought, that she never for got them, and that my dreadful wish for her dead to haunt her, seemed as if for her dead to haunt her, seemed as if it had come to pass, for her dead did haunt her-she could never get away from the look of one who, after wicked curse of mine, strangely died in her presence. I have written to her to forgive me, but you, too, ask her, Miss Rachel, and tell her, if prayers can avail against curses, mine, from my soul, shall go up daily."

Miss Burram, too, had received a let-ter that day. It was from Tudor Gasket, to whom his cousin, finding himself deserted by Mrs. Hubrey, and being unable longer to endure proaches of his conscience, confided everything to Tudor; that confession Tudor wrote in detail to Miss Burram. She gave the letter to Herndon, and he sent a message by cable to the effect that Miss Burram would give herself the pleasure of calling within a fortnight upon the Gaskets in London.

The eve of the wedding was one long to be remembered; the guests did not separate till an hour after midnight and even then husband and wife and Rachel did not separate for some time. "You have an uncle, as well as an said Mrs. Herndon ancle who will be to you all that Tom was, but in your love of him do not forget me—I whom you have rescued from

Below stairs Sarah Sinnot was crying if her heart would break, while McElvain was vainly striving to com-

fort her.
"It isn't that I'm not glad for all the joy that's come to the house, after the sorrow and suffering that's been here, but I'm thinking of the parting to-morrow, — maybe they'll be gone two or three years—all of them — Miss Rachel

But they'll come back," said Mrs. McElvain, McElvain, "and who knows but that being away from you Jim's heart will be made fonder like; so dry your eyes now, Sarah, and be sensible; sure, if you go on that way to-morrow at the ship. we're all going to see them off, you'll grace yourself, Sarah.'

But Sarah restrained herself at the hip until she came to say good-by to Rachel; then her tears burst forth, and Hardman, seeing her grief, drew near to her and whispered: Sarah, don't take on so, and I'll

write you myself every month we're 'Oh, Jim! you're so good; I'll never

ay again you were cut on the bias."

Between Rachel and Rose there were milar promises of correspondence, only theirs was to be weekly instead of monthly.

The visit to the Gaskets in London

resulted in five thousand dollars being placed to Rachel's account to do as she would with it; her wish was to purchase a vessel for John McElvain. His mother had said that was the dream of his life.

Herrick died in prison; his wife survived him but a few days, and before our travelers returned, Miss Fairfax had become Mrs. William Gedding, and Rose was engaged to Russell.

, before our travelers returned, Mrs. Hubrey was seen in Ren husband: she had left him without her in a hotel in New York. She had come all the way from England, urged to do so by her curiosity and her unsatisfied revenge, to learn why her schemes had so signally failed. What she heard er depart quickly, even unto the other side of the Atlantic, and America knew her no more

they did in three years, part of the time being spent by Rachel in study, Notner, or Renton, was the affianced of Miss Burram's Charge. THE END.

THE TRUE ART OF LIFE.

Simplicity, Love of Nature, Freshness of Heart.

Gress error of our time is an æsthet-

ic error. The belief is current that there are things which are necessarily artistic which make you an artist from head to heel as soon as you touch them, and other things which can never be artistic. * * In reality there are some things to which art is applied. The art of life consists in living steadily, withperturbations, in doing honestly t at for which we were born, in doing it

I cannot forget, for example, the singular impression produced upon me, in a corner of the old hospital of Bruges, where Memlinc worked, by a group of beguines scraping carrots and murmurng their prayers the while. I was eaving the place with a band of tourists, my eyes filled with beauty, my heart hunted by the exquisite vision of Memline; these placid women, not one of whom raised her head at so comuplace an event as a stranger passing, ng the love of God with the fulfillment of His laws, well reflected the sentiment of the painter, the living ray of grace. ed to see arond them a glamouru of art.

Take a woman who from an entirely different point of view showed the same nstinct for finding loveliness in common things-the celebrated Madame Ro land, "The drying of her grapes and plums, the garnering of her nuts and apples, the dull preparation of her dried pears, her broods of hens, her lit-ters of rabbits, her frothing lye, the mending of her linen, the ranging of her napery in its lofty presses—all these were objects of her personal, unstinted, unremitting care and gave her pleasure. She was present at the village merrymakings and took her place among the dancers on the green. The country of the house. sister died in the tenement-house; your

miles friends whom the doctor had given up. She ranged the fields on foot and hor It did tell her that which made glad back to collect simples, to enrich her ears come to her eyes; it told her of a herbarium, to complete her collections, of violets bordering the hedgerows bursting with the first buds of spring, or before the ruddy-vine clusters, tremulous in the autumn breeze; for her, everything in meadow and wood had

voices, everything a smile. When a woman has armed herself with this special force of beauty, she has done much. It only remains for her to nourish and propagate it; her life is a permanent work of art; around her an tmosphere is naturally created which all things solicit and give play to our noblest sentiments. Ah! this art is no chimera, no vain or useless thing it is the very nursery of life. Even in a cottage it smiles upon the wayfarer, offering flowers to his view, teaching him the graciousness and the necessity of joy.—R. De Maulde La Claviere.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BUR-DENS.

John Adrian and Dorothy Higgins were commonplace sort of people. John Adrian was a farmer, and his sister Dorothy lived with him and looked after the woman's part of the house and

Their old grandmother was a French Canadian, and must have had a bi-heart and wise head, for through he influence her husband became a Cath olic, and Catholic the family had all been ever since, root and branch.

which belonged to a distant named Robert Le Couvert. Both farms are in New Hampshire and were bought as good bargains. They not only had two miles away One Sunday there was Mass in the

own hall, and all the Catholics for niles round were glad enough to hear Everybody went who could, including several babies, mothers were ready to run if they wailed too much.

The sermon was from the text that

gives the title to our story: "Bear ye one another's burdens." No one lis-John Adrian. Yet all the drive home neither spoke of it. At dinner John Adrian looked up suddenly at his sister and said: "Dorothy, what do you think of the good Father's sermon

"Well, I will tell you, John Adrian. I feel as if I had been travelling a long way and I had just come to a turn in the road. Do you understand how I mean it?" "Why, yes, sister, I do, and you put

it so I can see it clearer'n ever. What do you say to trying it ?" "I suppose you mean doing it—every day, for instance. Let us begin to-mor-

row morning and try it a week and com-pare notes every night."

"Agreed, Dorothy, my good lass, only let us begin now. You were up before 4 o'clock; if you will take a nap I will see everything is spick and span when you come back." Dorothy laughed and walked off with-

out a word, planning meantime how she could lift a burden for him. The next day and the next they both

watched from morning till bed-time, trying with merry hearts to see who ald have the most of this new kind of fun. One evening John Adrian came in and

said he "had been wondering if helping the poor, dumb animals wasn't kind of of the fun. said Dorothy, "I am quite 'Yes.

sure of it, especially if we do it, as the priest said, 'for the glory of God;' and you know St. Francis spoke of his 'little brothers, the birds,' and surely he was

one of the great burden-bearers. The next day John Adrian came in.

king rather cross
'Dorothy,' said he, "those children of Robert's drive me wild. I have been trying our new plan of burden-sharing with them, as with the rest; but they have chased the cows so many times the

while, and then suddenly brightened.
"John Adrian," said she, "I think it is all my fault. Those poor children haven't enough to do, and they are sure to be in mischief till they have. you think there is any way you could go to the village, so as to carry them one way to and from school? If you can, I

will see Robert's wife, and we shall all be relieved. John Adrian thought it out, and the result was that many burdens were

lifted. So things went on; every one was happier than before. Robert's courage

began to rise, and, of course, his wife's Before long they heard Mass would

be said again, and Mrs. Robert "didn't see how they could go — no horse, and the last baby so little," etc.

As usual, Dorothy came to the res-

"Father Boyd said it was sometimes more for the glory of God to stay away from Mass than to go. I wasn't quite sure at the time just what he meant; but now I think I see. I am strong and neither young nor old. I went the last time he was here. You can leave the baby and four of the children with me. Then you and John Adrian and the two older ones can go in the wagon. Robert and Jean and Marie can walk. Then ou can ride back with Robert and the children can change places."
So it was settled, and off they went.

was a great treat to Mrs. Robert, if possible, more than to the children.

They had been gone about half an hour; the baby was asleep, and the other little ones were off somewhere at play, when there came a loud knock at the door.

Now, Dorothy Higgins was a brave woman, and never lost her h knew this was a strange time for anyone to be coming to her house, and she was alone. She also remembered John Adrian had paid \$50 for a fine Jersey cow

"Now," she said to herself, "leave everything with Our Lord, Dorothy, and He will surely protect you, and His Mother will pray for you. O Mother Mary, never was it known that one Mary, never

asked your help in vain!"
The knock was repeated, and Dorothy
opened the door. A man who can be
most easily described by saying he was unmistakable tramp looked her full

in the face and said:
"I should like some breakfast. "No one ever leaves our door hungry, she answered. "I can give you coffee, bread, and cold meat, and you are wel-

Her gentle and fearless manner seemed to puzzle the man; but, like all tramps, he was hungry, and he ate her good things eagerly. When he finished he

oked at her and said:
"You are Miss Higgins and your brother is John Henry Higgins. Yesterday he was paid \$50, and I know where it is, for I followed him home and saw e put it. It is locked up in his where he put it. It is locked up in his desk. If you will get the key I will help myself and go away. If not, I will fix you so you can neither move band nor foot until the folks come home, and that vill be an hour from now. I am armed. and I am not afraid to kill you or little brats if they make an outcry or

Dorothy had heard of murderers and burglars, but it had never entered her mind that they could come into her life. She said to herself: "What this man says is true. We must lose our money; but no doubt, as he is a human being and Christ died for him, I must think of s burdens as if he were my brother. This seemed quite plain to her pure

and honest soul. Yes," she said; "I see exactly how it all is. I am not going to scream or faint or beg for your mercy.
just a man with a soul that lamned unless you change your life. time a murderer, suppose you take my and becom e what your mothe oped you would be when you were a little boy. It would be expecting too much to ask you not to touch my brother's money - my brother's and

will give or lend you the money, so you cannot steal it. I think some day you will pay it back to us, if you can." The astonished, would-be thief looked at her with amazement; then quietly took the key, went to the desk, opened he drawer and put the money in his ocket.

ine, for we own everything together

but I will tell you what I will do. I

He started to go out of the door, but turned back. Dorothy was still standing in front of the fireplace, no longer but with the finest kind of auty, the beauty that shines from a noble soul.

The man took off his hat saying "Madam, you are the first person in many years to give me a word of help and courage. I will not go back on you. I will, as you say, borrow half of this oney, the rest I give back. If you do do not see me or hear from me you may know I am either dead, or so discour aged by not getting work, that I've gone to the bad again. But it's my last hance. It's heaven or hell."

In a moment he was gone, and poor Dorothy sat down and had a good cry all by herself. It was like a dreadful dream.

Soon after John Adrian came in happy and hungry. "Sister," said he, "I just met the

ueerest-looking chap—looked like a ery hard-up tramp, and yet he looked like something better. I hope he didn't bother you. You look as if something

Dorothy told him the whole story.
"Well," he said, "it's all right, and you've had a great escape-very cheap

the price."
' John Adrian, I shall always believe that man will come back and pay us.' And he did, but long, long after.

There came a letter one day, and little parcel with a Japanese postmark. The letter contained a check for \$25, and the parcel was a beautiful piece of carved ivory. The letter said: "not rich, but I pay my way, and I have chased the cows as hardly let down their poor beasts can hardly let down their milk, and there isn't an apple left on gins, at whose feet I lay this little offergins, at whose feet I lay this little offergins at the same at the lay the depending the lay the the Porter apple tree."
His sister was quietly thinking for a den I carried, and without her I should never have laid it down. Thanks to God for all His mercies!

"The Tramp Who Came One Sunday Morning."—(Mrs.) H. Washburn Brainard, in Magazine of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

HOW TO DEAL WITH CONVERTS.

A convert gives a little account of Father Schomberg Kerr's method of dealing with converts. It is of so practical and helpful a nature that we think every one, priests or laity—for all of us are now interested, it is to be hoped, in the apostolate to non-Catholies-will find it useful in dealing with thoso not of the faith, while for the newcomer it contains sound advice and solid comfort. The favored person who came under his care—and it is to be remembered that Father Kerr was himself a convert—says:—
"His instructions were so full—the

catechism treated as so important, and so fully explained; life and work in Catholic Church so well and so forcibly described, and that in a way quite his own; the sayings and expressions; the examples of what was done and what was sometimes left undone; little vexa tions, trials, scandals, and such like all gone through. One lesson impressed me, and I have found it helpful. Shortly before my reception he was speaking of things in general, and said:
'Now, of course, you are thinking that everybody and everything is perfection in the Church. Don't run off with the idea. Let your good common sense tell you, when you come across something unexpected or the like: "Don't let it trouble you, some such trials or imperfections must needs be, must be faced and overcome." Pray especially in the Blessed Sacrament and to promote greater devotion to it in the form of frequent Communion. circumstances, and all will be right.'

Every noble life leaves the fibre it woven forever in the work of the world.—Ruskin.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

It is strange that questions are alvays being raised as to the relations of the Church to the study of science when so many prelates, high in authority, have voiced their sentiments in this regard. Among others may be men-tioned the words of Cardinal Gibbons which are unequivocal. 'The Church," he says, "values

science for its own sake. Her mission earth is to glorify God, not only at ner altars and in her ritual solemnities but also by instructing markind that the 'invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, may be clearly en, being understood by the things hat are made—His eternal power also and divinity.' (Rom. 1: 20.) all creatures declare, according to the measure of perfection which they severally possess, the glory of their Creator, in a far higher way must man, God's masterpiece, show forth His wisdom and power. Bearing in his intelligence the image of his Maker, it is by the use Bearing in his intelligence of his intelligence that he must glorif The more highly man's mind i developed the better is our knowledge of the Supreme Mind whence all under standing proceeds. The more thoroughv the secrets of nature are master deeper must be our reverence for whose unfailing design all laws nd all elements are moved to 'one far-ff divine event.' ' Every advance, therefore, of real

science being a new evidence of man's ntelligence and affording a new insight nto the marvels of creation, is a caus of rejoicing for the Church. For whether we study the heavens or uneavel the mysteries of life about us, we are more deeply impressed at every step of our research with the idea of God's wisdom and bounty. This thought, which brings out to every serons mind the true relations between Catholicism and science, has found lognent expression in the pastoral doquent expression in tter of Cardinal Pecci, now happily reigning as Leo XIII, on the Churcand Civilization. To the faithful Perugia he says: 'And will it be urged that the Church is systematically sed, or cold and indifferent, to the dies and researches which yield such precious results, or that she stubbornly sists upon closing the bco'c of nature order that no one may read farther therein? Whosoever gives credit o grotesque shows how little he knows of the flame of zeal that burns in he heart of Christ's spo ise.'
"What was said in 1877 to a single

diocese has since been repeated, emphasis of Pontifical authority, to the whole Church. The measures adopted by Pope Leo for the restoraion of Thomistic philosophy and the promotion of scientific pursuits, are due not to impulsive enthusiasm, but rather to a penetrating, far-sighted prudence. realizes fully the actual needs of We can no longer content ourselves with a what is being done in the various de-partments of science; we must contribute our share of the work. As Monignor De Harlez, in his clear and forcible address to the Catholic asse Malines, in 1891, so well declared: 'It is not enough that we should be au courant in scientific matters, we must be masters of science.' Otherwise our Catholic youth, obliged to seek elsewhere their scientific information, will sensibly come to look on their non-Catholic teachers as the sole represen tatives of progressive knowledge.

then, of Catholics, in this matter, as the same distinguished scholar concludes, is, first, to take the ead in the scientific movement and aid in the promotion of science by original vestigation; second, to keep a watchful eye upon systems and theories that spring up daily, and by prudent critichypothesis from certainty, and established fact from erroneous deduc-

This is the most dignified and, in our day, the only effective form that apologetics can assume. As Catholics, we know of a certainty that no real conflict can arise between the truths of religion and those which science has solidly demonstrated. But this conviction must be brought home to those who are outside of the Church and who judge her rather by what her members do. than by what they write or say, in favor of science. Such critics, if they truly deserve the name, must recognize merit wherever they find it, and at least respect Catholicity, though they may not admit its supernatural claims. Once this respect is compelled by the work of Catholic scientists, apologetics, in the usual sense of the term, will be need-

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

Repeatedly do we hear it urged by ertain individuals that they feel them-elves unworthy to receive the Blessed Eucharist frequently. In consequence they fix for themselves stated periods three, six and twelve months, as if at these times only they are in need or worthy of its reception. Nothing could be more absurd, or contrary to the teaching of the Church. The impres sion created by the argument is one of ignorance rather than overpious zeal.

The Blessed Sacrament is a spiritual nourishment necessary for the life of the soul, just as food is a natural sup port for the life of the body. As the latter is made, preserved and made strong by the ordinary food, so the spiritual life, which is grace, is maintained by the Holy Eucharist. Hence the more frequently we communicate, the more vigorous becomes our spiritual life. This was most aptly illustratnal life. This was most aptly illustrated last Sunday evening in a sermon on the subject by Rev. Father O'Malley, S. J. A better example could not be pointed. He referred to the Eucharistic Congress held in this city last summer and the more than five hundred priests

Here we were furnished the most positive evidence that the sacrament not only fortifies against interior weakness, but also against the external attacks of satan. Our own experience the church after the censers are put teaches us that we cannot long preserve out.—Louis Veuillot.

teaches us that we cannot long preserve ourselves free from sin without it. Bu if an undeniable proof of the efficacy of frequent Communion be desired, it is only necessery to recollect the devotion of the primitive Christians whose names are glorified in the list of martyrs. To these might be added all the

saints honored by the Church.

It is futile, also, to urge unworthiness as an excuse. That is easily remeasured and the control of the contro died; a good confession and hearty con-trition are all that is required. A greater danger of unworthiness is likely to follow from permitting long periods to intervene. We are more likely to purge our souls of sin by man by few visits to the tribunal ance. The priest is the sole our worthiness, nor is he liable to be mistaken. If he decides in our favor that is all sufficient and we need have no fear .- Church Progress.

NOT MADE BY MONKS.

An American Benedictine of Atchion, Kan., Rev. Joseph Sittenb ently set out to find the truth the "liqueur benedictine," whi French Benedictines have been e The result of his investigati masks another plausible falsehood. Writing to Father Sittenbauer from Paris Rev. Louis Charon, O. S. B.

tates:
"The liqueur benedictine has never been manufactured by monks. The secret of making it was discovered by a druggist, who at first started small scale. But as the sale of liquor increased rapidly, he bough ruins of the old Benedictine Abbe Fecamp. He turned this dila structure into a distillery and people are well aware that the monks his liquor benedictine. Intelligent

people have not and never had, any, tenbauer received articles from two cyclopedias on the same subject. mentioning that the liquor is the old monastic buildings at Fecamp

whence it derives its name remarks:
"No bottle is sent out without bearing the seal of the prior, who has no en its form, seems to enjoy the public

In summing up the evidence, Father

Sittenbauer asks:
"How did the slander originate that the French Benedictines derived a yearly profit of seven million francs from the manufacture of this liquor; that Pope Leo compelled them to build the Benedictine University, St. Anmillion francs; that they must co ute two million a year toward its port ? These are inventions pure and The originator is a liar, who lie was circulated just previous to the enactment of the Association Laws, it is not difficult to guess its purpose

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Church Progress.

Of all the beautiful devotions of all the pious practices which the Catholic Church holds out to her children, the devotion to our Lord in the Ble Sacrament is the most exalted. And yet how few seem to realize this preci-ous privilege! Enter any of our Catholic churches, throughout the hours of the weary days, and perhaps you will find one worshipper, maybe an old man or an old woman, with tattered garments, and wearing the years of old age upor their furrowed check, that is for kneeling before that silent taberna pouring out their hearts' and that hidden God Who waits out their hearts' anguish to many a patient hour for some one

to visit Him. Strange to say, we always find time to visit some cherished friend, and the hours that we spend with that loved one, speed with their wings of flight into God's vast eternity, and Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is forgotten.

That I may come, Oh. Hidden God, To tell my every care, And kneel in silence neath Thy love, Thy lonely watch to share.

Who has not felt a longing like this? Who has not felt the heart throb with a celestial peace, when kneeling before God's holy altar? Where is the sou that has not heard the voice of Jesus when perhaps He, too, whispers a little word, and they seem to hear His voice, through these touching words,

"My Shered Heart that throbs for all Has throbbed so oft for thes: Come. leave thy heart with Me, dear one, And find thy rest in Me!"

Most blessed invitation of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! His time is our time, our sorrows His sorrows, our

bys His joys.

If Catholics would but think of this occasionally! The fifteen minutes that we spend with God will never be lost when our career shall end on this earth When death with its great vision shall loom up before us, one unfailing Friend, that same sweet Jesus, will be be near us, to lead us to the beautiful home where all is one eternal feast.

More Converts.

The mission to non-Catholics, given at the Holy Angels church, Chicagachieved splendid results. It laste two weeks, the church being packed nightly with 1,800 people. Over 3,300 confessions were heard and 2,300 copies of Father Searles' Plain Facts for Fair Minds were distributed. The results of the work of Fathers Conway and Younan was 86 converts, 40 of whom have already been prepared for baptism and reception. This is all the remarkable in view of the fact that last year 186 converts were received in the adjoining parish of St. Elizabeth's. Similar missions are to follow in Chicago at St. Charles, Holy Name cathedral and Corpus Christi parishes.

The grave sweetness of meditation rests upon the faces of those painted the church after the censers are put

" BRAINS A Lecture by Henr

APRIL 19,

New Orlea A perfect storm Adams advan Mr. Adams advanthe platform, and appreciation of the Mr. Adams said Every century, more explicit, eve distinct impress

man. Every age is a special messa The glorious ag from us, the ninet distinctive mark say of the ninete witnessed the lar knowledge of the and mental and m There were spl the analysis of I forces in the nine

It is not to be

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