

SIXTH MONTH 30 DAYS			June		THE SACRED HEART	
1904						
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS				
1	W.	r.	S. Eleutherius.			
2	T.	w.	CORPUS CHRISTI.			
3	F.	w.	S. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.			
4	S.	w.	S. Francis Caracciolo.			
Second Sunday after Pentecost						
5	Su.	r.	S. Boniface. Solemnity of the Feast of Corpus Christi at High Mass and at Vespers. Hymn, "Pange [Lingua."			
6	M.	w.	S. Norbert.			
7	T.	w.	S. Augustine of Canterbury.			
8	W.	w.	S. Ferdinand.			
9	T.	w.	Octave of Corpus Christi.			
10	F.	w.	SACRED HEART OF JESUS.			
11	S.	r.	S. Barnabas.			
Third Sunday after Pentecost						
12	Su.	w.	S. Leo III., Pope. Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."			
13	M.	w.	S. Anthony of Padua.			
14	T.	w.	S. Basil.			
15	W.	w.	S. John of St. Facundus.			
16	T.	w.	S. John Francis Regis.			
17	F.	w.	S. Bede the Venerable.			
18	S.	w.	Our Lady Help of Christians.			
Fourth Sunday after Pentecost						
19	Su.	w.	S. Juliana Falconieri. Vesper Hymn, "Deus tuorum [militum."			
20	M.	r.	S. Silverius.			
21	T.	w.	S. Aloysius Gonzaga.			
22	W.	w.	B. Innocent V. Pope.			
23	T.	w.	S. Isidore the Husbandman.			
24	F.	w.	NATIVITY OF S. John Baptist.			
25	S.	r.	S. Gallicanus.			
Fifth Sunday after Pentecost						
26	Su.	r.	SS. John and Paul. Solemnity of S. John Baptist at High Mass and Vespers. Hymn, "Ut queant [laxis."			
27	M.	w.	S. William.			
28	T.	w.	S. Leo. II., Pope.			
29	W.	r.	SS. PETER and PAUL.			
30	T.	r.	Commemoration of S. Paul.			

“THE QUESTION OF LIGHT”

is the subject of a little booklet recently issued by us. Of interest to everyone who wants good lighting. Mailed free on request.

McDonald & Willson, Toronto

"THE QUESTION OF LIGHT"

is the subject of a little booklet recently issued by us. Of interest to everyone who wants good lighting. Mailed free on request.

McDonald & Willson, Toronto

"MULLIGAN" A HUMBLE HERO

Dare Devil Private Barrie of the Irish Brigade

Capt. C. E. Belknap, of the Twenty-first Regiment of Michigan, is contributing to the National Tribune a serial on "The Army of the Cumberland." His latest instalment includes the following reminiscences of Private Barrie of the Irish Brigade, who won the nickname of "Mulligan" because of his splendid valor:

"I often, musing, wander back to days long since gone by. And far-off scenes and long lost forms arise to fancy's eye."

There's "Mulligan" living at the Soldier's Home. The same little red-headed Irishman he was at the battle of Lexington. His name isn't Mulligan, though; that's his nickname and rightly did he come by it.

Mulligan the first was a colonel, and commanded at the siege of Lexington, Mo., and Barrie, this little red-headed Irishman, was a high private in the Irish Brigade.

The regiment had marched nine days before reaching Lexington, living most of the time on the country and then the enemy came up all about the town and had us fenced in without water, except for the scant supply from the village wells and a small creek at the edge of the town between the two hostile lines.

For five days the fight went on and for five nights the picks and shovels were kept busy building up defensive works. Every day the enemy was reinforced by new arrivals, while the little garrison looked in vain for the promised help. Hemmed in on every side, the food gave out, while 16 pieces of artillery and hundreds of men prevented access to the stream of water at the base of the hill.

For five days the fight went on and for five nights the picks and shovels were kept busy building up defensive works. Every day the enemy was reinforced by new arrivals, while the little garrison looked in vain for the promised help. Hemmed in on every side, the food gave out, while 16 pieces of artillery and hundreds of men prevented access to the stream of water at the base of the hill.

Here Barrie's own company did the work, charging down one slope, up another, into the building, killing every Confederate. Then, gathering up their own dead and wounded, they returned to the lines, greeted by the cheers of comrades who had witnessed the gallant deed.

Two hours later the Confederates returned, and were again driven out by the same company. Then the enemy obtained hales of hemp, wet them, and rolled them along before them up the slopes and movable breastworks, and thus were enabled to approach our lines. Hundreds of Confederates lay about the fields dead and wounded, and other hundreds of Federals were put out of the fight.

There was no moan or cry from the wounded, except for water, water, water—oh, but for a drop! With shattered limbs, with blood-stained clothing and pallid faces, the wounded comrades lay on the ground under the scorching sun. There came a hush in the firing; the enemy had charged up the hill and had gone reeling back beyond the creek, the only place where water was to be had.

And then Barrie, the hero of two successful charges, was seen stripping to the waist. Getting two buckets from the gun caisson near by, he sprang over the works and down the hill to the creek. Zip! zip! came minnie balls about his head, and puffs of sand spitefully fled up in his face. All about him, and yet on he went. Finally to the water, where with a dash the two pails were filled. Then back on the hill, not so fast, but at last safely inside the works.

Not till then did the Confederates stop firing, and then began to cheer. It seemed a thousand men in gray sprang into sight with waving hats and shouts of admiration for the man, and behind the lines there were other cheers and blessings from the parched lips of wounded for the water that brought back many a departing life.

The water was for the wounded, and not a drop of it would Barrie take to quench the thirst that was burning the life out of his exhausted body.

That night Col. Mulligan called his chief officers about him for a council of war. The sentiment was of hopelessness. Nearly all advised surrender, but a few bold spirits determined to fight their way out. And the word was passed along the lines that all who wished might try to do it. All others would be surrendered at daylight the next morning.

About 200 decided to fight, and Barrie was in the lot as they formed in line at midnight.

The rumbling of wheels, the noise of moving men and animals all about the besieged garrison plainly told that the enemy were awake as the little band of soldiers quietly went outside the breastworks to form under guidance of a young captain; then quickly the line disappeared in the darkness.

A moment later came a flash, then others, then the cheers of the charging line, and pandemonium had let loose. Into the very midst of the Confederate camp the men had gone. In the rush the touch of elbows was lost, and each man was for himself. Bayonets had been fixed with thrusts and butts clubbed. It became a fight to delight the soul of any true born Irishman.

Barrie's first shot sent down a picket; the next went into the midst of a crowd hurriedly forming; then, with swinging musket, he charged single-handed, felling men right and left until, with nothing but the barrel left, he pounded a head where ever it came into sight. At daylight he was out of Confederate camp, with but a few others like himself, hiding in the jungles by day, marching by night. He was a free man.

And that is how he got the nickname "Mulligan," except on the pay rolls, where he was known as Barrie.

The Sorrowing Mother

(By Katherine Pyle.)

Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said, "My little child, where have you been? I was afraid that you were dead."

Then I awoke; it almost seemed As though my arms could feel him yet.

I had been sobbing in my sleep; My tears had made the pillows wet.

I cannot think of him at all As the bright angel he must be, But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise, Angels—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Toiling here below.

Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy, Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

Last night the air was mild; The moon rose clear, though late, And somehow then it did not seem So very hard to wait.

There seemed so much to learn, So much for me to do, Before my lessons here were done And I was ready, too.

Those may care to doubt who have Their loved ones here below; For me, I do not now believe, I do not hope—I know.

—Harper's Bazar.

Mastery of Self

Mastery of one's work comes through mastery of one's self. Laggard inclinations, cowardly fears, weak haltings in the face of known duty, need the relentless whip of self-mastery. But no man is master of himself who thinks he is his own master. Every indwelling power of mind and body, every burning determination, every urgent demand upon self for service, ought to get its vigor and temper from the command of self which is the utter yielding of self to God's will. Only here is resolution and power for service, and the right control of the whole man.—Sunday-School Times.

Our soul, which the world pretends to divert with its vanities, resembles the child which is consoled by the offer of a rattle in lieu of a star.

MR. JOHN DILLON VISITS ROME

Rome, May 11.—The stay of Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon at Rome is fraught with interest to them. The weather, too, is favorable. Naturally enough, their audience of the Holy Father—yesterday morning stands out as the most memorable event of their time in Rome. They were introduced to His Holiness Pius X. by the Very Rev. Monsignor Murphy, rector of the Irish College. The Holy Father received them with special kindness. Having desired that they should be seated, he entered into conversation with them in a most frank and gracious manner. He acknowledged the devotion that Ireland has ever shown to the Holy See, and he expressed his thorough confidence in the continuance of this devotion. He recognized the difficulties of the conditions under which Ireland has labored, and is laboring still, and he declared the trust he had in its faithful leaders, who were best fitted to judge of the necessities of cases that arose, and to consider the line of action to be taken in circumstances which they alone could adequately appreciate.

The conversation was prolonged, the Holy Father taking a special interest in the personal affairs of Mr. Dillon. At the conclusion of this very satisfactory audience, the Pontiff bestowed his benediction on Mr. and Mrs. Dillon and their family.

On Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Dillon visited the house of the Irish Christian Brothers in Via Firenze, where they were received by the Rev. Brother Costen and Rev. Brother Murphy, and shown over the establishment. The Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare, was also present on this occasion. Here also was the Rev. Father David Fleming, of the Franciscan Order; the Rev. Father Cullen, Secretary of the Bishop of Kildare; the Very Rev. Robert O'Keefe, of the Augustinian Order; the Very Rev. Father Louis Carey, the Very Rev. Father Meehan, O.S.F., Guardian of the Irish Franciscan College of St. Isidore; the Very Rev. Father Baldwin, O.S.F., of St. Isidore; Rev. Father Scannell, one of the priests from the Irish College; and Mr. Hammond, of other laymen.

This morning Mr. and Mrs. Dillon visited the Roman Forum, which had undergone immense changes, since they were last in Rome. Mr. Dillon has memories of it as it was in the last year of the temporal reign of Pope Pius IX., and it is difficult for anyone who knew it then to recognize it now. Within the last five years, since the direction of the excavations in this most historic site was placed in the hands of Commendatore Giacomo Boni, the Forum of the mythical period of Roman history has been revealed to the world of travellers no less than of antiquarians. Signor Boni began to work on a new plan. He went below the surface of pavements, whether of the Middle Ages or even those of the end of the Empire. He broke into walls of doubtful date to investigate what they concealed. Even beneath the polygonal lava pavements that seemed coeval with the Roman Empire he looked for earlier remains. His search has been abundantly successful. What was deemed a construction contemporary with Caesar was found to be comparatively modern. And the very bed-rock that lay beneath the foundations of Roman temples was broken into, and revealed its contents to this keen and patient investigator, showing the tombs that were well-nigh forgotten before Romulus founded his city on the Palatine Hill, and ere the long course of Roman history, such as we know it in the pages of Livy, was yet begun. A strange problem now meets the investigator, and occupies his closest attention, namely: What race occupied the soil before Romulus and his shepherds descended from the hills of Alba to occupy the heights on the banks of the Tiber?

Mr. Dillon was specially interested in the more recent finds, such as the latest of all—the site of the altars that marked the Lacus Curtius where, according to the old and long-discredited story, the young warrior, Curtius, armed and on horseback, leaped into the yawning gulf in the Forum which, according to the oracle, could only be closed by the sacrifice of what was most precious to Rome—and what was more precious to it then than an armed warrior?—and which accordingly closed up. Hard by it is the now excavated huge mass of concrete which constituted the foundation of the colossal equestrian statue of the Emperor Domitian, 72 feet in height. Here one may see to-day the travertine blocks in which were inserted the huge bronze supports for three of the horse's feet—the fourth foot being raised. Here, also, the cornerstone of the monument, with its cover, is to be seen—the vases it contained, and the nugget of gold with the quartz still attached to it, are preserved in a museum in the Forum.

FIVE PER CENT. IN GOLD.

By means of a 5% GOLD BOND POLICY you can secure a guaranteed investment and protect your family in case of your death.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLETS.
POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL APPROVED PLANS.

Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION—HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

W. H. BEATTY, Esq., PRESIDENT.
W. D. MATTHEWS, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT.
FREDERICK WYLD, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT.
W. C. MACDONALD, ATTORNEY.
J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

KARN-WARREN PIPE ORGANS

The following is a copy of a letter we have recently received from Mr. Henry Miles, Warden of the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, Montreal, May 8, 1901.

Messrs. The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in stating for the information of whom it may concern, that the Corporation of the Church of St. James the Apostle accepted the organ (some months ago) your Company installed in that Church and the authorities are perfectly satisfied with your Company's fulfillment of contract. It is an excellent instrument.

(Signed) HENRY MILES.

Warden Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal.

Mr. Miles is well known throughout Ontario and Quebec as President of the Montreal Board of Trade and also a leading wholesale merchant in that city and we appreciate the kindly sentiments he has given expression to in the above letter.

We have facilities for pipe organ production which are unequalled in America and are always pleased to answer inquiries or furnish any information in our power to intending purchasers.

Yours very truly,
THE D. W. KARN CO., Limited,
Woodstock, Ont.

Mr. Hugh Mahon, the new Australian Postmaster-General, is nephew of the Very Rev. Hugh Mahon, formerly P.P. of Portlanning. In 1880 he went to New Ross as reporter for the "Wexford People" and "New Ross Standard." Just then the National party in New Ross had started a printing company, and Mr. Mahon was appointed business manager. He soon began to take an active part in local politics, and in a short time was recognized as one of the most earnest, fearless, and untiring upholders of the principles of the Land League in Wexford County. When in October, 1881, the League was outlawed and pounced upon, Mr. Mahon was amongst Mr. Foster's suspects. He was arrested early on the morning of October 27th, and hurried off to the Naas Jail. The imprisonment told seriously on his health; a lung disease declared itself, and when he was liberated, a few months later, he was warned by his doctor that his life could be saved only by a sea voyage and change of climate. He then resolved to emigrate to Australia, where his ability, industry, and strength of character have raised him to honors which are denied to the patriotic Irishman in his own country.

The Thankful Heart

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clever fingers and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing only, the iron in God's sand is gold.

—(Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

Seed-Thoughts

Trust in God is death to worry. Righteousness is wheat. Wickedness is chaff.

Doing good is the only thing that is worth doing.

The career of evil may be brilliant, but must be brief.

Who digs the trench of iniquity digs his own grave.

One who delights in the Lord will be the Lord's delight.

The mushroom grows in a night and withers in a day.

He who knows the way of the wicked does not envy him.

When my way runs with God's there are not crossroads.

The "little while" of sinful pleasure is not to be compared to the long while of celestial bliss.—Rev. C. C. Woods.

A Good Medicine requires little advertisement. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil gained the good name it now enjoys not through elaborate advertising, but on its merits as a remedy for bodily pains and ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has gone and it is prized at the antipodes as well as at home. Dose small; effect sure.

Moments are little things, yet by their proper use a book can be read, a picture may be painted, a profession may be learned and a life made useful.

No people ever become great which is not thoroughly national and which cannot more easily part with life than with its nationality.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLECONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:

212 King street east.

Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

S. PRICE.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours for ever thankful,

PETER AUSTEN

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.

Yours truly,

GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. SIMPSON.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I am I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am

Yours truly,

(Signed) S. JOHNSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.

Yours sincerely,

JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.

JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,

Yours, etc.,

ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE.

With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., City: