

The QUIET HOUR

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

(Catholic News.) In this quiet evening hour When the twilight shades appear, When the Angel Gabriel's Ave Fills the hearts of men with cheer; Ere the last sweet tones forever Fade away from mortal ear, Come I to Thee, sweetest Jesus, To Thy lowly dwelling here.

Here unto Thy presence holy, Heart of Jesus, bring I Thee All my little cares and troubles, Knowing Thou wilt lift to me. For I have Thy promise sacred, For I hear Thy words so blest— "Come to Me all ye that labor And by burdens are oppressed."

Then to pray for all my loved ones, For the friends so dear to me, And for those who, now unfaithful, Walk in paths afar from Thee. Sweetest Jesus, fast the moments Pass into eternity, "Bless us all" is my petition As I say "Good-night" to Thee. —Atastasia E. Conlon.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"There was a certain rich man who had a steward, and the same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods."—Luke xvi., 1-9. The parable tells of a man who was placed in an office of trust, and was found incompetent. Given a work to do, he was too slothful to do it—given charge of his master's household, he wasted his goods.

And the very practical lesson Christ teaches by it, is this: Our life, here on earth, is a trust; it is an office we hold, and on us alone rests the heavy responsibility of realizing the ends of that office. Our lives are God's many households, and we are the stewards placed over them to look after their goods. We are to use them; and whether it be in a greater or lesser measure, or whether to store them away, or generously to give them out, we must always be controlled by the best interests of the Master.

Now, the goods of each household are the powers of our soul, and are of two kinds—natural and supernatural; things which are demanded by the character of the office, such as honesty, honor, truthfulness, generosity, thriftiness, perseverance, shrewdness, and the various other virtues that go to make up the natural life of man. While in the other class there are powers—such as humility, meekness, faith, hope, charity, and the many other graces which we receive freely from God, and which give us a clearer view of the Master's mind, and makes for a better discharge of affairs throughout.

But it is the part of the faithful steward to pay equal attention to all departments of the household; to neglect one for the better direction of another is to waste the Master's goods. Hence, in the direction of our individual lives, we must put to their proper use, all the powers of our soul—one class of virtues must be developed side by side with the other. But if we examine life a little closely we must see that this duty is not very often fulfilled. It seems a part of man's nature to rush to extremes—seldom do we hold very long to the middle course.

Not infrequently we find men who have been impressed so deeply by the practical side of life that now they will wink at, or even openly reject the whole Christian teaching as incompatible with this workaday, struggling life of ours, and relying on their own resources, their keenness of perception, their strength of will, their natural honesty, they will regard them sufficient, and neglect the supernatural side of man. They will not consider humility, or meekness and similar virtues—such they think are unmanly. They will not go to the sacraments—are careless about attending Mass and seldom say their prayers—all powerful and necessary means for the building up of our spiritual character.

While in the other extreme, and even more absurd, we find those who almost entirely neglect their own powers and look too much to God, not enough to themselves. They go to the sacraments very often; every Sunday without fail, find them at Mass; they are faithful in their prayers, hang a medal or scapular about their neck, are absorbed in many devotions—things good in their place—

and yet, they will not hesitate to take an unfair advantage over another; they rob their employees; they lie about their neighbors; their conversation is vile—no name or thing is too sacred for their mean and unclean tongue to desecrate. They do not use their natural means of living a good life—they would have God do all for them, forgetting that life helps only those who help themselves.

Now this is an unfortunate condition. God intended that both classes of powers, natural as well as supernatural, should be used—should grow up together, side by side, not apart. One depends upon the other for the full development of both. The supernatural are built upon and rest upon more completely the ends of the natural powers. You cannot build any structure in thin air, or on shifting sands and expect it to withstand the storms. And for humility, meekness, real charity and the other supernatural virtues, there must be the support of the natural. Your humility will not last long unless you by your own powers crush down all risings of pride and self-esteem; you cannot be pure until you have done all you can in your own way, to control your passions, guard your senses, and direct properly your thoughts. Nor will Mass, the Sacraments and prayer, nor will devotions, however numerous, do you any good, unless you use your own natural resources, and thus co-operate with God in the sanctification of your souls. Let us then pay equal attention to both departments of the household—call on both stores. Let us ever keep before our minds the model household. The life of Christ. He is the perfect man. In Him alone is found in all its beauty and loveliness the correct combination of all the elements that constitute the true Christian character. And striving always to mold our lives in the likeness of His, using our natural powers in co-operation with those that come directly and immediately from Him, we will rightly merit the praise of the just and wise steward.

VOICE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

If the lost souls were asked: "Why are you in hell?" for answer they would reply: "For having resisted the Holy Ghost."

"To-day if you shall hear His voice harden not your hearts," but listen attentively—bear in mind—and faithfully perform that which you know He is expecting from you.

Would you be reminded of some of the chief things which He asks?—Abiding sorrow for past sin, daily thanksgiving to God for His mercies and blessings, fidelity to duty, the avoiding all wilful dangerous occasions of sin, patience and greater kindness to your neighbor, and an ever increasing confidence and firm hope in His mercy. Spread devotion to Him as a thank-offering, and in reparation for grieving Him in the past, all the while He so patiently bore with your coldness in His regard.

THE DRINKING HABIT AND OUR YOUTH.

The law of God binds parents to give their children good example. If they, by their actions, scandalize their little ones, they are responsible to God therefore.

Sensible and reasoning people will readily admit that it seems impossible for young women who drink liquor to retain their good name, their personal honor; or their sacred virtue. Oh, strong drink is a deadly foe to the honor of all women, especially the young.

And so far as the young men are concerned—few vices are more degrading to their manhood than the habit of drink. Every young man worthy of the name naturally looks to the future for an upright and manly career. If such be the hopes of any young man, the first steps for him to take in order to realize a bright career will be to avoid strong drink. And any fairly intelligent young man who keeps from drink and is honest and upright and faithful may secure in little time respectable and lucrative positions—Paulist Calendar.

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St. Patrick's Day Speech.

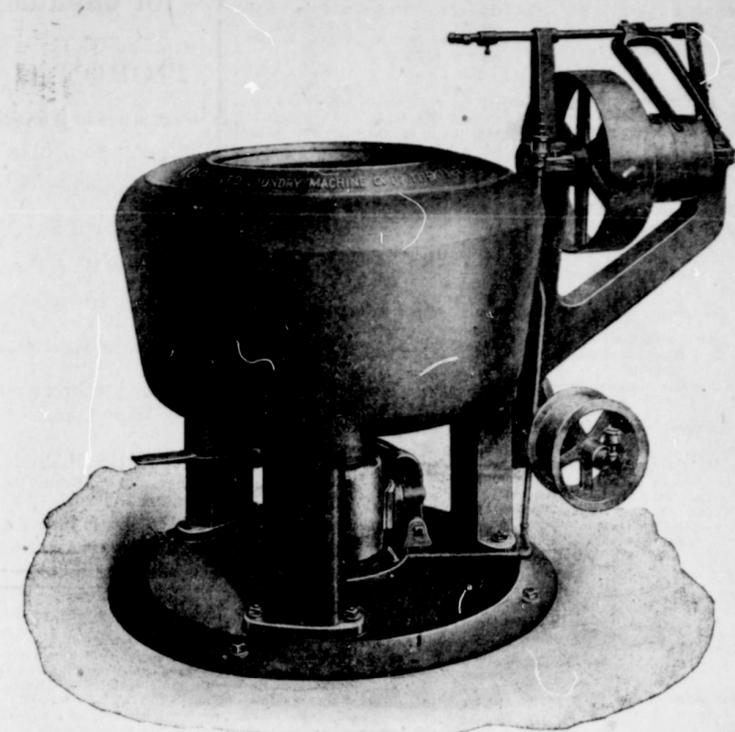
The following speech was delivered by Judge O'Connor of Sault Ste. Marie, then a young lawyer, at a St. Patrick's dinner in Guelph in the year 1874—thirty-four years ago. It was sent to the judge recently by a relative in Louisville, Ky., who had cut it out of a paper and preserved it all those years.

As a piece of classic oratory it compares favorably with speeches of some of the orators of the present time.

The toast which has evoked from you such a hearty outburst of applause, would, under other circumstances, be musical to my ear, but when I find that I have been most unwisely selected as one of the respondents the charm of those words, "The Day We Celebrate," Irish although I proudly claim to be, is entirely lost. Preceded as I have been by a natural born Irishman, whose language, fresh and flowing, as the verdure of his own native land, has filled us all with admiration, I fear that any effort of mine will be entirely overshadowed by his brilliant speech. This fact, coupled with the feeling that this toast is honored tonight in every country all over the habitable globe, by warm hearts and eloquent tongues, impels me to express the most extreme regret, that you have, amongst this intelligent gathering, imposed upon me the duty of responding to this toast of the evening. I would not insult the intelligence of our worthy president by attributing his motive in calling upon me to any flattering estimate that he may have of my ability to do justice to the subject. His having done so is owing rather to a desire upon his part to put my native modesty to the test. But whatever may have been his reason the fact remains that here I am upon my feet, before this intellectual audience on St. Patrick's night, to honor "The Day We Celebrate." Upon this day, or rather upon this night, it is the custom of Irishmen all the world over to meet together to commemorate their nationality, to invite their friends of other countries to gather around and unite with them in paying a tribute of respect to old Erin; to give expression to thoughts and sentiments implanted in their hearts by the hand of the Almighty—sentiments of national love, of devotion to their adopted country, and of Christian fellowship to their fellow-men—sentiments that should ever remain in their pristine purity, unchanged by alienation, unworped by national prejudice, and unsoftened by the ignoble influence of personal animosity. Let us hope that these are the sentiments which fill the breast of every Irishman and son of an Irishman, to-night, not only around this festive table, but in every other place where the memory of St. Patrick is revered, or the name of the land of his administrations is revered. (Applause.) With feelings such as these animating us, we can proudly boast of all that is great and all that is glorious in the checked history of our country. Like my friend, Mr. Storton, I had not the good fortune of being born in Ireland. Providence did not decree that my eyes should have first greeted the light of day in that green Isle—where I was drunk in from Irish atmosphere which is enshrined in the hearts of the Irish people. My parents, more fortunate than I, imbibed that love in all its native purity, and ever fresh it remained in their bosoms and unimpured they handed it down to their offspring as the best legacy they could give. (Applause.) Feeling within me, therefore, that same love of Ireland which was cherished in the hearts of my parents, unchilled by the cold of Canadian winters, unchanged by the lapse of time—by years of estrangement or all the bitter vicissitudes of life. I can look in imagination across the broad Atlantic upon the loved green Isle, and with the affectionate feeling of a son for his parent, I can participate in its crosses and its crowns. (Applause.) I can gaze behind the dim vista of ages and catch a faint glimpse of that mystic light kindled by the hand of St. Patrick dispelling the darkness of idolatry throughout the land, enlightening the minds of the fierce pagan chieftains, and their rude followers, with the knowledge of the true God, I can look upon that beautiful land, reared in it in the manacles of paganism and basking in the sunshine of Christianity, transformed by the wonderful work of our great Apostle from the Empire of Idolatry to the glorious Island of Saints. For hundreds of years, the seat of learning, and of the arts and sciences,—the seminary of all Europe, Ireland, poor fallen Ireland, stood alone the instructor of the

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world. I would fain close my eyes to that vision of persecution, to those centuries of oppression, of wrongs, of tortures which made the Irish heart bleed at every pore. I will pass over in silence the direful causes which reduced that fair land from all the splendor of its palmy days, and scattered its sons and daughters over the four quarters of the globe. Perhaps in its very sufferings it has accomplished its mission, through the crucible of oppression it may have fulfilled its destiny. Whatever that mission, that destiny may have been, there is sufficient in the history of Ireland, in the glorious achievements of her sons, in the shining virtues of her daughters, in every age and in every country, to warrant the sons of St. Patrick in meeting together on this anniversary, and allowing their hearts to expand for the love of Ireland. (Loud applause.) Would that our country at home enjoyed the privileges that we do in Canada. As my talented Irish friend, Mr. Murphy, has so well said, "Why should they not?" Why should they not enjoy the right of free legislation? To say, as has often been said, that the Irish people are not fit to govern themselves is a foul slander. For in every country in Christendom we find them honorably filling the high positions, legislating with wisdom and prudence. The examples given by Mr. Murphy are sufficient to convince us of this. If their talents are sought for in other lands, why should they not be allowed to exercise them in governing their own country?

Irishmen in Canada, you have it in your power to aid your native country. You have it in your power to raise your united voices in petitioning the Canadian Legislature, praying that it may ask from the Home Government the same rights for Ireland that we Canadians enjoy. Your poor countrymen at home would not expect less from you than this. You would not expect less from the Canadian Legislature than the granting of such a petition. Canada, I am sure, would not ask in vain, this boon from England. No, the latter but waits for an opportunity to do one act of justice which would go far to efface from the memory of her best subjects the recollection of past wrongs. With what gratitude would not that act of justice be received by the poor Irish? Congratulations would flow into Ireland from her exiled sons in every land. The bond of union between her and Great Britain would be more closely cemented, and when it would be proclaimed that Ireland was once more free, the shades of her departed patriots would rise from the tomb and dance with exultation upon her green hillsides. The great heart of O'Connell would pulsate in the grave where it has long smouldered, to know that his life's object was accomplished. Those amongst you who have left your native land, who have sought and found upon the shores of Canada happy homes for yourselves and your families, while feeling safe in the security of your possessions in the sunshine of your prosperity, should not forget your countrymen at home, and I am sure you do not. In the midst of all the blessings which you here enjoy you must, now and then, and

especially upon this day, turn with grateful emotion to that loved isle beyond the seas, and in the pathetic outburst of your hearts exclaim in the language of the bard: "Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken, In dreams I re-visit thy sea-beaten shore; But alas, in a far, foreign land I am awakened, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more." You can dream to-night of the homes of your childhood, of the friends of your youth, of all those endearing scenes which cling around your hearts, and transport you back in spirit to the evergreen hills of old Erin. While you revel in thought for a while upon the pleasing fancies which the vision presents, you are happy, but awakening from this bright illusion, other thoughts are crowded upon you; the happy dream of your youth is dispelled, you find yourselves in a far distant land separated forever from those you loved. No father's hand to bless you, no mother's lips to counsel you, no sister's smile to cheer you, all have been left behind. But amidst all these sorrows many blessings abound. When you bade a last farewell to weeping relatives and sorrowing friends, the tears which you shed at parting, while willing up in your bosoms feelings of the deepest emotion, were but the harbingers of a better day, a brighter future, a happier lot. The ship which bore you away with bleeding heart from your native land, brought you to a broader land, a better country—a country that gave you a welcome, and held out to you all the advantages of civil and religious liberty, and the many other blessings which we enjoy in this noble Dominion. Here, standing on the broad platform of universal equality, you can view with pity for the past, with hope for the future, the history, the destiny of your native land. Without fear or disloyalty to your adopted country, you can boast of your native one. You can point out for the admiration of the world scores of your countrymen, whose never-failing record of glory shines forth in dazzling brilliancy upon the pages of history, you can refer with pride to the illustrious galaxy of poets, orators, soldiers, statesmen and divines, whose worth is recounted in history and in song. Until the swift pinion of time be wafted into the ever enduring flight of eternity, will the name of Tom Moore resound through cottage and through hall. Fresh and green will be the fame of Ireland's orators, of free, the shades of her departed patriots would rise from the tomb and dance with exultation upon her green hillsides. The great heart of O'Connell would pulsate in the grave where it has long smouldered, to know that his life's object was accomplished. Those amongst you who have left your native land, who have sought and found upon the shores of Canada happy homes for yourselves and your families, while feeling safe in the security of your possessions in the sunshine of your prosperity, should not forget your countrymen at home, and I am sure you do not. In the midst of all the blessings which you here enjoy you must, now and then, and

gem. The wreath of virginal purity is the fairest that can grace a woman's brow. It is her surest passport to the honor, the respect, and the affection of every honorable, upright man. Beauty and virtue should go hand in hand. The one adorns the body, the other embellishes the soul, but so transcendently superior is the latter to the former, that without it woman, however beautiful, becomes an object of loathing and contempt. Proudly then may we boast of the undeniably beauty of Erin's fair daughters. But far more proudly still may we exalt in their proverbial character for virtue and purity. We, the sons of St. Patrick, of Guelph, have met together to-night around this festive board, we have invited our friends of other nationalities to honor us with their presence, and kindly have they responded to our call. To each and every one of them we extend a hearty "Cead Mille Failte." Ten thousand welcomes we give to those genial spirits who are here to-night to honor with us our country, her noble sons and virtuous daughters. In conclusion, gentlemen, (and I fear I have wearied your patience), let me express the hope that such unions such as this may long continue in Canada. They are the best means of curing past differences, of firmly cementing our friendships, of uniting those various elements, which in the course of time will constitute the greatness of Canada. The more we tend to unity the greater will become our strength, and while we can still foster in our hearts an undying love for our native lands, we can hand in hand advance the resources of our new country. Let the sons of St. Patrick sit down at the banquets of St. George and St. Andrew. Let us honor alike with them the land of the hop and of the heath-rose, let us blend together these three great emblems—the rose, the shamrock and the thistle—and united let them be the standard of Canadian power, the memento of our native lands, the symbol of three great united races, each with a glorious record, all joined together as one people, for one common object—the greatness of Canada. By doing this, we will prove to the world that we are wise and sensible people, that we are going the right way to work to ensure for our new country increasing prosperity. And when our broad lands become settled, when our cities and towns become populated to overflowing, when wealth shall have flown in in abundance to the coifers of our exchequers, when the great nations of the world shall feel the memory of St. George and St. Andrew. Let us honor alike with them the land of the hop and of the heath-rose, let us blend together these three great elementary powers, with pride and satisfaction gather around with their Scotch and English friends at our St. Patrick's festival, and honor with them, as we are doing to-night, the memory of poor old Ireland, and "The Day We Celebrate." Apologizing, gentlemen, for trespassing so long upon your patience, and thanking you most cordially for the patient hearing you have given me, I beg to resume my seat. (Loud applause.)

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