

quailed before it. With an effort she removed her eyes, and, crossing herself devoutly, re-commenced her rosary.

THE KING'S RANSOM.

A True Story of the Sacrifice Made by a Faithful Heart.

Jubilantly chimed out the bells that morning, and the joyful notes were echoed in each listening heart, for long penitential season was over and Easter, with her gladness, her beauty, her promise, had come.

From almost every point within sound of the alleluias falling from its many pillared belfry came flocks of worshippers to St. Mary's shrine there to offer loyalty to their Risen King: Fashion, Wealth, and Power, side by side with Misery, Pain and Woe, passed the marble steps and through the fretted doorway, nor said the lordling to the slave: "Stand thou aside!"

Where the humblest of these prayed, far back under the gallery's rayed floor, knelt a woman whose garb and mien proclaimed her lowly station, but whose reverent attitude and faith-enlightened eyes told of a soul made rich in the spiritual blessings of His birth.

Ten years had passed since she, then a slip of a peasant girl, whose laughing voice was as sweet as the whistle of a blackbird, whose blue eyes were as clear as the sky over-hanging her, had left her father's cot on an Irish hillside, within sound of the sea's continual calling, to face the over-crowded English city in search of a fortune to lift her loved ones from the poverty into which they had fallen.

"I saw you," she cried, between gasps of breath, "stealing the Sacred Host!"

"Did you?" she sneered. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"You must give it to me!" she said. "You must! You must! You must!"

"I can give more than you think," she said. "How much?"

"You have worked all your life to amass it?"

"For ten years."

"And yet you offer it to me for this Host? Why woman, I can steal another, as many as I want, before the day is over!"

"I cannot prevent that. But give me this One and take my money."

"Not for the little you may have," he sneered, looking at the poorly clad figure.

"I can give more than you think," she said. "How much?"

"You fool!" he said, taking her gold and turning on his heel with a mocking laugh.

"You fool!" he said, taking her gold and turning on his heel with a mocking laugh.

Spring is full of terrors to all whose constitution is not able to resist the sudden changes of temperature and other insubstantialities of the season.

James Whitecomb Riley to Crouch.

That is an exquisite bit of verse James Whitecomb Riley has addressed to the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Here it is:

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing, As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird, In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing, In paths to sweet for the tenderest word.

Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it? And have we forgotten his rapturous cry? Our need to the master whose genius bequeathed it? Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers, The long night is waning—the stars pale and low, Thy sad serenade, with tremulous fingers, Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew.

The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking, In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning, The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking— Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

"AVE MARIS STELLA."

Newfoundland Fishermen go Down in the Sea Singing the Hymn They Learned in Childhood.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine gives an interesting description of picturesque St. Malo. He says: It is autumn, and already the Newfoundland fishing boats are coming back, one by one. There is a saying here that it is "The wind of St. Francis that brings home the Terrenevas," and surely on Oct. 4, the feast of St. Francis d'Assisi, there is a fair, strong wind blowing from the west.

In many of the villages round St. Malo, and inland, where one can no longer catch sight of the sea, there will be those who turn their faces westward to greet the wind that has filled the returning sails; in many of the cottages the good wife will look to her caddy and tell herself it must be ready against the gales come home. Perhaps the gale is indeed a boy, as the word signifies; perhaps, also, he is a gray-haired man; but to the good wife who waits for him at home he is always the gale. And she brings out the great armchair from the corner, where it has stood unused all the long summer, and sets it by the fire; it is empty still, but she fills it for the present with hope.

Outside the sun shines broadly golden and the trees wave in the wind; one hears the thud of falling apples, and the ground beneath is variously yellow or green or red with them; in the yard there is a scented shining heap of fruit, and the cider-mill is at work. Everywhere there is the rich, strong smell of apples in the air; it is autumn, and the Terrenevas are coming home.

Describing a beautiful religious custom of the place the writer says: Slowly the procession moves on till it reaches an altar built up against the ramparts of St. Malo, a mass of rocks, a boat dashing up against them, the feet draped with long grass-like seaweed, and on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched, as if in greeting. The boat is filled with tiny boys, dressed like the others in white and blue as sailors; and as the crowd presses up, and the procession passes along slowly, the boys in the boat kneel, and, lifting their hands toward the Virgin, they begin to sing: "Ave, Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma!"

The sun shines brilliantly on the white veils of the girls, on the banners, the statues, on the tall criers; it shines on the upturned faces of the crowd, on the rocks and the boat, on the white Virgin and the little children that kneel and sing to her. And beyond it shines on the sea, so blue to-day, so infinitely calm.

There was a schooner came home lately bringing with it some men from a goletto wrecked in a storm off the Newfoundland banks. They had been picked up half dead floating on spars; and they said that in the storm, them fix it shines on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched, as if in greeting. The boat is filled with tiny boys, dressed like the others in white and blue as sailors; and as the crowd presses up, and the procession passes along slowly, the boys in the boat kneel, and, lifting their hands toward the Virgin, they begin to sing: "Ave, Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma!"

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ST. JOHN'S ELOQUENCE.

The Sublimity of the Writings of the Inspired Evangelist.

The art nearest to nature, the art we learn first, is the art of speaking. Though all men are bound to cultivate it, few attain excellence, because few worship an art so commonplace, and art must be wooed and worshipped in order to be won. St. John is conspicuous among writers for his eloquence, because he obeys always the canons of the highest art. To convince and persuade being the aim of eloquence, the orator has these ends always in view, and pleasing speech is but a means to this end. Speech is pleasing if it conveys truth to the mind, waking lofty feelings in the heart, filling fancy with bright images and spreading a pleasant glow over the features of him who speaks, as well as to him who listens.

"I had the pleasure of meeting your brother. What a charming man he is—I found him the soul of kindness, and I do hope that we are going to be good friends." Such words in a sister's ear are honey, but they lack convincing power simply because conviction is not their aim.

St. John aims always to carry conviction, not merely to please and to charm. Besides, much that is called eloquence is intended to excite heated feelings, to produce some passing effect. The divine writer desires to rouse no heat, and the effect he aims to accomplish is lifelong. Therefore his eloquence is not that of the torrent, but the brook; not the ocean in storm, but the lake stirred by the breeze. There is the same mass, the same color, the movement differs—the movement is that of great knocking at the door of conscience, not of human persuasion kindling a passing glow of enthusiasm.

"If thou knewest the gift of God and who is that saith to thee, 'give me to drink;' thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He wouldst have given thee the living water." The fires of divine love are as well compared to cooling waters as to glowing flames.

Here we have to remark that eloquence does not consist in abundance of language, wealth of illustration, depth of learning. Eloquence, like all fine arts, acts on us by suggestion. Eloquent is the speaker whose touch is magnetic, swift, soft, captivating, clear, commanding—eloquent is he who says more by a look, a smile, a movement of the hand, than by periods involved and studied.

"The Holy Spirit," said our Lady to her Son. These four words convinced and persuaded God Himself to modify for eternity the plan of the opening scene of the world's redemption. "They have no wine." Woman never ask directly for what she desires to obtain through her. She never goes straight at the mark. Her arm was not made for straight throwing but for rounded movement.

"They have no wine." Behold the confusion beginning to reign. See the bridegroom's deep blush. Watch the steward's deferential but constrained attitude. Notice that Our Lady is the first to perceive it. How well He understands all that He does not say! "What is that to us; my hour is not yet come." What else passed, what smiles, looks of entreaty, what remembrance of past promise, what reminder that His hour had not come, she is still His mother! What force in the mother's urgent glance! What filial reverence in the submissive smile of God! What volumes of controversy, room for heretical ravings, wide spaces for sound sanctity wrapped in the golden silence of St. John's speech!

Fancy Our Lady telling him precisely that which her Son once held. What proud humility in the maiden mother's consciousness of queening it over the universe and its Maker. A proud humility in which there is no shadow of imperfection. What graceful yielding of creature to Creator in her turning to the servants and saying: "Whatever He shall say to you, do it." All commands from Him, as well as favors, flow through her, and the quiet stream of St. John's eloquence a deep pool, transparent, inviting, reflecting mossy banks and azure sky; and wherein the weary soul bates and is cleansed from the stain of dependency and the mortification of pride. In the spiritual life whatever happens at the feast there is no such thing as a failing supply at the banquet while her watchful eye is on the board and the servants are attentive to her behests. How nature and grace combine in the steward's prompt recourse to the bridegroom and his quick admission of proffered help and admission, which is implied and veiled; how ready she was to chase the cloud from the sky, how womanly, how tender, how graceful! "Hail full of grace," cries the reader, and Mary wins a world by her eloquence. Divine St. John! favor of favors to know this from thee, and to know that thou wert present to see, to feel, to thrill and to prolong the sweet tradition of most delicate Christian courtesy.

A wedding scene contains more condensed emotion than any other scene in human life. The awful nature of the sacrifice, the vastness of it, the uncertainty hanging round the married pair, the possibilities of weal or woe, the birth then and there of a family, its links of gold and steel, its meetings and partings, its revelations of good and kind feeling, all lend it a solemnity ill concealed by its festive dressing. But a lady will see and permit to be seen only the bright and joyous side of all this. She will thrust the good into prominence and hide all the evil. In our day weddings are sur-

rounded with omens of ill owing to the corruption and dissoluteness of men, the fickleness and light-mindedness of women. The priest who ties the knot trembles like an aspen leaf and hides behind the doctrine that bride and groom themselves are ministers of the sacrament, and he but the solemn witness. No wonder, then, we need Our Lady's cloak, no wonder her presence must be invoked to bend the heavens nearer to the earth, no wonder at her bidding her Son stretches the arm of omnipotence first and foremost over the hearth, lighting its first fire with sparks of holy love and blessing the huge vases that stand by the door, till they blush into fountains of joy that may not be exhausted, while Mary remains at the banquet and Jesus is still at her side.

The glowing eloquence of this simple passage, the reverence of the Christian, whoever he be, that dishonors his Lord and Saviour, by lessening the least privilege of her who is at once our Comrade's best inspiration and our own. The Mother of God is our Mother: the sky above, her mantle; its clouds of white, the face our Lady chooses to wear; lakes are mirrors that remind us of her serene face and flowers, the poetry scattered by angel hands upon her pathway. Woman gave us our being, our God, our religion: woman is our joy, our pride, our solace, our encouragement. When we are false to her or drag her from her shrine, then only does Eden close and the flaming sword sink deep into our corrupted hearts. John, the virgin, teaches the chivalrous admiration born of unbounded confidence. Mary excited the admiration, inspired the confidence, and the eloquent description of the scene in which this confidence was born prepares the soul for that other closing scene of the drama, wherein they were wedded in woe as now in joy: where the pain of parting capped the climax of ecstatic sorrow as the joy of the supernatural cup had capped the climax of unitive joy in the consummation of the wedding feast. Soaring eagle, bright spirit of stony flight, above clouds and mists serene, graceful, swift, commanding; when Cicero and Demosthenes are forgotten, when Webster and Patrick Henry are fragmentary relics of antiquated lore, your sunny simplicity in heralding Mary's matchless magnificence will place you first among the world's orators.—Rev. T. E. Sherman in Sacred Heart Messenger.

THE FAMILY A SCHOOL FOR HEAVEN.

The family is the divinely appointed school instituted by Providence for the express purpose of training up candidates for heaven. The school is the world, and the present life is the time of discipline; therefore, the interests of time are not to be overlooked. The means of living—if possible a comfortable living—must be provided. But he alone lives according to the design of Providence, and for his own highest and best interest, who lives for God, for heaven, for eternity. The home should be the sweetest, the most lovely and attractive place in the world—in fact, it should be a little heaven upon earth—a place where domestic peace and harmony reign, where virtue is engaged, vice banished, and all the members of the family seek not their own happiness but each the happiness of all the rest. How shall this happy state of things be brought about?

The family is a school of discipline and instruction. The parents are the teachers, the children the pupils. There are mutual obligations and mutual duties. In the first place, the parents must realize their obligation of the proper training and discipline of their offspring. This work must be accomplished partly by instruction and partly by example. Example without instruction is better than instruction without example; but both should go together. The ruling spirit of the parents will be communicated to the children. If the parents are careless, worldly, indifferent Christians, the children, without a very special grace, will be like them.

What a different state of society there would be, what a different aspect the Church would present, if all parents did their duty! It is a sad thought that so many vicious young people of both sexes received their first inclination to evil in the home, which should have been to them a school of virtue. The teachers to whose care Almighty God committed them proved recreant to their duty. They failed to realize their responsibility. Not only did they not instruct them, but they failed to set them a good example, says the Sacred Heart Review. Their whole conduct showed that their prime motives were derived from this world, not from those higher, holier considerations which pertain to the life to come. Their thoughts were groveling on the earth. What shall we eat, what shall we drink and wherewith shall we be clothed—these were the ideas that occupied their chief time and attention, to the neglect of the more important concerns of eternity. The discipline, instead of being firm and at the same time mild and gentle, was fitful, capricious, unreasonable, oftentimes cruel and heartless. What could be expected from such treatment if not that the children imitate the example of the parents and become impatient, passionate, resentful and cruel? We feel that it can not be too often urged upon parents never to punish their children in a passion. The lesson of self-denial and self-restraint in exercising discipline with calmness and even with compassion under provoking circumstances will not be lost upon the child.

The Reunion Movement.

La Crise Religieuse en Angleterre has just been published; it is edited by Father Raguey, a Marist, who has been honored by a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. The book contains many interesting episodes, and is published by Lecoffre of Paris. Among the curious incidents which bear on the current history of the times is one showing the influence of the reunion movement at Oxford, and the respect and veneration shown to the letter of the Holy Father on the same subject. The incident referred to relates that on May 26 last some forty students, members of the Association for the Reunion of Christendom, met at Christ Church College to discuss the letter of His Holiness Leo XIII. This date was purposely chosen because it was the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, the Apostle sent to convert England by Pope Gregory the Great. The "order of the day" was that a report on the Pope's letter was to be presented by the student whose guest the members were, and this gentleman was Mr. D. N. Campbell, grandson of the Duke of Argyll. The Abbe Klein, the distinguished professor of the Catholic University of Paris, happened to be in Oxford at the time, and was present by Mr. Campbell's invitation at the gathering. In his report, Mr. Campbell spoke in laudatory terms of the sentiments of Leo XIII., and did not disguise his desire that "the sad work of Henry VIII." should be undone. Lord Fitzharris said he was afraid, if that was the case, that some of the family property would be in danger, but he regretted the change from the times when English bishops convert England by Pope Gregory the Great. The historical sketches which form the basis of this very interesting volume of 100 pages appeared first in the pages of THE CATHOLIC RECORD a few years ago. With the assurance that it will prove a valuable acquisition, and above to persons of Scotch origin, but to the many admirers of his gifted author, we have the pleasure in announcing that we are now prepared to furnish a limited number of copies of "The Catholics of Scotland," at the very low rate of 2.50 each, charges for carriage prepaid. Address, THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

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The Duty of Instruction.

The duty of instruction requires that the parent should not only send his children to the day school, the Sunday school and avail himself for their sake of such means of instruction as the pastor of the parish provides, but also that he should instruct them at home, and especially that he should take pains to provide them with suitable reading; and by suitable reading we mean not the fashionable novels—the pernicious literature of the day which they are only too certain to get unless better is furnished them—but good Catholic books and such non-Catholic ones as are unexceptionable. Every family should, of course, take at least one Catholic paper, and, if able, a Catholic magazine besides.

Special pains should be taken to interest children and to furnish them with innocent amusements, so that they may not be tempted to seek those which are demoralizing or of a doubtful character.

Above all should unwearied efforts be made to keep children faithful to their religious duties. For this purpose religion should be presented to them not as a mere duty which in time becomes irksome, but as something beautiful, attractive and lovely—as an immense privilege and blessing.

Habits formed in early childhood are apt to be lasting and good habits, when properly encouraged will grow with their growth and be strengthened with their strength. Blessed, indeed, is the family where the spirit of religion reigns supreme, where the hearts of parents and children are united in peace and harmony, all intent upon making each other happy and seeking so to live in this world that they may finally constitute a family in heaven, no wanderer lost from the little fold.

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