

that is the head and front, the principle and the source, of beauty, rightness, and truth.

Thus is the truth manifest of all that we have affirmed respecting the precious things wherewith the holy Rosary is fruitful, and respecting its efficacy against the wounds and woes of human society in our day. All, however, will easily perceive that these blessings will be more directly and more largely enjoyed by those who shall enrol themselves as members of the holy Confraternities of the Rosary, who, therefore, claim them by a special title, and who unite together in bonds of special charity in the service of the Holy Virgin. Such Associations, authoritatively approved by the Roman Pontiffs, and favoured by them with privileges and indulgences, possess a proper form of cooperation and discipline, hold meetings at stated times, and are furnished with the best means for fostering piety and for rendering true service to civil society. They are, as it were, the armies of Christ, fighting His battles in the strength of His holy Mysteries, guided in their way by the Queen of Heaven, to whom are paid their vows, their prayers, in whose honour are held their solemnities, their processions, highly favoured in all ages, and especially on the day of Lepanto. Most right and salutary, therefore, is it that the instruction, multiplication and direction of such Confraternities should be undertaken, not by the son of St. Dominic alone although the matter belongs particularly to them and to their Institute, but by all who have the care of souls, especially the pastors of the churches where the Confraternities have been canonically erected. It is a wish we have also much at heart that those who are at work upon missions for carrying the doctrine of Christ to barbarous nations or for spreading it among the civilized should give special heed to this matter. In answer to their exhortations, we doubt not that many of the Faithful will give in their names to such Associations, and will more than ever seek to gather thence the interior blessings whereof we have spoken, for in these reside the reason and the essence of the Rosary. The example of members of Confraternities, moreover, will inspire the rest of the Faithful with more esteem and devotion towards the Rosary, so that all may incline, according to our earnest wish, to seek the blessings that will so greatly avail them.

These are the hopes that encourage us, that sustain us, and—in the midst of so much public calamity—rejoice us. Their fulfilment is in her hands who inspired and who taught the Rosary, the Mother of God and our Mother, Mary, who hears our united prayers. We trust, Venerable Brethren, that, by means of your own labours, our teaching and our desires may produce prosperity in families, tranquility in nations, and every kind of blessing. Nor shall there be wanting, as a pledge of the Divine assistance and a testimony of our affection, the Apostolic Benediction, which we impart to you, your clergy, and your people, with all charity in the Lord.

Given in Rome, by St. Peter's, on the eighth of September, in the sixteenth year of our Pontificate.

† LEO PP. XIII.

SORE FEET. Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

It is a greater wrong to be extravagant with strength than to be extravagant with money. It is a poor economy to save pennies at the expense of a great deal of strength and time. Spend all in moderation, but hold time and strength as of more value than money.

Marshal Ney's Death.

The following remarkable and edifying account of Marshal Ney's death in 1815, is taken from a book lately published in France: After having read the orders that the commander of the first military division had sent him, M. de Rochechouart hurriedly dressed himself and repaired to the palace of Luxembourg. He succeeded M. de Lemonville as chief guard and installed himself with his officers in a large hall on the ground-floor. He then went and informed the prisoner that he had permission to see his wife, his children, his lawyer and his confessor. "I will first see my lawyer," replied the Marshal, "he is no doubt within the palace. Then I will receive my wife and children. As to my confessor, you need not mention him!" At these last words, one of the guards, who was present, arose and said respectfully: "You do wrong, Marshal!" and showing his sleeve adorned with several stripes, he continued. "I am not as brave as you, but I am as old. Never have I so daringly approached fire as when I had first recommended my soul to God!" "You are possibly right, my brave man," said the Marshal, suddenly moved. "You are giving me good advice." Then turning towards Colonel Montigny who accompanied general Rochechouart he asked: "What priest may I have come?"—"Father Pierre, pastor of Saint Sulpice. He is a most distinguished priest." "Ask him to come, I will receive him after my wife."

Once only did Ney consent to see the pastor of St. Sulpice. . . . He was a holy and remarkable priest, worthy of the lofty mission that Providence had given him to fulfil. He brought to the Marshal immortal consolation and hope. The guards withdrew. The priest and soldier remained alone for an hour. . . . At 8.15 the pastor of St. Sulpice, faithful to his promise returned. As soon as Father Pierre arrived, the Marshal smilingly said: "Ah! father, I understand you. . . . I am ready!" At these words the venerable priest was seized with a violent trembling which lasted until after the execution. The Marshal, having at his side the pastor of St. Sulpice, Count Rochechouart and two lieutenants of the police force, preceded and followed by armed police and the grenadiers of La Rochejacquelein; and another corps came forth from his room, followed the long passage on the second floor and descended the lofty stairs with a firm step. On reaching the door he found a carriage awaiting him.

It was Thursday. The sky was cloudy. A fine rain was falling from the dark, heavy clouds. "A very bad day!" remarked the Marshal, with his accustomed smile: then as Father Pierre drew back for him to pass he said: "Get in, father, I shall soon pass first." The two lieutenants entered the carriage with the priest and the prisoner. The armed police and grenadiers surrounded the carriage. Next came a company of officers with Count Rochechouart and the Marquis de La Rochejacquelein, the executioners and the national guard as a picket: a squadron of cavalry marched in the rear. The carriage passed along the road on the left of the palace, along the large gardens until it arrived at the gate of the observatory. Here the hundred and thirty police, who formed the escort, marched in single file, on the right and left, one half passed along the eastern road and the others along the Rue d'Enfer, so as to shut off all approaches to the field. At three hundred paces from the garden gate, the carriage halted. "What! have we reached the place!" asked the Marshal, who believed that his execution, like that of Lobedoyero, would take place in the plain of Grenelle. As he had said he was the first to leave the carriage, then turn-

ing towards Father Pierre, who followed him, he placed in his hands a golden box, a last souvenir to his wife, and what money he had to be distributed among the poor of St. Sulpice. The priest having embraced him, gave him his blessing, and kneeling a short distance away remained in prayer till all was over. The bravest of the brave died a Christian, and it was with good reason that Count Rochechouart said: "Behold, my dear friend, it is a great lesson to learn how to die well."

Evils of Religious Selfishness.

Religion cannot exist in the soul without a principle of fecundity by which it demands to be communicated. Selfishness, besides being a vice, is a malady. It was the primary evil of Protestantism, and it has proved its ruin. The Bible is the common heritage of God's children; the Reformers made it each man's private property; hence disunion and then doubt. And any Catholic who fancies that he can use his faith as if it were his own exclusive property is in error, and is in danger of being decatholicized.

The missionary spirit is needed for our own inner life, in order that racial, local, family influence may be restricted to their subordinate spheres. These tend to supplant the universal. Nothing tends to make a man universal, catholic, better than the noble virtue of zeal for souls. "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend" is perfectly true in its converse: blessed is the man who is a true friend to another.

It is easy to see, therefore, that a spirit of defence is not the missionary spirit, but one of aggressive charity. The dread of defection, and the tendency to mournful exercise of reparation, indicate a tone of mind quite un-missionary. Catholic faith is too often and too closely identified with religious traditions and practices brought from the Old World, producing a narrow and suspicious disposition. The sensation of exile is injurious to the missionary vocation. "To the Greek and to the Barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise, I am a debtor."

To my mind our very dissensions, whether on matters of principle or of policy, are reasons for encouragement, for they have shown an independence of conviction which yields to no human tribunal, and in bowing to a divine tribunal does so frankly and without cringing. Turn this independence of thought into missionary channels, and the results will be equal to our deep personal sincerity multiplied by the incalculable power of our divine organization.

How to go to work is an easy problem, since we have a perfect organization which can utilize the resources of modern civilization. Let us but have the determined purpose—the men of action bent upon success—and the ways and means are the divine methods of the church and the modern opportunities of the press, the platform, and the incessant intercommunication of all classes in America.

American bishops, priests, and laity working together in an apostolic spirit will missionize the entire land in half a decade of years. The immediate effect will be to throw every form of error upon the defensive, to set every religiously disposed person to sorting out and dividing calumny from fact, to start a small and perceptible stream of conversions in every locality. It seems like a dream, but it is really a vision of the future, and the not distant future either. Having done nothing, we may have many thousands of converts: what may we not hope from an universal apostolate?—*Rev. Walter Elliott, in the Catholic World for September ("The Missionary Outlook in the United States").*

I have never gone out to mingle with the world without losing something of myself.—*B. Albert the Great.*

An Anecdote of Mario.

I had the pleasure and advantage of Mario's intimate acquaintance for some years before he retired from the stage. When we were together on operatic tours we generally lived together in the same hotel, and always occupied the same dressing room in the theatre, where he smoked incessantly, leaving his cigar in his dresser's hands as he went on the stage, and taking it up immediately as he came off.

I tried all in my power to induce him to rise at a decent hour—it was generally mid day or after before he left his bed-room—but I only succeeded on one occasion. I had been relating to him the beauty of the scenery about Bolton Abbey and of the ruins of the Abbey itself; he was much interested, and expressed a desire to visit them; but then came the question of starting in time. We were in Hull, and had to return to Leeds to take a train to Skipton, from which we were to take a carriage to the abbey. The train started about half-past eight a.m. What was to be done? Calling was useless, so it was arranged I would pull him out of bed. When I found him peacefully slumbering, remorse seized me for a moment, and I felt inclined to leave him to his repose and make the expedition alone; then I thought perhaps he might feel disappointed if I left him, so I pulled down the bed clothes and literally hauled him out. I must admit, he was much more good-natured than I should have been myself. I went into the station, took the tickets, and stood watching the clock until the finger pointed to two minutes before starting time. I told the guard of my anxiety about my friend, and as he knew me he promised to delay the train two minutes. I had given up all hope, when I descried Mario, hat in hand, rushing frantically towards the ticket-office. I rushed after him, seized him by the collar, and did not let go till I landed him safely in a carriage. In a few moments he was fast asleep, so I left him in peace until we arrived at Leeds; we went across to the other train, and just as that was about to depart I missed him. Half asleep when he left the train from Hull, he had left his hat behind him, so again I had to ask the indulgence of the guard. We ultimately arrived all safe and sound at the abbey, and when we returned to Leeds in the evening he told me he had never enjoyed a day so much in his life. "But I should not have gone," said he, "had you not pulled me out of bed."—*Reminiscences of Charles Santley.*

Her One Famous Verse.

All aspiring young poetesses should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the story of Mrs. Carney. She wrote only four lines of verse, but they have been quoted probably by every one who speaks the English language. The lines were: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand make a mighty ocean and a pleasant land." Mrs. Carney is an American lady, and is about 70 years old. She wrote the verse nearly fifty years ago when she was a schoolmistress.

The Iris, from the common blue flag (*I. versicolor*) to the many brilliantly-colored "Fleur-de-lis" of France, are truly royal flowers in their stately dignity and beauty. The smaller Japanese varieties have lately become great favorites. Our little, late-sown plants the size of a straw, stood all winter under ice and water and seemed to be dead this spring, but have all sprouted out again and make rapid growth. This shows their perfect hardiness for our climate.

There can be no health for either mind or body so long as the blood is vitiated. Cleanse the vital current from all impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The medicine recruits the wasted energies, strengthens the nerves, and restores health to the debilitated system.