The Vesper Sermon (Written for The Register by A.

Adams.) pleads along with nature, and the cul- draf prit is a child, strayed from its duty and returned to it again with tears -Sterne.

"Hadn't you better take an um brella, Roy? I fear we are going to have a storm."*

There was an anatous ring in Mrs. Robert's voice as she uttered these words.

"A storm, Vif How ridiculous! Why, it's lovely out, a perfect day a charming afternoon."

"And yet," returned the young joined in the evening worship wife slowly, "and yet, there is a queer, unusual feeling in the air You know, Roy, I pride myself on being a second Old Probs I feel certain we are going to have a storm to-night ' "Nonsense, Vi. Just see how

calm-" "Remember, Roy, before a storm there is a full and to-day it is oppressively calm."

"More proverbs, wife. I often wonder where you picked them all up. immediately. But I must be off. for," consulting his tiny belewiled timepiece, "it is almost four o'clock and I promised to be at Brighton's at half-past. I'd better get a gait on "

The husband picked up his hat and silver-mounted cane and walked out into the hall.

The lovely young wife followed There was comething so restless and uncertain in the expression of her fair face that even the careless husband remarked it.

"What is it, Vi?" he asked more tenderly than was his wont "What is the trouble, little sweetheart? Violette Roberts caught her hus-

band's hand impulsively "Roy," she whispered softly, as she raised her large beautiful eyes, full of carnest entreaty to the young priest.
man's face. "Roy, I wanted to ask" you to come home early this evening

You will, will you not?" "Weil - er, it depends upon-er circumstances. By the way, what on least, not much more He seemed earth do you want me home early for, little one?"

"Well-nor don't be angry, Roybut I wanted to know if-if you would come with me to vespers tonight," she went on bravely

A deep angry scowl marred Roy Roberts' handsome face, as he cried of mingled scorn and pity on his hercely, "I thought, Niolette, this handsome face as he settled himself was a subject never to be mentioned back in the cushioned pew to listen. between us. When you married me it was understood that each of us could go our own way. You, Violette, are silence save the steady patter of the the first to break our compact But I might have expected it, all women are religious fanatics."

"Oh, Roy, I didn't mean to make trouble," cried the poor girl brokenly. "I only didn't want to go alone, because people talked so and said is the hour of salvation." hard things about you."

"Let them say," he cried, recklessly, as he jammed his hat upon his face, while a serious light crept into curly head and strode away

Violette Roberts stood long at the richly-draped window watching him cathedral with its brilliant altars give the tender, pathetic and some disappear. Then she threw herself into a hall chair and went off into day-dream.

One could easily guess her thoughts. Her mind dwelt upon her husbandher gay, cargless husband, who had no religion, and, as the world said, out that whole no honor, no principle. She thought Roberts heard: of how she had met him, in the dim Remember the of how she had met him, in the dim forest glade, one burning July day, well night two years ago He was the man, she, as a giddy school girl had pictured as her husband. Then she remarks and hark you, do not proportioned as her husband. Then she remarks and hark you, do not proportioned how they had met so often to have a pictured as her husband. Then she remarks and hark your last night on. God's dience with Pope Leo XIII. The conmembered how they had met so often to have a pictured on Dante and sudmembered how they had met so often fair earth. How would the angel of versation turned on Dante, and sudand he had asked her to be his wife, death find you? Is your account ready denly this white, Irail, shadowy old telling he, at the same time, he had no religion, but he loved her In her now is the accepted time, now is the page after page of his beloved poet almost childish simplicity she had hour of salvation " matried him, thinking, deep down in her own heart, that home influence and perseverance would work wonders. But alas! the hope of the lovely guileless wife were doomed to trance meet a bitter disappointment Instead of improving her husband grew

inidel.' No wonder Violette Roberts grew of the time she had said fondly and shuddered. "Though everyone should hate you, Roy, I shall love you forever and for-

And she meant it then.

The little painted clock on the mantel told the hour of seven when Violette Roberts donned her bewitching forth from the church, he was no hat and ordered the carriage for longer an infidel, a scoffer, but a sical.

"John," she had told the coachman, "do not come for me unless it den of sin in the sacred tribunal of in writing poems, in honor of those touching in its humility:

cathedral.

An hour later we find Roy Roberts hurrying along the streets. The beautiful but oppressive afternoon, had developed into a dull, ominous night. The moon was hidden derinces, reigned supreme. Presently her numerous pages, the laughing, a long data of larid lightning flashby a dealering post of thunder.

for shelter On one side of the deserted street lay a row of darkened Great is the power of eloquence, cottages on the other frowmed the but never is it so great as when it massive walls of St Alban's Catne-

"It's my only resort," he soliloquired, as he strode up the asphalt hars.

Quickly he entered the vestibule and then hesitated

It was quite descried Roy Roberts brushed the glistening drops from his hat and wiped his patent-leather shoes on the matting

Then he listened He could hear the choir chanting vespers. Somehow that singing awakened memories well nigh dead. It had such a familiar ring in it that the infidel's thoughts flew on to his innocent youthful days when he, too, had Softly he stole to the door and

looked within An usher approached him with "A seat, sir?"

Roy Roberts started, flushed and muttered an inaudible reply "A seat, sir?" repeated the man

in a louder key. "In a retired part of the church I am a stranger and camer in only to Philadelphia. escape drenching," replied the newcomer recovering his self-possession

When seated, his eyes involuntarily roved in the direction of his wife's

Yes she was there-alone! The man's heart smote him as he glanced at the pale lovely face showing beneath the rose-trimmed elegant hat

"What a beast I am," he comment ed, "to let such a sweet little wife come alone! What if I am no longer a Catholic, haven't I a right to escort my wife to church?"

But his thoughts came to an end by the organ ceasing

He glanced towards the sombre, russet-draped pulpit. The speaker was just ascending the steps Roy Roberts could scarcely sup-

press a sneer as he gazed on the "Great Heaven!" he thought, "What can he have to say. Why, he's only a boy."

Yes, he was only a boy, or at young, very young and was exceedingly handsome.

How noble to looked in his spot-

less, lace-trimmed surplice and dark l soutan Yes, even Roy Roberts, the scentic. had to confess it. There was a look

The church was very still, Not a sound broke the tomb-like

rain without and the occasional flapping of the branches against the richly-stained windows. Presently the preachers read his

"Now is the accepted time, now

Roy Roberts started. The cynical look vanished from his colds proud the handsome eyes.

and costly statues; its wrapt, attentive congregation; and then, his eyes ed nature. roved back to the young priest's

for inspection? If not, remember, man took up the word and recited

The sermon was over, the priest had gone Roy Roberts sat as one in a

He had never thought of death and now, when reminded of it, his whole werse, until people, even their own finful life aroso before him Every friends, called him "Roy Roberts, the little detail was disclosed, as, when lightning suddenly brightens the midnight sky and reveals the landscape sal; no wonder her love was on the to the pale and featful watcher at the window. Thus he saw his past

Benediction sung, the people filed out, while the organ solemnly pealed forth its last soft notes. In the fast-God Two hours later, when he came

snow " On leaving the church he ran lightly down the path and out on the streets.

It was a lovely night The storm had blown over, leaving behied a mountain of heavy opaque the carth fresher and fairer Far up douds; not a star twinkled in the in the sky, allvery luna, like a madouds; while darkness, impenetrable jestic queen, sailed along, attended by assess the sky, only to be follow-with the odor of wested earth and the perfume of flowers, while the raindrops fell like glissening pearls from

had burst asunder, so great was the downpour Instinctively the man looked around lighted electric car nor hear the motorman's shrill whistle

The car was upon him! mising life of twenty-four short sum-

a few mites from the city, might be Thompson, in England, the Very Rev seen a magnificent marble monument William Byrne, D D, V G, of Bossurmounting a green flower spangled ton, and the Rev J F Quirk, S grave. And the inscription on it

ROY ROBERTS, Aged 21 years. Now is the accepted time, now is the hour of slavation."

POEMS OF POPE LEO XIII.

"The Poems, Charades and Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII," including the revised compositions of his early life in chronological order, with Eng-Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of St Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., have been To warm the heart and prove a pleas brought out in beautiful style by the Dolphin Press, of New York and

Those who know the Pope, statesman and scholar, as he is reflected in To put a frequent water to your his marvellous Encyclicals, should know the poet, too, if they would O crystal drops that heaven truly gauge the great man whom God has given to His Church in these To shower on earth the best of nadays of storm and stress

The years of man's life are threescore and ten, says the Psalmist; but if in the strong they be four-score years, and what is more of them is labor and sorrow. When Joachim Of lowl, and lamb, and ox thut first Pecci was twenty years of age he was a frail and sickly youth. In the They're tender!) now with plenteous ed to her children, a matron of the book before us we find a poem in anticipation of that early grave to Of spice and pickle play the epicure! which he seemed foredoomed.

Haggard and wan my face, and laboring is my breath; Languid 1 walk the way to dusty death.

Why shall I cheat my heart and years a-plenty crave When Atropos compels the dreaded

Rather my soul will speak O Death, where is thy sting? With gladness I await thy triumph

ing lappy the exile's feet to press the Fatherland; Happy the storm-tossed bark to

gain the strand.

man's allotment have since gone over his head Moreover, it has been in Plucked where the clambering tenthe years of "labor and sorrow" for he was nearly seventy when he came to the Chair of Peter-that he has, done his greatest intellectual With red-cheeked apples

His Encyclicals on the chief religious, moral and social questions that concern the human race are of a virlle majesty, and show forth beyond all else the strength and comprehen-He looked around that magnificent siveness of his genius. But his poems imes playful aspect of his many-sid-

It is beyond us to comment on the beauty of the poems in their original Latin and Italian Everyone knows ian poets, especially of Dante. The "Ode:" Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Ro- O Godless laws, count up your gains.

with resonant voice and glowing eyes As Father Henry says in his brief foreward "To the educated man who still retains some interest in the classic rhythms of his collegiate study, such a volume should appeal with special force, as it furnishes a pleasing illustration of modern themes dressed out in the diction of

Virgil and Horace." The poems have been fortunate in their translator, himself a true poet,

when he was a child of twelve in the friends, poems inspired by the incilis labor assumes a form in which
Jesuit college at Viterbo It is in dents of his own life, or by family It will be at once the monument of gathering gloom Roy Roberts knelt Jesuit conege at viteroo it is in dents of his own the, or by laminy his industry and the source of his honor the Provincial Vincenzo Palore with his conscience and his honor the Provincial Vincenzo Palore with his conscience and his honor the Provincial Vincenzo Palore was warded as it is for a mother to sing opposite agoods Hall Taley and the character, when he came want the character, written in his of his brother Joseph Cardinal Pecci wages, as it is for a mother to sing opposite agoods Hall Taley carly twenties, are ingenious and mu- takes the form of a greeting from over the cradle of the child she has

raining."

The servant bowed respectfully to that night the meaning of those under his care, who were distinguishable mistress as she passed under the Scriptural words "Were your sins as the fathering of their state. Here great grey portal into the dim old service tribunal of among his priests, or the religious under his care, who were distinguished for the virtues of their state. Here great grey portal into the dim old scarlet, you may become whiter than is his fatherly praise of a most worthy subject, Sante Petrazzini, parish priest of Ramazzano, who died in 1865, noted for his piety and his charity to the poor

> Dissolved in grict, Religion, Piety. This title placed to thee.

"For twenty years his flock he gent ly led And generously fed

Wondrougt to help his needy flock he poured Wealth from the scantiest hoard!"

langs translation, first told the world of letters that Leo XIII was) He staggered and stumbled only to a true poet, also of the Ode at the and love-reminding one of the same fall beneath the cruel wheels which Opening of the Twentieth Century crushed out his life-the fair and pro- done into English by several non- in the "Epithalium," written for Al-Catholic authors, among them An- phonsus Sterbini and Julia Pizzirani drew Lang and Di William Hayes on their nuptials in 1897 We give Ward, editor of the Independent, and To-day, in the Catholic cemetery, by Catholics not a few, Francis

> J, among the rest. It is interesting, however, to note Father Henry's translations. They do not suffer in comparison with the best we have named Take this daints bit from the Epistle to Fabricius

J., the Rev. Thomas J Campbell, S

, and the Rev P J Cormican, S

Seek neatness first, aithough the board be spare. Be every dish and napkin bright and

lish translation and notes, by the And be thy vintage purest of the purc.

That shall hoth Irlends and whole some mirth ensure, Be frugal, here, however, nor do cline :

wine ocean lifts

ture's gifts! Select for home-made bread choicest wheat. And have in plenty all the goodly meat

be sure garniture

Next have the beakers foaming to the With milk no thrifty maid hath dared

to skim; No draught than this more whole some shall assuage The thirst of childhood or declining age.

fare: Of Hybia's nectar take a scantier strive to surmount with courage share. Be thy fresh eggs the talk of all the

town-Hard-boiled or soft, or fried to a savory brown, Or poached, or dropped, or sipped

raw front the shell Or done in ways too numerous to tell. Add herbs and salads to the feast

whatso This was in 1830, and more than May in suburban gardens treely grow the three-score years and ten of Bring forth the clustered fruitage of the vinc.

> drils intertwine Have plums and pears—the bursting panniers crown

> gaily down, And, last, delicious fragrance of the Last

> With cups of steaming Mocha crown the-feast, But taste the amber with a lingering lip--

> No hasty draught! 'twas made for gods to sipi Now, if you diet thus, why, I'll en-

What truth remains? A shrineless justice, lot it stands On shifting sands!

Hark ye the new hierophant Of science, chant

His song to Nature's soulless clod As to a god!

And yet man's birthright from high He will deny, And search to find a single root

For Man and Brute

There are poetical paraphrases certain Psalms, poems in honor of I have heard of folly beggars, but who has Englished them with a rin- Leo's sainted predecessors in the See no one has ever heard of jolly milguiar fidelity to the spirit and man- of Perugia, hymns to the Blessed lionaires. Virgin, including a group of poems times smiles on the bed to which he The first poem in the book was of rare beauty on the Rosary, grace- is chained *.* It is natural for a composed by its illustrious author ful poetic compliment to favored workman to sing while the object of When the illustrious author was him to new labors for the faith and millionaire singing a comic song or Christian and a Catholic His soul Bishop of Preugia, he took pleasure sorrow for his sins His response is whistlinh a merry tune as he clips had been relieved from its heavy bur-

> weary limbs, inmost heart) And bitter fears, strive to undo my

> But thou, secure and blost with heavcuty light, thousand with years, broken with cares; And from thy sky behold thy brother here,

So long oppressed with tempest, all so long Wearled with atorm and stress and battling waves!

The sweet sympaths with youth & Highest trait in St. Paners no Salos appears it entire

Two hearts-twin alters-claim A single love-lit flame. You ask me whence it came?

Kindred in heart and soul-Love silent on them stole And gained complete control Sweeter its victory,

When virtue's laws decree

Inviolate lovalty! At Mary's shrine they bow, A mutual troth to vow In love made helier now.

What more? I end my lay, Heaven's choicest gifts to pray On this, their wedding day!

Another revelation of human sympathy is in the Popo's poem to his old-time comrades of the Arcadian Society, on the occasion of its bicentenary. It is the greeting of 'Neander Heracleus' -the name given young Pecci on his admittance to the Academy in 1832. The Society, founded in 1690, was an echo of the Renaissance, and lovers of the classics will find the spirit of that great movement in the poem

Of the inscriptions written by the Holy Father, the first is for the tomb of his mother, Anne Prosperi, Countess Pecci, whom he eulogizes as a mother to the poor, most devotolden piety, a model of domestic virtue, provident and generous."

The last, written in 1883, is on the life he shall lead in his pontificate

For the rest of my mortal life I at firmly resolved by offering daily the Victim of propitiation, to cleave more closely to God, and with watchful and ever-growing zeal, to labor Let golden honey be thy daintier for the eternal salvation of the souls of men Forward, then, Leo. Strive, whatsoever obstacle; to endure with patience whatsoever trials, fear not, your life is nearly ended; your race is nearly run, renounce and spurn all that is perishable, aspire to the heights, press forward with constant longing towards thy beavenly Father-

personal information and criticism which add greatly to the interest of own in the poems, and fittingly round out the ingenuous and pathetic self-disclosure of the humble, generous and tender heart which companions the great brain of Leo XIII

REAL HAPPINESS "What Constitutes Real Happiness" is the subject which Mr. Bourke Cockran, with a good deal of

wisdom and insight, expounds in a New York paper. "What is Happiness?" he asks. "Is it fame!"

"Some wise men hold that fame is posthumous and notoriety contemporancous. * * * To be gazed at in the street car or in a public conveyance These were the only words throughout that the Pope is a rare classical out that whole sermon that Roy is a necessary of the great Italy of Benta. The Honor's spirited translation of the a source of satisfaction it becomes a nence which has cost a life-time of industry and self-denial can be forfeited in a moment by an ill-consid-

ered act or a maladroit expression. "Is power happiness? * * * Ask the possessor of it, and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. * * * Is knowledge happiness? The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge; not one of us can ever hope to slake his thirst at it.

"Is wealth happiness' Look at those who possess it and tell me if you think they are a happy race. * * the departed to himself, exhorting borne . . But who ever heard of a coupons in a subtermacan cell? From a somewhat extensive observation of Yea, while the spirit rules these life I can say with perfect sincerity that in my judgment hopeless misery Shall I, with sighs heaved from my exists nowhere except among the inmost heart! Happiness consists, not in our possession, but in ourselves, not in what we have but what we are.

> JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED -A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of exercta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable his family , af- Pills, which are the result of much the the fair bather and prepared as a larative and ar an are scientifically expert atudy, and are scientifically -torotire in one

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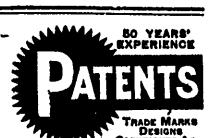
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