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Dear Hands.

BY SUSAN MARE SPALDING. Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care, No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these: They earned for whiter hands a jeweled case, And kept the scars unlovely for their share. Patient and slow, they had the will to bear The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize The flying joys of life, the gifts that please, The gold and gems that others find so fair. Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone, Where no lover's kiss was ever pressed, Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast, I see, through tears, your glory newly won, The golden circuit of life's work well done, Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest. —Atlantic Monthly.

RENEGADE CATHOLICS.

Why They Abandon the Faith for Transitory Honor.

One of the strange things of the present age is the tendency of Catholic public men to become indifferent to their religion. In Europe, the Gambettas and the Beres and the Bars and the Garibaldi and the Cavours were at one time Catholics. They listened to the instructions of the Church, and were taught that she is the one and only true Church; that there can be no other; and this they believed during the years before their rise to the position of recognized public men. But as they grew to prominence, and were passing through the preparatory school of what is now called statesmanship, they gradually yielded up their faith, forgot or ignored their early instructions and became enemies of the Church. These men seem to think it inconsistent with political prominence and public position to be faithful Catholics, or indeed, Catholics at all.

Here in our own country, though prominent Catholic laymen seldom become persecutors of the Church, many of them become very indifferent to its teachings; many of them become what are called "liberal" Catholics, and some of them desert the Church altogether. We say this is one of the strange things of the present age. It is necessary, in order to become a popular favorite, a prominent public man, a "statesman," that a Catholic shall abandon his religion and turn his back on the Church of his fathers, and of his own early years? Is it necessary, even, that he shall become that anomalous sort of being called a "liberal" Catholic?

We admit that there are influences in this country which operate on Catholics who seek popularity or public office to become negligent, or indifferent, and even to desert the Church. The total indifference of most Protestant politicians to the distinctions between churches enables them to make canvasses and "run campaigns" without falling foul of any of the difficulties that arise in the path of the man who has, and is known to have, fixed and clear religious principles. The candidate for office, or the seeker after political prominence who is less religious, so long as he is not openly irreligious, is likely to be most successful. Even the Protestant, who is a strict and steadfast adherent of the creed and practices of his denomination, is to some extent handicapped in a race against a man who is known to have no creed attachments and holds from no particular church. But comparatively few of those whom the Protestant church going people would call "good" church members seek public office, or ambition public prominence. They seem to have come to the belief that politics and religion are in nature opposed to each other; and so the political Protestants are, generally speaking, men who care little or nothing for the differences between church creeds, though they are still, in their prejudices, clearly pronounced Protestants. But such Protestants are the very worst kind of Protestants for Catholics to associate with. Their easy indifference to the requirements of their own faith, and their move about among men of all denominations and be "half fellow well met" with all of them. To allude to religion among such men would be, if not to offend them, to make them feel uncomfortable, and to lessen the welcome at the next meeting. They may allude to religion,—and they do, very frequently,—but all their allusions are aimed at the man who is known to be a Catholic either cannot join in at all, or if they do, must join in such a manner as not to offend the "good fellow" who must not be offended.

Now, Catholics in this country have as much right to be politicians and prominent men as any other people, and it must be conceded—not at all to their discredit—that they are fond of public prominence as any other citizens. But their right to be politicians, and their fondness for public prominence and public office necessarily bring them into intimate connection and association with the kind of non-Catholic politicians and public men we have above referred to. As we have said, to allude to religion—except, perhaps, to sneer at it—in the society of these men "would" do; it might, possibly, make one look narrow-minded, illiberal, unfit for this post or that—it might, in fact, ruin one's political prospects. And thus, it will be easily seen, the Catholic politician or public man—the holder of, or the seeker after, public office—is subjected to the influences that are constantly operating in this country to induce him to become negligent or indifferent to his faith—even to abandon it altogether.

But we have failed to find the Catholic that could keep his conscience in any kind of peace who abandoned his faith—or, even, become a "liberal" Catholic—for such reasons. We have heard men say—and Catholics, too, may God enlighten them,—that a man can change from being a Catholic to being a Protestant, and yet be conscientious. We say no; no man can, and no man ever did, so change. No man ever abandoned the Catholic Church from motives of conscience. This may appear to non-Catholics a bold statement, but we make it with the greatest confidence. The man who has been reared and instructed in the Catholic Church until manhood, and then abandons it, does so from motives unworthy of respect;—nay, from the motives of a moral coward, a moral poltroon, worthy of nothing but contempt. They may have done as bad acts as Julian the Apostate, and they will be judged as severely (if not more severely) for them; but they never openly recognized the equality, much less the superiority of another church. The men in this

country who abandon the Catholic Church and openly enter another are worse than the Gambettas, and should stand lower in the esteem of Catholics.

In the ages of faith, when men were willing to lay down their lives for the Church; when men did lay down their lives for her, fighting against Mohammedanism, the renegade was the object not only of the hatred but of the contempt of Christians. The man who deserted from the Christian ranks to those of the Mussulmans was not only looked upon as one who renounced the faith of his fathers, but also as one who deserted because of rewards or benefits offered him by the enemy of the Cross. Renegades of the present age, who desert the Church for Protestantism, are renegades still, and are unworthy of anything but contempt. As were the renegades of the middle ages, they do not, as the old renegades did, go over to the Turkish enemy on promises of Turkish gold, but they go over to the Church's Protestant enemy in search of rank and name and wealth. Such men worthy of respect!

Every man should be estimated for his individual worth. The moral coward is worth nothing but contempt. And the man who has lived until manhood in the faith of the Catholic Church, and then deserts her and becomes a Protestant, is the most contemptible kind of moral coward.—Catholic Chronicle.

A REMINISCENCE OF PAREPA ROSA.

New York World.

The season of music was closing. Skated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when "Please, mi ladi," in low, pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, mishapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gas-light, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well?" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity. "Would mi ladi please?" in sweet, broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart. "Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa held her stately head. "You heard me sing?" "Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in those soft, dark eyes aflame, and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, Oh, mi ladi, I could die!" "Child!"—and her voice trembled—"meet me here to-morrow at 5." And, holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook, and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his voice thrilled softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn; again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chiming of vesper bells. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause; and at the first pause, sweeping, like a royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain of "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. The silence in the great house at the close, then a shout went out that shook the weighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, "the boy violinist," and they call him to play before princes.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts; and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or antibilious granules, 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By Druggists. SILVER CURE, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880. GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial, I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever. W. H. WELLS.

A Wonderful Change. Rev. W. E. Gifford, while pastor of M. E. Church, Bothwell, suffered from chronic dyspepsia so badly as to render his life almost a burden. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him. What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for 20 years, and have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure." CLARA E. PORTER.

Sold by Harkness & Co., Dundas St.

ENGLISH DEMOCRACY.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS MUST GO.

The branch of the country is composed of hereditary landowners who collectively own 14,255,527 acres of land, and whose collective incomes are about £15,000,000. They have persistently opposed, so far as they dared, every measure of reform brought forward during the present century, and more especially every measure that militated against their own class interests. Not only are they Conservative in the real sense of the word, but in the party sense. When a Conservative Ministry is in power they are useless, when a Liberal Ministry is in power they are actively pernicious. Notwithstanding their wealth they are not independent. They are place hunters; they are clamorous for decorations, and they dip heavily into the public exchequer. In pay, pensions, and salaries, they annually divide amongst themselves (including the salaries of the Bishops) £21, 336 per annum. It may be an open question whether the system of one or two chambers is the more desirable. No sensible person, however, can advocate a chamber, destined to act with controlling impartiality, composed of enormously wealthy men, draining vast incomes from land, absorbing large amounts of public money in pay and pensions, and perpetually intriguing to secure the triumph of the party to which the great majority of them permanently belong. It is surprising that so astounding a legislative assembly as our House of Lords can have existed so long in a country inhabited by sane human beings, and is expected in any country where the paramount assembly is elected by a numerical majority would of course be out of the question. "THE FIGURE HEAD" WILL PROBABLY FOLLOW.

The forces of Democracy being thus organized, the treasury having been expelled from the camp, and a legislative assembly having been elected which would be the direct reflex of the national will, we may anticipate that no time will be lost in bringing the country into line with the spirit of the age. What will follow, however, is too wide a subject to enter into in this article, although a few of the political and social problems that are being briefly alluded to, it is doubtful whether even amongst Democrats the majority regard the issue between a monarchy and a republic to be within the realm of practical politics. So long as a monarch reigns, but does not rule, the question is an academic one. To Destroy the monarchy, the monumental figure-head of the State be a living human being, a piece of painted canvas, or a gilt clock, is a matter of exceedingly small importance in their eyes. Moreover, they recognize that the human figure-head has its advantages in a state such as ours, where the tie that unites the metropolis with its colonies is of the slightest. What they object to is the needless, and foolish expenditure which is arbitrarily connected with the institution of monarchy in this country. The monarch and the monarch's family now cost about £800,000 per annum; and without any impeachment of the personal respect that is felt for the Queen, this expenditure is regarded not only as excessive, but as one for which there is no more inherent necessity than for the diamonds,—were it, instead of an individual, our figure-head.

WHAT IS COMING INSTEAD. That Conservatives, that Whigs, that great landowners, and that millionaires should regret the advent of all this is conceivable. They have drawn a prize in a life lottery; like Doctor Pangloss, they consider that all is for the best in the best world; they are convinced that legislation by them and for them is in accordance with the fitness of things. It has ever been so. An individual can seldom free himself from the illusion that a system is sound and good for all if it suits him. But between regretting what is going on, and believing that it will not be, there is a wide difference. Democrats are told that they are dreamers. And why? Because they assert if power be placed in the hands of the many, the many will exercise it for their benefit. Is it not a still wilder dream to suppose that the many will in future possess power and use it, not to secure what they consider to be their interests, but to serve those of others? Did the landowners in England as long as they were the possessors of power? Can any instance be shown in history—except in Rome when votes were bought (and we are seeking in every way to render bribery impossible)—in which a democracy acted with such astounding abnegation? Is it imagined that artists in our great manufacturing towns, so satisfied with their present position, that they will hurry to the polls to register their votes in favor of a system which divides us socially, politically, and economically, into classes, and places them at the bottom, with hardly a possibility of rising? The schoolmaster has been abroad. The artisan no longer is an ignorant, besotted beast of burden. He thinks; he reasons; he aspires. The poor village slave, too, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, no longer regards his squire and his person as beneficent beings, whose will is forever to be his law. For the moment, we demand the equalization of the franchise; we regard this as a step on the democratic path from which there is no turning back. Our next demand will be electoral districts, cheap election, payment of members, and abolition of hereditary legislators. When our demands have been complied with we shall be thankful but we shall not rest. On the contrary, having forged an instrument suitable for democratic legislation, we shall use it.

The Editor of the Grand River Sachem says:—"We are usually sparing in our encomiums toward patent medicines, but observation and enquiry has satisfied us that the preparation of Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., styled 'Burdock Blood Bitters,' as a blood purifying tonic is worthy of the high reputation it has established among the people." "ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out vermin, mice, fleas, lice, bed-bugs, ants, rats, chipmunks, 15c.

Never Allow It. Never allow the bowels to remain in a torpid condition, as it leads to serious results, and ill health is sure to follow. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect regulator of the bowels, and the best blood purifier known.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S OPINION OF CONVENT SCHOOLS.

I want to call the attention of parents to those plain but simple schools of the Loretto Order. I do not know that they are better than those of the Sacred Heart to be found all through the United States, but they seem to be much cheaper and simpler, more severe and old-fashioned. Perhaps, I should say, that I like them better. And I think many a poor man, like myself, who cannot afford high-priced schools, will thank me for the bit of information I can crowd in this paragraph. Four years ago I took a little girl of mine from Oregon, and put her in the Loretto Convent School at Guelph, Ontario. She was a wayward little thing, quite without culture, discipline, or any idea of obedience; then she was all shaken up with the age; and the long journey made her quite ill, too. But the place is so high and dry and entirely healthy that the child soon became strong and healthy and happy. In the whole four years I have not paid over \$10 of doctor's bills. And this girl who so liked the freedom of the hills and was so lawless, soon became one of the most patient, industrious and well-disciplined children in the world. All by kindness; not one hard word was ever spoken to her, as far as I know. And she from the first was in love with these gentle teachers all, from the Mother Superior down. As to the dread some Protestants have of their children becoming Catholics, I can only give my experience here for the information and guidance of others. I am not myself a Catholic, nor do I profess any particular creed; although I think I see some good in it. But holding with the eminent Englishman—'I have not a religious animal'—and knowing in my heart that religion is as strong an element for good as is necessary to the perfection of a soul as is the element of love, I desired that my daughter should be religious. And I desired, too, that after some years of reflection, she should choose her own religion. After she was a year of observation and reflection she came to be a Catholic. But so far from her being persuaded or influenced to this, she was put on a probation. And even then I had to give my written permission before she could be accepted. Pardon this detail, but it is important for all to know these facts.

And now I come to the practical part and the purpose of this item—the cost. Briefly then, in round numbers, it is \$100 a year for board and tuition! This nominal sum seems startling. And it is because it is so cheap, so good and perfect in all respects, that I publish it to the world. You see these gentle Sisters seek no commercial advantage or profit at all. They only want to make good. And as they pay out nothing to speak of for rent or for clothes, and dress plain, live plain and simple, their expenses are very light, indeed; and so it is that they can afford to take a girl and keep her at school for \$50 the half year.

Of course there are other incidental expenses, such as washing and so on. And then a young lady, as she advances in years and culture, will require higher instructions in music and the like than is given in the general course. So that the bill can be easily swelled to \$200 a year, but not well above that.

There is another one of these remarkable schools still nearer to us. It overlooks Niagara Falls, as is just across the river on the Canada side. I am acquainted with the Mother Superior here also; and I know that she, like the Superior of the Loretto School at Guelph, is a mother indeed to any girl given in her charge.

How an Act of Kindness was Remembered.

John Winslow, of Boston, was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life: During the financial crisis and crash of 1857, when solid men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs. The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a creditable record of everything—of bills receivable and bills payable,—and his report was, that \$200,000 of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that, we must go by the board,—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street and among my friends, but in vain. Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house every moment to hear our junior sound the terrible words, "Our paper is protested!"—when a gentleman entered my apartment unannounced.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated. "Make your individual note for one year, without interest, for \$20,000, and I will give you a check, payable in gold, for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued: "You do not remember me, but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the school committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabbily-clad child, though clean. When our class came out on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by. But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed all the others and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well, and remarked I could do better still if I would try. You said the way to honor and renown was open to all alike; no one had a free pass; all I had to do was to be diligent and push on. That, sir, was the turning-point in my life. From that hour my soul was inspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered, and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for what you gave me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Mr. Winslow, "and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year?" he asked, "do you suppose I found my note? In possession of my little orphaned grand daughter! Oh, hearts like that man's bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

The Bravery of the Catholic Church.

After an individual has wandered for years in the wilderness of Protestant doubt and unrest and at last found a sweet, restful home in Catholicity, his attention is attracted at once to certain salient points, certain prominent characteristics of the Catholic Church. Amongst the first of these is her heroism. As a recent convert, please allow me to ask you to look for a moment at this conspicuous quality which makes her the wonder of men and of angels as a positive, aggressive, missionary power. Behold her method and its divine philosophy. By her authority she secures obedience; by her unity she secures strength and harmony; and by her heroism she secures invincibility. Authority, obedience, unity, strength, harmony, heroism and invincibility,—the seven strands of her mighty cord, with which she binds the world to the throne of God and lifts it aloft to the skies.

She is brave enough to carry the gospel to the poor. She fulfills the sweet words of Jesus to John in prison: "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." No cringing lip of scorn, nor scanning of dresses, nor looking for the man with a gold ring on his finger, when the poor in this world's goods approach her sacred altars. Thank heaven, the sunbonnet is welcome in her temples as the latest *coiffure* of fashion. At her holy communion rail, we see meekly kneeling side by side the denizens of the garret and cellar along with the lords and ladies of the palace, realizing the old-time prediction of the prophet-king: "The rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all." The little orphans are her peculiar treasure.

She tenderly takes the place of father and mother, hangs up the little one's stockings at the glad Christmas time, and fills the little one's shoes with the ever-lasting holidays of his mirth; but God, in the plenitude of His mercy, has loaded His Church with heavenly charity, to supply their wants and meet their necessities. The truth of the old saying that "the adoption of an orphan brings good luck," is here verified thousands and thousands of times. "Fishter in its place the loveliest bird should sing aright to God the loveliest word. That which a scorpion strayed should take the word, And sing his glory wrong."

Oh, it seems to me that her disinterested love of the poor should endear her forever to all noble philanthropic hearts! "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren," says the Saviour, "ye have done it unto me."—Church Progress.

The Danger of Irreverence.

Unbelief comes oftener from irreverent association than intellectual doubt. The sneer of a Voltaire has killed more than all his arguments. A jesting tone of talk on religious truths, is to take the name of God in vain, as truly as the vulgar oath; and when I hear him who calls himself a Christian, or a gentleman, indulging in the burlesque of the old-time prediction of the prophet-king, I at once recognize some moral defect in him. Intellect, without reverence, is the head of a man joined to a beast. There are many who think it a proof of wit; but it is the cheapest sort of wit, and shows as much lack of brains as of moral feeling. I would say with emphasis to each Christian who hears me, never indulge that habit, never allow sacred things to be jested without rebuke; but keep them as you would the miniature of your mother for no vulgar hands to touch. There is an anecdote of Boyle that he never pronounced the name of God without an audible pause; and whatever you think, I recognize in it the reverence in the air of our social life, and its neglect will polity our piety.

A Lesson For Girls.

Girls who aspire to and cultivate side-walk flirtations with "mashers" they know little or nothing about, can learn a valuable lesson from a divorce suit now pending in a district court, that of Annie L. Savage versus William Savage.

Six or seven years ago Annie was a gay, handsome, coquettish, ripe little girl of sweet sixteen, the daughter of a prominent merchant of Detroit, named Manning. She was giddy enough to engage in a street flirtation with a fellow who gave his name as Wm. Savage, and he studied her so full of nonsense about his wealth, position, and so forth, that she agreed to an elopement and they were married. In three days he was in jail for burglary, for he was a professional burglar, thief and—murderer, if the occasion called for murder.

He became acquainted with the penitentiaries of Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and so forth; and his married life had been a round of misery, particularly when he was at liberty and in a position to make her heart and pocket book bleed.

Had Annie Manning taken her mother's advice, she would be the mistress of a happy home, or she might be happy beside her father's stove, helping her mother run the house.

Advice to a Boy.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself; and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are; find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telamachus, and it will do you good.—Burlington Hawkeye.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Mathias.

THE WILL OF GOD.—When the architect Judas had put an end to his days by self-inflicted death, and while the apostles were awaiting the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost, they thought themselves of replacing him who had accounted himself unworthy to live, to the end that the mysterious and hallowed number established by the Saviour might remain undiminished. But might they arrogate to themselves the right of making an apostle? They could not bring themselves to think so, and hence reserved to God this high prerogative. They selected, then, from among the disciples the two most worthy, and, after having besought the Lord to mark out His own choice, they drew lots: the lot fell upon Mathias, who therefor took the rank of apostle. St. Mathias is believed to have preached the faith in Palestine and Ethiopia. According to the unvarying traditions of the Church, his apostolic career was crowned by martyrdom. The Greek Church holds his festival on the 9th of August, and the Latin Church on the 24th of February.

MORAL REFLECTION.—From this example let us learn to consult God in all our undertakings. Our own will may lead astray and deceive us; but God will give us this light if we utter, with a perfect heart, "Our Father, who art in Heaven. . . . may Thy will be done."—(Matt. vi. 9.)

Saint Tarasius.

SIMPLICITY AND FRANKNESS.—St. Tarasius, elected patriarch of Constantinople towards the middle of the eighth century, succeeded in establishing among his clergy a simplicity of manners and life whereof he himself, brought up though he was in the lap of affluence, and accustomed to the pomp of worldly dignities, afforded the true example. Not content with banishing luxurious living, he shared in his own person the humblest functions of the sacred ministry. He restored the purity of the faith and the practices of the Church in all that regards the veneration paid to