JANUARY 4 1913

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Say It With a Smile

If you're worried over something, If yon're worried over something, And your temper's sorely tried; When with cares and tribulations You seem overweil supplied, Don't fret and fume and sputter, With a rise of angry bile, But wh n you speak, talk softly, And say it with a smile.

fron

tured.

DIDN'T MEAN TO

Often and often we shall blunder .in

our lives, and sometimes the blunders will mean a cruel loss for some one. Well for us if we can feel, when the re-

norse is keenest, "God knows I didn't

STARTS FROM HIS FAILURES

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WILLIE'S NEW YEAR SLED

nean to."

There may be moments, sometimes, When bowed with weight of care, A visitor who bores you For hours will linger there ; Don't rage with inward anger ; You'll live a longer while, If, when you're talking with him, You say it with a smile.

If people come to ask you For charity or aid-To help inter some brother Who 'neath a shroud is laid— E'en if you can't afford it,

Don't argue and revile, But if you must refuse them, Why, do it with a smile.

The world is full of shadows-Don't add unto its gloom ; But try and light with gladness E'en the shadow of the tomb. If you've little luck or money, High you're wealth of joy will pile, If, when you speak, you slways Will say it with a smile.

LOUIS GERNHARD HIS NEW YEAR'S INVITATION

A young man who had got into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was saked by his father if he had any engagement for New Year's evening. The young man had nothing in marticular.

evening. The young man had nothing in particular. "Well, I'd like to have you go some-where with me," replied the father. "All right," said the boy. "Where shall I meet you ?" "Father suggested the Pfister hotel at half-past seven, and I was there," the boy goes on to tell. "When he appeared he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I a lady. 'One I knew quite well when was a young man,' he explained. "'She is staying at our house,' he

said. "I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Pfister under those circumstances, but

said nothing. "Well, we went in, and I was intro-duced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny and "The situation struct me is fully and ister shock hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn's seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for my boyhood, at which we all laughed lof a little. Then we played games for a while and enjoyed some light refresh-ments that mother had prepared. When I finally retired I was invited to call again. I went upstairs doing a good deal of thinking."-Intermountain Cath-

Some of the terms used in sport may be taken to describe expressively inci-dents in the great game of life : STRIKING OUT

"Oh, we lost the game ! You see, Billy struck out--never hit the ball at all. And it cost us the game. If he only hadn't struck out."

He struck out. You know some young men who have struck out and lost the game in more important things than baseball, don't you? A few moths ago they had a good place in a splendid office. They were on the straight road to success, so it seemed to everybody. Then all at once they dropped out. You found them on the street, looking seedy. They were down and out. What had happened ?

They struck out. How ? Ask that whitehaired old man that Ask that whitehaired old man that sits over yonder at the desk. He has been there through all the changes of the years. He has seen men come and go. Surely he can answer the questi n.

hadn't said I was good and brave, I shouldn't have brought it back." "Oh, yes, you would. Did the poor sick boy have a nice ride ?" "There wasn t any sick boy," said the big boy, turning very red. "I rode on THE WASTE OF TIME "The mill never will grind with the water that is passed." When the string breaks and the golden beads slip off one by one, they

big boy, turning very red. "I rode on it myself, but I didn't enjoy it. Then without another word the big boy turned and ran swiftly down the stread leaving a very muzzled little may be found again, but there is always the possibility that they may have dropped into a cranny or a hiding place which they never will be recapstreet, leaving a very puzzled little fellow standing in the doorway beside his dear red sled.—True Voice. The golden moments that we heed-

The golden moments that we heed-lessly waste are like the beads dropped from the broken string. If they are morning moments, our utmost endeavor may not find them until nightfall, and if found they will not repay us so fully as they might have done in the earlier day. The top of the morning, which is the cream of the day, is the best time for work and the best time for play. Every man has just so many minutes CHILDHOOD MEMORIES The sweetest memories that mortals know are those which gather about the scenes of childhood, and especially those which Christmas created, fostered, and maintained throughout the stay of those

they loved. The star that shone so brightly on The star that shone so brightly on Bethlehem's plain on that glad morning when shepherds heralded the advent of Jeaus has not lost its lustre. Nay, it grows more luminous and beautiful as the days go by, and mankind in greatly increasing numbers is guided by it from the sorrows of earth to the joys of heaven. What a wonderful impetus it gives for better living I What aspirations it en-kindles in the hearts of the weary, heavy-laden souls, the soas of toil, and those who would despair but for its thrilling delights, which the ministers of Christmas day put into service ! What resurrection of buried hopes, what struggles are renewed for better work and the best time for play. Every man has just so many minutes to live. There is so much to do with life, if one knows how. It is a pity to waste even one second. A man can make of himself what he will, can learn what he will, can accomplish what he will, as a rule, if he will make up his mind to do so, keep persistently at it, and waste no time. A little child, with the impetuous clumsinees of childhood, broke a china plate. Her eyes filled with quick tears, but they were seen and understood. "Mother knows yog didn't mean to," came a reassuring voice, and the little one was comforted. Often was shall blunder in

what struggles are renewed for better living and for better things ! Chris Christ living and for better things I Christ cheers the sorrowing with jubilant hopes, and bids them cast their care upon Him who careth for them with more than a mother's tenderest love. He speaks peace to their troubled conscience, giving them forgiveness, sympathy and strength, and points them to that haven of rest where no storm ever sweeps across their souls, filled with eternal blessedness.

THE WELL BRED GIRL A well-bred girl always thanks a man

STARTS FROM HIS FAILURES The beginnings of success are often written about. By studying all the celebrated cases on record, one thing becomes absolutely plain. The persis-tent man is sure to find his start in a place where very few others ever think of looking for it. He starts from his failures, and goes right ahead.—Catho-lic Columbian. A well-brea girl siwy's thanks a man when he gives her a seat in a car, and will arise and give her seat to an elderly woman or man, or woman carry-ing a child, and does it in a quiet and ot in an effasive manner. She does not accept any valuable presents from any man unless she ex-

She never talks loud in any public lace

She does not speak of her mother or father in a sarcastic way, and she shows them the loving deference that is their She doesn't want to be a man, and she

doesn't try to imitate him. She doesn't say she dislikes women, and she has good, true friends among them. She doesn't wear shoes without buttons or a dress that needs mending.

-Tablet. FORCE OF EXAMPLE

WILLIE'S NEW YEAR SLED Willie was ont of bed bright and early New Year's day. There, by the sitting room fire, stood a beautiful bright-red sled with one of his own stockings drawn over the toe of each runner, so that all might know it was in-tended for him and no one else. At last the wonderful moment came when he was allowed to take his sled to the hill, just behind the house, where other boys went to play. He had the hill all to himself, at first, and his heart beat high when he found he could coast down without falling off. "Hello, Bub I Wait a minute !" Willie was just preparing to start The habits of reverence, gentleness, courtesy, honesty, courage and patience, like their opposites, are absorbed by the child from those with whom he is most closely associated. It is in these attri-butes that an ounce of example out-weighs a ton of precept. It is a charm-ing organization to hear no competiments either "Hello, Bub ! Wait a minute !" Willie was just preparing to start down the second time when he heard this call. He looksd up and saw a ragged boy, considerably larger than himself, coming across the hill. He didn't like the looks of the stranger, and decided to coast quickly down out of his way ; but a ragged boot placed under one runner made that impossible. "Hold on a jiffy, governor," the boy said; "I want a ride on that sled !" "I don't want to hold on," replied Willie, very, truthfully, "because I don't want you to ride on my sled." ing custom to lose no opportunity either in reading fiction or in the circumstances attendant on everyday living to expres an enthusiastic appreciation of the good. the noble, beautiful and true, but valu-able beyond and above all discussion of these virtues is to be as nearly as we can what we wish our children to be

-New World.

want you to ride on my sled." The big boy looked at Willie thought-NEW YEAR'S GREETING fully. He was the buily of the village and most boys of his own size usually (Written for the Intermountain Catholic obeyed him promptly. "What would you do," he said, " if I should jerk the sied rope out of your hand? I'm bigger than you, and I can

(Written for the Intermountain Catholic) The echoes of Christmas joys still re-main. The joyous greectings—" Merry Christmas"—will be supplemented in a few days by the general salutation, " I, wish you a Happy New Year." All sharing in the real joys of Christmas will no doubt, participate in that hap-pingen for which human nature longe " But you wouldn't jerk the rope out of my hand just because you are the biggest," said Willie, confidently. "Brave persons never do things like piness for which human nature longs and craves. Happiness is one of the that. Mamma said so." "I could make you afraid of me," said "I could make you afraid of me," said natural instincts of human nature. In what does it consist? Viewing im-partially the history of the human race, pasts and present, it is well known that At the fort of the cross one may say the big boy, hesitating as if he were un-decided whether to make the attempt or



THE CATHOLIC RECORD

redeems the human race. At Bethle-hem and Calvary, standing as interested cades she hardly dared to look up. Then the vision disappeared; the mist dissolved. A sort of radiance still en-veloped the Grotto, but as she looked at pectators what an object lesson is there infolded. Watching the death of the old year

veloped the Grotto, but as she looked at it, this, too, gradually died away. Jumping up, she ran breathless through the wood until she found her companions. On hearing that they had seen nothing, Bernadette, afraid of being ridiculed, refused for a long time to say what she had seen, but at length admitted that she had seen a vision of a lovely lady dressed in white. Bernadette's vision soon became the talk of the country-side, and her parents forbade her to return to Watching the death of the old year and the birth of the new year, gentle reader, pause and reflect how the years that make up the span of life quickly pass. And what practical lesson does not this teach? In Bethlehem one sees true greatness rising out of littleness, real strength born of weakness, and the glory of the Great God manifested in humility. The new year marks the flight of time and man's near approach to the grave. It sounds a note of warn-ing to be ever ready to meet the mesand her parents forbade her to return t the Grotto until, at the instigation of a neighbor, they allowed her to go armed to the grave. It sounds a note of warn-ing to be ever ready to meet the mes-senger of death. "What does it profit one to gain the whole world, if in the end he lose his soul?" How many such warnings will the future bring forth? with holy water, that the vision, if of a diabolic origin, should be exorcised. No sooner did Beroadette reach the We solver all beruative result the Grotto than the vision appeared—a woman robed in white, a blue girdle loosely knotted round her waistand fal-ing to her feet, on each of which rested a golden rose. This time also the Madonna smiled. She had no fear of the helt mater with which setting on in To this query there is no answer. Whitst nothing on earth is more certain than death, there is nothing more uncertain than the year, the day, or the hour it may occur New Year's morning, when exchange the holy water with which acting on in-structions, Bernadette plentifully be-New Year's morning, when exchang-ing the compliments of the season and wishing one another happinoss, the real meaning and significance of "I wish you a happy New Year," is to make good the resolutions one may make at the commencement of the year, "to cast off the ways of darkness," and strive to be virtuous. It is undeniable that virtue leads to happiness, and equally true that happiness produces virtue. When one lends a helping hand to the needy, he is happy and the receiver of the gift happy. The practical mani festation of one's happiness, in noble deeds, means an increase of virtue, sprinkled the rock. It was Sanday. On the following Tuesday Bernadette returned to the Grotto, and not only did the Madouna smile, she poke : "Do me the favor," she said, "to come

here for fifteen days. Not until the sixth day did the Maonna speak again. She then said :

"Pray for sinners. During the eighth visit a personal secret was confided to Bernadette-a secret that was never to be divulged, and that never was divulged. Having confided the secret, the Madonna commanded Bernadette to tell deeds, means an increase of virtue, whilst at the same time the happier the whilst at the same time the happier the indigent are made the more virtuous will they become. This is always the result of the law of love. A person, losing sight of his real destiny and end, cannot be happy, that is, cannot enjoy permanent happineas. He may possess the goods of this world, but like the miser mentioned in the gospel, he is not rich; he may have all the pleasures which weak human nature seeks, but they do not please. Why? Madona commanded Bernadette to the the Cure of Lourdes to have a chapel built, and to encourage people to come there to pray. During the ninth visit the vision murmured : "Penance ! Pen-ance ! Penance !" Bernadette repeated

the words as she kissed the ground. During the teuth visit, the Madonna told Bernadette to drink of the fountain and to wash in it. The girl was puzzled. There was no fountain; but, following the direction of the Madonna's eyes, she the pleasures which weak numan hadre seeks, but they do not please. Why? Because when one's ideal, or supreme good is restricted to this world and this life he seeks only to satisfy his animal instincts and propensities which never knelt down and scratched the soil, and in an instant water began to flow, and she drank of it and washed in it.

It was not until almost the last appearance that, in reply to Bernadette's produce happiness. There is always a void in the heart and soul that cannot repeated inquiries as to her identify, the Madonna, raising her eyes to Heaven, replied, "I am the Immaculate be filled by all the pomp, glory and glitter of the world, plus the indulgence

XAVIER

"Master Francis is dead, and he died without working any mr acle. He was buried on the sea shore may die." It lies, and never fulfills its promises by bringing any permanent happiness. The latter, the cross, aphere, just like any other common indi-vidual; perhaps when it is time for us to sail if any part of him remains in b ing nappiness. The nater, the close, up peals to man's reason and spiritual nature. One's hopes centered on the cross is the source of happiness, because salvation, which means unending bilss, comes from the humility of the cross. we may bring it away with us, that the grumblers of Malacca may not be able to say that we are not as good Chris-

expired.

country. The equality of the sexes is recognized in divorces over here. Al-though I am not a Catholic, I think the Such was the announcement to the Portuguese Governor of Malacca whence Xavier had sailed some m nths

be dissatisfied if St. Paul himself was Eighty years later the body was again the pastor in his home parish, and would wonder why St. Luke wasn't the first assistant." exhumed (and found incorrupt) subsie embroidered with pearls and to by hab

embroidered with pearls and to be hab-litated in a magnificent cha-precious re-stones, the gift of Queen Labella. The new shrine in which the precious re-mains were at the asme time deposited is very large, composed of massive sil-ver, superbly worked and adorned with jewels and inlayings of gold. It is generally believed that he has the most to otyl tomb of any saint in the Church, the voluntary offerings of devotes in Barope and the Indies. St. Francis Xavier was only forty-six years of age when he died, of which he had spent twelve in the Society of Jesus, and ten years and seven months

ourdes a history of its apparitio Lourdes, a history of its appendix and cures Principles of Religious Life, by Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. The Decrees of the Vatican Council Edited by Rev. Vincent McNab, O. P. Dependence, or the Insecurity of the Anglican Position, by Rev. Luke Rivington, M. A. The Conventionalists, by Rev. Robert The Convent onalists, by Rev. Robert Hugh Benson The Midland Septs and the Pale, by F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock Bautry, berchaven and the O'Sullivan Septs, by T. D. O'Sullivan Life of Madam Rose Lummis, by In the beautiful church of the Jesuits in New York city the ceiling is covered with frescoes representing scenes in the life of St. Francis. One of these pio-tyres his lonely death on the island of Sancian, the light of heaven on the radiant, upturned face, the only bright spot in the desolate scene. Life of Midam Societ Lummis, by Life of Archbishop O'Brien, by Katherine Hughes Belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, by Rev. Father Didon Notes in Christian Doctrine, by Most Rev. E. G. Bagshawe, D.D. Spiritual Excercises of St. Ignatius Maures Edition The Rosary Guide, by Very Rev. J. Proctor 1 25 Proctor Counsels to the Sick, by Henri Perreyve Lisheen, by Canon Sheehan Blindness of Dr. Gray, by Canon Sheehan Chief Sources of Sin, by Rev. M. V. McDonough Chief Sources of Sin, by Rev. M. V. McDonough Lychgate Hai, by M. E. Frances Wild Wheat " " " " Manor Farm " " " " Flanders Widow " " Christian Thal " " " Yeoman Feetwood " " Baltimore Boys, by A. A. B. Slavert Church and Kindness to Animals Romance of a Playright, by Vte. Henri De Bornier Church and Kindness to Animals Romance of a Playright, by Vie. Henri De Bornier Perfection of Man by Charity Theosophy and Christianity, by Rev. E. R. Hull, S. J. The Bible of the Sick, by Frederick Ozanam The Sacrifice of the Mass by Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald New Guide to the Holy Land, with 23 colored maps and 110 Plans of Towns and Monuments, by Father Meistermann, O. F. M. Sermons at Mass, Rev. Patrick O'Keeffe The Four Gospels Harmonized by Rev. Canon Weber 75 75 75

Removal of Parish Priests

Translation of the Decree of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, Aug. 20, 1910

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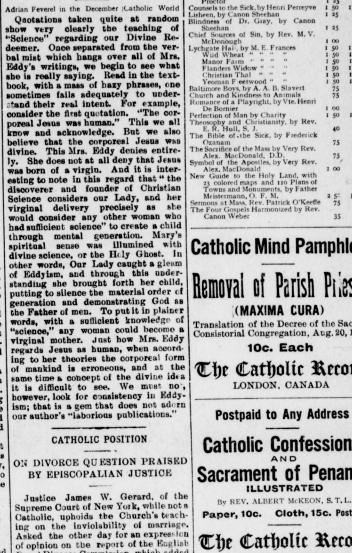
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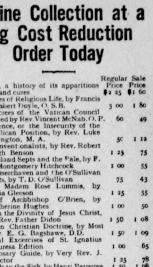
THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS

When exchanging greetings and ex pressing good wishes on New Year's day there are two standards to select from, that of the world and that of the cross. The former appeals to one's animal instincts, to the senses. It says, "Live and be merry, for to-morrow you

the laws governing such actions, the Justice said : conditions already prevailing in this ountry. For example, poor persons do not have to travel long distances ; they can have their cases heard in their own tians as themselves."

Catholic Church's position on this ques-





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Jesus, and ten years and seven months in the Indies in a most laborious aposto-late, carrying the name of God to many kingdoms of Asia and Africa, and converting and baptizing so many that the Sovereign Pontifi at his canonization affirmed that the souls he brought to God were "as numerous as the stars in heaven or the sands on the seashore."

In the beautiful church of the Jesuits

CHRISTIAN (?) SCIENCE

drian Feverel in the December (Catholic World

Listen. "Ned ? Oh, he had too much else to do outside. We wondered about it, and kept watch for a few weeks. We used to find him nights in places that took so much of his time and his strength that be had little left for his work the next We wondered about it, and he had little left for his work the next day. You understand that no young man can waste his strength that way. We did not like to do it, but we had to let him go."

"And Ben ?"

"Ben's place was not big enough for him. He knew more than any of the old men in the house. In a little while he wanted to run things himself. It was a bad way to be in, and we gave the place to a young man who appreciated it enough to magnify it."

"But surely Richard had no such fault as either of these." "That was too bad-Richard, I mean.

We sil liked him. He was so bright and quick to learn. If everything had gone well with him, he would have made his mark. But he missed it. Richard's I never shall forget the proud look there was on his face when he took Richard by the hand. It meant so much to him that his son should be getting on so well. I know how helonged for Richard to make the peot of himself. All his life quick to learn. If everything had gone to make the best of himself. All his life long he has been praying and working Richard, so that he might win the very best in life. And then-Richard was ashamed of his father. He did wear poor clothes. His hands were hard and stained with his work down in the shops; but that stain was a beauty spot by the But when he told his mother about it, mark on the heart of his boy. You would have needed no word to tell you that Richard was sorry his father you that Richard was sorry in lather had come there. He treated him so dis-courteously. You have thought he would have brought him over to meet the members of the firm and been glad Willie looked very sober. to have it known that this man who had "I'm lonesome for my sled," said "I'm lonesome for my sled," said Willie to his mother, "but I know he'll done so much for him was his father. Bat he did none of these things. As quickly as he could be hurried the old man out. And after that we could not keep Richard. No young man who does not honor his father will ever be a credit to his husiness. His life is marked for the aring at the door bell, and Willie keep Richard. No young man who does not honor his father will ever be a credit to his business. His life is marked

out for failure."

out for failure." They all struck out 1 Why? Becsues they had not hidden God in their hearts. Have you?—Edgar L. Vincent.

him too brave to "pick upon" one smaller than himself. Still, he wanted a few rides on the new sled. "I should think," he said, "that you'd

lo it easy."

world, its pleasures and amusements, a want to let a fellow ride when he's haven lot peece and rest. The almost poor and pever had a sled of his own, or universal feeling of our age is that if poor and never had a sled of his own, or poor and hever had a steel of his own, of anything else, to make him happy." "Of course you can ride on my 'Jack Frost,'" he said. "You go down, then I will, then you, and we'll keep it up till they can have all their natural and artificial wants supplied, and are not disturbed by the trials and crosses disturbed by the trials and crosses of life, they have, as they claim, heaven on earth and need for nothing more. This modern feeling and sentiment, founded on indifference, do not couform to the teaching of St. Paul, who says : "The grace of God Our Saviour hath appeared to all men. Instruction na

I will, then you, and we'll keep it up thin noon. Will that make you happy?" "You bet !" replied the big boy. "But you wouldn't make anyone happy if it made you feel bad to do it?" "Of course I would. You know I

"Down where I live," said the big that denying ungodliness and worldy would."

"Down where I live," said the big boy, " in the other end of the village, there is a sick little boy, very poor, who never had a ride on a sled in his life. It would do him good if he could life. It would not be an another big " desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world." Men's Justly and godly in this world." Men's nopes of happiness then, as intended by Providence, extend beyond the grave. This hope does not mean the suppres-sion of all vexations of soul and body in have a ride or two on a sled like this !" Willie looked perplexed. He had no doubt that it was his duty to share his sion or all vecations of soil and body in this life, but it presupposes them, and as the same apostie expresses it, man must be resigned and bear them patient-ly, hoping for future reward. "Lookhy, hoping for tubure reward. "Loog-ing for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the Great God and Oar Saviour Jesus Christ." This is reversing the maxims of the

The big boy coasted down the hill, and was out of sight by the time Willie had walked to the foot of it. He felt very lonely as he went home without his precious sied, but he comforted himself

with the thought that work work many poor sick boy happy. But when he told his mother about it, she said : "My little son, you should not have leat your sled without coming home to ask me, though we'll hope it home to ask me, though we'll hope it will turn out all right." who notwithstanding His repellant sur-

But when night and bedtime came, and still the sied had not been returned, roundings, is the source and fountain of

all happiness. The story of His life, from Bethlehem to Calvary, according to the simple narrative of the gospel, discloses none of the pomp or dignity of earthly monarchs, nor the glamor, or ride until pretty near supper time." Qaite early in the morning there came a ring at the door bell, and Willie flew to answer it. "Oh, boy !" he cried out joyfully. "I knew you'd bring my sled ! I knew you were a good boy !" "That's what made me bring it back," replied the boy in a low tone. "If you

affords. Hence, with all the energies of The cross brings real and permanent before on a mission to omina. On a happiness. Its victim has said: barren island (Sancian,) in sight of barren justice, for ye shall be satisfied." In an anthor, Francis Xavier had laid for twelve days dying of a fever, happy. This happiness is the greetings when, crying out in a loud voice, "In The cross brings real and permanent | before on a mission his soul, and all the strenuous efforts at his command, man strives to make the happy. This happiness is the greetings which The Intermountain Catholic sends to all its readers on New Year's day. F. D.

of the passions.

THE STORY OF LOURDES TOLD BY A NON-CATHOLIC

In the February of 1858, Louisa Soubiroux told her daughter Marie to go and gather some sticks on the banks of the Gave, as she wanted to cook the dinner, and had nothing with which to make a fire. I ernadette Marie's elder sister, who had lately come home from the village of Cartres, where she had been employed as a shepherdess—wanted to go too, but as she was delicate, her mother hesitated until a little companion persuaded her, and the three children ran off together in search of firewood. As they neared the Grotto of Massabielle-then a wild unfrequented spot.

the haut, according to popular legends, world, which claims to find its ideal of devils-Bernadette got separated from her companions, and was dreamily colhappiness, or beaven, at this side of the grave. It demonstrates very clearly that God's ways and man's ideas of ecting the dried twigs which lay across that God's ways and man's ideas of happiness are very different. How is "the glory of God," to which St. Paul refers, made manifest? In Bethlehem, gazing on the Infant Saviour, neither glory, majesty nor greatness can be seen, yet the eye of faith sees the divinity veited under human form. In the cold, damp manger is seen a help-less Infant, the Son of a poor virgin, and who notwithstanding His repeliant surher path, when suddenly the air about her seemed to become agitated, and she heard a noise like the rumbling of disheard a noise like the running of dis-tant thunder. She looked up. Not a twig stirred; the sky was blue and cloudless. There was no sound except the singing of a bird in the branches above her head.

Thinking she must have been mistaken, she went back to her wood-gatherable conveyance to Goa-a Portugues able conveyance to Goama Forngarse town of Hindustan and capital of the Portuguese dominion in the Indies-miracle after miracle happened, all pointedly connected with the saint's ing, and again a great wind seemed to encircle her, but this time, when she ooked up to see if the trees were moving, she saw no trees, nothing but a white mist. The mist enveloped the

body. The final reception in Gos of the rewhile mist. The mist errors of the whole Grotto, and as her eyes tried to penetrate it she saw what looked like a form—the form of a woman—slowly emerge and stand gazing at her. Terri-end rise fell mon her knees. Stories The final reception in Gos of the re-mains of the humble, ill-clad, ill-fed, self despised Jesnits was a glory of flags and banners and torches and pro-cessions, and solemn music during the several days that the body was exposed emerge and stand gaung and the set of the stand gaung and the set of the Grotto being fre-quented by devils flashed across her such that near of the cross being fre-quented by devils flashed across her mind, and, taking her rosary from her pocket, she began to tell her beads. Until she had told the whole five deto the veneration of the faithful, high and low, rich and poor, and an account of the miracles that were worked would fill volumes.

tion is right. I am an Episcop am not in favor of letting down the bars. Divorce makes life harder for the chilpatched up.' Thee, O Lord, have I hoped," he calmly

Four of his Portuguese fellow-traders buried him there, filling the box with quicklime to hasten decomposition, so that they might sconer and more safely take his bones with them. Then the unsympathetic message above quoted was sent by one of these Portuguese. The reference to his working no mir-

acle at his death was natural, for these acle at his death was natural, for these same men had seen him work miracles day after day. His very failure to work a miracle was quoted as a miracle. On that very voyage those very companions had seen him twice still a storm at sea. and change the salt water into fresh for

their drinking, by the sign of the cross Two months and a half later the cap-tain of the ship, having finished his trading, decided to return to Malsoca and gave orders to have the bones of Xavier exhumed. On opening the case and removing the lime, the body of the saint was found not only totally incorrupt, but flexible, fresh and fair, as if in Their voyage back to Malacca was a month of prayer and repentance. Francis," and when they reached Malacca was accound the precious cashed of "Father Francis," and when they reached Mal-acca and sent the news ahead of them their entry was a triumphal procession; more especially as a plague that had been raging in Malacca stopped the instant the vessel touched the shore. For a year that the saint's remains were left in Malacca awaiting a favor-ble comparement of Gune a Portmuse

dren. You see it every day in court, nestic difficulties usually can be

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