

Household Notes

GOING TO MARKET.—In "Table Talk," Frances E. Peck offers some hints which may be useful to our matrons, and we may add to that class of the sterner sex who take a delight in "making the market." She writes:

Marcelline does her own marketing. She does not trust to the telephone and the honesty of the market man, neither does she allow her maid to list to the voice of the charmer (as impersonated by the grocer's assistant, a pencil over his ear and straw cuffs), a soulful-eyed young man with and order what he cleverly makes her believe she stands in dire need of.

Marcelline, though a young bride, is not inexperienced, but au contraire thoroughly understands the art of marketing to the best advantage, thanks to the stately old French-woman at once grandmother and guardian, who considered no young woman's education complete until she had supplemented her school course by a year's experience in purchasing the household table supplies. So when Marcelline left her beloved New Orleans and came to her own little nest in the big city by the lake, she was capable of watching and regulating her household expenses in a most charming but business-like way.

When Tom, the "man of content," arises from the breakfast table, ready for a brisk walk to the office, Marcelline (who appreciates to the utmost all the advantages gained by marketing in the early morning) slips into a trim little coat and plain felt hat and accompanies him to the "parting of the ways," which in this case is the shop of the green grocer, where she proceeds to follow out the rules and regulations she has formulated regarding the proper choosing of the day's vegetables, fruits, fish and meats.

Cabbage she weighs in her hand, a small, compact heavy head being preferable to a larger, loose one. Cauliflower must also be heavy to life, the stem solid, and the flowers blanched to a creamy whiteness. If dark in color it shows that the leaves were not properly tied over the head and vegetable will, most likely, be wormy to a disgusting extent.

Onions must also be of the white, or silver-skinned variety, and not more than an inch and a half in diameter. When of that size they cook in less time, and are more sightly when served,—as Marcelline prefers them—in a little sea of cream sauce, each onion a veritable islet, crowned with a green summit performing the double duty of garnish and deodorizer—a few sprigs eaten after partaking of onions entirely removing the dreaded onion "smell."

Beets are best medium sized, and must be a dark red; a white beet is an anomaly in nature distinctly displeasing to Marcelline's robust sense of the fitness of things.

Radishes, to meet her approval, must be small, round, firm and the reddest procurable, with tender fresh green leaves; for in preparing them for the table, two of the most perfect leaves are left on as a garnish. Marcelline cuts away the roots, and a little of the peel at the base; then, with a sharp knife, she begins at the root end and cuts towards the top, dividing the red peel into five or six leaves; a few minutes' crisping in ice water and they are ready to serve, repose on a bed of crushed ice in a flat dish, the radishes radiating from the centre, the green leaves at the outer edge.

CONVERSIONS TO THE FAITH.

Such statements as the following are of frequent occurrence in the papers nowadays, and affords us encouragement for more earnest work and frequent prayers than ever that our separated brethren may return to the one true Church of Jesus Christ, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and announce, as the result of a recent series of lectures to non-Catholics, sixty-four converts to the Catholic faith, including twenty Episcopalians, six Lutherans, two Scotch Presbyterians, one Hebrew (the second in so-

Asparagus must be of the green variety for experience has proved it less liable to bitterness than the white Colossal; and green string beans are also insisted upon as being richer and softer when cooked than the wax variety. When bought they must be crisp, and firm to the "snapping" point. Peas, to fill the bill, must have firm, plump, well-filled pods of a glassy surface; if dull looking they have been picked too long.

In choosing tomatoes they must be smooth, round and heavy, thus insuring a solid meaty fruit, and the color, a rose red; tomatoes of that tint have a pleasant sub-acid flavor as compared with the sourer, brighter variety.

To the inexperienced young housewife, buying meats is a puzzling branch of marketing, and one in which she often gets the worst of the bargain. But when Marcelline enters the meat market she has no fears of tough joints and leathery chops. For her success she relies on the color of the meat and her sense of smell. Young beef is always a bright red, and the fat a creamy white, and when fresh killed there is always present a faint, almost violet fragrance, in contra-distinction to the stala, rancid odor of long kept meat. Young mutton is a paler, more rosy red than beef and should entirely lack the "woolly" smell ever present in the meat of an ancient animal.

Veal and lamb should be a dark pink in color; if killed at the "boob" stage of their existence, the flesh will be white looking and lack firmness to the touch.

Fish, to suit our little buyer, must have blood of a bright red; if of a dark, brownish muddy color it indicates a fish too long out of water to be wholesome. A fresh fish will also be firm, dry, shiny and crisp to the touch; a stale one being flabby, slippery and altogether unpleasant to handle.

In choosing fowls, Marcelline is a firm believer in the breast-bone test. The wings are a good age-indicator, and the color may also be depended on as a criterion most satisfactory. If the breast bone is pliable, the wings, where they join the body, rather soft and cartilaginous, non-resisting, as it were, when grasped at the upper part, the color a creamy white, the fowl will be tender, be it chicken or turkey. The older the fowl the darker the skin and the yellower the fat. If a bird has been on ice, or in cold storage for too long a time, it will have an unwholesome bluish appearance. If not dry picked, the skin will often be broken and shrunken away in places.

Miladi chooses oranges and lemons of a pale yellow, thin-skinned variety, and heavy when lifted. Bananas must be small and of a good yellow. Cranberries must be dark as to color, crisp, solid and spicy. In buying apples, Marcelline admits no hard and fast rules can be laid down. The young housekeeper must learn, by experience, to know the appearance of the different varieties, and by that same task-mistress be taught which are the best for eating raw and the best for cooking, as the seasons bring the different kinds into market.

ven years) Again, Archbishop Ryan confirmed lately, at St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Philadelphia, as the result of a mission given by Franciscan Fathers, fifty adults, of whom thirty-four were converts. Again the Senior Kennicott Hebrew Scholarship, at Oxford has been awarded to Mr. Frederick A. Ingle, B.A., of St. John's College, who was for a short time in the Anglican ministry, but is now studying for the priesthood at the College Boda, in Rome. If these facts should meet the eye of any man who is still kept out of the Church by the belief or a hope that Anglican orders are valid,—though, even if they were so, he would still be severed from communion with the Church's prescribed centre of unity,—let us quote here for him Cardinal

Newman's emphatic words, which were spoken even before the late Pope's pronouncement against these orders:—

"As to my views of Anglican orders I cannot conceive that they are valid—but I could not swear that they are not. I should be most uncommonly surprised if they were. It would require the Pope ex cathedra to convince me. I would not believe in them if you (he is writing to Father Coleridge, S.J.) or a hundred Fathers of the Society guaranteed their validity, though, of course, it would be a remarkable fact; but nothing but the Church's action on it would convince me. I do not think that the Church ever will act on it. And for this reason, that, putting them at the best advantage they are doubtful, and the Church ever goes by what is safe."

In connection with all this, we find it not out of place to add the testimony of the late Mr. Hutton, once editor of the London Spectator, in relation to the Catholic members of the Metaphysical Society.

"I was very much struck by the marked difference between the Roman Catholic members of our society and all the others. Dr. Ward, Father Dalgairns and Cardinal Manning all had upon them that curious stamp of definite spiritual authority which I have never noticed on any faces but those of Roman Catholics. There was no wistfulness; rather an expression which I might almost describe as a blending of grateful humility with involuntary satiety—genuine humility, genuine thankfulness for the authority on which they had anchored themselves."

May we not in our Easter gladness once more quote Newman as he closes in thankful gratitude that "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," which, ere it was ready for publication, had under God convinced its author of the truth of the Catholic faith? "Now, dear reader," he says to his non-Catholic audience, "now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as a mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long." And then, in a burst of great joy that he had at last "recognized in himself a conviction of the truth of the conclusion to which the discussion leads, so clear as to supersede further deliberation," he cries out with aged Simeon to whom the desire of his heart for many years had finally been granted: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace: Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Let our petitions rise earnestly to-day to the throne of the Risen Jesus that He will gather speedily into His one true Church the sheep outside the fold.—Sacred Heart Review

IRISH SAINTS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A correspondent, who seems to be deeply interested in Irish history, and especially in the history of Irish saints, has asked us who St. Bridget was, and if she and St. Brigid were the same person; also how the name of St. Finian is spelled, as he has found it written Finian.

In the first place the name of St. Bridget is written in various ways; Brigit, Bridget, Brigid and Brida. This Saint, who is the Patroness of Ireland, was born at Fochard in Ulster, soon after the coming of Christianity to Ireland. She received the veil of religion from St. Mel, a disciple of St. Patrick, and built herself a cell under a large oak, thence called Kildara, or the cell of the oak, now known as Kildare. Being joined soon by many of her own sex, they formed themselves into a religious community, which branched out into several other nunneries throughout Ireland, all of which acknowledged her as their mother and foundress, as she was of all such in that country. Many Churches have been dedicated to God in her name in England, and Scotland, as well as in Germany and France; and a famous monastery was built to her honor in one of the Shetland Islands. In her native country she is held in great veneration, where she is fondly called the "Mary of Ireland." Her body was found with those of Saint Patrick and Saint Columba, in a triple vault in Down-

patrick, in 1185; they were all three translated to the Cathedral of the same city, but their monument was destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. In the Church of the Jesuits at Lisbon. In the whole range of Irish literature no Saint is referred to more frequently than St. Bridget or "St. Brigid of Kildara," and no spot is more frequently mentioned in the poetry of Ireland than "Kildara's Holy Shrine," where burned, through long ages, the lamp lit by the hand of St. Bridget.

There were two Irish Saints, entirely distinct from each other, one Saint Finian, the other St. Finian. The first of these, Saint Finian, surnamed Lobhar, or the Leper, was a King of Munster. He was a disciple of St. Brendan, and flourished about the middle of the sixth century. He imitated the patience of Job under a loathsome and tedious distemper, from which his surname was given him. The famous Abbey of Innisfallen, the ruins of which still hallow the beautiful island of the same name in Killarney, was founded by this Saint. In this monastery were kept the famous Annals of Innisfallen. We all recall those beautiful lines in poor Balfe's famous opera:

"Innisfallen's ruined shrine

May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders passing by;

Castle, lough and Gleng Bay,
Mountains Torc and Eagle's Nest—
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest."

Another house for religious, called from him Ardfinian, he built in Tipperary, and a third at Cluan-More Madoc, in Leinster, where he was buried. He died on the 2nd February, but, says Colgan, his festival is always kept on the 16th March, at all the above mentioned places.

St. Finian was a very different personage. He was a monk of Hy, and succeeded St. Aidan in Lindisfarne, where he built a Church of oak; he baptized Peada, a prince of the Middle Angels, amongst whom he sent Cedd, Add, Bitti and his countryman, Dinna to preach. He consecrated Dinna Bishop of the Middle Angles and of Mercia; he baptized Sigbert, King of the East Saxons, and with his assistance and the ministry of Cedd, restored the faith in the See of St. Melitus. He later on consecrated Cedd Bishop of the East Saxons. This new Bishop is known in Irish annals as Saxonius, because he converted that people.

There was another Saint called by Cloghan, in his Acta Sanctorum, the "second Bridget of Ireland," whose name was Ita. She lived also in the sixth century—she died in 569. This saint was a native of the barony of Desse, in the County Waterford, and was descended from a royal family. Having consecrated herself to God at an early age, she led an austere life at the foot of the mountain Luach, in the diocese of Limerick, and founded there a famous monastery of holy religious, called Cluan-crad-hail. By the mortification of her senses and passions, and by her constant attention to God and His Divine Love, she was enriched with many extraordinary graces. The lesson she principally inculcated to others was that to be perpetually recollected in God is the great means of attaining to perfection.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

They will soon have to begin a fight for Catholic emancipation in France.—New York Freeman's Journal.

CONVERTS.

Fifteen converts from Protestantism resulted from a mission recently conducted at St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, by Redemptorist Fathers.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble whatever in small and large bottles from all grocers.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MURIEL'S DREAM.—We must hasten home, dear, and finish our work as soon as possible, so that we may have time this evening, to help to decorate the Church for to-morrow, said Mrs. O'Neill to her daughter, a pretty, haughty looking girl of fourteen.

"But, mamma, I don't see why Bridget can't do the work; she is getting real lazy. I wish you would send her away, mamma, and get another girl; what is the use of having a servant if she can't do the work?"

Now, Muriel dear, do try and be more considerate. Bridget is not well; she has been a good faithful servant, and may be hard to replace."

"Yes, mother, but what is the use. She always gets sick just when she ought to be well; it is a real shame for her to be sick for Easter, and leave us all the work, when she knows right well too I want to have my party. I am going right down to Mrs. Ellise's to see if Susan can't take her place."

"You may go to Mrs. Ellise's if you like and get Susie to come till Bridget is better, but I cannot send Bridget away; she is a good girl and you know she has no home, and Susie is only a child of twelve, and not able to do all the work," said kind Mrs. O'Neill, upon which Muriel, with a toss of her pretty head and an angry flash of her dark eyes, hurried off in the direction of Mrs. Ellise's cottage to secure Susie.

Mrs. O'Neill looked, with a sigh, after the little figure hurrying along, with indignation and pride expressed in its every movement. She had long striven to correct her daughter of her pride. But for that predominant fault, Muriel would have been a charming little girl. Like a monster that devours all other beings in its way, it destroyed all her amiable qualities and nobler propensities. Mrs. O'Neill was a thorough good Christian, and knew well that by grace alone can one overcome their passions. Gently she would tell Muriel of her faults, and the awful consequences of them if not overcome. But she had recourse to prayer; she recommended her earnestly to the Divine Heart of Jesus, to the never failing protection of His Blessed Mother; and hoped that as the child grew older and her conscience developed, she would endeavor to overcome her predominant passion.

Mrs. O'Neill hurried home; there was much to be done, as it was Easter Saturday, and the servant was laid up with influenza, and the house-keeping had been somewhat neglected to attend the services of Holy Week.

In a little while Muriel returned, still flushed and indignant. "Susie cannot come, mamma," she said in an injured tone, "she says her mother is sick, but I don't believe a word of it. And what do you think, mamma, when I told her we were going to decorate the Church this evening, she had the impudence to offer me some of her flowers, the ugly looking things, and all in the awful old rusty cans. There was one Easter lily, though, that was a beauty, but it was in the awfulest old wooden box. Just think of putting such a thing on the altar! She asked me if I didn't think it was pretty. I said I didn't like it at all; I would not please her so far as to say it was pretty. I told her we had quite flowers enough, and we did not care to put such trash on the altar. I do think that poor people are just horrible."

Mrs. O'Neill's face assumed a grave, sad expression. She had no time to remonstrate with her daughter just then, as it was near dinner hour, so Muriel hastened away to take off her things and help her mother. That evening as they had just completed the decorations, Susie and her little brother entered the Church, carrying the lily between them. "Dear Mrs. O'Neill," she said, almost crying, "forgive me for bringing my lily, but I would like so much to have it near the altar to-morrow. My mother is sick, and I thought may be if I gave Jesus my lily he would make my mother get well; it is so lonesome when mother is sick, and baby does nothing but cry," and two big tears rolled down the child's cheeks, and the quivering of her lips told more eloquently than words how sore her heart was. Mrs. O'Neill took the lily gently from the children, and putting some white paper, fanlike fashion, around the objectionable box placed it in the choir. In the meantime Muriel had been standing disdainfully aloof, not deigning to look at the poorly clad, shivering child.

While Mrs. O'Neill was placing the lily in the choir, the two children knelt at the altar and were asking Jesus in their childlike way to cure their mother. Mrs. O'Neill also had asked that same merciful Jesus to cure her daughter's of that scornful pride, and that evening a basket filled with delicacies was sent down to widow Ellise's cottage, also some clothing for the children.

After tea Mrs. O'Neill called Muriel and endeavored to make her understand the ungraciousness of her conduct towards Susie, also the sinfulness of pride. So Muriel went to bed trying to persuade herself that she was a much abused person; but down into her heart the voice of conscience kept stinging and tormenting till sleep overcame her. But conscience had its own way still; she saw herself in Church on Easter morning in the rich costume the dressmaker had brought home that evening; Susie was there also in her shabby clothes. Looking eagerly up into the choir to admire her beautiful flowers, she perceived them all withered, brown and ugly, as though they had been scorched, and Jesus in the tabernacle had turned his eyes away not to see them. But Susie's despoiled lily was resplendent with beauty, and exhaled a celestial fragrance, and on every petal was written in shining gold letters "From my beloved." Then glancing down at her fine garments, she perceived them all tattered and covered with grime and filth; while Susie's rags as she had called them, were spangled with gold and silver, and shone with a lustre beyond anything she had ever seen. In horror, shame and dismay, she sank on the floor and was endeavoring to hide herself from the loving, sorrowful gaze of Jesus, who seemed to be reproaching her for all the favors she had received so ungratefully from Him. At that moment the welcome sound of her mother's voice aroused her. "Why dear child, what is the matter? Are you sick?" inquired her kind mother, as Muriel burst into tears. Then through her sobs she related to her mother what she had dreamt. "Dear child, God has been pleased to show you how odious pride is to Him, and the merit of humility. You have indeed been one of God's favored ones, on earth, and His gifts you have used to offend Him. Let it not be so in future. Thank God for the lesson he has given you, and with His grace endeavor to overcome your pride."

With many tears Muriel resolved to do better, to conquer her pride in future, cost what it might, and to be more considerate of the poor and humble. That day she put her new gown aside, and wore her plainest frock to Church. "Mamma," she said "I shall always be afraid that gown will turn to rags when I have it on in Church, just as it did in my dream." And that day she humbly asked God's forgiveness and His holy grace to overcome the demon of pride. Clara Beatrice Senecal, St. John's, P. Q.

THE CALENDAR.

There are curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin with Wednesday, Friday or Monday. The same calendar can be used every 20 years, but most people now get new ones every year. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December, February, March and May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and from every month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. This rule does not apply to leap year.—Exchange.

PART FIFTH

CHAPTER

I saw her at eve on the reclining,
When Sol's setting
Ined the west,
Her white taper fingers
were entwining
In a wreath of green
that circled her
Her eyes were as bright
sky above her,
Her light golden ring
lessly flow;
Cold, cold was the heart
and not love
The darling and pride
the Roe.

FRANCIS

Behind the green hills
sun was slowly sinking
close of a bright August
years ago. One brilliant
golden stream penetrated
glass window of a little
upon the fair head
eighteen, or younger, with
the altar, apparently de-
ded in prayer. From the
however, her eyes turned
tabernacle towards the
of the sacristy. The fr-
of incense still lingered
telling that Vespers were
With the exception of a
old men and women, vo-
voutly reciting the beads
shippers had departed.
sacristy door opened, and
in smiled as the cassock
a handsome youth, appar-
her own age, though in
four years older, appear-
in profound adoration be-
tar, and then, as if impu-
impulse, the two young
ently made the sign of the
nucted before the Bl-
meant, and walked togeth-
Church. Soon after two
who had watched them a-
passed outside to talk.

"How like an angel o-
locks," said one, "and w-
for lavin' her poor mot-
ly alone, methinks she'd
nuns. I once belated sh-
before Thomas was priest-
The other shook her head
thought so meself once,
good enough to be in a
but I don't like the way
actin' since that strange-
to him, came here from
The only answer was
from the first speak-
known Agnes' mother for
for she, too, had noticed
change only a few short
wrought in the girl who
to her as her own.

"I don't mane to say,"
other, "that our Agnes al-
as she always was, but th-
has turned her head, an'
he'll be ather stalin' her
us, an' he a Protestant,
laughs at her Church a-
when he pretends to her t-
all right. I don't like h-
meself wishes the unluck-
river come that brought h-
"I wish so, too, for I
poor little lamb has l-
love him too much for her
an' it may go hard with
lives her, as he soon will.
temin like him don't wan-
of her for a wife. I don't
not good enough for him,
enough, too, to be the w-
lord, but she's not his kin-
For her own swate sal-
as her mother's, I hope he'
lavin' the country an' ni-
back."

"It's meself hopes so to
the other.
Agnes Conlin possessed a
ty such as is often found
flower among the poorer cl-
which even poets find har-
cribe. On leaving the chu-
had removed her hat and
her arm, thus revealing her
hair, upon which the rays
setting sun now fell. Fro-
white oval face shone a
deep blue eyes, which beam-
love and kindness from the
of a pure, innocent heart. I
ly childhood she had been
an angel in the parish and
been the blessings her swe-
and acts of kindness had cal-
upon her, especially among