JUDGE DONAHOE'S RETURN

It was well past midnight. As Judge Donahoe restlessly paced the long library adjoining his study, the roar of New York city, never entirely lulled at any hour of the twenty-four, resounded in his ears as from afar, like the sobbing of a distant sea.

He could not sleep, for he was flushed, not from wine, indeed but with triumph. Some hours before he had been the guest of the evening at a banquet prepared to do him honor in that greatest of caravanserais, the Waldorf-Astoria and his ears yet tingled and pulsed to the music of adulation. Some portion of this he could discount; the mere after-dinner work of wits and known jesters who could speak up and even knew well when to "shut up," but whose labor in standing up at all times evoked his pitying amusement.

Yet other men cast in far other molds had preceded and followed these—men of proven and commanding ability in the professions, in commerce and in higher politics, whose sober hands had struck one euphonious, unfallering chord—had struck it loud, long and in unison. "Our guest—this Judge—this Patrick Joseph Donahoe, has arrived. The ball is at his feet."

The Judge knew the truth of this. His success in the law, in politics, his tireless fight for money and place, his shrewd investment of the hoarded dollar we Irish of the dispersion and over-apt to idolize, these things had cleared the upland path.

The chief speaker of the evening, a leader and most cautious bottle-holder of the great party to which Judge Donahoe belonged, had let fall certain hints of higher things not lost at the reporters' table. The Judge watched the flying pencils with fierce exultation, masked by an impassiveness not wholly acquired in the courts. Meanwhile the banquet hall rocked to tumultuous cheering, and the great man finished his speech and sat down, with a very significant bow.

Little wonder the judge could not sleep. His mind kept traveling onward and upward along radiant avenues and vistas all leading—what, thither? Well, and why not? The White House door stood open to gaunt Abe Lincoln, the uncouth splitter of rails. Need its portals remain sealed to this brilliant, well-ballasted Celt?

The man's fierce joy—all the greater to one of his temperament because unshared, and the Judge was a bachelor—made his temples throb till pleasure grew into pain. To sober his mind he drew a volume at random from a red-bound row of favorites on the nearest shelf and sat down with some hope of at length wooing sleep to his eye lids.

Mechanically he turned the book over to read the title. It was "Martin Chuzzleint." Where and when before had he read that tale of hypocrisy and greed—one barely if sweetly saved from putrescence by the love and simplicity of Ruth and dear Tom Pinch? Little Patrick O'Donahue (the "u" and the "O" had been shed in the climbing years) had always thought this brother and sister more Irish than Saxon, as though, God-fearing Protestants both, they had wandered somehow into wicked London from a Palatine farm in a corner of his native glens.

Looking back through the years he could see a paper-covered copy of the book now in his hand—could see that, and its reader, a lank boy of fifteen who had somehow contrived to purchase and secrete it. Every detail stood out in the picture—even the boy's unkept hair of chestnut brown was presented with unflattering fidelity. The Judge looked on and watched.

The boy lay prone in a tumble-down barn on a heap of peasehaulm, the wattle he should have been wielding to flail the dried peas from their shells lying idly at his side. He was immersed in the opening chapters of the poor romance which shows so reluctantly the imprint of a cockney wizard's hand. While his Celtic brain despised them, the boy could not but follow the two puppets—young Martin, as dry and as wooden a stick as the rod beside him, and his manically sanguine companion, Mark Tapley—all the way to America and back. The boy felt, as perhaps Charles Dickens did, that the pair pere bats if not owls, who deserved little better than they got. If only the lean and lazy-looking lad on the pease straw had been given Martin's chances, how differently would he have used them! He had Martin's education, and more. With Martin's money he could have stayed in New York and sat down on some editor's door-step till he wrung from him work in the office, were it only as a messenger boy. He would work up the speed of the shorthand he knew. The reporter's pencil could be his sword, wherewith to open the world's oyster. He would work by day and read law by night. His Latin was good for fifteen—as good as his algebra was bad.

Journalism—the law.* * *

Rudely were the boy's day dreams of a voluntary exile interrupted by a shower of blows from the stick he had tossed aside. Looking up, the boy found himself staring in the eyes of a peasant woman—eyes brown with the brown of a thrush's wing and wont to be very meek, but now enkindled with the fire of a righteous vexation.

"O, Patrick, Patrick!" she cried, "can you be your dead father's son and mine at all, at all? Will you never, never obey me? God be good to John O'Donahue this sorrowful day."

The tall lad stood upright and sullenly and confronted her. She snatched the book from his unwilling fingers.

"Dreaming, dreaming," she moaned. "Dreaming always. O Patrick, the simple, easy work I set you two hours ago is not begun! When you were a little fellow, ah then.* * *"

A catch came into her breath, but she bravely controlled it.

"Have you forgotten that the work you now won't do was then child's play to you? Were you ever and always running to pull my skirt, with your 'Mammy, can I do this for you?' 'Mammy, can I do that?' That was when your poor father was taken away and left me to do what I could for you, with the shop and the little holding here—and dear knows, poor, foolish boy, if I have slaved it was for you and you alone. Sure 'tis the novels that have ruined you, with their lying rameis. Oh, the ribbish-rabbish you do be forever filling your head with, and never a rellijus book in your hand or a book about poor Ireland. 'Tis heart-broke you have me."

Pride came to the boy's rescue. He was irritated, but, alas! not ashamed. He frowned in defiance, conscious of ill-doing, annoyed and unrepentant."

"O Wirra Wauher Dhae!" cried the mother, her purpose growing stronger. "There must be an end to this." And she looked scornfully at the book in her hand, held back from the long reach. "Was it for this I toiled and scraped to give you three years at St. Foylan's. 'Tis a miracle to me now, how the money was made and paid, and 'tis often the good fathers had to give me the long day. Still and all, you'd be with them now, but they tell me 'tis waste to go on and leave you there. They have always said you were the clever boy, Patrick, and eager to learn whatever you liked, but sorra the day's work they could get out of you at what you didn't fancy, at the—arithmetic, is it? No, the—."

She paused for the hard and unfamiliar word. The boy would not help her with a syllable. She came successfully out of the unkind ordeal.

"The mathematics," she said. "You neglected them till I doubt if you could reckon my poor accounts for me, let alone gauge a barrel or measure a field like the lads of your class that won prizes."

The boy sneered. Judge Donahoe could see in the picture the curling lips and felt ruefully glad that the boy's mother had her eyes averted.

She continued: "And now what's to become of you? What's to become of myself, for that matter, though 'tis little indeed I think of that, you helpless, poor boy! With only one string to your bow, the Latin, 'tis idle to pass any Government examination. Yet 'tis never too late to do something, if you try. Do you think it doesn't cut me to the quick to hear what the neighbors say? The women are the bittherest. They do be saying: 'Tis a judgment on her, wanting to be bringing up her son a cut above the likes of us. Who is she, indeed?' That's meant to hurt, Patrick, and it does hurt a bit, but not one-half so bad as what the men say among themselves, not meaning to be spiteful at all. 'What going to happen to Jack O'Donahue's son? 'Tis bad the way he's turning out. I fear he'll be taking the gun some day.' That's what they say at the forge, I am told. O Patrick! the black shame of it, child. But I'll make a change from this out, beginning now."

In a moment she had torn the book asunder and shredded the pages. The boy approached her—furious. His right hand was clenched. The woman raised her eyes. Perhaps she feared; if so, no sign of dread was visible. A certain radiance, as of sacrifice and motherhood, seemed to exhalo those sad brows. The boy turned on his heels and flung out of the barn, passionately weeping aloud in self pity.

The picture faded from the Judge's view and was replaced by another.

He saw the gaunt boy again—the boy with the hard eyes and the tangled, dark-brown hair. He was sitting on the side of his bed, fully dressed before peep of dawn, with a clumsy bundle beside him, and coins in his hand which he counted ferverishly.

The boy stood up, peered cautiously out of the window and then went tiptoe from the house—away from home, and from her. He ran swiftly along the bohereen to the road and then fared onward, onward, to where mast and funnel showed clear in the distance against the unclouded morning sky.

Such were the two visions evoked by the red book in his hand, for the rich and powerful Judge—the adventurer who had jettisoned more than a mere letter of his name in five-and-twenty years of toil beyond seas—years holding no thought of home or of her and yielding no message of his whereabouts. He got up and replaced the book, while the pale rays of a weeping dawn filtered in through the windows.

Surely some influence was at work on this egotist. He sank upon a couch and plunged his head in his hands. Long he remained thus, rocking slightly to and fro. It was as though a light, more cold and searching than that of the new-born day, were piercing the worldly brain and heart. The retrospect, which overnight had been tinged in all roseate hues of complacency, now looked dreary, gray, iniquitous. He had gained the world. Had he lost his soul? Would all the silvern speeches of the great ones of this earth talk down the sterner voice within, now heard—full strange as may sound to those who know not the venom of transmigration—for the first time since his flight?

He would arise and go to his mother. That was the one thing to be done, if he would not suffer remorse to unman him altogether—to undermine even his iron strength of mind and body. He would go to his mother and crave her forgiveness. The words of one of Yvette Guilbert's most terrible songs occurred to him—the song of the man who stumbled and fell when running to feed a strumpet's lap dog with his mother's heart:

"Et le coeur lui disait, en roulant,
T' es-tu fait mal, mon pauvre enfant?"

Judge Donahoe, shivered as he entered his bedroom, not to lie down, but to pack. The courts had risen. He could hie him home, then, as fast as rail and steamer would allow. The wistful silence so malignantly entertained should at length be broken; he would repent; he would essay to make reparation. But how? No matter, so he could scourge himself severely, as she had never done, and thus show at least the will to atone.

The journey was swift. In ten short days the Judge stood upon the platform of the little station nearest what he had once called—home.

In every movement a personage of distinction, Judge Donahoe was civilly accosted by the station-master and guided to the only hotel in the place. The good man in uniform might have spared himself pains. The Judge remembered the building with grim fidelity. Put up in his last term at college, it was ready for the slater the morning he fled.

He ate some food and set out on his pilgrimage, his heart a prey of torturing fears. The man of the house made offer to show him the district. The Judge replied he thought he could trust to himself.

Every yard, every inch of the way was more familiar to him than Fifth avenue. He walked through the winding street and turned up the bohereen like a man in a daylight dream, yet with sure, unerring instinct. And no man knew him; no, nor woman either. No one could read, in the man's chiseled features, the slack lineaments of the listless boy of old.

At length he confronted the well-known door. It was closed and the latch did not yield to the pressure of his hand. He knocked. * * *

Hollow echoes in deserted rooms were the only reply to his summons. "Fear is on me," he said, in the language she had taught him. He gazed earnestly at the windows. The blinds were drawn. There were not signs of abandonment or decay. But a certain desolateness hung over the once busy homestead.

With sinking heart Judge Donahoe went round to the back of the holding and entered the haggard by the familiar gap. Here again there was rather an atmosphere of lifelessness than evidence of long neglect. Forcing himself to hope and unwilling to ask questions of any passerby, the Judge left the place and made his way to the house of the parish priest.

The pastor was none other than he who had fed the flock in the Judge's boyhood—an aged man now; even bowed with the weight of his years. He received the imperious-looking stranger politely and asked in what way he might be of service to him. The truncated name on the card had no memories for Father Hugh Denvir.

The Judge came to the point directly. Could his reverence give him news of the Widow Donahoe—or rather O'Donahue—for so many years a resident in the parish?

The priest picked up the vistor's card again and read it less indifferently.

"She died ten days ago," he replie rather coldly,

"Merciful heaven!" cried the Judge "How many days ago How many—pray repeat."

"Honora O'Donahue, poor soul," said the priest, "died on last Tuesday week, which is ten days since, if you count." And there was fire as well as light in Father Hugh's old eyes as he looked on the man now sitting in sorrow before him.

"Ten * * * days, said the stricken Judge. "And *, * * on a Tuesday. * * * She died the day I made up my mind to return. * * * Poor mother!"

"O Patrick!" cried the priest. "I dare use the name, for 'twas I who baptized you by it. And 'twas I who was privileged to console the last hours of your holy mother's self-sacrificing life. Her dying words were a passionate prayer for you, Patrick. She was always praying for you, the poor, helpless, wandering dreamer, as she thought, in the great land where I see— by this in my hand now—you have been a rising and successful lawyer."

The pain of the blows was welcome to the Judge. He bore them unflinchingly and in silence. Indeed, both the priest and he remained mute for some moments, till Father Denvir resumed in a gentler tone:

"The world, Judge, would say you have repented too late. Ah, the world, the world—the world we serve too well! The world is always wrong. No repentance comes too late in God's eyes. Yet, Patrick, the human pity of it all! Why, she had the awful years of your absence down in her prayer book as time went by on to the very months and weeks and days—so many of each. You shall see for yourself, for you now own all that was hers. I am the sole executor of her simple will. She leaves everything to you, and—failing you—to the monks of Mount Melleray, for Masses for your soul."

The Judge's lip quivered.

"Ah, Judge ah, Patrick avic!" said the tender-hearted old man, "the pathos of all was that her heart ever blamed itself for your running away. She never blamed you. She pictured you in poverty, in distress, in fever, crying aloud to her from some bed of pain in the wilderness. 'Always a dreamer, a dreamer,' she would say to me. 'Wisha, Father, the poor, foolish boy didn't live in the real world at all, but in some enchanted Tir-no-nog of his own. He had too much imagination.' You see, Judge, she was too simple to realize what men of your years, and still more of mine, know so well. I mean the strange law by which it is the unimaginative people who are the only true idle dreamers. They dream and dream dull dreams and nothing ever comes of them. What passes for imagination with them lacks true imagination's power of growing the actual out of the ideal. The dreams of matter-of fact people are never monitious to effort, to ambition, as with men of your stamp."

Judge Donahoe smiled sadly.

"What is left of my imagination, Father," he said, "now reels before the burden I must lift. God send I may bear it to the end! Pray advise me. Besides going to my religious duties from this forth, how best can I make atonement?"

Father Denvir made as though to reply, but paused with downcast eyes and moving lips for the space, it might be, of a minute. When he spoke, it was gravely, but in words of strong comfort.

"My son," he said, "like every Irishman of the faith, you have three mothers besides the one to whom you would fain make direct reparation. You have your Holy Mother the Church, you have Mary the Mother of God and us all, and on the human side you have poor tear-stained Mother Eire."

The Judge sat suddenly erect, as if his chair was a saddle and he a knight on whose ears had fallen "the clarion's haughty pathos."

"By Mass and the sacraments," continued the priest, "you will please God and His Blessed Mother and edify His Church and so please the mother you have lost for a while. Yet I feel you have been accorded generosity to wish to do your utmost. Very well, then. Take time to ask yourself this question: 'Can I henceforth consecrate my life, my fortune and whatever of health, heart, strength and ability God has given me to the service of my poor countrymen at a moment when changes are impending in Ireland of the gravest possibly of the grandest, character. There is a question, indeed. Say no word now in answer. Take time, full time, and count the cost."

Judge Donahoe arose, his eyes shining through salutary tears, his brows set firm in resolution.

"Father" he said, "please bless me. I thank you from my heart. I shall sleep at yonder inn to-night. To-morrow I shall ride to Mount Melleray, not only to renounce her request and make it more, but to ask the Fathers to give me asylum under their roof till I can 'heal me of my grievous wound.' During those weeks of retreat, you will pray, will you not, that I may have light to see clearly and power to undertake fully reparation on the lines you counsel?"

"Have no fear," said the priest. "Your mother's brave eyes are upon us."
—John Hannon in the Irish Monthly.

LIFE OF BLESSED MADELEINE SOPHIE

FOUNDRESS OF THE SACRED HEART ORDER

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

To Mother Aloysia Jouve, crippled with disease, suffering intense pain from the wounds which allowed her no rest by day or by night she wrote: My child, make yourself very lowly so that God may guide you, receive passively the blows dealt you by His loving hand, He has placed you on the Cross, how blessed is your lot." And Aloysia for a time added to the burden of sickness that of superiority, suffering with joy till death set the seal on a life which had truly been that of a "victim wholly consecrated to the glory of the Sacred Heart."

The many letters addressed by Blessed Madeline Sophie to Mother Adrienne Michel show with what persistency she followed up the workings of God's grace in a soul. "Do not be troubled," she said, even at your inconstancy in virtue, meet the small disturbances which arise in your soul with a determined will never voluntarily to give in, and with the firmness of a soul resolved to overcome all temptations to sadness and despondency; drive out thoughts of discouragement, seek the glory of God by closer attention to your studies and to your duties with regard to the children."

Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat often reminded her daughters that the education of youth was the special work for which the Society of the Sacred Heart had been approved by the Sovereign Pontiff. Children whose irritable temperament or difficulties of character made them almost intolerable in school life were often the objects of her special care. She would take them for walks with her in the garden, reward efforts too feeble to deserve any one else's notice and lead them almost imperceptibly to love God and to conquer themselves. The most celebrated of these "children of Mother Barat" as they were called was a girl, probably of gipsy extraction, who was brought by a Russian lady to the school of the Sacred Heart in Paris. The depraved nature of the girl, her untruthfulness, her violent temper made her the scourge of her benefactress, yet Mother Barat's patience with her never wearied through long years. Again and again, she afforded her the means of making a fresh start in life, her very last letter written only a week before her death ended with the words: "I shall love you more and more if you are faithful." Here was no call to high sanctity but a battle for the salvation of a soul, fought inch by inch, and, thanks to Mother Barat's prayers, Julia who only survived her seven years received the last sacraments and made a good death; more than two hundred letters written to her by Mother Barat's own hand have been preserved.

When the children were ill, Mother Barat would sit by their bedside, tell them fairy stories, bring them dainties and leave them cheered and brightened. The last Sunday before her death she gathered round her the children of the junior school under a large spreading cedar in the garden of the Mother House. She spoke to them of the malice of sin "which wounds the Heart of our Lord, and keeps us from being with God after our death" and of the happiness of Heaven where she hoped to meet them all. Her heart may truly be said to have gone out to all those with whom she came in contact. She loved the poor and took the most motherly interest in their wants. When she had given a shawl or some other article of clothing for a poor woman, she would ask whether she had liked it, whether it was just what she wanted. Once on a very busy day she came downstairs to see a poor man who in his gratitude called to show the Mother General a pair of hob-nailed boots which she had enabled him to buy, and she turned them over with evident satisfaction.

A portress one day rather grudgingly mentioned the request of a poor man who asked for some snuff, she added that it would be better to give him some bread as that was a real necessity. "Why should he not have some snuff if he feels he would be the better for it?" was the quick rejoinder, and after this Mother Barat made provision for him to have a weekly allowance of snuff.

Her tender charity has also shown towards those who came to work in the house; one day that she was too tired to see a rich benefactress she went to say a few words to the washerwomen, as she had promised them a visit. Seeing a gardener asleep in the sun, Mother Barat passing by covered his face with a handkerchief, "Ah! Mother General, Mother General!" he exclaimed as soon as he awoke. Thus to each and all the charity of Blessed Madeleine Sophie Barat was extended, her apostleship was truly modelled on that of our Lord, drawing all men by the cords of love.

III

SAYINGS OF BLESSED MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT—PERSONAL INTERCOURSE WITH GOD

The mystery to me is how looking on the Crib and the Cross, a religious can ever cling to the pettiness of self-love. Our God, Eternal Wisdom, the Word of the Father is reduced to silence, or utters only inarticulate cries, and lives in subjection to two of His own creatures, very perfect creatures no doubt, but still only creatures. And after this, can we not submit to Him in the person of our superiors.

The Holy Ghost requires minute fidelity from a soul that is wholly given up to His guidance; in this happy state we may say: "my life is hid with Christ in God." Such a one does nothing out of the common, but as the exterior and interior senses are mortified, and the powers of the soul under control, every action, whether great or small, is referred to God as its centre.

A strong determination of the will is necessary in order that we may be closely united to God. We must give ourselves generously to His service, our dependence on grace must be perfect and absolute. If our one desire is to be solely and precisely what God wants us to be, we must take leave of self and of all self interest and abandon ourselves entirely into the hands of God. Once this gift of self is made God's work can begin and for us faithful correspondence to His grace is all that remains, we need take no further initiative.

The Crucifix is a sure means of comfort in affliction; all the saints have had recourse to it. If we rightly understood all of which it puts us in remembrance we should rejoice in our sufferings. In moments of temptation or desolation, the thought of the Agony in the Garden would be our comfort and strength. If we receive correction that we have not deserved, a look at our Lord standing in silence before His judges would check excuses and complaints. When we feel a repugnance for those corporal austerities which are either prescribed or allowed to us, the sight of our Lord scourged and outraged will rouse us and put us to shame. We are afraid of death, and in a measure rightly so, we have done so little for God, yet how much the thought that God died for us on the Cross speaks to us of absolute detachment; the Son of God was abandoned by all even by His Heavenly Father.

The greater our love, the nearer we are drawn to our Lord, there is in fact no true suffering for a soul whose love is strong: it is in the half-heartedness of a hesitating, shrinking disposition that suffering consists. To be sanctified in truth is to be sanctified by the Cross, to love suffering and humiliation as our Blessed Lord loved them, any other type of sanctity is unreal.

Love our Lord deeply, love to imitate His spirit of sacrifice; can you wish for nothing but roses when you contemplate His Heart encircled with thorns? When He truly loves a soul, He keeps for it a place at the foot of the Cross as He did for His Blessed Mother, for St. Mary Magdalen and for St. John—at the foot of the Cross, because it is through the Cross that God is glorified, the Cross is the seal of love.

CHARITY

Greatness and breadth of love is a gift from God. When we realize that our heart has been given to us that we may love the Sovereign Good we understand its longing to attach itself to the only object which can satisfy its desires, according to the expression of St. Teresa, we gasp like fish out of water until our soul is absorbed in this ocean of goodness.

Things both new and old concerning you ever arouse in me the same interest, our affections do not wear out like the things of this world because they rest on the Heart of our Lord and that foundation stone can never crumble away.

If we understood the charity of Jesus Christ we should bear with one another's faults and failings not only with patience but with joy. We shall be truly charitable if we learn from the meek and humble Heart of Jesus its chosen virtues. Whence come faults against charity? From pride, from over-sensitiveness, from self-love ever grasping and exacting.

This morning when I was reading the Gospel of the day, I pictured to myself St. Mary Magdalen pouring her fragrant ointment on the feet of her dear Master while He praised her, saying: "the poor you have always with you, Me you have not always." It seemed to me that you who love our Lord so much (my desire that it should be so makes me speak as if it had already come to pass) should have two marked forms of devotion—to the person of our Blessed Lord and to His poor.

HUMILITY

Are not all things possible with the God Who has created and redeemed us? This short cut to the destruction of our evil inclinations, the high-road to every virtue is true humility.

Look at our Blessed Lord's humility, it is revealed throughout His life; in His choice of family, it belonged to the working-class; in the call of His apostles, they were poor fishermen. The mysteries of His life are mysteries of humility; the Incarnation, the lowliness of His birth, His hidden life. Throughout His Passion He went to the very depths of annihilation.

A hidden life, a life yielding a full share of humiliation and contempt is very dear to God and those to whose lot it falls are worthy of envy.

Let us learn of the meek and humble Heart of Jesus that sooner or later wherever this Heart has establis ed its dwelling in obscurity and lowliness, it will reveal its presence by signal graces; the more hidden the sowing has been, the greater will be the harvest. Let us wait for God to work out His designs in His own good time, we are the refuse of the world. If all the souls now on earth had received the graces and training that we have received, crowds of sinners would have become saints; are we not truly therefore the last and the least.

Be faithful to prayer and you will find that humility will not be difficult to acquire, your study of our Lord will teach you to esteem and love this virtue which was so dear to Him. Jesus Christ will never recognize as His own a proud and cowardly soul. Pride is a matter in which we must conquer or die. Great disasters follow on pride, much harm is done, and, for such a trifle! It blinds souls until the example of our Blessed Lord no longer appeals to them and they can only think of self.

Nature is full of parables. Is not everything that is most precious found in the depths of the earth or of the sea: gold, silver, choice marbles, pearls—and do we not make similar discoveries in a life that is truly hidden with God?

Seek humility with all your strength, it is the groundwork of the virtues; count as lost a day without an act of humility. Love to be unknown, seek the lowest place, rejoice when God allows you to be humbled.

Do not forget that humility is a necessary preparation for Holy Communion while love is the fruit borne by this great Sacrament. Christ has delivered Himself up for me and I must yield myself up to Him, now and for ever.

We are only weak instruments in the hands of our divine Master, our nothingness cannot produce anything of itself. He alone can carry out His work in souls. To Him alone belongs our tribute of thanks for what He has been pleased to effect by means of us. Like our Blessed Lady and with far greater reason, we can say that God has looked upon the lowliness of His little handmaids. We ought to be so convinced of this that humility becomes to us a second nature.

Those who see one of ours ought to be able to say: "that is a religious of the Sacred Heart, we know her by her meekness and humility." We ought to have a special attraction for humility, for we shall never understand the Heart of Jesus unless we ourselves are meek and humble. Every success ought to be founded on this solid basis, let it be the mainspring of all your actions.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH, TO THOSE ENGAGED IN TEACHING.—We must strenuously endeavor to implant in our children of God and horror of sin, we must lay stress on motives of faith, on the great truths, on our last end, thoughtlessness is a most dangerous fault of youth, therefore the children's religious sense must be strongly tempered, mere tender piety will not sustain them in after life, they need convictions. We must teach them to put up with small inconveniences, otherwise later on they will neglect the sacraments if difficulties are thrown in their way.

TO A NUN ENTRUSTED WITH THE CARE OF THE YOUNGER CHILDREN. How privileged you are to be entrusted with the care of the little ones. It means working underground, developing roots; only God and their Angel Guardians see what is going on in these dear little souls, yet it is at that age that the city of God is founded on an indestructible basis. I think that a child who is thoroughly well prepared for her First Communion and receives our Lord for the first time with fervor will never lose her soul. Her piety may grow cold but there is no reason to lose confidence, we little know how her conscience may be pricking her. It is not only always possible to sow the seed of perfection, but the root of repentance is usually firmly set. Through its means God raises the barrier which keeps back a soul that is rushing headlong to destruction. As we grow older, we become less exacting and are positively haunted by the determination to prevent souls from being cut off from the Heart of Jesus for all eternity.

TO MOTHER D'AVENAS.—We must be occupied about our children from morning till night and quite forgetful of ourselves. We must enter into everything that concerns their souls and bodies, listen to them with interest, comfort and encourage them, in fact we must sacrifice everything except our own souls; and to be useful to them we must be gentle, patient, indulgent—true mothers.

TO THE MISTRESS GENERAL OF A SCHOOL—Speak words of comfort and encouragement more often than words of reproof. Those who are closely united to the Heart of Jesus in prayer obtain a share of His spirit and acquire marvellous influence over the most unmanageable characters. You will draw down graces on souls by helping them to remove any obstacles that stand between them and God, to carry out this work is a real apostleship, much self-denial is needed and a complete forgetfulness of self, any limit which we set our devotedness hinders God's work.

WRITTEN IN 1861.—Many will fall away but the host of the elect remains. We must prepare them by our teaching and by inculcating devotion to the Sacred Heart. But if the salt lose its savour, if the torch burns dim and the lamp goes out, woe to us! The Bridegroom will come in the night of this world. Let us then work more zealously than ever, first at our own perfection, and that of our Sisters, then for the souls entrusted to us. The hope of the Church is in the young generation.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP O'CONNOR

FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY WITNESSED ORDINATION INTO PRIESTHOOD. ILLUMINATED ADDRESS AND PURSE OF GOLD FROM PRIESTS OF DIOCESE

Peterboro Daily Evening Review, August 2

St. Peter's Cathedral witnessed a magnificent demonstration of general rejoicing and impressive religious ceremony on Wednesday morning, August 2, when the exercises in connection with the celebration of Bishop O'Connor's golden jubilee, opened under the most enthusiastic and auspicious circumstances. In honor of the rare event, a tremendous influx of visiting Roman Catholic clergy from all sections of Canada and some from the United States invaded the city, all uniting to do honor to the generally beloved and widely-known bishop of the Peterborough diocese, the Right Rev. Richard Alphonsus O'Connor. The hand of time has dealt kindly with the distinguished prelate and numerous and sincere were the congratulations showered upon him on this, the anniversary of his fiftieth year in the Roman Catholic priesthood.

The proceedings in the cathedral were distinctively impressive. Long before the hour of pontifical High Mass the interior of the spacious edifice was filled to capacity. On both sides of the church were pews occupied by about three hundred delegates from the parishes in the Peterborough diocese. The Sisters of Mount St. Joseph, about seventy-five in number, occupied the gallery on the right of the sanctuary.

The celebration exercises opened by the procession of priests, both visiting and local, who entered the church from the rear and marched up the aisles, while the choir sang beautiful and appropriate music. Miss Lavina Hallihan, of Toronto, assisted in the musical part of the celebration.

After the clergy had taken their places in the pews, the visiting Bishops and Archbishops and other church dignitaries escorted His Lordship the Bishop into the sanctuary where the singing of the pontifical High Mass was performed by His Lordship. The following Bishops and Archbishops, attired in their purple and black robes of office, occupied seats within the sanctuary—Most Reverend C. H. Gauthier, the Archbishop of Ottawa; Right Reverend W. MacDonnell, Bishop of Alexandria; Right Rev. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie; Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Right Rev. Monseigneur McCann, of Toronto; Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward of London; Right Rev. Dean Mahony, of Hamilton, representing the Bishop of Hamilton; Very Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Toronto; Right Rev. M. J. Spratt, of Kingston; Very Rev. W. J. Murphy, of Ottawa; and Archdeacon Casey of Lindsay, and Dr. O'Brien of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Peterboro.

The following distinguished dignitaries assisted in the ceremony of the High Mass—Deacons of Honor, Dean Murray of Brockville; Dean Moyna, of Barrie, and Fathers Guerin and Powell, deans of office.

Bishop Fallon of London, delivered a masterly and most acceptable sermon, eulogizing the faithful and devoted life of His Lordship, in whose honor the celebration was in progress. His text taken from Leviticus was: "Thou shalt satisfy the fiftieth year, for it is the jubilee."

"When a priest borne down with the labors of half a century" remarked Bishop Fallon, "has reached his golden jubilee, and finds assembled around him, a devoted people, who celebrate with him, it is assuredly a signal honor and an occasion for rejoicing

"Wherever his name is known, he is honored, by brother clergy colleagues and brother Bishops alike. While Holy Scripture forbids the praising of a man before his death, yet it is easily discernible that His Lordship's works were the panegyric of his life. The diocese of Toronto which first saw the fruits of his labors can speak nothing but words of praise for him.

"The souls that your ministry has sanctified the parishes that you have evangelized the thousands that you have confirmed, the monasteries you have built, the old and young you have befriended, all form the crown of glory that rests to-day upon your head," concluded the speaker directing his remarks to His Lordship.

Immediately at the conclusion of the sermon the addresses and resentations took place.

ADDRESS FROM PRIESTS

Venerable Archdeacon Casey read the address with the presentation of the purse of gold of $2,000 was made by Father Murray of Cobourg:

To His Lordship Right Reverend Right Alphonsus O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Peterborough.

May it please your Lordship.

Haec dies quam fecit Dominus exuitemus et faetemur in ca.

We the priests of the diocese assembled around your throne, rejoice and are glad to-day; for this day marks the Golden Jubilee of your Lordship's ordination to the sacred priesthood of Jesus Christ.

We are here in joy to unite with you in thanksgiving to the Almighty for the many years of priestly service He has given to you, for the innumerable graces and favors He has granted you during the past half century and for the manifold blessings which through your Lordship He has bestowed on the Church in Canada, more particularly in this diocese.

To look back on fifty years of sacerdotal ministry, zealously and faithfully accomplished is not granted to many. This unusual privilege is Your Lordship's. It is a signal mark of the Divine apprebation of your unselfish and untiring labor both as priest and bishop,

Tired in Body and in Mind

Worn Out by the Monotonous Indoor Life of Winter

Spring Finds the Blood Weak and the System Run Down—Vigor is Restored by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Just at the time when the buds are bursting and the birds are chirping merrily in the treetops, many people feel most keenly the debilitating and enervating effects of indoor winter life.

The blood is so thin and watery that it fails to supply nutrition to the nervous system and to the vital organs. You feel tired, weak and discouraged, appetite fails, digestion is impaired, energy and ambition are lacking, and strange depressing feelings come over you.

But nature has provided certain restoratives to be used at this time of year to form new, rich blood and create new nerve force. These elements are found in condensed and easily assimilated form in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Thousands of men and women have learned to escape this spring depression and weakness and discouragement by using this great restorative.

Vitality is increased, strength and confidence return, buoyancy is felt in every movement of the body, pallor and weakness and disease give place to the glow of health and vigor of mind and body.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great spring tonic and restorative, 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.