obstacles to domestic happiness and consolation of married life; the inten-tions, dispositions, duties and obliga-

A GREAT SACRAMENT.

and to so save our souls. The surest guarantee we have of saving our souls

is the worthy reception of the sacra

ments during life. One of these sacraments St. Paul calls a great sacrament

in Christ and in the Church-the sacra

reception depends much of the happi

results of the Reformation.

parties.

ness which should follow every Chris-

by every means in her power, both civil and religious, upheld the sanctity

of marriage. History tells us of the battles she has fought and of the losses

she has suffered sooner than violate the strict command 'What God hath

joined let no man put asunder.' Loyal

Christians of the Church, practical

Christians, will love and venerate this

great sacrament, but let me warn the

disloyal ones. There is among our young people, owing to culpable igno-

rance, too much levity and too little reverence for this sacrament. They

receive it thoughtlessly, with wrong

intentions and unworthy motives, or

gerated idea of its trials and bad

examples of some married people. Ignorance of the dignity and sanctity

of this sacrament is the cause of the

many great evils of our day. There-

fore we have unhappy unions and family scandals, children neglected,

separations, divorces, polygamy and

THE GOOD OF SOCIETY.

How much better would society b

society, it is evident that the sacra-ment which forms the family is the

base of the social edifice. In raising marriage to the dignity of a sacra

ment our Lord raised society. Unity and indissolubility were the distinctive

marks of the primitive family, but

away the sacrament of matrimony and society is degaded. We have only a

base contract, buying and selling and

countless crimes. And the remedy?

THE SUBJECT OF GENERAL TALK.

Father Coleman's remark have awak-

ened more interest and created more

good-natured discussion in this quaint

old city than perhaps anything that

has occurred before. Even the Schley-

Sampson controversy sinks into insig-

nificance before it, for this is a question

in which the ladies are individually

concerned, and talk of it they will, but

woe to him who would dare to repro-duce any of their chance remarks.

The whole community, however, is

talking about it, both seriously and

humorously. It is the subject at the

table, in the sitting rooms, in the

stores, in the counting-rooms, and in

the shops among the mechanics. Though the young may talk of it face-tiously, the vast majority of the people

consider it a serious question and one of the problems of the twentieth

The young girls are glad the matter

said she hoped it would result in som

ber of applications from men in Vir-ginia, Pennsylvania, Washington, D C

and other States asking him to procure

their company.

alas! we have changed all that.

they abstain from it through an exag

"We are in this world to serve God

tions of the contracting parties.

deed, or gave myself over to darkest

One day I heard a man saying, Lorenzi's death going to make a man of that ne'er doweil Guildi ; it made such an impresweil Guildi; it made such an impres-sion on him that he sowed the last of his wild oats the day he heard of this terrible deed" (which, little though they knew it, was indeed the truth). But it would have taken keener minds and more observing than those of the artist fraternity to penetrate the mask of iron I learned to wear.

and powerful are alike forgotten. and powerful are alike lorgotten.
Before the summer heats poured
blindingly on the streets, driving
Rome panting to the shadowed byways, the world had ceased to comon Lorenzi's fate. He had passed into the dim region of immortal shadows, whose work only lives after their personality is forgotten.

And I? . . . After a long summer spent in the mountains, where I carried my dark burden with me into the solitudes, alone with God and nature, fighting the battle with des-My old haunts knew me no Between them and me there impassible gulf of distance like that of years-my crime and my newly-awakened conscience.

This new attitude caused much amusement to my cynical friends of the past, who nicknamed me "Simon Striltes" and the "Soulptor-Saint;" taunting me that the "clericals" had got hold of me and made me a coward. In the old days ridicule instantly aroused me to shamefacedness or resentment, but now I pursued my way heedless alike of sneers or laughter for neither seemed to touch me. Oc-casionally I felt as if I illustrated one of those strange psychological prob-lems one hears of, in which a man's whole personality has been changed into that of another! The reckless, passionate youth, so full of the pride of life, had gone for ever, as well as the boyish scapegrace Lorenzi had once loved; and in their place was a sombre, silent man whom I myself somore, shent man whom I myself scarcely recognized, with a grim secret darkening his life with an ever present shadow. Oh, it was strange, strange! I the uncontrolled, sionate, to become impassive to sternness, possessing a self control seldom to be met with in our southern land, where storm and laughter are ever near the surface. Sometimes but seldom, the old fits of sudden anger welled up and would almost , over some wilful careless ness of the scarpellini or a more than usually bitter taunt of my comrades ; but I had but to glance at the gesso model of the renegade monk, kept as "memento homo" in a corner the studio. Then my hand would fall at my side and the fierce words die away unuttered on my lips, to be instantly replaced by the stony calm which had become second nature; the habitual feeling that I had done with life's petty vexations and troubles on my own account.

Only one touch of human comfort came to me during that period of poignant remorse. I was talking to Francesco Lorenzi's old friend and doctor with the brave face I showed the world in discussing the event, though even yet the mere mention of from my guilty heart. After many lamentations over his friend's untimely fate the old man ended:
"Well, poor fellow, they may say what they will; for my own part I hold it was no murder but disease that it sufficed to drive the very life-blood hold it was no murder but disease that brought him to his death. Aye, dis ease ! stare as you will, Guido, with those great sombre eyes of yours Some one may have ruined his statue out of jealousy or pure wickedness (for that galantuome had no enemies) or even he himself may have de stroyed it in a fit of discouragement, such as you artistic geniuses are capable of; but. Die lo sa! it wasn't like the man." . I, the silent lis tener, winced as if he had pierced my armor with a sword thrust, and my lips and hands clinched in a supreme fort for self-control. But the good old man noticed nothing. He was full tively: "Yes, his death was bound to come suddenly sooner or later; so the closs of his statue was not altogether to blame, though the shock may have hastened it. For years he suffered hastened it. For years he suffered might have moved me to satisfaction others even in his own troubles. Methinks I can bear him now, as I tried to break the fact to him gently, saying in that cheery way of his: 'Thank you, old friend, for try-ing to spare me; I have guessed as much for years. Gcd has been good to me in this as always; for it is the death I would have chosen. The lingering agonies of a mortal sickness or

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though avenging conscience rose up in judgment before me, repeating, "Yours was the hand that struck the blow that gave the fatal shock."

Soon after this a new difficulty beset

me. A commission came from the princely owner of Palazzo Morosini, sking me to take up my dead friend's work ; to commence another statue to replace the one destroyed. My first And with that strange human capacity for forgetfulness, the nine days wonder over the tragedy passed. Be it saint or emperor or best beloved—those whom we deemed most necessary those whom we deemed most necessary thought was too awful in its grim irony; and yet a strange hesitancy seemed to drag me back from refusing, seemed to drag me back from retusing, something within me urging me to accept it. I had even commenced the letter of refusal, when once more came the old haunting vision which had driven me from death and the river— Lorenzi's ghastly, haggard face.

Anguish and perplexity tore me with conflicting emotions, and at last —I know not how or why—I accepted the commission; but with the agree ment that it should be undertake nature, fighting the battle with debratic ment that it should be undertaked pair, I returned to the city, and did without payment, and as a memorial what I thought never to have done of Francesco Lorenzi. But the work again—plunged into genuine hard was to be done in my own studio. Even was to be done in my own studio. my iron nerves could not face the thought of working in the spot where Lorenzi had labored and died; and where my guilty passion had perpetrated the crime of a life-time. Monstrous enough it seemed that the murderer should take up the work of the victim; too terrible the mockery that the hypocrite be posing as the devoted friend of the murdered man. So with hands heavy and unwilling I commenced the task. Who knows but what this burden was to be part of my expiation, part of the debt of blood-guittness which still hung over my head? Quickly the status gray under the tipalogo shied.

statue grew under the tireless chisel, for, leaving all other labor aside, I worked at it unceasingly; and more and more my heart was in the work. Cost what it may, the expiation should be complete; and resolutely stamping out my repugnance, I strove to repro duce, as far as possible from memory the lineaments of the saintly face; moonlit illuminated as it appeared before my desecrating hammer fell upon

But try as I would the features and expression of my St. Bernard were different to Lorenzi's. They became softened, less spiritually severe, any less full of the triumph of the spirit than of its renunciation. The likeness of the avenging angel was merged into the pity of a sorrowing spirit, who feels for rail humanity and its struggles, and fection. The head in Lorenzi's statue day to rest, in the quiet little "Campo had been grandly thrown back as if Santo" behind the Basilica, where listening to heaven-sent inspiration, while the power flashing from the brow and eyes accentuated the gesture of the outstretched hand, fuil of the unspeakable majesty which had cowed even my sinful recklessness. But in mine the whole attitude was different; it seemed to shape itself in opposition to all efforts to render it a copy of Lor enzl's; for the head was cast down as if in deep humility, the hands lightly crossed on the breast—a very embodiment of silence and mortification.

At last the statue was finished, and falling short as it did in every partic ular of the perfect model of which I had robbed the world so ruthlessly, I saw that it would stand; if not as a to stand by and listen to their com-ments on its history, and the memories of the half-forgotten story it was sure to evoke. Nor was I wrong in these surmises. It attracted much attention and people came from far and near Romans and strangers alike, curious to see the work which memorized a tragedy. They gazed, wondered and admired; asking me questions about the story till I could have flad from the place to escape them ; and I often fancied when I heard people reading out the simple lettering engraved on the nedestal,

"FRANCESCO LORENZI. IN MEMORIAM AETERNAM. G. G.,

from heart disease, and suspected it had I still any feeling left; but as it was it left me so impassive that the himself too, even before I told him Quel povero Francesco! ever thought public must have wondered what man-ner of man I could be, to take such an ovation of enthusiasm so coldly. Only for the sculptors' comments I listened keenly, willing to accept the judgment on my work from their hands. Their on my work from their hands. Their critical eyes dwelt long upon it, perhaps in realization that this was no ordinary effort, but that heart and soul were in it. Their final verdict was satisfactory; and I was content, not for my own sake but for the sake of a helpless old age are things to be dreaded; and besides this, men with heart-disease often outlive the rest.

Anyhow, He knows best for us all.'" seems to me," remarked one grayhis beautiful creation ruined before thin?" I queried. "Surely to him it was the agony and pangs of death."

The surely are the surely to him it was the agony and pangs of death."

The surely are the surely to him it was the agony and pangs of death." was the agony and pangs of death."

"Figlio mio, it was but momentary," said the old physician, laying gently and reverentially, "that sharp shock of horror; then the instant realization of the 'One perfect Beauty' opening before the eyes of the soul who so loved the pure and beautiful on earth! Nay, Guidi, do not think, that

one regret for earth clouds his happi-ness, or that it does not repay him for ary, but the impress of the Divine ary, but the impress of the Divine Compassion of the Godhead; the dying Christ on Calvary, as he breathed forth ness, or that it does not topy that instant's purgatory here."

So I treasured up this slight glimber of light in the darkness of my slu, mer of light in the darkness of my slu, 'Father, forgive them, for they know 'Father, forgive them, for they know 'Tather, the country as he breathed forth the country as h

not what they do." speaker, whose words had aroused the knowledge and preparation. The more first spark of feeling within my breast; we know about a good thing the more but he had forgetten us all. His dreamy eyes were riveted on the marble figure, his thoughts far away in the land of his pure ideals. "God grant it may be so!" I sighed, when they had all gone at last and left me alone with my statue in the darkening twilight; for in those words lies all my hope. The past is gone with all its fiery passion, and no repentance can recall it; but something within tells me that my dear old friend for-gave me, as he hoped to be forgiven; and his kind face-not drawn and agonized as I saw it last; as I see it still in waking and sleeping dreams but full of happiness and gentle com-passion—will be the first to greet me on the other side, if I live to explate my sin. God's peace has come to me in these later years, after all the storms and troubles-a peace I have little deserved; but won for me, I know, by the prayers of the man I so deeply inine prayers of the man I so deeply injured. He gave his life cheerfully for mine; and like a guardian angel has helped me to live! Else why did I believe as I knelt by his dead body? Why had I not perished miserably by my own hand, or had grace to fight the battle with denair—the newer to make battle with despair—the power to work, and drown the thoughts which were leading me to madness? No! Fran-

sacrificed to purchase the salvation of one wayward, erring soul. My work, too, has prospered; my statues have made a name; but their reputation brings no moment of selfpraise, or pride of power; and adulation is but gall and wormwood, knowing as I do that it is the price of blood.

esco Lorenzi deemed his life well

I am an old man now; I work no longer in the studio, for my eyes are weak and my hands tremble too much to guide the chisel. The lads do all the work for me; and when I go in to give them a few suggestions, they listen to me with deference. Young people are more sensible nowadays; they recognize the claim of the elders o an experience wider than their own, brilliant as may be their abilities. And I think with a sigh of my own hotblooded youth, and how ill I requited the kindly hand and heart to which I owed so much. Ah, well! life, long as it is, is too short for my repentance

I only creep out when the brilliant sunshine floods our grand old city, to make my favorite pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostle, whose lifelong penitence bids me hope the most for my own sinful past. For at St. Peter's feet I feel great peace and hope, and near St. Peter's dust I trust one

Francesco Lorenzi lies.

The story of my life is told, and after all it has been more of a relief than a penance to put it into words. It is the story of a moment of fierce, unbridled passion in the heat of a godless youth followed by a remorse so deep and bit ter that no penalty of human justice could exceed in severity. Far be it from me, in my poor judgment, to speculate on the punishment for sin in the world to come; but I sometimes feel that no purgatory could be more searching or more all devouring than the wages of my sin, paid in the baptism of conscience-fire through which I came back to God.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat of ninety degrees, St. John's Church was well filled to night to hear the promised discourse of Rev. J. F. X. Coleman, S J., on the momentous and all absorbing question of matrimony. Last Sunday night he announc that he he was surprised at the small number of marriages in his parish, and said some thing was wrong, and he was going to endeavor to rectify it, incidentally re marking that he was going to establish a matrimonial bureau. This naturally excited comment and created quite sensation in the community, and had the effect of drawing the largest crowd to church to night that had been there for years. The reverend gentlemen was somewhat embarrassed by the notoriety he had achieved from the jocular remarks he had made, but readily disabused the minds of many who thought they would hear any sensa

tional plans evolved.
"My dear friends," said Father Coleman, "a jocular remark which I made here last Sunday evening apropos of my subject of matrimony has created quite a sensation. I regret this, inasmuch as sensations are unhealthy things and altogether foreign to God's who had been consuming many years Church, and priests, too. However, perhaps this sensation may prove an exception to the rule, since it may call attention to a deplorable state of affairs which exist not only in Frederick, but in other parts of the country also-I mean the decease in the number who contract Christian marriage. If this publicity will in any way tend to lessen

ONE NEGLECTED PRECEPT. that if they knew and understood their duties and responsibilities to their God

There is a certain class of Catholics and their country there would be more whose actions would lead one to be-lieve that the Precepts of the Church marriages, and happy ones. God for-bids that I, a priest of God, should advocate hasty and sensational mar-riages, or that I should urge people to enter upon this holy state without due browledge and propagation. The more Or, if not abrohad been abrogated. gated, at least suspended in their application to themselves. We refer to those good people who out of ignorance or parsimony fail to see the propriety of contributing to the support of their pastors. "I need not say that among my

We call them good people and we plans on this subject that of establishing a 'matrimonial bureau' is not included. Such an institution is, I think, mean it, for they are good. They keep themselves in the narrow path of rectitude. They are seldom guilty of very grievous sin. They are frequent inany form underirable, and, conducted by a clergyman, altogether improper and unworthy his sacred calling. The to their duties and all the many pious devotions not of obligation. Advised chief plan I have in view is a clear and ly is it, therefore, that we call them thorough explanation of the doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the sacrament of marriage, its nature, its dignity, its sacredness, its absolute indis-solubility and its likeness to the union between Christ and His Church; the

Precept of the Church it must have been when they were so young that it made no great impression upon their They are apparently ready memory. They are apparently ready to make any sacrifice to demonstrate their devotion to the faith except the one which would open their purses to support their pastor. Such demands are usually met with murmurs and language not calculated to edify.
Yet by every rule of reason and jus-

tice the law of the Church should be complied with. The law of God commands it and the Church proscribes it. If no other reasons could be given these should be all sufficient to the thorough and conscientious Catholic.

ment of marrimony. Indeed, it is a sacrament, for on it depends the welfare of civil society, and on its worthy tian marriage, and yet this great sacrament is little understood and so sacrifice for the people. sumed to have this maintenance open to abuses, irreverance and disrespect. This is one of the deplorable lowered the dignity and sanctity of this sacrament and has made a marriage a simple contract to be entered into and broken again at the mere whim or fancy of the contracting port .- Church Progress. The Catholic Church has always and

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

to day if marriage as the Catholic Church teaches it were faithfully ob-served. If the family is the basis of

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this paper. AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

has been brought up for discussion, but many of the bachelors seem to regret it very much. One young lady LARGE good ; if none other, she hoped it would SAMPLE of attention from the girls so they WONDER would stop monopolizing their even-ings and give other and younger men a chance to spend some evenings in Father Coleman has received a num-

WORKING them good wives. Some of them give their age, health and occupation, and

and K.D.C. Pills

mailed on receipt of 10 Cts.

But if they ever learned of the Fifth

If, however, the question be viewed from a merely human standpoint there is argument equally cogent. The priest is debarred other means of a livelihood. His life is a continuous tended him that he might be freed from the cares of life and thus the better serve his flock. His labors are hard and his sufferings great. Common gratitude, therefore, prompts us to be most liberal and generous in his sup-

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E. J. DAVIS.

Commissioner Crown Lands.

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w. A. Nugent, Bellville, Ont., was greatly W. A. Nugent, Bellville, Ont., was greatly unbled with it for years; and Peter R. are, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so licted with it that he was nervous, sleeps, and actually sick most of the time, tained no relief from medicines professible agreeabled.

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