take any food, and yielded only when Sophie declared her intention of following her example. "At least," she said, "we shall die together." This seemed to break the spell, and the danger was averted. Sophie traced back her devotion to the Sacred Heart to this time, when she and her mother prayed often for her brother's safety before pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which he had sent from Paris.

Sophie's love for her mother was at this time one of her strongest characteristics, and it was the only obstacle which seemed insuperable when, on Louis Barat's release from prison, he urged his parents to allow his sister to live with him in Paris and continue her studies. Finally the arrangement was made, on condition that Sophie should return to Joigny every year at vintage time.

Louis Barat was now a priest, and he said Ma s daily, though in secret, in the little house in the Rue de Touraine where he and his sister lived, under the roof of a good lady named Mlle. Duval. There Sophie continued her studies, but, as her brother's aim was now to train her soul rather than to cultivate her taste for literature, he substituted for the poets, whose influence on her he feared, the study of Scripture and the works of the Fathers of the Church.

Sophie had probably never seen a nun or been within convent walls, but the desire to consecrate herself to God had been with her from her childhood. Her humility made her desire the life of a Carmelite lay-sister, though already another wish strove with this one—the wish for an active, apostolic life, whereby souls might be saved. The sequel shows that both these desires were from God.

Father Barat's direction was very austere, and, to teach his sister complete self-control and detachment, he constantly mortified her natural affections and desire for innocent amusement. Sophie was an apt pupil, but it forced the tears even from her eyes to see a piece of needlework, which she had prepared in secret for her brother, burnt as soon as she had offered it to him, and a dress, which she had made for herself to replace the peasant costume she always wore, destroyed without pity. The treatment was rough, but it bore fruit, and Sophie every day grew in love for that Lord to whom her life was to be consecrated.

It was the Abbé Barat's wish at this time to join a society of zealous priests who, under the name of "Fathers of the Faith," or "Fathers of the Sacred Heart," followed the rule of St. Ignatius. Their first Superior had been Father Léonor de Tournély, a priest of marvellous piety, and on his holy death at the age of thirty, Father Joseph Varin was elected Superior in his place. This was a time when everything had to be constituted afresh after the social and religious overthrow of the Revolution, and Father de Tournély, not as it seemed without the sanction of inspiration, had fostered plans for the establishment of a religious community of women, whose work should be the education of girls both of the poorer and upper classes. When he died it became a sacred duty for Father Varin to carry out his plans.

One day, in conversation with the Abbé Barat, Father Varin asked him whether any tie bound him to the world. The Abbé Barat answered that he had "a little sister," and when, after further questions, Father Varin learned that she was nineteen years of age, that she was highly educated, and that her great desire was to become a Carmelite, it immediately flashed upon his mind that she was destined to be the foundation-stone he needed. The impression was confirmed when he made her acquaintance and found that so many gifts of mind and heart were united to great gentleness and even timidity of manner and profound diffidence of self. Father Barat entered cordially into Father Varin's views for his sister's future. Indeed, they were for him the visible goal to which Providence, by his means, had been leading her, and he made over to Father Varin the direction of her soul. It was not long before Sophie herself was convinced that God's will for her lay in the path that now presented itself. "I knew nothing and foresaw nothing," she once said later on, "but I accepted all that was offered to me." Father Varin then drew up a rule for Sophie and three or four companions of hers who had been in the habit of coming to hear Father Barat's Mass, and who now assisted with her at Father Varin's instructions and entered like her into his plans. Thus, in humility and poverty, were laid the first foundations of the future Society of the Sacred Heart.

On the 21st of November of the year 1800, four postulants, one of whom was Sophie Barat, pronounced their consecration to the Sacred Heart. This date is still solemnized as that of the foundation of the Society.

From the time of her consecration to the great work to which her life was devoted, the history of Sophie Barat, as far as exterior events are concerned, is merged in that of the Society of the Sacred Heart. We must now see how this Society began its work.

Early in 1801 Father Varin went to preach a mission at Amiens. In the course of the mission he made acquaintance with two ladies, Genevieve Deshayes and Henriette Grosier, who when he told them of the newly-founded Society, offered themselves as postulants. Henriette Grosier helped her aunt in the management of a school which was not at that time in a flourishing condition, and it was to the complete satisfaction of every one concerned that its management passed by an agreement, signed October 15, 1801, into the hands of the new Society, which thus became possessed of its first foundation.

Its early beginnings were humble enough to satisfy those whose only desire was to imitate the poverty of Nazareth. The Sisters were extremely poor, everything beyond the barest necessaries were wanting to them. The children were troublesome and often unmanageable, many contradictions and trials from without tested their constancy, and Mlle Loquet, their first Superior, had not the spirit which Father Varin wanted to see implanted amongst them. During this trying time, Sophie's calm strength and deep union with God were the great support of her companions' courage, and when in the following year, Mlle Loquet, at Father Varin's suggestion, returned to Paris to resume there her life of good works, Sophie was appointed Superior at the age of twenty-three.

Father Varin tells us how this nomination was made known to her. "After Mass," he says, "I went to the convent with Father Roger, and assembled the nuns. I talked to them for a while, and then said I was going to ask them some questions to judge of their competence for teaching. After a few questions on various points of Christian Doctrine to the others, it came to Sister Sophie's turn, and I said to her: 'As you are the youngest I must give you the easiest question—Why did God make you?' 'To know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him,' she answered. 'What is *serving God?*' I continued. 'To serve God,' she replied 'is to do His holy will.' 'You wish to serve Him, I suppose?' 'Yes, Father!' 'Well, His will is that you should be Superior.' It was a terrible blow. She fell on her knees, burst into tears, and implored to be let off - but we were inflexible. No one can say what it cost her: it nearly killed her." At a later time he added: "All know what this seed brought forth. Mother Barat's *humility* was the only obstacle to be found in her, in the way of good. For ten years from that time it was a struggle between us, on her part to be released from the task of government, and on mine to make her understand that she held it from the will of God." In this spirit she carried her burden, until sixty-two years later death relieved her of it, and her cross became her crown.

The wisdom of the choice was soon made manifest. In a few months the school had increased so much that removal elsewhere was necessary. In 1804 the community took possession of the house in the Rue de l'Oratoire which has always been looked on with special veneration as the "cradle of the Society." One by one, in these early years Mother Barat's lifelong companions and sharers of all her toils and labours, joys and sorrows, gathered round her, almost all of them having passed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution by which the faith and courage of God's servants had at that time been tried. One of the first to arrive was Catherine de Charbonnel. The Revolution had deprived her of almost all her near relations, whose singular attachment to their King and their faith had marked them out as victims of its fury. Her strong faith had inspired her with a courage in misfortune which, in spite of great natural timidity, won her the respect and admiration of all who saw her over and over again expose her life in the service of religion. Félicité Desmarquest was of another stamp. Her character had acquired strength and maturity in ministering, even from a very early age, to the Confessors for the Faith in the prisons of the Republic. Others, like Mother de Charbonnel, might be of more use in the work of education, but no one helped Mother Barat more than Mother Desmarquest in making the life of the Society of the Sacred Heart a faithful copy of that of the Holy House at Nazareth. Mother de Charbonnel's practical good sense and knowledge of business matters made her invaluable in the work of foundations, whilst to Mother Desmarquest for many long years the formation of the novices was entrusted.

A third vocation at this time proved to be of great importance to the future of the Society, that of Philippine Duchesne. She was at this time a novice of the Visitation, sorely tried by the failure of her efforts to gather together the scattered members of the community she had entered, and who had been dispersed by the Revolution. She was cast in heroic mould, and all the intensity of her will was set on serving God in religion. The deserted Visitation convent of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut at Grenoble belonged to her, and when, through Father Varin, she made acquaintance with Mother Barat, she offered herself and all she had to the Society. In her new Superior she found all her heart could wish, and in the Society of the Sacred Heart a spirit that satisfied even her aspirations, and a field for work that gave full scope to all her burning zeal. A few years later, in 1818, the great mission was given her of helping to spread the devotion of the Sacred Heart in the United States and Canada by carrying thither a little colony of Mother Barat's nuns, and there, after seeing convents of the Sacred Heart established in all directions, she died thirty-five years later with the reputation of a saint.

The convent of the Sacred Heart of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut was therefore the second foundation that Mother Barat made, and the joy this addition to the Society caused her was only lessened by the sorrow of seeing herself shortly afterwards elected Superior General. A foundation at Poitiers soon followed, and here in a venerable building, the Abbaye des Feuillants, founded by Louis XIII. but devastated by the Revolution, she established her first house of noviceship. Here Mother Barat herself trained her novices in that humility and obedience of which she was so consummate a mistress. Amongst her novices at this time were Sisters Thérése Maillucheau and Joséphine Bigeu, model novices in this model noviceship, who afterwards carried with them into active life the spirit of prayer learnt at Poitiers. Poitiers was said to have been in some ways the "Manresa" of Mother Barat. Everything in the old monastic building favoured her love of solitude and silence, and during her sojourn there the Society of the Sacred Heart, still so small, was being formed within her heart.

1807 the Emperor Napoleon gave the formal approval of the civil authority to the Society, and in this and the following years several foundations were made.

As the work grew it became more and more necessary to consolidate its organization. The urgency of this need was made more manifest from a sad experience which, but for Mother Barat's courage and perseverance, might have had a disastrous ending. When after four years of absence she, in 1808, returned to Amiens, she was painfully struck by a change in the spirit of the house. This was chiefly owing to the austere rule of the Superior, Madame Baudemont, and to the misguided zeal of the confessor, M. de St. Estève, who wished to usurp supreme authority not only over the convent at Amiens but over the whole Society. He had drawn up and imposed upon the community a rule compiled from those of other Orders which changed the spirit and form of the new congregation. The Mother General saw at once the state of the case, but she decided to accept the existing state of things as far as she conscientiously could. She knew that it would be worse than useless at that time to act in opposition to the ruling spirit of the place, and she showed only unconquerable patience and gentleness. She knew confidence must be won, not forced, and her deep contempt of self easily persuaded her that others were more deserving of confidence than she was. The school was prospering—peace and union reigned at that time in the community. She feared to compromise all by trying then to set things right, and although her authority was disregarded, although M. de St. Estève claimed the title of founder and was imposing constitutions on the young Institute not in the spirit of St. Ignatius and without the devotion of the Sacred Heart which Father Varin had breathed into it, she waited God's time, and left the house where her authority was only nominal to foster the spirit of unity in the other houses, and maintain in them at least that devotion to the Sacred Heart which should make them worthy one day to bear its name. Several years passed before the crisis came and the wisdom of her conduct was justified. In 1812 M. de St. Estève was arrested by the Imperial government, and the time seemed then come to put forward the true constitutions of the society. Those drawn up by M. de St. Estève had in the meantime been sent to all the houses then existing, and had been universally disapproved. All felt that the spirit of the Sacred Heart was not in them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SERMON FROM A GRAND OLD LAYMAN

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet

Shortly before the close of the War for the Union, on my way to the hospital, where I was due at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I happened to pass St. Stephen's Church in East Twenty-ninth street, where I had a pew—my wife being a Catholic.

I was surprised to see a number of men going into the Church at that hour. The way of Almighty God is inscrutable for I walked into that church to take the most important step of my life. My father had been nominally an Episcopalian, as his father had also been nominally of the Church of England, and for the same reason. I am naturally of a religious turn of mind, but beyond a sincere belief in God the Creator, my faith had been at a standstill since I was a child. My dear old grandmother, who brought me up, while professing to be a member of the Church of England, was a rigid Puritan in practice, and from her I obtained a knowledge of the Bible.

After reaching manhood I read everything I could obtain having any bearing on the subject, and I weighed without prejudice the belief of the different Christian bodies; yet I could not reach but one logical conclusion, and this was accomplished notwithstanding all the unfavorable impressions from prejudices I had received in early life.

I was forced to accept the belief, that if there was any foundation whatever for Christianity, the authority could rest only with the Catholic Church, as the representative on earth of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Catholic Church had its origin from the days of the Apostles, if Christianity ever had any existence, and it has remained unchanged, except in discipline and development of doctrine. Nothing that Our Lord ever taught, or that was taught with authority in His name by His disciples and their successors, could ever need to be changed or reformed.

This was the truth I was forced to believe, whatever may be said or claimed to the contrary. The Catholic Church is certainly the only Christian body having the power to enforce its authority and the only one daring to do so as the representative of God, in matters of faith and to exact obedience without question.

It could not be supposed that our Lord failed in His promise to be with a representative power on earth 'until the end of time,' nor that His influence could ever lead to false teaching, needing at any time to be reformed. If this were possible there can exist no logical proof, nor possibility even, for the existence of Christianity.

Of course this argument may be denied and with many the simple denial will be considered sufficient to disprove the accuracy of my statement, but it cannot be logically disproved, if divested of sophistry and false premises. Errors in discipline may well occur in relation to God's human agency on earth, but the same delegated power would necessarily provide for the correction of these in due time by those in authority, as we know has been going on all the time from the beginning.

If, under the circumstances, I could think a reformation had at any time been necessary, I would embrace the Jewish faith. Our Lord was a professed Jew until His death when Christianity had its beginning with the first teaching of the Apostles, when St. Peter as the Rock, the Foundation of the Church, and the first Pope, and all who were with him were inspired for their work and commissioned to transmit their power by Apostolic Succession.

The so-called Reformers gave a human interpretation to the essential mysteries of the Church, and it seems incredible to one not in sympathy with them that any individual could read the Bible and not see that their (the reformers) teaching is not in accord with that of Our Saviour, nor with that of His successors.

As regard transubstantiation in particular, something beyond the scope of human judgment to understand, we can but accept it literally as our Lord gave it; for, notwithstanding the populace on hearing it complained that it was 'a hard saying' it is the only instance where He refused to give any other explanation.

Yet this has been so far 'reformed' that only the second or accidental clause has been accepted nominally, where an act of simple remembrance has been substituted for a mystery of the faith. It is an illogical feature of the so-called reformers that an act should be performed in remembrance or commemoration of Transubstantiation the mystic essence of our Lord's Supper and at the same time deny the essential. Without Transubstantiation, the so-called Act of Remembrance becomes one without purpose, if judged in accord with Our Lord's teachings.

God in His infinite power has allowed as with the so-called Reformation, these great sloughs to be cast off from the body of the Church, from time to time, possibly to teach man the weakness of human faith, and the Church has always been the stronger afterwards.

History repeats itself but the lesson is soon forgotten. The Arians were once numerous, and formed a large portion of those who claimed to have been a part of the Catholic Church. Yet, as the foundation of their belief rested no longer on a rock, they, as with other schismatics, were gradually brought back, and to-day there does not exist a vestige of their former power or influence.

Has not disintregation already begun in the hundreds of Protestant sects, who have each for themselves interpreted what constituted Christianity and, I may add, quo warranto?

Does not their widely different interpretations of itself show an absence of power and authority? The position would be untenable to claim that all or even one possesses the truth. Which one among them has the authority to decide?

I can give the experience of an old man and state that when I was a boy there were very few Protestants who did not at least outwardly conform by regular attendance at some church, while the great majority of both men and women were sincere and conscientious in living up to what they believed.

To-day a large majority of those who are nominally Protestants, in contradiction to the teachings of the Catholic Church, are totally indifferent to all religious belief. Others render the service in the most perfunctory manner, as if the faith was not in them, and all are ignorant that the Catholic Church holds the proof that the Reformation was brought about more through human interests than from supposed need or desire for spiritual change.

It is natural that I should wish all held in common with me the faith of the Catholic Church, but I have lived so much of my life with Protestants, so many of whom were bettered by their faith, that for the weal of the country, I would rather see the indifferent ones all conscientious Protestants, living up to their belief, than to have them drift aimlessly through life as a derelict vessel at sea, with no master hand to guide it Without a strong religious faith no man is safe; nor can he resist temptation, and in time he must fall— consequently, every man to-day has his price, but has not yet been tempted. As a rule, the most ignorant Catholic has been taught the principles of the faith, and while he may fall, from the weakness of human nature, the fall is entirely the fault of the individual. The Catholic Church furnishes a perfect safeguard against mortal sin, and just in proportion as her precepts are made use of, which is something those outside of its fold cannot comprehend.

But the mass of Protestants have no belief in common, and use the term Protestant as if it were an indication of their faith, while to one who is not a Protestant, it is indicative of nothing more than blind opposition to the Catholic Church, and grounded on charges which have, time and again, been shown to be erroneous.

To me, now, as a Catholic, it is no surprise that the world is so corrupt today, but a surprise that it is not worse. It is plain that the grace of God is still among men from the teachings of the Catholic Church, and some day it will be the means, by which their descendants, one and all, will leave the divergent course which others prepared in accord with their personal interests and surroundings, over three hundred years ago, and which are not tangible to-day. This influence will eventually bring all back to the Catholic Church, the only one of which we have any proof that it was God's work, under the New Dispensation.

When the Holy Father defines a matter of faith, as the representative of our Lord, he must be accepted as infallible, or Christianity could not exist; and yet as a human being he is is liable as another to sin, unless he be protected from temptation by the grace of God—"Lead us not into temptation."

Thus far I found it is comparatively easy to study the subject from an historical standpoint, and draw the deductions I have given, as I had no desire but to reach the truth, based on logical conclusions.

But when I tried to understand the mysteries of the Church coming from unquestionable authority on which all dogmas must rest and consequently they could be no other than true, for an expression which is not true cannot be a dogma. I was unable to understand them, nor did they the (mysteries) in any way appeal to my judgment as being based on common-sense. No man appreciated more than I did the value of a religious life regulated by the proper degree of faith, and have always respected a man, Jew or Gentile just in proportion as he lived up to what he was supposed to believe. With regret I could find no resting place, but I believed a merciful God would not hold me responsible for not possessing the faith or belief in something which I could not understand, and which did not even enlist my sympathy to the slightest degree.

I had married a devout Catholic but I was perfectly indifferent as to her faith; had she been less zealous I would have insisted on the children receiving a religious training, as my observation had convinced me those who had received their training at the mothers knee were the most fortunate in after life.

For years my wife and I had lived together and she had never made the slightest reference to religious matters or attempted to influence me in any way. I went to church sometimes with her, but I am free to confess I never did so but for a purpose; I knew I would be undisturbed for an hour or more, and when I had a lecture or an address to prepare; or I wished to study out the steps of some operation I had to perform. I could in church draw my head, figuratively within my shell, and be as little influenced by my surroundings as if I were alone in a wilderness.

The grace of God prompted me to enter that church filled with men, and I was told they were attending a mission, given by a young priest of the Redemptorist Order, Rev. Father Gross, who was in later years made Bishop of Savannah and afterward Archbishop of Portland, Oregon, where he died in a few years: I suppose from overwork.

The pulpit was within a few feet of the door I had entered, and Father Gross had begun a sermon. I did not know what his text was, but he was speaking of the mysteries of the Church in relation to faith, and he stated that we were not expected to try to understand them.

He said their acceptance without question was simply to test our faith as an acknowledgement of the authority of Almighty God, and of His right to exact obedience. That it was evident we should not comprehend them, as we would then be the equal of God Himself, and superior to the angels in heaven. I had never met with a better illustration as to the importance of a few simple words. For years I had attempted to comprehend the views of learned men as to what was my duty in regard to this subject.

To every one of the several thousand men who heard Father Gross's explanation this was made simple and clear. The man who is able to lay aside the consciousness of his learning and put what he has to say in as many words of one or two syllables as possible, is the successful teacher.

In a few words I had my way made clear. I was ready to acknowledge God's authority without question. I knew He could ask nothing but the truth; therefore I was divested of all responsibility in accepting what I could not understand.

History, tradition, and all circumstantial evidence made clear to me—as it would do to any one who honestly makes the investigation for himself, that the Catholic Church has existed unchanged in authority, and in an unbroken line from the days of St Peter to the present time; and that it could be the only representative on earth of authority which our Lord promised to leave to His Church as a teaching body, representing Him, and against which the gates of hell should not prevail; therefore no further doubt existed in my mind. Notwithstanding all the misstatements and sophistry of centuries, I found the way so clear that I could not hesitate to follow the lead given. No one need be at a loss if his investigation be conducted honestly, with the grace of God, in the quest of truth.

Every investigation must prove, however, useless loss of time if undertaken in the same spirit that actuated an old planter living near Montgomery, Alabama, who cited this story as a vindication of his failure to 'get religion.' He lived in a good house which his father had built under the lee of an Indian mound, for shelter from the northern winds.

The existence of this mound had become a grievance with him. Having heard that with faith you may move mountains he shut himself up and offered long and vigorous prayer for its removal. When he had exhausted his efforts and saw the mound unchanged he rose from his knees exclaiming: 'I knew it was all foolishness.' And so he rejected all prayer and all faith.

We are commanded to seek the truth and to pray to God to direct us. If this duty be honestly and properly discharged, whatever result, I believe God will not hold us responsible. I have no desire to criticize the belief of any one, although I am convinced of the truth of my own, and I sincerely thank God that I am only responsible for the justification of my own conscience. As soon as the clergyman left the pulpit I saw him in the sacristy, thanked him for his sermon, and asked him when could he give me conditional baptism, as I wished to enter the Catholic Church. He said the step could not be taken hastily and that I had first to be instructed. I stated this was unpecessary, as I knew everything which would be required of me, that I always decided and acted quickly in what I wished to do, and I again asked him when would he be at leisure. After asking me some questions, he stated he would be at my service in an hour.

I returned home and told my wife, and asked her to put on her bonnet quickly, as we did not have much time to spare. She said not ing, but kissed me, and as she left the room her eyes were filled with tears of joy.

"She was absent longer than necessary to get her bonnet; doubtless she was returning thanks for the answer to her prayers many years.

"I was baptized, went to confession, and Communion next morning, and from that time to the present and after an interval of nearly fifty years, I have never had the slightest regret. I know what is required of me, and as it is easier to obey the law than to transgress, I have no trouble, so that my life is gliding on to the close while I am contented with my surroundings and at peace with all men."

Methodists in Naples

"The American Methodists are determined to carry on their campaign against the Vatican," is the direct and unambiguous declaration which comes from Rome to the New York Times. By way of evidence in proof of this bit of information the dispatch relates that the Methodist minister in Naples, "the most devoutly Catholic town in the peninsula," has just purchased a fine $60,000 five-storied building in the Via Duomo, near the Cathedral of St. Januarius.

The total Methodist membership in Naples, on the authority of the brethren themselves, is just 250, including 60 orphan children, of whom 18 were bereft of parents in the Messina earthquake. When one considers that the total Neopolitan population exceeds 500,000. It will require quite a levy on the American Methodist pocketbook to "convert" them all, if the 250 demand so extravagant a building plus the cost of maintenance and the salaries of the workers.

As for the "campaign against the Vatican; let it go ahead. The heads of millions of fools might knock against Gibraltar in vain in an attempt to overthrow the Rock; and infinitely more impregnable than the Rock of Gibraltar is the Rock of Peter.—Tablet.

THE TRUE PARDON OF INJURIES

In the regard to the oft-felt difficulty, namely, that we do not feel as kindly as we would to our unkindly neighbor, let us remember that we must not lay too much stress upon mere feeling or sentiment. We are not required to give the same degree of love to our enemies that we give to our tender parents or to our treasured and sincere friends. No, the love that we ought to give to our enemies, the charity that we ought to show to them, is a supernatural love and charity, founded on the fact that Christ Himself so loved them that He died for them, and that we are of one family in that redeeming love. Father Schuyler says:

An injury often leaves a gaping wound in the heart; and through the opening of this wound. . . there come rushing in, at times, resentment and bitterness and even the suggestion of revenge. Yet so long as the mind does not brood on these feelings, and the will does not consent to them, we may feel sure that we are really pardoning the offense that causes them. . . Love for our enemy forbids us to wish him evil in return for the injury he has inflicted upon us; much more does it forbid any effort to injure him in return. If misfortune overtook him, we are commanded not to rejoice at his misfortune; if good fortune is his lot, we must try our best not to be saddened by it. It is true, certain feelings of satisfaction in the former case, and of sorrow in the latter, will rise instinctively in our hearts; but we are not accountable for these first moments of weakened human nature, if we strive earnestly to put them from us.

How plain and how helpful is this teaching! Let us conclude with a very simple further lesson:

Forgiveness of injuries must be accompanied, whenever conditions demand it by the ordinary acts of charity that we owe to all men. If an enemy is in need, spiritual or temporal, we may not refuse to help him simply because he is our enemy. If he makes advances towards reconciliation, we should meet these advances favorably, and do our part to effect this reconciliation. We are commanded also to exchange with him the ordinary civilities of life, if the omission of these could in any way be construed as a sign of enmity. Thus a refusal to return his salutation would be contrary to the law of forgiveness.

Let us hear no more, then, of those foolish words, "I will not speak to so and so," and the like. Let us study the example set to us by our Blessed Redeemer and let us pardon from our hearts any one who may do us wrong or give us trouble.—Sacred Heart Review.

CONVERTS

Converts are numerous. In the United States they number it is estimated one hundred a day, for the year round One cause of the increased conversions is better knowledge of Catholic doctrine and of the real facts of history Catholicism teaches as well as preaches, and as a Church she teaches with authority as well as with force.

Bigots find that the teaching of hate merely is not relished by men who want facts instead of prejudice. Catholicism cannot now be painted as a bungaloo. Most people have been face to face with the Church and know something of her comliness and sterling goodness, so that the bigots must "show them" or they will give them no credit.

We find in the newspapers to-day the following dispatch:

"New York, June 4.—Once a newspaper writer and later an Episcopal clergyman, Rev. R. M. Edwards was confirmed yesterday by Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn, as a convert to the Catholic faith. He will prepare himself to become a priest in the Catholic Church.

"For nine years Mr. Edwards has been in charge of Christ Church, in Brentwood, L. I., and the Church of the Messiah, in Central Islip. His entrance into the Catholic Church is the result of his friendship with the Rev. John M. Kieley, rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, of Brentwood, L. I."

It is the duty of travellers who wish to reach their destination to find if they are on the right road, and if not to leave it immediately and to take the right one. So it is the duty of all people to find out if they are on the right way to heaven, in the right Church, and if not to leave it. There is put one Church that comes down from the time of Christ, and that Church is the Catholic Church, as history shows. Christ says, "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." What Church? His Church—the Holy Catholic Church. No wonder that Rev. Edwards became a Catholic. The wonder is that as many who really know or reasonably doubt do not quickly enter.—Catholic Universe.

MELROSE ABBEY

Melrose Abbey receives excellent and adequate attention at the hands of Father Michael Barrets, O. S. B. This, the first of the Cistercian houses in this country, was one of the numerous foundations of Saint David I, King of Scotland, whom his descendant James I. of Scotland in this connection apostrophized as having been "ane sair sanct for the Croon." Melrose suffered much from Marauders; Edward II, Richard II, and Henry VIII. of England pillaged it. Robert Bruce's generosity made possible the commencement of a noble fane, hardly completed two centuries later, in England Perpendicular, and distinguished for the fairy-like lightness of its carvings and window tracery. Succeeding sovereigns and countless benefactors so richly endowed Melrose that its annual revenue could not have fallen far short of £100,000. But the expenditure was conducted on equally generous lines. During a time of famine in the twelfth century, four thousand starving people were fed by the monastery for three months. Abbot Joscelin was afterwards Bishop of Glasgow, where he erected the fine cathedral of that city as a shrine for St. Mungo's body. The vast possessions of the abbey finally came to the family of the Dukes of Buccleuch. The beautiful fabric was destined, after having been devastated by a rabble of so-called reformers in 1569, to be pulled down piece-meal for building material. Here as elsewhere in Scotland, the sign of an exquisitely sculptured stone on the wall of a lowly cottage or on a gaunt farm "bigging," is a faithful reminder of the devotion and munificence of long-dead Catholic Scots.—Catholic Encyclopedia.

Let us regard God's holy will, even in things that seem to us trivial, by patiently yielding our will even to the little plans and unimportant opinions of other people.

I will endeavor to adore and imitate the submission and resignation of Jesus Christ, our Divine Teacher by patiently yielding my will to the opinions and plans of others. — Sister M. Genevieve.

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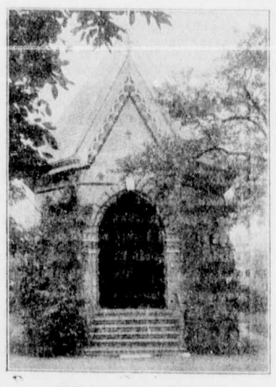

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