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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Happiness.

It is not rank or wealth that brings True happiness to any man The happiness to any man, For both may fly on transient wings, Or last but for a little spac. Ambition has no power to charm, When strength and life begin to wane; The world's applause can never calm The weary heart in hour of pain.

Expected joys elude our clasp, And hopes grow dim with doubts and fear While fevered pulses long to clasp The vanished forms of brighter years. Youth like a phantom steals away, And pleasures follow in its train, And pleasures follow in its train While never more by night or day, Can we entice them back again.

A well-spent life that none can blame, A conscience from offences free. Conscience from offences free. Unscarred by wrong and sin and shame, is only true felicity. A bet ceart devoid of self. And seeks for no reward in pelf, A perfect happiness may find.

A loving life whose end and aim Is to do good whate'er betide, To lessen evil, want and shame, And scatter kindness far and wide; Good deeds and actions pave the way To make life's cares and sorrows less, To bring contentment day by day, And everiasting happiness.

PERE STANISLAUS.

AN OLD AND FAMOUS PITTSBURG PASSION. IST MONK

guest.

The Chronicle Telegraph, of Pittsburg, in a recent issue, gave the following in-teresting sketch of Pere Stanislaus, the

famous Passionist monk: By the monastery door hangs a chain with an iron ring at the end of it, and when the bell rings it has a far-off, clank-ing sound, which scarcely dies away before the heavy door opens and some one appears who will ask the visitor what he nes in the home of the Passionis Fathers. The monastery of the Passionists lies on

Mount Oliver, and from its lofty perch on the great hill it overlooks the valleys of the three rivers for miles east and wes A handsome church of brick, with many belfries, towers and gables, and with a fine basso relievo of Christ bearing the cross, above the main entrance, lies in front of the long, low, two-story brick monastery. In the rear of this are a series of outbuildings, and then stretch away acres of gar-dens and orchards, surrounded by a high fence. The gardens are kept in the most fence. The gardens are kept in the most admirable condition—vegetables, small and large fruits and flowers growing in a profusion that is methodically pictur-esque, if such an expression is permissable. esque, if such an expression is perm The trees grow in exact rows, and vege-tables never were in straighter lines than there, and yet the trimness and exactness is so managed that it does not detract from the beauty of the place and give it a hard, cut and dried look, but on the contrary, it makes it quaint and entirely out of the ordinary. There are quiet retreats here and there among the thickly growing trees, where, perhaps, the good fathers go in the warm months for quiet meditation and study, and "on the trees and flowers climb to thoughts of God."

This is the parent house of the Passion ist monks in this country, and since they Ist monks in this country, and since they came here thirty years ago they have grown very rapidly, and now have monas-teries in New Yorle-where their church and monastery cost \$700,000-in San Francisco, New Orleans, and other cities. They were at first a very poor order, and the mendicant brothers begged about the country for food. They have become very wealthy, and are famous for their austerity, piety and good business qualities.

They lead lives of severe discipline, wearing sandals and heavy black robes of sackcloth. At midnight each night the fathers arise from their beds and go to the fathers arise from their beds and go to the chapel, where they pray for half an hour, and scourge themselves with whips for half an hour more. They have frequent fasts, and are abstemious in their fare although they have a fine wine cellar stocked with some old wines of local and foreign brands. The first Pas

first Passionist monk to come to

died not long ago at Mount De Chantal, near Wheeling. He has a baritore voice, of great compass, power, to it softness. It is a high baritone, embracing much of the tenor range, and is of that signid quality generally associated with Lusson tenors. Singularly enough the voice of the old monk does not show the ravages of time. He sang last week as he accompanied him-voice of a man of 45 who was in his prime, rather than that of a man four score. Clear and perfect in tone it went up and rang out, filling the chapel until the echoes answered again and again with the died not long ago at Mount De Chantal, temptation and in every trial God was near Wheeling. He has a baritore voice, with His people. No temptation, howsion for years and consequently not to Communion. That man may have been answered again and again with the echoes answered again and again with the old Latin words of the selection. The physician who heard him said that in all his long years of medical experience he had never heard a voice which had so outlasted time.

Communion. That man may have been 1 a boy serving on the altar once; and that is one of the greatest blessings a boy can have, that of living and serving close to the presence of Jesus Christ in the sacra-ment of the altar; yet this man now has given up everything. How did he come to this godless state? He began by neg-lecting his morning prayers, and then his night prayers. For some time there was not a day that he did not say one or the other; at last he went the whole day through without saying a prayer, and got out of the habit of private prayer. He did not like to go to his confession and say I have not said my prayers; so he gave up confession. At last Some years ago Father Stanislaus was in New York as the guest of John Kelly, of Tammany Hall, who is his stanch friend. Some gathering of musicans was being held in the city at the time, and Mr. Kelly persuaded the monk to go there and sing and play. His name was not told to the musicans at first, and when told to the musicians at first, and when he had finished they crowded around the old man, saying: "You are Father Stanislaus! No one but Father Stan-islaus could sing and play so." And then with the enthusiasm of their calling they became wildle arthritic area their gave up confession. At las HE LOST ALL SWEETNESS AND JOY IN REbecame wildly enthusiastic over their

and he went out from his Church, and lived without God in the world; and there are a multitude of such men and

Some years ago, Mr. August Ammon, the business agent of the brothers, took Governor Hoyt to the monastery, where he was royally welcomed. Father Stan-islaus astonished the Governor by sing-ing the national hymns of the leading countries of the weld one often aretic such women in the world who come to this such women in the world who come to this by their own free will. They cannot say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." He did not make them to be guideless and godless in the world. No; He made countries of the world one after another in the language of the nation to which the music belonged. He speaks and writes eight or the language of the speaks and and godless in the world. No; He must them to be His own children, and they have marred His work. Therefore, as God has been so good to us, as He has the music belonged. He speaks and writes eight or ten languages, and is the great authority among the Poles and Hungarians, who can talk to him in their own tongue. In person Father Stan-islaus is of medium height, slenderly built, and he has a clearly cut, intelligent face, with keen prostations are used. God has been so good to us, as He has been our loving, indulgent Father, let us to night make some good resolutions to have great confidence in Him because He loves us so much. If we have great confidence in Him and great love for Him as our Father, we may be sure that He who has begun that good work will go on till the end. Have a holy fear of offending Him hy argon the least in forthing face, with keen, penetrating eyes. He is but slightly bent in form and looks and moves like a man not more than sixty Him by even the least sin. Cultivate great humility, because any single mo-ment we may fall if He does not hold us up. "Let he that thinketh himself to years of age. Among the poorer classes of the people who come under the ministry of the monastery, Father Stanislaus is regarded as a worker of miracles. He does not stand take heed lest he fall." make any pretensions to having any supernatural gifts, but laughs at such an stand take need lest ne fail. Let us have a great joy. A religion without joy is not the true religion of Jesus Christ. Nobody can love God, nobody can believe that He is a child of God, and that God is Let us ea. He says he has made several guess Idea. It is says he has made several guesses which accidentally came true, and thus established his fame. Beloved by his people for his goodness of heart and true philanthropy and admired by every. working for His salvation without having a sweetness in His heart and a great joy in His mind. We must be fervent, and that does not mean being all on fire at once; but be like a good timepiece that is always regular in all its actions. May the three wrot without for the state of t one who knows aught of his character, Pere Stanislaus lives his life of monastic clusion like one of the ideal monks of he three great virtues of our Ladyhumility, purity, and charity-be in some little degree in our hearts, for when the CARDINAL MANNING AT OUR LADY heart is pure the heart is humble, and then

will you be true children of Mary and faithful disciples of her Divine Son Jesus Christ. After the sermon there was a grand

The annual sermons in aid of the parish schools at Kensal New Town were preached on Sunday, the Very Rev. Dr. Rawes oc-cupying the pulpit in the morning and his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of procession and Benediction of the Blo Sacrament.

A MASS AT THE TOMB OF SS. PETER AND PAUL.

I have just said Mass on the tomb of S:. Peter and St. Paul, under the confession, in the new crypts of the Vatican. They lie there side by side, awaiting the

resurrection; but they are already in glory, both on earth and in heaven. They were forbidden to preach Jesus Christ, and they replied: "We can but preach Him who is the only true God." Mother on her assumption into heaven. They were keeping that day the great feast of her being taken up in body to the glory of the kingdom of her Divine Sor; that was a day of const into the They were taken captive and condemned to death, and the maddened crowd dragged them to the place of execution with shouts and yells. They were to die together that was a day of great joy to the spotless heart of Mary, to her Divine Son, to St. Joseph, and to all the holy angels in the courts of heaven. There were three great sanctifications, as the Church called it, given by God to the Blessed Virgin, and those made her what she is now. The first sanctification was her Immaculate Conception: the second was her continued courts of heaven. There were three great and they are separated. They bid each other a last farewell, and wish each other confidence and peace in Jesus Christ : and they are led, one to the axe which shall behead him, the other to the cross which shall drink his blood. It is finished ! Cæsar thinks that these two impostors, fanatics, are dead, and their memories buried forever; and Cæsar is dead, and Peter and Paul yet live in the hearts of millions whose forefathers they converted to the Faith. After the execution, their remains were religiously cared for : and on the ruins of pagan grandeur, out of the very temples of false gods, with their marble and porphyry, stands the most splendid monument ever built by the hand of man, raised to the honor of these two public criminals. Is there anything that can be compared to the dome of St. Peter's ? Where are the bodies of Nero, of Diocletian, and of Caligula ? No one knows ; their dust has Caliguia 7 No one knows; their dust has been thrown to the winds, with the con-tempt of generations; and the bodies of Peter and Paul are there under that superb cupols, under that grand altar, where is offered every day the Sacrifice which has saved the world. From all nations men come to venerate them, to kiss the stong come to venerate them, to kiss the stone which covers their resting place, and to offer up to Heaven, with livliest faith, the most ardent pravers. The chapel of the tomb of the Apostles, ornamented by Glement VIII, with pre-cious stones and the rarest stuccoes, is small but sparking. The mosaic on the front of the altar represents an inverted cross transpierced by a sword; the cross of Peter and the sword of Paul. Branches of lilies surround these glorious emblems of the martyred Apostles. The two Saints are reproduced above the altar on a golder background. They are both in relief, and are represented at the moment of execution. Peter is crucified with his head downward, and the head of Paul fails untion. der the executioner's axe. On the ceiling, Jesus Christ is twice represented above the double scene-here crowned with thorns, and there scourged. The disciples were worthy of the Master ! How was it possible to celebrate Mass in such a place without emotion! O holy Apostles! I have asked through your in-tercession something of your faith, some-thing of your love for the Master whom

prayed for my priests, for the whole flock coming out of the "Black Maria" nearly CONFESSING THE TRUTH, YET that has been confided to me; I prayed for the august Pontiff, a prisoner in the Vatican.

Alas ! the great Basilica is to day silent and empty. Where are the great solemni-ties? where are the splendors of its palmy days...the days of faith and piety, when e crowds surged in at the portals, when

the crowds surged in at the portals, when the whole Roman court came in solemn procession, and when Pius IX. blessed the world and the city: Urbi et Orbi? It seemed to me that I saw all that pomp; I saw before my eyes all those brilliant ceremonies, and I thought of the evils of our day. Alas! alas! in wresting Rome from the Popes, they have dishon-ored and enslaved it. Poverty and vice are to be seen everywhere. Blashemies are to be seen everywhere. Blasphemie defame the air; paganism revives, and soon, mayhap, we shall have Nero and Diocletian, a new Colosseum, and Chris-tians thrown to the beasts. Are there not men more ferocious than the lions and tigers of the arena ? are there not parlia. mentary tribunals more cruel than the Colosseum? Oh, Jesus! is the blood of Thy Apostles in vain ? have their sacred

Thy Apostles in vain ? have their sacred relics no longer any power ? Ab, let us not fear; the promises are eternal ! The flood will pass and we shall remain. These thoughts filled heart and soul, and I descended from the altar filled with hope and courage. When I came, the day was just dawning; the first rays of the sun fell on the castle of St. Angelo and on the dome of St. Peter's. When I left the sun was high in the heavens; the vast square before the church was dazzling. square before the church was dazzling. The fountains, the obelisk, the colonades, the Vatican-all were resplendent with life and light, and I begged God that I might never forget such joys.

LOSS OF CHILDREN SUSTAINED BY THE CHURCH.

A correspondent in a neighboring city A correspondent in a neighboring city asks us, if, in our reports of the progress of the Church, we are aware of the vast numbers that are falling away from the Catholic faith? This question has been asked and answered a hundred times be-fore, both publicly and privately. Christians "fell away" from the practice of Chris-tianity even during the time our Blessed Saviour dwelt upon earth yet that die Saviour dwelt upon earth, yet that dis-aster to individuals did not prevent St. Paul from telling the Romans in his epistle written to them twenty-four years after our Lord's Ascension, that their faith was spoken of in the whole world. Catholics spoken of in the whole world. Catholics are human, just like other people; the Church is made up of saints and sinners —Catholics who are good, bad, or indiffer-ent, but then it must be borne in mind that our Blessed Redeemer's mission on earth was to bring sinners to repentance, and such is the mission maintained by His Church ever since !

It is unreasonable to suppose that all Catholics born into the world and baptized into the Church will persevere in aiming at Christian perfection by a con-stant practice of their faith. Adam and Eve fell and were expelled from Paradise, yet they had not a single temptation to sin in their position, where a hundred exist for the nineteenth century Catholic. There are a thousand temptations thrown in the path of Catholic children now-adays-even by Catholic parents them selves-that were entirely unknown to unknown to Catholics in former centuries. The child of Catholic parents is sent to

the corner grocery for five cents worth of beer, when it is scarcely the height of the counter across which it receives the pitcher filled with stuff pernicious to pereverance in religion-and here is whe the innocent victim very often lays the corner-stone of an intemperate life that repudiates religion afterwards. The child is next sent to a public school-where "priestcraft" is spurned and "Popish" is spurned and "Popish domination denounced-until the poor, helpless, and innocent victim forgets even the "Our Father" it learned in early youth from the priest of the parish. Then the child is placed at work in some factory where vile literature is read out of bad

every morning in the week; we see their children carried off in the police van to the House of Correction, the Industrial School, or the Magdalen Asylum, ard we can only hope that some miraculous intervention of Heaven will stay the tide of rime that is desolating so many Catholic nomes and damning so many Catholic crime that is

The same causes lead to the same resulta in every city in Christendom. The current of criminal life on the part of Catholics runs precisely in the same direc-tion in all parts of the world. It rises in the foothills of indifference, and after gathering strength from the poisonous rivers of the Seven Deadly Sins, it loses itself in the serging sea of perdition !

The Church cannot control those who cannot or will not control themselves, tence she is, in a measure, helpless to sav or succor the sinner who contumaciously perseveres in sin and refuses to come under "the sweet yoke of the Cross." Useless is the Mass to those who are too drunk or dilatory to attend ; unavailing are the Sac-raments to those who are too deeply absorbed in the world's sin to receive them solution in the series of the seried soul of the Catholic Sunday pleasure-seeker whose church is the dance room of some picnic park, and whose prayer book is the Police Gazette. Abortive are the Sunday-schools to Catholic parents who prefer their children to picnic in the pubic beer garden rather than pray to God in communion with their classmates. No Catholic prelate or priest has any power over such so-called Catholics; the Catho-lic press is not patronized by them; Cath-olic charities are unaided by them; Catholic charities are unaided by them ; Cath-olic rites are repudiated and Catholic Sac-raments spurned by them—until the great-ness of God's mercy casts a cloud of clemency over their leprous lives and they call on the Church to do for them in their last hour what a lifetime of nistr would last hour what a lifetime of piety could barely achieve.j Bad literature, intemperance, bad exam

bad interature, intemperance, bad exam-ple, mixed marriages, bad company, god-less education, secret societies, and the common crime of blaspheming the name of God—are the snares that snatch thous-ands of souls annually from the Church. Bishops issue pastorals against all these, but the world whirls around on its vic-ious course - prices preach content the ous course ; priests preach against them, but the world turns a deaf ear to the voice that speaks with God's authority. Catholic journals denounce them, but those who read Catholic literature do not come under the category of the criminal classes we are alluding to; hence, where the Church is powerless to prevent the loss of souls, she is also blameless for the defection of her children. Nor is she the ters who have brought the blush of shame to their cheeks and sent their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Like such pious parents, the Church of God can only pray and patiently await the power of God's goodness to send back her prodigal chilgootness to send back her prodigal chil-dren to her ever-open arms. She is pre-pared to receive them and thereby give additional joy to the angels in Heaven at the return of every prodigal child who has left her holy, peaceful, and happy sanctuary in order to become a swineherd in the sit of Satan ' in the sty of Satan ! Catholics will fall away, and converts

will come into the Church as long as the world lasts, hence, to say that because Satan grabs a few go-as-you-please Cath-olics occasionally, therefore the Church is not progressing, is just as foolish as to say that the Church of God was not as com-plete when it had not even a hundred piete when it had not even a hundred members, as it is to-day with its two hun-dred and fifty millions. The way to keep the faith is to pray for final perseverance. And those who have the priceless privil-ege of being practical in their faith should pray daily that God may not withdraw His grace from them, but that, out of the plenitude of His mercy, He may prove the Good Shepherd to the stray sheep, and leave the ninety-nine in the fold to

PRACTICALLY DENYING IT.

3

"All of our greatness is built upon the toils of past ages. Therefore if we wish our civil and religious institutions to shine in their glory, we must shape their course and control their destiny."

and control their destiny." So says one of our Protestant exchanges. "Our greatness' ie "built upon the toils" and experiences of "past ages." But who guided the Christian world through all those past ages, in its struggles against the corruption of heathenism, rotten to the core ? Against the savage rude-ness and cruelty, the intellectual and moral darkness of the barbarians who spread over all Europe, and with their atrance destroyed literature, learning, educational, social and civil institutions, and in their stead introduced universal turmoil and confusion ? Who was it that during that long night of darkness held aloft and kept unextinguished the light of intellectual, moral and religious knowledge.

edge. All history concurs that it was the Catholic Church. It was she that im-pelled and guided past ages in their efforts to build upon deeper, firmer foundations peried and guided past ages in their enors to build upon deeper, firmer foundations the institutions necessary to social and civil progress that had been overturned and uprooted by Goths, Vandals, and Huns. It was she that cleared away the ruins and reconstructed European civili-zation. It was she that taught and estab-lished the principles of justice and equity which enter into the structure of Government that possesses even a shadow of a claim to being civilized or Christian. It was she that established schools and colleges and universities all over benighted Europe, and which shone as beacon lights amidst the surrounding darkness.

Yet the paper from which we make the foregoing quotation is one of the most narrow-minded and bitter in its anti-Catholic bigotry of all the Protestant exchanges that come to the office of the Catholic Standard. While confessing the truth above declared, it yet represents the "Romish Church" as loving darkness, fostering and promoting ignorance and op-posed to education, learning, and the general interests of civilization. It thus contradicts alike the history of the past and the facts of the present. In one breath it confesses the truth; in the next breach it contesses the truth; in the next it denies it. It speaks of the "grand achievements of the Reformation of the sixteenth century," and lauds Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin as "bright stars that ushered in the day dawn." Yet the soushered in the day-dawn." Yet the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth cen-tury supplanted social, civil, and religious order with confusion, and put back the advance of European society in intellec-tual culture, morality and civil liberty. And Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin, instead And Luther, Awingu, and Catvin, Instead of building their crazy structures upon the experience, wisdom and "toils of past ages," did their utmost to pull down and destroy what had been already built up. They strove to nullify and make of no account the achievements of former ages, and to plan and construct out of their and so called churches which, by persua-sion and compulsion combined, they drove

aton and computsion combined, they drove their followers to adopt. And to-day all Protestantism is pervaded with the same spirit and acts upon the same principle. It has no past, and can claim no heritage of antiquity. Previous to the sixteenth century it had no exist-ence, and since then it has no continuity. ence, and since then it has no continuity. Its sects of to day are, some of them, the same in name with those of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. But there their identity ends. They claim to be followers of the heresiarchs whom they call "Re-formers," But they cannot, in truth, formers." But they cannot, in truth, substantiate their claim even to that bad ancestry. They are essentially of to day, as regards their "doctrines" and opinions. In their external organization they have maintained a semblance of cohesion and indentity, but in what they believe or pro-fess to believe, they are as changeable as the mist that fills the valleys and hangs

this country was Father Stanislaus, who is one of the brothers at the monastery on Mount Oliver. He is a remarkable man physically and mentally, and has a history which, if it could be obtained in detail, would make a romance worth the

Eighty years ago Father Stanislaus was born in Prussian Poland. He joined the order of Passionists when a young man and was stationed in several countries, being for a long time in Italy. In 1851 he came from Italy to this country and had established the monastery on the south side. His memories of early Pittsburgh are very vivid, and he tells many interest-ing stories of how he has watched the growth of Pittsburg and Allegheny from his home on the heights. He has seen the wooded hills and valleys slowly disappear, and in their places have come houses and smoky factories and mills. Being of a scientific and mechanical turn of mind as well as being literary and musical, he has had friendships among many classes. The Leuths, who invented the process of making cold rolled shafting, consulted Father Stanislaus early in their undertaking, and profited from some of his suggestions. Father Stanislaus is chiefly remarkable as a musician. As a composer of church music he has achieved a national fame. He has given the Catholic religious world several fine masses, a requiem, a number of hymns and other compositions. Although eighty years old, Father Stanislaus has preserved his power of voice and his ability to write music and play the organ in a remarkable manner. His eighty years rest so easily upon his sturdy shoulders that he is the regular organist of the monastery and plays at all the services where music is introduced. Sitting at the fine organ in the church of the order, he forgets himself and the world sometimes as musicians do, and his playing is magni-ficent. A well known young organist and a leading city physician recently visited the monastery and Father Stanislaus played for them. "I never heard more impressive organ music," said the young musician in speaking of his visit. "Father Stanislaus has a power over the keys that is wonderful. In concluding his playing I was so reminded of the Lost Chord' that when it was all over I repeated some of the poem to Father Stanislaus and told

growth in the saccifying grace of the Holy Ghost during her childhood, her youth, and her widowhood, uniting her soul with God. The third and last crowning sanctification was her assumption into

the early Church.

OF THE HOLY SOULS.

London Universe, Aug. 23.

Westminster in the evening. The Car-dinal sang Pontifical Vespers, after which

he ascended the pulpit and selected his text from the tenth verse of the 15th chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the

chapter of St. Paurs first episte to the Corinthians, "By the grace of God I am what I am." The Cardinal then pro-

of those words with such knowledge and such love as our Blessed and Immaculate

eeded to say that no one could make

heaven when, being already sanctified and perfect in soul, her body also was glorified with a glory surpassing that of all the angels and saints in the kingdom of God. No one then could say with such truth, such love, and such humility, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Well, that was the festival they kept that day; let them endeavor to learn from it some lesson for themselves. They, too, might say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." God made them to be what what I am." God made them to be what they were in so far as there was anything good within them. Whatever within them there was of evil was not of God's making, but the result of their own pro-making. All having, but the result of their own pro-pensity to mar God's good works. All the good in them was God's, and all the evil their own doing. By the grace of God they were what they were because God had made them, God redeemed them, and only by his constant sustenance did they continue to exist. Three thoughts his Eminence would have his hearers take away with them that evening : firstly, that

SALVATION ALTOGETHER BEGINS IN GOD : secondly, that that work which begins in Him He Himself carries on ; and, thirdly, that what God begins and carries on G Himself will perfect, so they would be able to attribute their salvation to God's grace, and exclaim with the apostle, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Before they knew God or could understand fore they knew God or could understand His name, they were born again in Bap-tism, and made His children before they knew He was their Father. If they had continued in grace it was by the help of God, who had ever guarded and shielded their innocence. If like the prodigal son they had left their father's home ard for their innocence. If like the prodigal son they had left their father's home and forfeited their innocence, gone into a riotous life, He brought them back and turned them from their evil way, and brought them back to those things they were accustomed to love as a child. Men soon become spiritual bankrupts by the com-mission of mortal sin, or they are so careless as to commit venial sins, of which less as to commit venial sins, of which they make no account. The most faith-ful would be the recipients of the benedic-tions that were forfeited by such. God would never forsake any man unless that man first forsook God. He would never take away the graces given uples the

books and immoral illustrated papers, and where blasphemy is heard out of bad men's mouths, until, after a few months training the once Catholic child has only a knowl edge of God through the blasphemous use of His Holy Name. He is now ripe to be "roped" into some secret society, or to become the habitue of some saloon, and then Sunday becomes a day for dice, drunkenness, and disorder. A "mixed

marriage" may be subsequently contracted and when the "Justice" has joined the and when the "Justice" has joined the couple, they live together just as long as it pleases their pleasure, and then they take up with some other "affinity," just like their neighbors who are higher in the social scale-but no less guilty in the sight of God.

This is but an epitome of the fate that befalls thousands of the children of Cath-olic parents who deliberately place obstacles in the way of their offspring so that it is almost impossible for them to grow up Catholics. Is the Church to blame for this? Was our Blessed Redeemer to blame for the defection of Judas? These questions must necessarily receive negative answers. The Catholic parent is the power next to God in directing the destiny of the Catholic child. Catholic churches, schools, Priests, Sisters or sodalities-are of no avail in preserving the faith in the hearts of those who are driven to the devil by means of bad fathers and bad mothers. The most repulsive object in the sight of God-as Cardinal Manning recently said --is a bad Catholic-and the man or roman who says that they are Catholics, but not practical, are the class that compose the modern Herods-and massacre the innocent children God gave them for

His kingdom. what heavenly recompense and Oh! glory awaits those pious, virtuous, tem-perate and prudent Catholic parents who watch constantly over their children's welfare, and who bring them up to know Col to low Him and says Him 1. High God, to love Him and serve Him ! High places in Heaven are reserved for such sowers of the seed of Catholic faith. But who can fathom the fate of those unforunate Catholic parents who not only fall away from the faith themselves, but who also drag down their offspring into that deep pit of perdition into which they

deep pit of perdition into which they plunge their own poor souls? God's law of the poem to Father Stanislaus and told him that I thought he had found that missing chord and had given us an echo of the 'great amen.'' As a singer Father Stanislaus is almost as remarkable as the famous nun who

and leave the ninety-nine in the fold to go search for the one that is lost.-San Francisco Monitor.

Petty Worries.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget. To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. If you would keep a book and daily put down the things that worry you and see what becomes of them it would be of benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you just as

you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper—or rather get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it, and temper they are said to have lost it, and you justify yourself for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance be-fore breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up and out and asser-tain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter. The art of forguting is, a blocged ext

The art of forgetting is a blessed art but the art of overlooking is quite as im-portant. And if we should take time to write down the original progress and out-come of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out by petty worries, frettings, hatred and vexation

Scott's Emulsion of Pare Cod Liver Oil with Hypophospites for pulmonary troubles. J. T. McFall, M. D., Anderson, troubles. J. I. Mcrau, M. D., Anderson, S. C., says: "I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the best preparations in the mar-ket for Pulmonary Troubles." "Blood-food" is the suggestive name

often given to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because of its blood enriching qualities.

Respect Age.

Age should always command respect. In the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysent-ery, Diarrhona, Colic and all Bowel Complaints.

A Cure for Cholera Morbus.

side on a foggy morn ing .- Catholic Standard

SOME SEASONABLE DON'TS.

Don't worry too much. A person who is constantly fidgeting would work himself into a perspiration in a refrigerator. Don't walk too fast. If you think you can get cool by pacing the streets at a breakneck speed, take the shortest cut to

breakneck speed, take the same as an insane asylum. Don't blow off surplus breath in a street car, as if you were a safety valve or a steam-escape. The noise interferes with

Don't be discontented. If you busy yourself hunting for a cool spot, you'll seldom find it. Sit down and take the weather as it comes.

Don't grumble, or growl, or find fault. A dog that barks the most dies the soonest. Don't talk too much politics. Heated discussions do not coel the atmosphere. Den't frown when you can smile. Cheerfulness produces comfort.

Don't carry off every palm leaf fan you get hold of. The owner of the fan may be a bigger man than you.

Don't wear heavy garments. If ne essary pawn your winter overcoat and buy an imitation seersucker. Also sure to wear your clothes loose so that the air can circulate.

Don't eat too much fat or heated food. Don't eat too much fat or heated food. "Heated foods," says an authority, "if used at all at this season, are best used at breakfast time. Cold boiled ham, tong te, or beef, good bread and butter, and good cold milk make suitable summer lunch. Perfectly mature fruits, used raw, or fruit not quite ripe, well cooked are also received. not quite ripe, well cooked, are also recom mended.'

Don't fill your rooms with too much furniture. Crowded apartments are always warm. In Cuba the summer houses are cool, because everything in them is and bare, the furniture is scant and with-out padding of any kind, and the portieres are swung partly open, so as to allow a free passage of air.

Don't work by fits and starts. The even-going individual is always the most comfortable.

Don't drink too much ice-water. The ice-water mania is one of the most deadry of American habits.

Don't let your imagination make the weather worse than it really is, and above all-

Don't tell everybody you meet that it is a warm day.