

Happiness.

It is not rank or wealth that brings True happiness to any man. For both may fly on transient wings. Or last but for a little span. 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.

PERE STANISLAUS.

AN OLD AND FAMOUS PITTSBURG PASSIONIST MONK.

The Chronicle Telegraph, of Pittsburgh, in a recent issue, gave the following interesting 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 clanking sound, which scarcely dies away before the heavy door opens and some one appears who will ask the visitor what he wishes in the home of the Passionist 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 west.

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 make any pretensions to having any supernatural gifts, but laughs at such an idea. He says he has made several guesses that accidentally came true, and that he established his fame. Beloved by his people for his goodness of heart and true philanthropy and admired by everyone who knows sought of his character, Pere Stanislaus lives his life of monastic seclusion like one of the ideal monks of the early Church.

died not long ago at Mount De Chantal, near Wheeling. He has a baritone voice, of great compass, power, and softness. It is a high baritone, embracing much of the tenor range, and is of that liquid quality generally associated with Italian tenors. Singularly enough the voice of the old monk does not show the ravages of time. He sang last week as he accompanied himself on the organ and it seemed to be the voice of a man of 45 who in his prime, rather than that of a man four score.

Some years ago Mr. August Ammon, the business agent of the brothers, took Governor Hoyt to the monastery, where he was royally welcomed. Father Stanislaus astonished the Governor by singing the national hymns of the leading countries of the world one after another in the language of the nation to which 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.

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CARDINAL MANNING AT OUR LADY OF THE HOLY SOULS.

London Universe, Aug. 23. The annual sermons in aid of the parish schools at Kensal New Town were preached on Sunday, the Very Rev. Dr. Raves occupying the pulpit in the morning and His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the evening.

They were forbidden to preach Jesus Christ, and they replied: "We can but preach Him who is the only true God." They were taken captive and condemned to death, and the maddened crowd dragged them to the place of execution with shouts and yells.

It is finished! Cesar thinks that these two impostors, fanatics, are dead, and their memories buried forever; and Cesar is dead, and Peter and Paul yet live in the hearts of millions whose forefathers they converted to the Faith.

How was it possible to celebrate Mass in such a place without emotion? O holy Apostles! I have asked through your intercession something of your faith, something of your love for the Master whom you served and whom I now serve; whom you preached, and whom I now preach. Obtain for me that I may fight as you fought—that I may never fall—that, if need be, I too, may walk to martyrdom.

temptation and in every trial God was with His people. No temptation, however great, was a perfect circle. Temptation might surround a man, but there which he could escape if only he had the will. Those who fall, fall by their own free will; the temptation began to close around them and they had not the will to escape from it.

He went out from his Church, and lived without God in the world; and there are a multitude of such men and such women in the world who come to this by their own free will.

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

I have just said Mass on the tomb of St. 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.

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prayed for my priests, for the whole flock 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 solemnities? Where are the splendors of its palmy days—the days of faith and piety, 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?

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LOSS OF CHILDREN SUSTAINED BY THE CHURCH.

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?

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coming out of the "Black Maria" nearly 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, and we can only hope that some miraculous intervention of Heaven will stay the tide of crime that is desolating so many Catholic homes and damning so many Catholic souls.

The same causes lead to the same results in every city in Christendom. The current of criminal life on the part of Catholics runs precisely in the same direction in all parts of the world.

The Church cannot control those who cannot or will not control themselves, hence she is, in a measure, helpless to save or succor the sinner who contumaciously perseveres in sin and refuses to come under "the sweet yoke of the Cross."

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Petty Worries.

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CONFESSING THE TRUTH, YET PRACTICALLY DENYING IT.

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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 rudeness and cruelty, the intellectual and moral darkness of the barbarians who spread over all Europe, and with their entrance destroyed literature, learning, educational, social and civil institutions, and in their stead introduced universal turmoil and confusion?

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SOME SEASONABLE DON'TS.

Don't worry too much. A person who is constantly fidgeting 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 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 other people's comfort.

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 cool the atmosphere.

Don't frown when you can smile. Cheerfulness produces comfort.

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

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

Don't eat too much fat or heated food. "Heated food," says an authority, "if used at all at this season, are best used at breakfast time. Cold boiled ham, tongue, 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 recommended."

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 selected to that end. The walls are high and bare, the furniture is scant and without 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 deadly 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.