tes alc the op probused we the

dis br

En No the right leg the

THE RESTLESS WOMAN. His Eminence, J. Cardinal, Gibbons in Ladies Home Journal.

That woman was created to fill certain well-defined places in this world no one familiar with her physical, moral and mental make-up can doubt. That many women of to-day show a tendency to think slightingly of those privileges and responsibilities which have come down as the best inheritances of their sex is a fact which faces us on every side in this country of ours. It is more the case here than in any other nation, I regret to say. It has spread in the last few years like some great epidemic, until, it has, to a distressing extent, affected the whole system of society and home government.

Modesty and gentleness, those two sweet handmaids of womankind, seem to have been laid aside by many, and masculinity and aggressiveness have been given their places.

The spirit of unrest has found easy in thousands of American homes, until the social condition which presents itself to-day, even among the best and most cultured classes, differs essentially from the standards heretofore held as inviolable. It is a sad and a dangerous change which confronts us. Its shibboleth would seem to be: mas-

culinity is greater than motherhood.

I wish I could impress on American women the dangers that attach to such innovations. I wish I could show them, as they appear to me, the ultimate re sults of participating in public life. has but one end-the abandonment, or And at least the neglect, of the home. when the influence of the home is removed life loses one of its most valuable guides, and government its strongest ally—indeed, its cornerstone.

You remember, perhaps, what a great General of ancient times said: "Greece world, Athens rules Greece, rules the world, Athens rules dreece, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, and, therefore, my wife rules the world."

Nor is the illustration overdrawn. The woman who rules the domestic kingdom is in reality the ruler of all earthly

As I have said before, I regard woman's rights women and the leaders in the new school of female progress as the worst enemies of the female sex. They teach that which robs woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tende and attractive, and which gives her ness and brazen effrontery. They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, but have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp a position for which neither God nor Nature ever in-

tended her.
While professing to emancipate her from domestic servitude, they are makher the slave of her own caprices and passions. Under the influence teachers we find woman, especially in higher circles, neglecting her house hold duties, gadding about, at rest only when in perpetual motion, and never at ease unless in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home except when abroad. When she is at home home is irksome to her. She chafes and frets under the restraint and responsidomestic life. Her heart is abroad. It is exulting in imagination in some social triumph, or reveling in some scene of gayety and dissipation Her husband comes to his home to find it empty, or occupied by one whose heart is void of affection for him. Then arise disputes, quarrels, recriminations, estrangements, and the last act in the drama is often divorce.

I speak the sober truth when I affirm that, for the wrecks of families in our country, woman has a large share of the responsibility. In so many in stances she seems to have entirely for gotten or purposely avoided, the place she is called upon to fill. She looks to material greatness in man as her guiding star. She wishes to do what men have done, and are doing. She enters this field, foreign to all her faculties and her strength, and seems to think she is living up to a higher standard than was ever before permitted to her kind. But if she stopped a moment to consider, could she find a mission more exalted, more noble or more influential than Christian wifehood and motherhood? That makes er the helpmate of her husband, and the guide and teacher of her sons daughters, rather than a stumbling-block in the way of all.

If woman would only remember that her influence over a child the first few years of its life can have greater effect and produce wider and more lasting results, than her whole life given up to walking in the ways of men!

Where are the men that have achieved triumphs and have not owned that the debt was largely due their mothers ? What know we of the mothers of the world's greatest men, save that mo them were faithful to their holy station and true to the high privilege of mother-hood—the most divinely sanctioned and the noblest of all earthly positions?

Christianity set its enduring seal on this Queendom in Bethlehem centuries ago, and the woman who seeks a higher sphere will not find it among men, or ven in earth.

But the tendency of the times is altogether apart from such Women must be independent, and mas culine. They must even indulge in all the sports formerly classed as masculine. They take to these not as occasional pleasures, but as constant pursuits. I see no harm in a woman's taking part once in a while in a game of golf, or any other outdoor exercise that befits he She is not to be housed like a plant, and never allowed the benefit derived from fresh air and moderate exercise. Any proper outdoor pursuit should be encouraged as an occasional recreation, but as a regular avocation it must be condemned. For pleasures that become habitual are no longer mere

recreations, but serious occupations.

Then there is the woman who must join a club, or perhaps two or three clubs. These will require her presence or attention several hours of the day. How can she do all this and at the same time fulfil the duties of domestic life? After the labors of the day the | will bring it to pass.

husband rightly expects to find a com- HOW FATHER LACOMBE BECAME no need to fear the noise and bluster of fortable home, where peace, good order and tranquility reign. But his heart is filled with sadness and despair if he finds the partner of his bosom attending a club, or neglecting hen household duties for those of some semi-political r social organization.

or social organization.

There is another phase of this great question which presents a most dangeris aspect. When the home is abandoned, what follows? The substitu-tion of flats and hotels as residences, where, instead of having a home in any sense of the word, women are merely escaping the responsibilities and the cares of domestic life.

But if domestic life has its cares and responsibilities—and what life has not?—it also has its sweetness and its consolations, its joys and its benefits, that are infinitely superior to anything that can possibly be obtained in hotels or flats. It is manifest that hotels do not furnish the same privacy and the same safeguard against questionable associa-

tions that are supplied by the home.

I am glad for their own sake that
American women generally do not exercise the privilege of political suffrage. I regret that there are those among our American women who have left their homes and families to urge on their kind the need of suffrage. I hope the will never come when in this land women will be allowed to register their votes, save, perhaps, in municipal tions which come near to the home, and might, therefore, properly be influenced by those who should be responsible for the home.

Who enters the political arena is sure

to be soiled by its mud. As soon as woman thrusts herself into politics and mingles with the crowd to deposit she must expect to be handled roughly, and to surrender, perhaps at least in part, that reverence The more woman now justly paid her. The more woman gains in the political arona the more she loses in the domestic kingdom. She cannot rule in both spheres. "Yes

The model woman is not she who takes up all the "ologies" and scientific studies. She is not the woman who is constantly seen and heard in public places, the woman who insists upon entering all branches of trade and commerce, and pursuing all lines of thought, who wanders restlessthrough the world.

The model woman, thanks to Christianity, is she who is thus sung of in Holy Writ: "Who shall find a valiant woman ? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. . . She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread Her children rose up, and called idle. or blessed: her husband, and he aised her. Beauty is vain: the man that feareth the Lord, she shall praised her. praised." Proverbs xxxi.

American women, your husbands are be praised."

sovereigns of America, and if you be the sovereigns of your husbands, n, indeed, you would rule the nation. That should be glory enough for you. We are more governed by ideals than by ideas. We are influenced more by living, breathing models than by ab-

stract principles of virtue.

The model that should be held up to American women of to-day is not the Amazon, glorying in her martial deeds and powers; not the Spartan, who made female perfection to consist in the de velopment of physical strength at the expense of feminine decorum and modesty . not the goddess of impure love esty; not the goddess of impure love like Venus, whose votaries regarded beauty of form and personal charms as the highest types of womanly excel-lence. No, the model that should be held up before you and all women is Mary, the Mother of Christ. She is the great pattern of virtue, and all that goes to make the perfect woman alike to

THE CONVERSION OF AN EDITOR. Irving J. Keyes, of Milford, Conn., and His Daughter Embrace the True Faith

in Connecticut literary circles, and a son of Rev. J. J. Keyes, formerly a prominent minister of Brooklyn and Buffalo, has become a Catholic. Writing from Milford, the scene of his pres-

ing from Millord, the scene of his present labors, to the Catholic Transcript, of Hartford, Mr. Keyes says:

"I feel sure my many friends who have from time to time left the Episcopal faith, for the true Church of Christ, will be pleased to know over my own signature that as a result of my studies, well as of the increasing doubts of the validity of Anglican orders which had taken possession of me in late years, I have and do hereby formally renounce my belief in and membership ith the sect known as the Protestant Episcopal Church, and have placed my self under the instruction of two learned and reverend priests of the Connecticut Apostolate, Fathers McClean and Hart in order to properly fit myself for en-trance into the one true fold of our trance into the one true fold of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, the Catholic Church, My father, the Rev. J. J. formerly a well known clergy man of Brooklyn and Buffalo, once told me years ago that he would rather see me a good Catholic than a lukewarm, indifferent Protestant, so that I feel that, after all, I am still in line with

parental advice.
"Certain it is that after facing all the varied consequences of this action on my part, I have decided that henceforth and so long as life shall last, I will be found doing my duty in the ranks of Catholic laymen as God shows that duty to me; and I have felt a peace and an assurance of divine approbation of my course that I have never My gratitude is enhanced the fact that my little daughter Mary will accompany me into the Church with the full consent of her Episcopalian mother."

Trust, reliance, dependence, are things to be exercised by the creature, not by the Creator. There's no trouble with God; it's all with us. If we trust. He will bestow; if we will lean will support; if we will hope, He I fulfill; if we will have faith, He will fulfill;

A MISSIONARY.

(Told almost in the words of the celebrated Canadian missionary, Father Lacombe. The writer is Father Culerier, O. M. I.)

When I was eight or nine years old, I was an altar boy, and Father Viau, my parish priest, who later became vicar-general in Montreal, would call me "My little Indian."

Here is the reason. At St. Sulpice, my birthplace, there is an old moulder-ing house, where an Indian scene took place long ago. My mother's fore-fathers dwelt there. I remember a story which my mother told me over and over again, advising me never to

Long ago the Alonquins, who had always been friendly to the French colonists of New France, used to roam over the colony, entering houses, and taking, without any ceremony, wherewith to eat, when they were not bidden; they even kidnapped children. Once upon a time, it happened that a party of roving Indians entered the old house which I have just mentioned. They found there a maiden who had charge of her little brothers and sisters, while her parents were working in the fields. In a moment, they had the girl away captive, they took to flight in their bark canoe. You can imagine the debark cance. You can imagine the despair of her parents on their return home. They set out in quest of her, they beat the woods; but it was in

Five years later, a trader oy Great Fur Companies, was conducting to Sau t Ste. Marie a trading canon carrying six men. One day, the stopped at an Indian camp for the pur pose of bartering. Duhamel perceived among the squaws a white woman.

"Do you speak French?" he in-

Yes, sir!" she said.

"What was your name at home?"
She told her name, she spoke of St.
Sulpice, of her adventure, of her marriage with one of the Indians, and then showed her two young sons.
"Well! well!" Duhamel said, "get

ready this very night with your children. I shall take you off! I am your

They acted accordingly. Imagine how surprised and happy the rents of the maiden were, when they saw their daughter come back to Sain Salpice! The two boys were baptized nd called by the name of Duhamel. They grew up in the parish, among h, and later on brought up their own families. Their mother had often spoken to them in their father's language, and a few Indian expressions were preserved among them. My grandmother, a daughter of one of these half-breeds, used to say to me : Kiamipik, be quiet!-Kaniwicin, is it not

When I was a schoolboy, Father Viau told my father to send me to college. But my father was poor. "I can not afford it," he said.

"Send him," the priest replied; "

will pay for his board and tuition. Thus, I went to L'Assomption College. During the summer holidays, l was given no rest. I was obliged work in the fields, from morning till with a rake or a sickle in my . When seeing my classmates walking around and amusing themselves I envied their happiness, and I was asking myself why I was dealt with so Lateron, I knew why!

harshly. Later on, I knew why!

While a seminarist I heard that a priest from the Red River (now Saint Boniface, near Winnipeg) was to preach in the cathedral at Montreal. Spellbound by the words of the missionary, I said to myself, "Well! Albert! be missionary, my dear fellow!" quainted Monsignor Bourget with my

Boniface. I did not stay long at the Red River mission. . But in 1852 Red River mission. . . But in 1852 I returned to St. Boniface with Bishop I was determined to become an

Oblate Father. One evening Bishop Provencher called me to his room, and said to me with tears: "My dear son! you come to rears: "My dear son; you come to help me. I am in great trouble. God, I suppose, sends you here to free me from perplexity. Will you promise me to do what I will tell you?"

I was in tears also. I fell on my es, saying: "My Lord, I came here

to obey you! have heard," continued] the Bishop, "that you intend to join the Oblate Fathers. But I must have a priest to take the place of Father Thi-bault at Edmonton. I have nobody but you to send there. If nobody goes to Edmonton, the mission will be ruined."
I said, "My Lord, you ask a very hard thing. I wish to live with the Indians, on condition of being a religious."
"My dear son," replied the Bishop,
"you will be a religious if you like—

nly wait a few years more."

And so I left for Edmonton, in the far Northwest, greatly honored by the trust my Bishop put in me, and happy was able to be of some help to him.-Missionary Record, O. M. I.

Converts in England-Fifteen Hundred in One Diocese Last Year. the half-yearly meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of England, held in London on Nov. 5, Cardinal Vaughan made a gratifying announcement. said that a great many Catholics had been seared by the present violence of their opponents and imagined that the Church was losing ground in that country. He had been somewhat under the impression himself. A short time ago he directed the priests of his diocese to send him a return of the numbers of converts in the diocese during the past year, expecting to find that there would be a considerable falling off as compared with the previous year; but to his surprise he found that the number had increased by 300, the figures being 1,500 last year, as compared with 1,200

their opponents. Let them keep a good temper and meet their antagonists with argument rather than abuse.

Episcopal M nister a Catholic

Rev. Alvah W. Doran, until last April a curate at St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, was baptized into the Catholic Church last week in the Cathedral chapel, that On Monday he made his first munion and was confirmed by Archbishop Ryan, together with another young man, James Hazen Hardy, who was formerly an acoyte at St. Clement's church. Mr. Doran will study for the priesthood. He stated that it was the vritings of Cardinal Newman which guided him into the Church.

Mr. Doran is the third clergyman connected with St. Clement's to join the Catholic Church. A few years ago the Rev. Basil William Maturin, widely noted in this country and in England as an eloquent and thoughtful preacher, and for a number of years rector of St Clement's, became a Catholic, and was ordained to the priesthood. He has since labored among the English speak-ing Catholics in Rome and also in the Archdiocese of Westminster, under Cardinal Vaughan. The Rev. Alfred Bowyer Sharpe, who became rector of St. Clement's about 1888, also became a Catholic in England a year or two ago.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR AN ARCH-BISHOP.

In a little address delivered at the pening of a new institution in Dublin the other day Archbishop Walsh showed that he was in about the same position as the editor who was the only man in world that didn't know how to run his paper.

may tell you," said His Grace, "that I have more than once had let-ters from persons of that always numerous class who are most enthusiastically nergetic in doing good by proxy (laughter) calling upon me to get up a ome such as this, to get it up and, resumably, to undertake the manageent of it, including, as a matter of ourse, the superintendence (laughter) of all those interesting features of its ork that I find enumerated in the prospectus-the music and the dancing of the young ladies here and their oc asional garden parties in pleasan places by the seaside, cycling excur ons to places of interest in the counis wonderful how many things I find ple lamenting that I do not under-

ke the establishment of. "One of the latest communications of the sort that came to me was signed merely 'A Mother of Six' (laughter), and it was an earnest appeal to me, coupled with a sort of reproach that I had not done it long ago, an appeal to the city a number of respectable public houses (laughter). Another idea recently put before the public, I see, is that I should take up the responsible office of censor of stage plays (renewed

laughter). It is amazing what little notion people have of the work a Bishop in a place like Dublin has to get through. I neard an amusing illustration of this not ong ago. A very zealous and hardworking priest was appointed parish priest of a large and important parish, and before he had left his old quarters harm to enlighten her a little, and he told her that what he was going to get

"I dare say that my correspondent, the 'Mother of Six,' had a somewhat similar idea of the time at the disposal of an Archbishop of Dublin. The idea. friendly aid to me to suggest some way of spending all the spare time that must hang so heavily upon my hands. A recent suggestion, goin arther even than the interestin going much ship proposal, was that I should start a theatre (laughter). This came from a gentleman who gave me the important nformation that his motto was, 'Deeds, words'-a motto, I must say, that I have never yet seen paraded by any one boasting of it as his principle of action without being struck by the fact, usualnotorious enough in such cases, that the particular case under observation hat motto is a most fantastically inappropriate one (applause). It is, as we ite motto of the very people who in reality spent all their time in pouring people what they ought to do" (ap-

Catholics and the Yellow Journals.

If Catholics do not wish to encourage professedly religious papers, they ought at least abstain from supporting certain so-called yellow journals in which modesty is mocked and suicide made famous. It is unnecessary to say word about the sin Catholics commit who encourage and aid the circulation of these vile sheets, directly or indirectly. If they make good confession at the tribunal of penance they have learned it there, and no words of ours can add force to what they have al ready been told. What we wish to say is that Catholics who perceive and who deplore the widespread evils which these pernicious papers disseminate and foster, have they will use, will be effective, if not in entirely abating the evil, at least In lessening it and keeping it within narrow limits. Let them not only sternly denounce these sheets and di courage their circulation among their acquaintances, but also withdraw their the year before. They had, therefore, business support and patronage from

every store that advertises in them. This will speedily have the effect of inducing many persons who now aid the circulation of these debasing publications to refuse to sell them .- American

HALL CAINE - THE CHURCH-THE POOR.

Hall Caine, the well-known English man Came, the well-know, Indiana novelist, has written a book, entitled "The Eternal City," which is provoking much discussion in England. There is a great deal in "The Eternal City" which will not meet with the approval of Catholics. The author, like so many other non-Catholic writers, is utterly incapable of viewing things from a Catholic point of view. He is, however, a man possessing considerable in-tellectual ability, which explains his admiration for the Catholic Church.

outside of the Catholic Church, is constrained to pay homage to the Church as the greatest spiritual force existing in the world. He recognizes that, compared with her, the various Protestant sects are puny indeed. He sees her coming down through the ages grap-pling with each problem as it arises, nd after settling it devoting herself to he solution of others that succeed it. Thus ever conquering and ever daunted, she has faced the ages as they the remote past, she shows herself petent to deal with questions that vitally affect modern society. Cardinal Newman in his "Idea of a University" beautifully describes this perennial youth of the spouse of Christ when he asks: "What gray hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the ever-

lasting arms On the threshold of the twentieth century the world beholds in the august person of Leo XIII. a worthy successor of long lines of Popes that stretch back in unbroken succession to the days when the Cæsars reigned supreme in Rome. The contemplation of this chain reaching back to the beginning of Christionity drew from the Protestant his torian Macaulay a masterpiece of rhet-oric. Cardinal Newman, knowing better than Macaulay the reason for the wonderful perpetuity of the Papacy, thus describes in his own masterly manner what the succession of St. Peter has accomplished under difficulties ningly unsurmountable: He came first upon an age of refine-

ment and luxury like our own, and in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered out of all classes of society-the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist — material enough to form a people to his Master's honor. The savage herds came down in torrents from the North and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sob-ered them and balked them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him and to be made ten times more his children, even, than the older population which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived The gates of the earth were opened to the East and West, and men poured out to take possession; but he wen with them by his missionaries to China we are all saying it was time for you to get a rest " (laughter). That was her idea of the cares and responsibilities of the pastoral office. Well, the newly-promoted parish priest thought it no harm to enlighten her a little, and be told her that what in another kind of fight, he should fail

side of the poor and the lowly. In his Encyclical "on the Condition of Labor"

ehalf of wage workers in all lands. It is the sympathetic attitude of the potence of maternal prayer. Catholic Church toward the poor which wins for her the regard of non-Catholics, of whom Mr. Hall Caine type. Here is the English novelist's tribute of praise to the Church on account of the tender solicitude she manifests for Christ's poor:
"The Christianity of Christ was,

above all else, Catholic, and in the Catholicism of Christ, there has no divison among men, except good men

and bad man.
"The Catholic Church, the church, is the church of the poor. That ought to be its honor and pride. His Holiness saw this clearly; hence his Enyelicals on the Christian democracy.

The Christian democracy movement

will revolutionize the nations and change the relations of the races. The so great a majesty, of so incomparable churches could not afford to let it slip a God. And so, like the burning bush,

away from their tutelage.

"The Christian church that casts in against the poor and the lowly is a church built on the sand."

We give Mr. Hall Caine's view of the Catholic Church, not because it imparts to us Catholics any new conception of the role our spiritual Mother plays in the world's affairs, but because what Mr. Hall Caine says is one more illustraself upon thoughtful men outside of They cannot help seeing how, even from a worldly point of is the greatest benefactor of bumanity. is not given to them as it is to us understand and appreciate the inestimable spiritual blessings of which she is an unfailing source.—New York Freeman's Journal.

A Jesuit's Challenge. It is worthy of note that, as the author of a paper in the Month informs man Jesuit, Father Roch, in 1852 issued a public challenge offering to pay the sum of a thousand Rhenish guelders to any one who, in the judg-

ment of the faculty of law in the University of Heidelberg, or of Bonn, should establish the fact that any Jesuit had ever taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or any doctrines equivalent to it. This challenge has equivalent to it. This challenge has been before the world for forty-nine years, but the thousand guelders have never been awarded.

A SACRED INTERVIEW. Innocence and Penirence the Robes to Wear at Prayer.

The highest and noblest exercise of

The inglass and nonest exercise or this life is prayer, which, St. Paul com-mends to us in his Epistles. Some consider it a great honor and privilege to have an interview with one of the crowned heads of Europe. To have such an interview, many things are necessary before you can even get to the palace where the monarch lives. Then you are obliged to remain in an antechamber until he shall say when he will be pleased to see you. How much greater, how infinitely greater it is, to have an interview with Almighty God Himself! And to enjoy such an interview, only fervent and earnest prayer is

When we go before a king of this world much thought has to be given to our attire. The only garment necessary in our interview with God is the white robe of innocence or the purple robe of penitence. You are not obliged to have any letter of introduction, couched in high-sounding phrases. High-sounding prayers may tickle the ears, but they are seldom efficacious. The prayer which is most pleasing to God is that which comes from the heart.
The prayer of the publican when he eried out: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" is a model one.
Then, too, we may pray most effectually even when our thought do not take

ally even when our thoughts do not take definite shape. God is ready to hear us at all times, under all circumstances and in all places. He is the source of all blessings and He tells us He will always grant our petitions, if they are reasonable. He says: "Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." By prayer the soul is uplifted. When

engage in earnest prayer we are lifted up to a higher and holier atmosphere. Then, upon these occasions we realize the brevity of this life and the length of eternity; the vanity of this world and the beauty of heaven. But above all things, the will is energized and receives a new inspiration.

A lady said to me on the occasion of

President Garfield's death: "I have prayed for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the state prayed for him and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" I answered her that God answers our prayers either directly or what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He did not save President Garfield's life, He preserved the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He infused into the hearts of the American people at a time of much political bitterness, a greater reverence for the head of the nation and He intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions. — Cardinal

The Immaculate Conception Before the Throne of God Almighty.

"It is not easy then for us to exaggerate the intellectual and spiritual elevation of the angels above ourselves. Yet how does Scripture represent their meanor before the Vision of the Most Holy Trinity? They hide their faces with their wings!

But look at the queen of these angelie Father Viau. He said to me: "Not now; wait till I die!"

The time of my ordination to the priesthood having arrived, I had to go to Saint Hyacinth for the ceremony.

A few months later I was at Saint Boniface. I did not stay long at the stay lo land and sea, over the dim but fruitful the Catholic Church is enlisted on the a lofty throne, and all over her He has In his hung an orb of far-reaching mediation, and the very cross of Christ sarmounts Leo XIII. made an eloquent plea on the blessed ornament. He has trusted her hand to wield a weak are all words to tell the queenly And what is the fashion of her regal bearing before the Most Holy Trinity? She is bowed down by profoundest humiliation. She abases herself to the lowest depths of spiritual homage and prostration. She is annihilated in the vivid sense of her own complete nothingstrained upon her throne by the force of God's own power and love, which does sweet violence to her humility. She who sang the "Magnificat," and has entranced the nations and th with its thrilling strains, now finds the breathless silence of her Immaculate Heart, and her more than Angelic her whole being of unimaginable sanc-tity, science, and affections, is ever its lot with the rich and the great more consumed unconsumingly, like the choice frankincense of the human creations combined, in fragrant worship and the perfumes of ravishing sweetness before the Throne of the Holy sweetness before the Throne of the Holy and Undivided Three."—(Father Faber The Blessed Sacrament "p p 276, 277.)

The Dangers of the Careless.

There is in human nature a fatal tendency to procrastinate, especially when that which we know we ought to do is something to which we are naturally disinclined. All men are naturally disinclined to do violence to themselves and force their pride and self-will to yield before the sway of Christ, but put on His yoke and carry His cross Hence men put off and make excuses to themselves and fancy that what is difficult to them to-day will be easy to them to-morrow. Oh, fatal mistake! Each day that we postpone the task of submission it becomes more difficult, more distasteful. Why, then, do I not hasten to submit myself entirely to Christ?—Church Bulletin.