

ed greater constancy in. Even in that awful persecution on every opportunity. A letter from a Capt. ... visited several of his ... at times ... a remarkable situation, ... hardships ... of the time ... of an old ... who during ... had to hire himself ... English planters as ... in this occupation ... of the weather, he ... his sight, and then, ... a wail ... led by a little boy ... venerated as a mess ... his way from ... the last days of his ... the confession of the ... the consolation in their ...

which resulted in the death of a priest and nine other people, came from the giving way of the floor of a garret in Dublin, where the people had assembled secretly to hear Mass.

Owing to the enormous increase of the population during the first part of the last century, and their abject poverty, the small chapels were able to contain only a small proportion of those who came to hear Mass. Montalembert, the illustrious French Catholic writer, who visited Ireland in 1820, vividly described the profound impression made on him by the devotion of the people at Mass, in the little chapel of a humble town. He says: "I saw there, as you would expect, a public meeting of the Catholics of the diocese of Killaloe sent a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth, amongst other things, that in this diocese alone upwards of thirty thousand souls are obliged on every Sunday to hear Mass under the canopy of heaven."

A RELIC OF THE PENAL TIMES.

A relic of the Penal times, the Stations, which are still held regularly in the houses of the people in some of the dioceses of the West. I once took part in one myself with the parish priest. At an early hour we made our way to the house, a poor cottage of two rooms, a room for the priest and the altar, and another for the people. The priest, carrying the altar requisites. We there found several of the neighbors already waiting for confession. The kitchen table was turned into an altar, and the parish priest and I were soon seated on chairs hearing the confessions of all who presented themselves. Then such of us as were not confessors, sat on the floor. When the religious function was over the people came up one and one and made their half-yearly offering. Devout people of other lands might fear that these sordid surroundings might lead to a lack of reverence toward the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, but such is by no means the case, and I can bear witness that never came across a more devout congregation. Many a home devout congregation. Many a home devout congregation. Many a home devout congregation.

and make it trust in the goodness of God.

"On yes! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be full of charity. Yes, yes! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest."

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he arose, when he passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of a bishop—a priest forever!

And this morning he has said his first Mass, in the little chapel of a humble town, where pure and loving hands had adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest love-lit candles; his server, a child, his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven, should they try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten the world, forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God and her own son.

At a certain moment I heard him move as he knelt down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I knew not what to call my emotions. Yes! it was the ecstasy of a Christian mother. I was saying thanks, my God, thanks forevermore!

This priest, he was—mine; it is I who formed him; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil; he is the living child of the earth; keep him from being contaminated. My God I love Thee, and I love him, I respect him, I venerate him for he is Thy priest.

At the moment of Communion the young server recites the confiteor; the celebrant has turned around, he has raised his right hand, it is the absolution which depends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped him; he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me; my son he brings me my God. What a moment! What a union! God, his priest, and I! Was I praying? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrapped in a peace that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low, subdued voice: "My God, my son!" Yes, for one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh! I am too, too happy, I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days; this was the most beautiful of all, because unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happiness. — Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

THE DREAD INEVITABLE.

The demise of man is always sad and is the source of much sorrow and suffering in this world, but sometimes it is bitter and sad in the extreme and harrows the feelings not of the few immediate friends and relatives but of vast multitudes. Our Lord was passing through a certain city one day and His great heart was touched at what He saw, namely, a great multitude following a bier on which was laid out cold in death a young man, the only son of his mother and she was a widow. God that He is and the Author of life and death, He deigned to exercise His divine power and restored the young man to his mother. Nor was it by chance that our Lord was then and there in Nain, for nothing was by chance to Him, and He had another reason for performing this miracle besides the joy He gave to a poor afflicted widow and her numerous sympathizers. It is this: He would teach them and all posterity, that the horrors attendant on corporal death, to understand the still greater horrors of spiritual death and to show them that, since He was ready to cure corporal ills, even death betimes, so much the more His readiness to rescue the soul suffering or dead in sin; temporal ills, and you will view them, but with eternal consequences.

Death is not the worst of evils; in fact, rightly speaking, it is not an evil at all, since good can and does come out of it. It is for the just the beginning of their reward; it is for the wicked even, who will not repent, a mercy, since it lessens their demerits and consequently lessens the degree of eternal punishment. While for the dead, then it can be a blessing, it can be a curse for the living, who learn from his frequent and generally unlooked for occurrence, to be ever ready to meet it, following the injunction of our Lord Himself wherein He says: "Be ye always ready, for at what hour you think not, the Son of Man will come." And they who mourn, too, in the loss of their loved ones, need not mourn without hope, for the just will be reunited forever in heaven.

It is sin only, therefore, that is to be really dreaded and avoided, for sin is the only evil, since from it can come nothing but misery and unhappiness in time and everlasting death in eternity. It takes a God to undo its work, and so nothing short of the finger of God, His grace touching our souls, can quicken and give them a new life. Thus the fathers, interpreting the grief of this broken-hearted, childless widow, explain it to be a type of holy mother Church weeping over her wayward children and begging God to touch them by His grace and change their hearts that they may be saved from everlasting death.

Mortal sin kills the soul by destroying its life, which is supernatural grace. Here is not the space nor time to enter into a disquisition as to what constitutes mortal sin; let it suffice to say that it is any willful grievous offence against the law of God. Our conscience, which is nothing less than the voice of God speaking in us, warns us when there is danger of sin and especially of mortal sin. Anyone who is anxious to avoid it will not fall into mortal sin, for he will not risk and will keep far from the line of danger by avoiding even deliberate venial sin. We can understand how heinous is mortal sin in the eyes of God, since His justice forbids Him to punish it so severely. The fallen angels committed but one mortal sin and that a sin of thought, and God drove them from heaven forever. For another single sin of disobedience our first parents were driven out of paradise and compelled to live and labor on earth for nine hundred years and brought suffering, sorrow, afflictions and death on all their posterity. If such be the punishments for one only sin, what must be those awaiting great sinners? Is not sin, then, infinitely worse than death? The angels' light went out for them once they were hurled from

heaven, or rather became for them their shame and torment by forming the fire in which they are punished. Adam, who was to know not death or of its attendant miseries, but who after a little while was to be translated to heaven for endless union with God, was kept from that happiness for almost a thousand years in toil and labor "eating his bread in the sweat of his brow." Are not the sins, moreover, of the parents visited often-times even upon the children? Have we not seen evil-doers punished even in this life? "By what things a man sinneth, by the same shall he be punished," says the wise man, and again, "By surfeiting many have perished," and he asks, "Who hath woe? Whose father hath woe? Whose hath contention, who hath wounds without cause, and the wise man answers his own questions and says, "Surely they that pass their time in wine and study to drink of their cups." "Truly," as says Holy writ, "the way of the transgressor is hid."

How many the promising life cut short by a career of dissipation! How many an honored name lost beyond recovery by some unexpected disclosure! How many a family wrecked and cast to the winds by the sinful folly of its unwise heads! How many a parent hurried to the grave in shame and sorrow by the disgrace of one of his children, and how many the tender one crushed and broken in spirit by the sins of her family which should be her glory and her strength!

Ah, sin is a terrible ill and none but God knows all its ravages. Death can end its power, but cannot prevent its consequences, as the sinner does so in all eternity, or, as the Scriptures puts it, "where the tree falls there will it lie."— Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE COUNTRY TOWN.

One of the first things to strike a city Catholic on vacation in some country town is the indifference toward religion of the average native. He sees perhaps in a small village three or four sectarian churches, but that seems to be about all the interest they are potent to arouse. The congregations that attend them are small, and the wonder is how the parson is paid.

People in such rural communities seem to be drifting away from the churches, and indeed from religion altogether, for it would be absurd to claim that they still look upon the Bible, once revered as the sole rule of faith, with the same feeling as in the past. A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, commenting on this wide-spread gloom, says, at present separates the country parson from his flock, declares, and we believe with truth, that the chasm grows wider as the years go by. He says:

"To be sure, countless little churches dot the country-side from Maine to California, and from the pulpits of these houses of worship are preached sermons for the most part dull and uninteresting. To these go the faithful few, some for the opportunity of seeing and talking with neighbors, others to discuss crops and politics. The services over they return home and the parson is neither soon nor thought of until the following Sunday. The young men go to church but seldom into it. They gather either on the steps or under the carriage shed to wait until service is over in order to take home their Susans and Kates in the best buggy."

The writer went on a walking trip this summer through the western part of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The farms were, for the most part of the rough hill country variety and their owners hard-worked and out-at-elbows. Sunday had no place on the calendar for many of them, and it was not an uncommon sight to see men cultivating crops and having on that day. Churches there were in plenty, but they soon thought of until the following Sunday. The young men go to church but seldom into it. They gather either on the steps or under the carriage shed to wait until service is over in order to take home their Susans and Kates in the best buggy."

Changes His Ideas.

A non-Catholic writer tells the Daily Times, published in Dunedin, Australia, how reading Marion Crawford's novels gave him a change of heart. In the course of his letter he made the following references to the lately deceased novelist's convert:

"I have extreme pleasure in testifying to the illumination which personally obtained while reading one of Mr. Crawford's novels in regard to the Catholic faith and its Church system. I had inherited the Protestant prejudice against the confessional, but it was not until I had read Marion Crawford's 'Lady of Rome,' that I looked at it in a different light. It is the Catholic point of view, and the result was a revolution in thought and idea. Thanks to the sympathetic treatment of the novelist, I could conceive the comfort and consolation afforded by the confessional to sorrowing and guilt-burdened souls. And I shall always thank Marion Crawford for the finely finished portrait in that book of Msgr. Apollito Saracinesca and Padre Bonaventura. It is the realization of that which holds me of this world, which encourages a lively hope of the ultimate reunion of Christendom. When Canon Sheehan calls upon Catholics individually to consider whether they are really doing all in their power to make their position intelligible to the world, and their happiness communicable, it seems to me that ere he died Marion Crawford was able truthfully say, 'I have done what I could.'"

Wanted a New Man—Not a New Religion.

Dr. Eliot predicts a new kind of religion—that he should be able to promulgate a new kind of man. The old genus homo, as we meet it in history books or on the street, is not of a sort to worship a multiplication of infinites or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rights. Mankind will have a real religion or none at all. It wants a God to love and fear and pray to. Its religion must be a message from on high, which will give light in dark places and strength in temptation and consolation in the trials and losses of this life. And it will have its dogmas, too. A creedless religion is a thoughtless religion. The only valuable religious elements in Dr. Eliot's plan are dogmas. His Pantheistic God is a dogma, his ideal of progress is a dogma, his law of love is a dogma. Even his stamp which are dogmas; but these are not all. It is true, as Chesterton says, that "the modern world is filled with men who hold dogmas so strongly that they do not even know they are dogmas."—Francis P. Duffy, in the Catholic World for September.

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