

"The Land of Used-to-be."

Beyond the purple, hazy trees Of summer's utmost boundaries; Beyond the sands—beyond the seas— Beyond the range of eyes like these, And only in the reach of the Entraptured gaze of Memory. There lies a land, long lost to me— The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung In golden seas when sirens sang Along their dripping brinks, and sang To Jason in that magic tongue. That dazed men with his melody— Oh, such a land, with such a sea Kissing its shores eternally. Is the fair land of Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girls The air with lots of singing birds, And sows all sounds with such sweet words, That even in the lowing herds A meaning lives so sweet to me. From lips beamed over with all the glebe Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes Of boyhood's mouth of crescent moons, That rounded through long afternoons, To scolding penitents— When starlight fell so mistily That, peering up from under knees, I dreamed I was a bridegroom kneeling Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thought, And shining fields and shady spots Of cool, greenest grassy plots, Embraced with wild forget-me-nots— All ye blooms that cunningly Lift your faces up to me Out of the past, I kiss in me The lips of Used-to-be.

And love ye all, and with wet eyes Turned glimmering on the skies, My blessings like your perfumes rise, Till over my soul a silence lies— Sweeter than any song to me— Or its sweet echo, ye, all three— My dream of Used-to-be.

J. Whitehead Riley.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

Cardinal Newman and the Hon. and Rev. Father Ignatius Spencer.

London Universe May 9.

On Sunday last, in the new and beautiful church of the Passionist Fathers on Highgate Hill, there was a large congregation and grand High Mass, when the music of the magnificent organ, purchased by the late Father Ignatius Paoli, afterwards Bishop of Bulgaria, was supplemented by stringed instruments. The Rev. Father Mark Gavin, a Passionist, was the celebrant, and his fine powerful voice was in full accord with the increased instrumental and vocal accompaniments; and, when remembered together with the able, valuable and amiable sermon delivered by Father Clarke, S. J., in his entrancingly soft tone of voice, it was indeed a grand High Mass.

The following is the tenor of the sermon preached from the words of Galatians vi. 14, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ."

My dearly beloved in Jesus Christ, suffering is necessary to salvation. There is not a saint who has lived that has not been noted for some kind of suffering. All have undergone some great trials in this world. All have given up their lives and followed d in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. Saint Teresa was offered a crown of roses, and a crown of thorns, and she preferred, and was asked by the true instinct of suffering, she held out her hands for the crown of thorns, thereby showing us how she loved that suffering which so many of us shrink from, and knowing that this suffering would bring her solid peace and happiness. Now, suffering, my dear brethren, was one of the greatest virtues of the saint whose feast we are honoring to-day. I mean St. Paul of the Cross. I do not think there is another saint who escaped with his baptismal innocence can show a greater life of suffering than St. Paul of the Cross, and his suffering we will consider this morning.

About one hundred and eighty years after our Lord's crucifixion, Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, SENT MESSENGERS TO THE HOLY LAND to try and discover, if possible, the cross upon which our Lord had been crucified. The messengers found built over the spot where our Saviour had died a marble temple of Venus, and underneath that temple, buried low and deep, with heaps of rubbish upon them, they came to three crosses, and the inscription which was hung over Jesus Christ's head when He was crucified, so that they knew that one of the crosses must be the true one. But which of the three was it? There was no mark on either of them to be taken the true cross. But faith, my dear children, here stepped in. It was proposed that they should apply them to a sick woman than in Jerusalem, and the one which cured her would signify that that was the true cross. The first cross was applied, and she recovered not; then the third was applied, and she recovered instantly, and thus they knew this was the true cross. The enemies of Christ had built upon the earth in which the holy cross was buried a marble temple of Venus and the friends and followers of Christ destroyed that temple where the cross of Christ had stood. Now, in just the same way is it in this life. The hill under which the cross was buried is the hill of ease and comfort of this world. Especially this age is noted for comfort and self-pleasing—for men seem to have found out that the possessors of great riches and luxury are not always the most comfortable or happy.

THE LARGE FORTUNES GRADUALLY DIMINISH in proportion to the population. We learn from the Registrar-General's returns that the number that live in comfort with incomes of £300 and £400 to £1500 a year have greatly increased, and those with large fortunes have diminished. But this is only the characteristic of the present age. Men do not care to have large fortunes, but only desire enough to make life smooth and happy. If we look around us we shall find comfort prevalent of the time,

and this comfort does not only extend to material things,

IT EXTENDS TO RELIGION. For those that are comfortable in this life do not wish to be uncomfortable about the next. Protestantism of the present time is a form of so-called comfort in religion. It was only because the Catholic religion was too hard that it was thrown over for the many forms of religion which we see around us at the present day. Look around and see the homes of ideal comfort which confront our eyes to-day. In the HOME OF THE BUSINESS MAN modern invention is brought forward to make this life easy and comfortable; look at the men of the upper class who live with every art and invention of the modern time that it can supply. Making them shrink more than ever from the suffering which they know they ought to undergo. They cannot bear the idea of an act of self-denial. Let us look round and see the cause of all this. It is

THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY that we are enjoying. Each year the London season is described in the papers and talked about as being greater and more splendid than the year before. Each year surpasses the preceding year. Poverty to a great extent has diminished. There is poverty, and a great deal of it, but not so much as there was. Any one now with moderate ability will have no difficulty in finding employment and work. But this comfort of the world is a dangerous thing. It is another device of the devil. He holds out to us this comfort, and says to us in his sly fashion, "I only want you to enjoy moderately, the good things God has given you," and in this way he manages to destroy all the self-denial and sacrifice in the majority of us. In opposition to this comfort we see a delightful example in St. Paul of the Cross. I believe there never was a saint who showed

US LOVE FOR SUFFERING so much as did St. Paul. When he was but a boy of five or six he would not sleep upon beds but laid on planks and bricks. One day he was scourging himself most severely when his father came upon him and said, "Do you wish to kill yourself?" Now from the first Almighty God put him in the hands of a confessor, who taught him humility of the severest nature. His confessor would hear all the women and people in the church before he would deign to hear young Paul's confession. At the holy Communion table he would pass him by as if he were

TOO GREAT A SINNER. One day as he was kneeling in the church, and had covered himself to prevent the people seeing his devotion, his confessor came, and tearing the cloak away roughly and rudely, said to him, "Are you ashamed to let people see you pray that you cover yourself?" At night he would not sleep, but spent the main part in prayers, and would torture his poor body with a discipline, not shrinking, as we do, from suffering, but courting it, and thus giving us an example of bodily suffering, prayer and humility. Do you do anything like St. Paul of the Cross? Do you deny yourself anything—any comfort—to show your appreciation of the great sacrifice of Jesus Christ? He coming down to this world that He might redeem us? But we are told that they who went to find the cross before they came upon it they met a heap of rubbish which was an obstacle in their path. Now, the obstacle to our salvation is in our pride. Pride, my dear brethren, is what

ENGLAND LOST HER FAITH THROUGH. Everything is given up for this so-called honor. A man had better lose his fortune, his happiness, rather than his worldly honor. Pride is the greatest obstacle to non-believers. When I was talking to an Anglican gentleman, who, during our conversation, said he "admired everything in the Catholic Church."

And when I asked him, "Why do you not join us, then?" he replied: "I cannot submit to the authority of the Pope." Dear brethren, we see an example, in direct opposition to this pride, in the life of St. Paul, and that is in his humility. Once when offering up Mass at the altar he described himself as a dragon covered with sacred vestments, and would exclaim: "Here is another sacrifice of our Lord, being delivered by the hands of a sinner." On one occasion when there were some beasts to be blessed for a feast he asked the Father to cover him with ribbons and bless him also, for, said he, "I also am a beast."

THE VIRTUE OF HUMILITY was kept alive within him by his brother, a hard and stern man. When he had, after praying all night, at last gone to sleep, his brother would come in and, shaking him roughly, say: "What, sleeping again?" But to all this he never made any reply or remonstrance. He would often open the window in his bedroom in order that the cold air might come in and prevent him from going to sleep. Dearly beloved, it was in this way that St. Paul of the Cross practised humility and patience. Through his love for the holy cross he was inspired to found the Passionist Order. One day his Bishop called and asked him to give some account of the history of the Order which he had founded. He replied: "It is a long story and I know little about it."

"What?" said the Bishop: are you not the founder of the Order?" "No," replied St. Paul: "the founder is our Lord Jesus Christ; I am but His agent." Another reason why he loved the

cross was because he found in it a remedy for everything. The love of the cross alone affords us real happiness, for there are

TWO KINDS OF HAPPINESS—the so-called happiness of this earth and the happiness of hope. The happiness of earth is the enjoyment of all the pleasures of this world, which does not last long, but for a limited time. But the happiness of hope, my dear brethren, is not of this world, but of the next. It is the thought that we shall one day see our God, and live with Him forever. The happiness of hope is mainly and chiefly opposed to the material comfort of this world—yet, if we deny ourselves the comfort of this world and console ourselves with the happiness of hope we shall no doubt feel some of that happiness of this world. Now, the

PASSIONIST FATHERS HAVE A SPECIAL MISSION, which was given them by St. Paul of the Cross, and that is the conversion of England. St. Paul was often seen praying in great devotion, and when asked for what he was praying would reply,

"FOR MY POOR CHILDREN IN ENGLAND, my children in England." England was always before his eyes. God had inspired him to send up continual prayers for its conversion. And the Passionist Fathers are fulfilling that mission. The church in which you have the privilege of worshipping to-day belongs to them, and has special graces attached to it. Paul of the Cross did not offer up his prayers in vain, as we may see by the hundreds of churches that are built and being built. If you had looked about thirty or forty years ago you would not have seen the hundreds of Catholic churches now to be seen. Bigotry against Catholics is greatly diminishing, and it also seems that St. Paul's prayer has a special privilege with it, for we know that a great man who is lately dead was received into the Church by a Passionist Father. I mean

THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN. He was received into the Church by Father Dominic, a Passionist Father, who also received the Rev. Father Ignatius Spencer. So we see that this mission is being fulfilled, but in my opinion, it will never be completed until England is humbled. Not wishing that the country may fail, but in a truly Catholic spirit, that it may be humbled, so that it will be ready to suffer the yoke of Jesus Christ and open the door for great men to enter converted. When that day comes we shall see England converted. The Rev. Father then concluded his address by making an appeal for contributions to enable the good Passionist Fathers to pay off the heavy debt still remaining upon this beautiful new church.

LACORDAIRE'S PROBLEM.

Father Lacordaire was dining one day at a hotel in some country town in France. Every one knows that Father Lacordaire was a great and celebrated preacher, and a religious of the Order of Dominicans. At the table there was a great mixture of guests—a mixture of young and old, dull and intelligent. The priest was taking his modest repast in silence. Not far from him a commercial traveller was dining and declaiming, well satisfied with himself, and entirely wanting in that proper reserve which is the effect of a good education. It was on Friday, and travellers for a day for commercial travellers dining at a hotel to show openly that they are quite superior to what they term ancient prejudices.

After indulging in many witty remarks against abstinence, this great talker observing the unknown religious by a sidelong glance, grew impatient that his words appeared to produce so little effect on him, and addressed him pointedly as he passed him a dish of omelets from which he had taken much more than his share. "For my part, sir," he said sneeringly, "I make it a rule not to believe what I cannot understand."

Lacordaire asked politely, as he helped himself to the remnant of omelet which his questioner had been willing to leave to him, "Do you understand how it is that the fire which makes iron and lead soft has made those eggs hard?" "Upon my word, I know nothing about it," answered the traveller, puzzled by this singular question. "Nor I," answered the religious, "but I see with pleasure that it does not prevent your believing in omelets."

And yourself, reader, could you explain the problem proposed by Father Lacordaire? Could you tell us why fire produces upon iron and upon an egg precisely opposite effects? No, certainly not; and no man on earth, from the most humble workman to the most learned, can explain it. Yet nevertheless, scholars and scullions, all the world believe in omelets. Remember this witty reply when you hear it said that it is not reasonable to believe in the mysteries of religion, because we should not believe what we cannot understand. Nothing is more feeble than this pretension made by ignorant people. Scientific men know from experience that it is necessary to become humble learners, and that there are in nature, as in religion, a crowd of mysteries, facts which it is impossible to doubt, yet which at the same time we cannot understand. We believe them without understanding them.

Have you ever reflected that in all which concerns yourself, you are surrounded by mysteries which you cannot understand? Do you know how you hear me when I speak to you? I move my tongue and my lips; I

agitate by this a little air, which enters into your ear and strikes a skin which we call the tympanum, and then your mind grasps my thought.

Do you understand how that can be? No; but it is certain that you hear those who speak to you. Every time that you are spoken to, a mystery presents itself, namely, an incomprehensible fact in which you thoroughly believe. What is sight? You see me when I stand before you; can you understand why you see me, or explain why your eyes, which are two little balls, black and dark within, can make known to you what is passing around you, even to a considerable distance? That sight which you use from morning till night, and in the reality of which you certainly believe, is a profound and incomprehensible mystery. I could go on multiplying examples, and bringing home to you the truth of that which I just declared to you, namely, that the works of God are full of mysteries. It is most natural that religion should present to us mysteries to believe, since nature itself, which is more within our range, consists of mysteries.

And mark well that the most clever men are not, on this point, more advanced than we. They make very striking experiments, they establish facts better than we; they know details of which we are ignorant; but of the cause, the wherefore, they know no more than we; the secret belongs to God.

What is light? What is heat? How do fruit and flowers spring forth? What is the sun? What are the stars? God desires to recall to us, through the mysteries of nature and of religion, that our minds and our whole being depends upon Him, that He is greater than we, and that we must therefore submit ourselves to His word and to His will.

This submission we call a reasonable faith. The man who refuses to believe in the mysteries of nature would be a fool; the man who refuses to believe in the mysteries of faith is not only senseless but impious also. Let us be neither one nor the other.

Mothers and Daughters.

Our readers will appreciate this bit of wisdom from "At Home with the Editor" in the Ladies Home Journal: "A home is what a woman makes it; a daughter is, in nine cases out of every ten, the reflection of her mother. The training of the girl of fifteen is shown in the woman of fifty. A son may, by contact with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does. She may make a misstep. Indiscretion may be to her a necessary teacher; but her early domestic training will manifest itself sooner or later. A mother's word, a domestic proverb, told at eventide by the quiet fireside, has been recalled by many a woman years after it was uttered. 'I thank God that my mother told me what other women have been taught by the world,' said a gentleman to me not long ago. This, my friend, is the tribute which your daughter and mine should be able to pay to our memories long after we are gone. The world has a sharp way of teaching its truths to a girl. Is it not far better, then, that her mother should tell her with that sweet and sympathetic grace and gentleness which only a mother knows? Let the world build upon your foundation, but do you lay the ground-story. Any builder will tell you that the whole strength of a house depends upon its foundation. The flowers most beautiful to the eye, and sweetest to the smell, grow in good soil. The world's noblest women have sprung from good homes."

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GRAVE historical writers are occasionally guilty of what are called "Hibernicisms." The following passage occurs in a popular history of France: "It is extremely doubtful whether this Prince, Merovae, ever existed at all; but he had a son, Childeric, whose existence is well authenticated." The following is also from a historical work: "Like Samson, of old, who, armed only with the jawbone of an ass, put eleven hundred Philistines to the sword." Elsewhere in this issue we republish an article from the Hamilton Herald relating to the wonderful cure of a gentleman in that city, who had been pronounced by physicians incurable, and who had been paid the \$1,000 total disability insurance granted members of the Royal Templars. The well known standing of the Herald is a guarantee as to the entire reliability of the statements contained in the article. OCCASIONAL DOSES of a good cathartic like Burdock Pills are necessary to keep the blood pure and the body healthy.

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