### CATHOLICS AND THE POPE.

Dr. Minot Savage, Unitarian, whose sermons are just now the wonder of New York, said last Sunday that one of the phenomena of the age was the change in the attitude of Roman Catholics toward the Pope.

"Nobody cares much about the Pope now except those near to him. I have heard devout Catholics say. 'It is all very well for the Pope to be the spiritual head of the Church, but when he undertakes to tell me where I shall send my children to school, I draw the line."

We conceive that Dr. Savage's memory is somewhat defective. "Nobody cares much about the Pope now?" Not many weeks ago the whole world was reading the bulletins from the Vatican, and the question whether the Pope will be represented at the forthcoming Peace Conference or not is just now of international interest. Bis-marck's magnificent boast, "Wie ge-hen nicht nach Canossa," will live long in German history. And yet he went to Canossa. Leo XIII. is the successor of Gregory VII. The attention given by the secular and sectarian press to the Pope's recent letter to the American Primate is another proof, perhaps, that the Papacy has not passed into the limbo of the obsonot passed into the limbo of the obso-lete. Next Sunday—Good Shepherd Sunday — millions of loyal Catholic hearts will be lifted up in earnest prayer that God may preserve the Holy Father, grant him length of days, and deliver him out of the hands of his enemies. We question if there ever was a time in the history of the Church when the Holy See enjoyed greater prestige than it does to-day.

We should like to interview the "devout Catholics" whose sentiments Savage deems so conclusive The fact is, however, that one might as well yearn to see a sea serpent or a gyascutus. A "devout Catholic" denies the right of the Pope to give him command or advice touching the education of his children is a contradiction in terms. We are afraid that the elequent divine has been taking sweet counsel with Catholics of the mugwump brand - our self-styled '-the very last people in liberals the world from whom reliable information regarding Catholic belief and sentiment can be got. We have met the "liberal Catholic" — that most ridiculous figure in contemporary life -a miracle of conceit, ignorance and human respect. He goes about apologizing to Protestants and patronizing the Church of his fathers. Because he has attained to some little eminance in local politics, or holds a nice position, or has accumulated some dollars, he believes himself qualified to say how the Church ought to be runto give points to her ministers from the Pope down to his own pastor.

His creed is a farrage of modern notions imperfectly understood and some formulas of his catechism imperfectly remembered. He reads books which oppose the faith, never He reads those which explain and defend it. His religion is not the fashion in the society he keeps. He apologizes for it and minimizes it to suit the prejudices of his associates, forgetful of the practical fact that, in the eyes of earnest men, when principle is sacrificed character is lost. And these are the men who affect to pose as intelligent Catholics and to speak for the Catholic These are the men whom outsiders have in mind when they prate about the decline of Catholicism, regardless of the ancient adage that one swallow does not make a summer .-Providence Visitor.

## "A HOUSE DIVIDED."

the Ron ency of the Church of England.

A London cablegram to the Nev York Journal of last Sunday is as fol-Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, the

most popular divine in the English Church, made an extraordinary statement to your correspondent to-day on the critical position of the Church of England. He said:

The English Church is passing through the fire of controversy and dissensions, and deep division is being There is no distinct mode of knowing where we are. A house divided will never be truer in its application than when applied to the

Church of England to-day "A Church in two sections is always undesirable and productive of harm. A Church with two extreme parties a constitute the English Church at this moment is a struggle for life or death. God only knows whether the Church

will be permanently crippled. unless the ex-As far as I can see, treme party-and by that I mean those who are practicing a distinctly Romish ritual-relinquish their practices, the inevitable end must be disestablish-

ment or disruption.
"The prayer book is, in all con science, liberal in its scope, but when a certain section follows Rome in worship and in all but recognition of the infallibility of the Pope, there is surely ground for complaint. The Ritualistic ground for complaint. party must be prepared to make con-cessions before the English Church can again be united.

'I am hopeful that from the Archbishops' Court some good may result, and that more moderate clergymen may be influenced by the decision of the Archbishops, and may confirm to it. Those who don't recognize it must be deprived of their livings. If that takes place, the question will no doubt

arise again in a more serious form.' 'You think, then, Dean Farrar, that there is a distinct Romanish tendency, and that it is not simply a divergence of views as to the scope of the prayer

"Many of the extreme party," re-

plied the Dean, "have already openly avowed for Rome in all but the Pope's infallibility, and make no secret that they are striving to see the Roman and about such unity the Church of Eng land would have to sell itself body and soul, for it is well known that the Roman Church won't swerve one millionth part of an inch.

"Within the Church of England there are lively agencies working on behalf of Rome.

"Are you cognizant of the effect the dissensions are having on the American Church ?" "I am not, but they certainly can

not have a good effect."
"Is the Roman Church gaining?" "It is gaining in England at least. The mere fact of there being such party as the Ritualists point to an in

crease in the Roman Church." " Have you followed the case of Dr. Briggs?' "I don't know sufficient about it to express an opinion. Heresy, you know, is often simply some people's opinionated infallibility, and, at any

rate, I have the greatest confidence that Bishop Potter will do right."

#### THE LAST ANOINTING.

sickness in which the Sacrament of the Dying was received, during the early part of 1882, by Rev. Richard Francis Hall, C. SS. It., who died at 81, Joseph's, Dundalk, Ireland, October 28th, 1897.

I. - PAX HUIE DOMUI, ETC., AND SPRINKLING OF HOLY WATER.

WATER.

O Lord! My heart is sore afraid and sad;
Wasted and worn, my weary frame sinks
down.
And fall ring faints, while faileth every sense;
I can no more! My coward, changing soul,
like bark, on foam of stormy ocean, tost,
Now rideth o'er the wave, now quiv'ring sinks
Into the deep abyss as though ne'er more
To rise again: no more to see or hone.
Black clouds Thy goodness and Thy mercy
hide.

while gainst me rise the sins of bygone days.—
Athwart my troubled mind flit phantoms strange,
Dicad demons stalk around, and whispering

mock
My efforts vain to clasp Thee to my breast;
I call upon Thy Name: Oh! Give me peace!
Puga Nequan!
Dulcis Jesu
Invocato Nomine!
Veni Jesu.
Princeps Pacis!
Dona pacem Domine!

Saving water from the side
Of my Jesus crucified,
Wash me in Thy cleansing tide
Lava sordes Domine!
Wave of living water break
O'er me for my Saviour's sake—
Jesu! Still the troubled lake,
Asperge me, Domino!

- THE CROSS IS PRESENTED AND KISSED BY THE SUFFERER. Charles of the South Earlier of the South Charles of the Capanian Stamped John my baby-breast and baby-head, and tiny shoulders when I walling lay A new-born infant in my Gossip 8 arm, for Thee, Thy Church, Thy faith for every constant of the South Charles of t

In boyhood's happy days a stripling proud. On glowing brow, chrism-graved, that sign bore. And smiled with joy as on my ruddy cheek, Fell smart the playful blow, and I was bid To suffer and to dure for Jesu's sake. That mighty sign, the consecrating oil, Unon my priestly hands marked lovingly, On day, of earth's fair days, the fairest far, To bless, to pardon: Thee within those hands To bear. The over now! Childhood and youth And dreams of joy,—sorrow and labors too,—And broken yows, alas! and blighted hopes, Delusions of the Evil One and sins. And half shrift, and gladsome sacrifice—They all are over now! Those who beheld My early joys and early yows are gone, And I am going fast! I have received. For the last time, perhaps, my childhood's love—The Last Anointing cames.

love—
The Last Anointing comes, Ah! now, though My lips,—a sad, yet joyous smile,—my cheek No longer ruddy glows, my furrowed brow And pallid face tell tales of weary care; From throbbing breast, as from a child's breaks forth

breaks forth
The sound of weeping; flowing tears, half glad,
Half sorrowful—glad that the end hath come
And home is nigh; sad that my Lord I so
Have vexed and grieved. Pity, my God, Thy
child,
Break not the bruised reed, quench not the
flax

Break not the bruised reed, quence not the flax
That yet doth smoulder! By that sacred sign, over Thy chosen ones so often made
By my unworthy hands.—by Thine own woes
And death for me endured upon the Cross,
Forgive my misspent years! Forgive my sins!
Salve duleis chara Crux.
Fons salutis, Vita, Lux
Peccatori homin!
Pulchra nimis et decora,
Mini Spes in mortis hora,
Crux pracelara Domini!

III.-CONFITEOR . . . . IDEC PRECOR, ETC.

PRECOR, ETC.

Sinful and wilful have I been, wayward
And wicked,—yet Thy Child I am, O Lord!
A child of Holy Church,—Alphonso's child:
Thou hast not east me off—Alphonso's name,
And name of Peter and of Holy Church,
And name of Patrick, to whose sons were
given
In Erin and in exile, heart and toils,—
And name of every blessed one on high,—
And sweetest name of Mary Mother mine,
And Mother Thine, be now my help, my stay;
Intercedite pro me
Omnes Sancti charl Dei,
Deo facto Homini,
In hac dira mortis hera
Film, pro me, exora
Mater Christi Domini!

IV.-BEFORE THE ANOINTING.

Jesus! By Thine own thrice-blessed name, by the red tide of blood for me poured forth, by Thy flerce wresting mid the olive trees of loved Gethsemani,—bowed down, with fear, and weary sadness,—garments stained with And weary sadness, — garments stained with blood.

And pallid Face, and trembling, tott'ring limbs —

And pallid Face, and trembling, tottring limbs.—
With phantoms girt about, by friends best, For comfort seeking, restless wee-begone, Forzotten by Thy Chosen Ones asleep.
Or God unheard,—the very air around Breathing of curse, and sin and misery,—On! help Thy feeble Child in His dread hour. To fight for Thee and conquer death and hell! Soevit demon,—Moribundus Clamo Deo Homini!
Mitte angelum de coelis, Protego ab hostis telis.
Meeum certa, meeum esto, Fiat Voluntas Domini!

V.-THE HOLY ANOINTING.

Behold the bridegroom comes! The longed-for I hear,—but woe is me! How feebly burns
My flick/ring light! The kindling oil I need.
O Mary! prudent Virgin, hear my brayer;
Give of Thine overflowing store to me:
Plenty hast thou, nor art thou niggardly;
Give for Thy Child the Heavenly Bridegroo

salve:

Mors Amicus Sponsi clamat;

"Venit animas Qui amat!"

Venit Jesu, Domine!

Mini sis in morte Lux,
Tenebrosae viae Dux,
Tenebrosae viae Dux,
Sponse Jesu Domine!

Mine eyes are dim. Their falt'ring gaze no
more

Can see the blessed light,—no more behold
The image of my Saviour crucified,
Nor form of her, my Mother and my Queen,
My hope, my joy, Succour Perpetual.
This morn when came my Love, I could not

see

The breadlike viels neath which He hides: earth's best,

Earth's fairest sight. All dark and blind I grope— Yet well I know by this unwouted stir. And by the prayerful sounds around my And by the whisper'd words which me

And by the winsperd words which meet my ear,
Jesus is passing by, Stay, stay, O Lord!
Thou Son of David, Mary's Son, give ear;
Pass me not by, but pity me and save!
In hac valle lachrymarum
Mundi Sol, Lux tenebrarum,
Transis Jesu Domine!
Quem ex toto corde amo,
Fill David, ce cus clamo;
Misercre Domine;
Mine eyes have sinned; oft have they longing
gazed

gazed arth's forbidden fruits; unboly ire oft bath kindled them; yet remember Lord, Other was the seen the wand ring sheep; Oft on Thine own have looked lovingly. The poor, the homeless, and the suffering.—And most of all on guileless little ones The darlings of Thy heart.—sometimes have were

(Alas entropy of the country of the

Now tears of blood they fain would dying shed!
Oh! by the tears which from Thy blessed eyes Of old, fell down for sinners and for me.—
The crimson rain of blood which tricking fast From 'neath the thorny crown, those eyes bedewed.—

From 'neath the thorny crown, those eyes bedewed,—
The sight of woe which, 'mid the garden's shade,
And on the blood-stained steep of Calvary,
Those dying eyes beheld—Thy tearful looks,
Of pitying love on weeping Magdalen,
And on the dying thief,—look now on me!
Mundas oculos a sorde
Da inetitium in corde,
Vultu Tuo, Domine!
Quem conversus respexisti

Vultu Tuo, Domine:
Quem conversus respectisti
Petro lachrymas dedisti
Miserator, Domine,—
Peccatorem intuere,
Peccatoris miserere,
Parce mihi, Domine!
No more I ask to see the sights of earth,
The istring throng with sparkling, tearful
eyes,

"The sacred Word, athirst,

No more I ask to see the signts of earth. The list-ining throng with sparkling, tearful eyes, And heart on fire, Thy sacred Word, athirst, And eager, drinking in, as thirsty soil Drinketh, the dew of heaven; the sinful crowd In sortow clust-ring round Thy mercy-seat; The bright-eyed youngsters, and small long-haired maids, With joined hands and baby feet all bare, Kneeling in tattered garb, on tiny knees, At Thy thrice sweet and holy altar rail. And smilling as with love they think of Thee—The naked little one of Bethlehem. Enough of joy mine eyes have had. O Lord! Now let them weep o'er sin and thanklessness. And to the eyes within, the eyes of soul, Grapt now to see thy beauteous charms, and know Thy boundless love, that so my sinful heart May dying beat for love of Thee alcae! On! grant those eyes, when death hath closed their orbs.

To open on Thy blessed winsome face, At judgment seat, that in the purging flames, That Vision sweet may haunt my memory,—
Till once again I see, for evermore.

The sunlight of Thy loving countenance!

Fac ut Te, remoto velo, Sicut es, aspiciam, Te cum angelis in coelo Domine, ut videam!

By the holy saving oil,
Clense my eyes from stain and soil,
Videan To Domme!
For Thy g. n:le mercy's sake,
On a sinner pity take,
Miserere, Domine!

Mine ears scarce heard the blessed works of

Mine ears scarce heard the blessed works of prayer,
Which call upon Thy gentle mercy, Lord! The pleading words which I so often pronounced best to the death-bed, now pronounced o'er me, I scarce could catch, did memory not supply. The state of the sate expiring sense: Yhe dweet, like heav 'nly music on my ear They strike; of Thy forgiving ten derness, In accents, the story whispering sweet. My heart within me, erst, has leaped with joy, Whenke the roar of wild Atlantic wave Breaking on seagist Arran's giant clift, Or pealing thunder crash that rends the skies, Burst on my car, the voice of Erin's son, The thousands of the Holy Family, Their faith preciaining loud; their childhood's vows

Renewing glad. : . That heart hath sweetly throbbed.
When tiny piping voices like to those
Of old, from Mother's womb and Erin's shore,
By Patrick heard, shrill sounded in my ear,
Singing, 'I Am a Little Catholic;'
But sweeter yet the words that now I
hear!
'What ere, by hearing, Thy poor child hath

sent,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake, forgive, O Lord!"
Alas! To sinful words, to foolish words,
And vain, Thy spirits, saddn'ing, Have mine

with pleasure harkened; to Thy warning voice,
And gentle inspirations of Thy love
Now calling, now upbraiding, closed have been.
O! by the countless tales into mine ears.
From sobbing lips poured forth, the tales of
sin sin And sorrow, heard with aching, pitying heard: By Thine own gentle care to sinner's tale, And mourner's grief e'er open, hear my

By Thine own gentle care to sinner's tate, And mourner's grief e'er open, hear my prayer;
Forgive Thy child, O Lord, forgive, forgive!
By the dread sound which in Tny dying ears,
On Calvary's cruel Mount rang shrill and loud,
The scornful laughter and the bitter curse,
The yellow of rage, the vah of mockery,
O Lord, forgive! Amid the Olive trees
Thy touchedst, healing with Thy loving hand,
The ear of him Thy foe who came to see;
Twas Thy last miracle. Many have been
Thy miracles of mercy shown to me,
Of old, Thy cruel enemy. One me,
One last I crave; forgive my sins, O Lord!
Touch, with Thy healing priestly hand, mine
ears,

ears,
That on the day of doom those ears may hear
"Come, blessed of my Father, wear the

"Come, blessed of my Father, wear the crown"."

And then forever more with napturous joy, Drink in the music of the angel choirs, The Heavenly Harpers harping on their harps, The Virgin's hymn, the periess song of her Whose voice, salvation brought to fullen man—The Dove, the Nightingale of Paradise.—
And sweetly yet; sweeter beyond compare, From thine own sweet voice to hear triumphant sing.

Thy Father's praise, and love to ransomed

ouls!
Auribus in mois sonent,
Auribus Auditum donent
Verba Tua, Domine;
Suspice in coelum, plange, Suspice in coelum, prance, Monu Tua, Aures tange. Dio; "Ephpheta" Domine!

By the hallowed mystic oil, Sins of hearing, Lord, assail, Parce mihi, Domine! For Thy loving merey's sake, On Thy servant pity take, Miserere, Domine!

3. AD NARES Sweet-smelling flowers around the altar where Each morning, for Thy dying priest, O Lord, Thou comest in Thy Holy Sacrifice, Their fragrance shed,—joy wafting with their

Thou comest in Thy Ton's sternice.

Their fragrance shed,—joy wafting with their scent.

To hearts in sorrow,—making memories sweet, Of Thee, the lily flower that Lhoomed so fair From Jesse's root; of Her the Mystle Rose, The lily amid thorns, the lowly nard. Whose virgin fragrance, Paradise embalms; No longer now, my nostrils do they reach,—My sense is dead. Long years ago, Thy priest. With hallowing spittle from the libs which call Thee down to earth, mine infant nostrils touched.

Suavem in odorem Domino."

As with Thy sacred spittle Fhou, the blind, And deaf, and tongue-tied, didst, anointing neal.

Alas! since then, how often have I strayed, By fragrance of earth's faded flowers beguiled; "Quatridnams sum—et foetent cor, Et Corpus." From the foulness of my sins, Bid me come forth. Though fall the shadows fast, And night draws nigh, though rings the eleventh hour.

The accents of Thy loving voice I hear, Like Curfew chimes the wanderer calling home,
Borne on the evening air: "Haste, follow me!" Oloving Jesus! draws me after Thee.

Like Curfew chimes the wanderer calling Bonnen on the evening air: "Haste, follow me!" O loving Jesus! draws me after Thee, And dying I will run, the odor sweet Persuing, of Thine ointments; till the goal, Reaching in death, I clusp Thee in mine arms. O Thou whose name like unto fragrant oil Poured out, rejoieeth hearts! Anointed One, With oil of gladness, sweeter, fairer far, Than fairest sons of men or angels' choirs! By the sweet fragrance which around the flowers, Wafted as though by gentle summer breeze, From eyes and lips and beauteous face and form.

The fragrance of Thy virgin purity,

Thousands beguiling, willing little ones
To play the truant, following in Thy steps
Into the far-off barren wilderness,
To garfen fair or temple redolent
Of sweetest incense, by Thy presence changed;
By the fair flowers of flow 'ry NaZareth,
'Midst which in childhood's years, with childish glee,
Thou joyedst, culling with Thy baby-hand
To offer to Thy mother, looking on,
And smiling as her child bids her inhale
Their balmy fragrance; by the perfume sweet
Which Magdalen "in sepulturam " shed
O'er Thee rebuked by trait rous envious lips,
But gladdening Thy Heart, by Thee declared;
"Forever to be kept in memory."
Forgive whate'er by nostriis I have sinned,
And grant me soon the fragrance sweet to
breathe
Of heav'ny incense, heav'ns sweet-smelling Of heav'ny incense, heav'ns sweet-smelling flowers,

flowers,
And 'mid the lilies evermore to feed
With Thee, the Virgin Mother's virgin flower!
Jesu duicis, Jesu pie,
Flos hortorum, Flos Mariae!
Flores Tuos, malesatus
Conouleavi; Mihi manus
Vacu sunt, Domine!

Hortulanus Tu vocaris,— Aridum intucaris Hortum Tuum, Domine! Mors instands pulsat fores Cito, lapides in flores, Muta, Jesu Domine!

By the fragrant cleansing oil, Nostriis, Jesu Lord, assoil; Parce mini, Domine! On the lost sheep pity take. For Thy tender mercy's sake, Miserere Domine!

4. AD ON. My lips are weary; I have prayed so long Unheard. Wild phantoms, round about my bed.
All day have lingered. Sounds uncouth and wild laughter, demon-like, foul creeping

things.

Hissing with forked tongues erect, — have scared

My wildered soul and echoing back my prayers.

Mocked at my agony. Friends whisp'ring low, have bid me hush and, resting, cease to pray, One to another macmuring that distraught, I knew aught I said. I will not hush, My weary soul commending to my Lord, Until fast-coming death shall, sile nee, force, And prayer, upon my lips, shall die with me: He understandeth me to Whom I pray, I will not cease till I the fight have won, Till the foul fiends that cluster round my couch.

Till the foul flends that cluster round my couch, my prayers have driven back to hell, And I can, dying, "speak of victory," Exulting. When I cease the bideens forms Draw near; upon my brow their breath I feel.—
The loa'hsome crawling things twine round and about the strange my voice!
So faint, so weak, usearthly hollow tones! Is this the voice, which, in the olden days, "Midst Erin's field rang out, and echoes woke of manly thousands vowing to their Lord Feelly eternal? Like to infant tongues It ispeel how,—now restless moaneth low, Now frighted stricks, as shricks the fearful with green and some some subjects to the course of the course

Now Irighted shrites, as such that the lower waiting cries, now sobbeth bitterly.

I am a child once more. Take me, O Lord, Into Thine arms, then cradle me to rest.

Nay! Tis no time to rest or slumber now; Christ's soldier, let me battle do for Him Who, on the bloody field of Calvary, For me did battle gainst a thousand foes,

The sacred names, my war-cry, drive then hence.

What is it that I see? What form is that,
Which o'er me bends with tender, loving

Which o'er me bends with tender, loving glance.
That stole-clad, priestly form, fair to mine eyes?
Ist my Lord? My foes where are they now!
Fled howling back to hell. Thanks be to God!
Gentle the voice that sounded in mine ears,
Like chimes of ev'ning Blessed Mary's praise,
Proclaiming, or like floating silv'ry sound
Of consecration bell that telleth souls,
Jesus is coming. Is it He that speaks
To His poor dying child, His hand that stamps
My libs, with saving sign and soothing oil?
Tis He! His blessed form mine eyes beheld!
Tis His an-inted priest whose mighty prayer
Hath backward hurled the demon crew to hell
Their dismal home hath brought me peace and
joy—

Hath backward hired the demon crew to hell;
Their dismal home hath brought me peace and joyd Father at whose knee, so oft.
In childhood's days and manhood's, I have kneelt,
My sins confessing; he whose aged hand,
The sacred sign, so oft hath o'er me made,
To pardon and to bless, in Jesu's name.
O Father! Once again to God and Thee,
Let me confess. Through my most grievous fault,
I oft have sinned in thought, and word, and deed,
And sinned exceedingly. Ah me! the lips
That smile in death, as on them rests Thy hand,
And sinned exceedingly. Ah me! the lips
That smile in death, as on them rests Thy hand,
The sinful, angry word, too many times
Have spoken, wounding deep my loved One's heart.
Too many times, the traitor's kiss have given.
They erst anoint were, not once but times
Unnumbered, with the flame of living fire
From heav'nly altar snatched, my Jesu's flesh;
Were crimson dyed with Jesu's practious blood.
Obedient to my lips, my Lord hath come
Within my hands, and on the altar stone
Lying, hath suffered me my lips to pross,
Kissing and kissed as on his loving way,
He hasten'd to within my bearing breast.
How cold, despite, have been my priestly
words,—
Cold as the trickling drops from frozen lake,
Forcing their ice-bound way where grashing

Bubbling and leaping, should have onward flowed Like Shannon shedding joy o'er smiling banks, Through sunlit meadows, decked with fruit and flower free, towards ocean speeding

on! Thy glories, Lord, Thy Virgin Mother's praise, No more, Thy faithful from my lips shall hear; My voice, no more, from heav'n shall call Theo

down.

My lips perhaps shall never open more
To let the Bridegroom in. This morn my Was waiting long, ere yearning, struggling hard,
Eager at length they parted to receive
The lov'd and loving One; then closing fast,
Cried out: Whom my soul loveth I have

The lov'd and loving One; then closing task, Cried out: Whom my soul loveth I have found, Ne'er will I let Him go, ne'er shall He leave My heart. O Jesus, Lord, my one-time love, Be faithful to the fruitless One in death; Forgive my sins of speech; forgive me all My cruel sins! By Thine own roseate lips, Sweeter than bridegroom's lip to kiss of bride, Than mother's kiss to lips of smiling child.—By Thy sweet voice like music to the ear Than angel's music sweeter,—by the words Which from them fell, as falls the gentle dew From heav'n on thirsty soil,—the first sweet words. Thou lispedst in Thy Mother's rayished ears, The wondrous words beguling sinful hearts, And causing men to marvel as thy cried:
"Ne'er hath man spoken as this man doth speak," and fagony which from the Cross.

speak."
The words of agony which, from the Cross.
'Mid earthquake's shock, and gloom of night, rang out: rgive them Father!" "Thou this day with me, Shall be in paradise." "Thy son behold, O Mother!" "Wherefore, O my Lord, my God, Hast Thou forsaken me!" "I thirst," "Tis o'er."

st Thou forsaken me? "I thirst," This of er." of er. of er.

Of mother by whose death-sea murining prayers,
And mighty sacramental words, I stood,
Whose dying lips bequeathed me, her child,
To Mother Mary's care, who yet, on high,
For me who owe her life, doth plead in death
By children's rosy lips so often taught
To pray and sing, and print the loving kiss
On little feet, and hands, and lips and cheeks
Of the beloved Babe of Bethlehem;
I Forgive my sinful lips, and let me die
"In oseulo suavi Domini,"
Crying: I love Thee, Lord, I love, I love."

Cor et lingua peceavere, Cordis, linguae piserere, Jesu, Salus hominum! Moriendo, corde amo, Moriendo, voce clamo: Jesum amo Dominum.

By the sacred healing oil Cleanse my sinful lips from soil; Parce mini, Domine! Bid them from their silence wake, For Thy pitying mercy's sake Miserere Domine!

5. AD MANUS. Nay, not the inner hand. Long years ago The consecrating oil flowed o'er my palms, Within their grass the Great Anointed One Christ Jesus in His sacrament of love, They oft have held. No meaner unction in May touch them. No, not e'en that unc May touch them. No, not een that une sweet,
And sacred, which all others may receive
On death-bed. Yet anoint my priestly ha
The outer hands. Alas! my hands i

sinned.

Sinned.

Plucking forbidden fruit, fair to behold,
And sweet to taste, like unto that which
brought
Ruin to Eden's hapless pair, or that
Apple of Sodom called, which at the touch
Crumbleth to dust and staineth foulthe flesh
of him that gathers. Empty are my hands;
Toil-bardened though they be, no fruits of
grace

Race
They neld; the flowers of piety I culled
In happy days of youth, long since are dead;
I clutch weeds only. Vain my efforts now
The sacred sign with failing hand to form
The blessed beads my fall ring grasp escape.
Yet Lord, remember in the days gone by,
How many times the blessed Rosary
Hath passed through my hands, how many
times

times
Upon my flesh those hands have stamped the cross.
I have not counted them, but hast not Thou?
Remember, Lord, how many tiny hands.
To me obedient, have been clasped in prayer,
How many little ones their little hands,
Litting to little lips that loving smiled.
Sweet kisses on the incensed perfumed air,
Have sent to Thee, as from Thy little home,
To feed Thy sneep and lambs Thou didst come
forth.

forth. Remember, Lord, how oft the manly hands Uplifted to swear fealty to Thee, My hands have blessed,—how many Magadilense have blessed,—how many stag-dalense at my feet weeping, these my priestly hands Forming the sacred sign have cleaned from sin; Thy people I have blessed. Lord, bless Thou

Thy people I have blessed. Lord, bless Thou me.

In the dark night I clasp Thee in mine arms; Thou shalt not go till Thou hast blest Thy children arms, and the state of the s

hrone, Manus Tuas delicatas

By the soothing, strengthening oil, Cleanse my hands from sinful soil, Parce mihi Domine! From them sin's foul fetters shake, For Thy gracious mercy's sake, Miserere Domine!

6. AD PEDES.

Life's weary journey draweth to a close: Weary not always. Hard, sometimes, the road Andlong; yea lone and dangerous the paths Through thickets dark, where foes might lie in wait;
Rugged the crags and sharp to bleeding feet. Like wand'ring sheep oft have I gone astray. Heedless and wilful, idle loitered oft, Oft lagged behind, of thirst, full oft complained, And hunger, weariness or scorching sun Or wintry blast; sometimes have lain me down, The goal to reach despairing. Other times, Smooth was my way and glad,—a cleudless sky, Bright sunshine, fairy flowers, sweet singing birds, Companions light of heart and gay of tongue.

Bright sunshine, fairy flowers, sweet singing birds, to birds, fairy flowers, sweet singing birds, Companions light of heart and gay of tongue, Cheering the road. Thou hast been good to me; Too good, O Lord! Een now, though shades of night Surround on every side, my stumbling feet, And darkness o'er my sense is gathering fast, Yet beams there from afar upon my soul A glorious light which tells me home is nigh, And in the far-off distance, voices sound, Of loved ones calling me to come to them, I have torn my feet, swollen and travelyte, may step shark guided, aid me swift to run The little distance that remaineth yet, Betwitt me and my home! O Blessed One, Whom I so oft have called "The Wand'rer's Guide,"
Befriend me now! Undying light of souls, Jesus, in this leathers.

Mnom I so oft nave called "The Wand'rer's Guide."
Befriend me now! Undying light of souls, Jesus, in this last hour, be Thou my light!
When Peter shrinking cried: "Never, O Lord, The stains from off my feet. Thy holy hands Shall washaway;" Thy pleading voice replied: "Unless Thy feet! I wash, no part with Me, Shall e'er be thine," Para mea Domine.
My Jesus, I, Thine all unworthy child, Refuse Thee not. Wash Thou my sinful feet; With oil life-giving, like to that which erst On wounds of him was poured, who lay half dead,

With oil life-giving, like to that which erst
On wounds of him was poured, who lay half
dead,
Smitten by robber-band,—to struggle on
Or rise from earth, unable,—head my wounds!
My feet, now motionless, and icy cold
And dead, touch Thou with Thine all-powerful
hand!
Ilie a helpless cripple in Thy sight,
For Angel's coming waiting anxiously:
Sweet Jesus, Thou, instead hast come to me,
"No friend, no man have I," I weeping cried,
But joyous now I cry; "A man have I;
The God-made man hath looked lovingly
On me,—His blessed touch my flesh doth thrill."
Ne'er shall my feet impatient scale again
The loved altar steps; ne'er eager ran
To meet my loved one, ne'er go forth to seek
The wand 'ring sheep, the bleating little lambs
That from the Shepherd's fold, the cruel wolf
Hath truant lured. O Blessed Lumb of God,
Amid the flow'ry meads of paradise,
Let me run after Thee: At Thy loved feet,
Let me sit down for ever more with her
Who chose the better part, Those teet e'en
now,
In sorrow, weeping o'er my sins, I clasp,
I wash them as of old, noor Magdalen,
With rain of tears. To them my lips I press,
A thousand, thousand times—and ling ring kiss
The gem-like ruly wounds, the hily flesh,
The viens like hyacinth which sparkle there,
By all the weary steps Thy feet of old,
Trod, seeking me, the poor lost erring sheep,—
The cruel nails which to the tree of shame
Fastened Thy bleeding feet, the streaming
tears
That o'er them flowed, from eyes of Magdalen,
With Thy blood mingled; by the kisses fond,

The cruel nails which to the tree of shame Fastened Thy bleeding feet, the streaming tears
tears
That o'er them flowed, from eyes of Magdalen, With Thy blood mindled; by the kisses fond, Her lips on them imprinted; by the joy
That thrilled Thy infant heart when bending low
The sinless Mary, Thine own Mother dear,
Her tender hand laying in gentle play,
On baby feet, like lilies, peeping out
From neath Thy little robe, or rosebuds ten,
Sweet kisses smiling pressed, as longing bee
Kisseth the flowers where hidden honey lies,—
Forgive the sinful steps my feet, have trod,
And when the Angel's trumpet bids the dead
Arise and come to judgment; let them spring

Arise and come to judgment; let them sprir Glad from the grave, and bounding run The Bridegroom's Judge, my soul's Beloved

Bridegroom's Judge, my sot One.
One.
Flerdo Pedes Tuas rigo,
Plagis Tuis labra figo,
Vita morientium!
Pedes mei erravere.
Bone Pastor oven que re,
Salus Poenttentium!
Jesu mei miserere,
Tu me pasee, me tuere,
Tu me pona fac videre
In terra viventuum!

By the consecrated oil,
Wash my feet of every soil,
Parce mihi, Domine!
Let them follow in Thy wake,
For Thy pitcous mercy's sake,
Miserere Domine!

-Australasian Catholic Record, Sydney, N.
S. W., October, 1898.

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