

Some Day.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Some day—so many tearful eyes
Are watching for the dawning light!
So many faces toward the skies
Are weary of the night!

So many falling prayers that reel
And stagger upward through the storm;
And yearning hands that reach and feel
No pressure true and warm.

So many hearts whose crimson wine
Is wasted to a purple stain
And blurred and streaked with drops of brine
Upon the lips of pain!

O come to them—those weary ones!
Or, if thou still must hide a while,
Make stronger still the hope that runs
Before thy coming smile.

And haste and find them where they wait;
Let summer's winds blow down that way,
And all they long for, soon or late,
Bring round to them some day.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

"With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer." (St. Luke xxii, 15.)

To desire a thing, dear brethren, is a positive sign that we have an affection for it; we do not desire things that are indifferent to us, but those which we hold dearest. Our Lord says that He burned with the desire to eat this pasch, because He was extremely anxious to unite Himself to us by becoming our food.

But the prodigies He performed in Himself and outside of Himself, in order that He may come and be united to us, make His desire of this union clearer than the noon-day sun. He puts Himself at the same time in heaven and on earth; He remains in an innumerable number of places, since He is in every consecrated Host in the whole Church; He abases, if I may so speak, His majesty; He covers His glory with a humble exterior; He disguises Himself and in such a manner that neither the most ingenious poets nor the most impassioned hearts have ever invented any artifice, any transformation that can resemble it. In addition, He exposes Himself to a thousand insults, and He resolves to endure them for the gratification of His desire; for the same purpose He subjects Himself to the word of a priest.

Behold how our Lord comes and what He does in order to unite Himself to us! See how He puts Himself in the Host, and in what manner He remains in the tabernacle for whole days and nights quite alone, waiting with invincible patience for persons to come and visit Him, and to prepare themselves so that He may unite Himself with them; for it is His supreme desire. Oh, ye children of men, behold how God hath loved you! How He still loveth you!

If Jesus so earnestly desires to come to us, if He says to us, "I have desired to eat this pasch with Thee," it is certainly most just that we should long to go to Him. For what advantage does He gain by it? What can light receive from communicating itself to darkness? wealth from giving itself to poverty? beauty from uniting itself to deformity? wisdom to folly? Are not all the gain and glory ours?

Resolve, then, to frequently receive Jesus in the sacrament of His love. If you have thus far neglected your Easter Communion, let the strong love of the Crucified urge you to do your duty. As our Lord works prodigies in Himself and in nature in order to come to us, overturning the obstacles that oppose His coming and His union, so should we likewise do great things, conquering our vicious nature and overcoming all difficulties in order to be fit to go and unite ourselves to Him. Our desire should lead us to prepare carefully for Communion, and to approach with firm and simple faith, with humility and reverence, with sorrow for our sins, with a strong confidence in our Lord, whose burning desire to come to us is a powerful motive of this confidence. You will, perhaps, say: "A person should be very pure to communicate." I reply: It is true; but if we regard the infinite purity of God we receive, our purity, though we should take an eternity to purify ourselves, will never be sufficiently great. But we should learn to what one is absolutely obliged in order to communicate worthily. It is to be pure from all mortal sin, and not, as some think, from all venial sin; otherwise who could communicate, since even the just sometimes fall into minor faults? Hear the words of St. John: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

Blessed shall we be if the desire of being united to Jesus animates our whole lives—if we often feast at the heavenly banquet in which Christ is received. In vain will the devil, the world and the flesh try to effect our ruin. The God of armies will protect us and guide us safely through the battle of life into the mansions of bliss eternal.

"He," says the Saviour, "that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Only One Mother.

BY H. C. DODGE.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill
And love you although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love never still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you wot spare
Self-sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother always.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To helper all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this.
So love and revere
That mother while here—
Sometimes you won't know her dear kisses.

You have only one mother—just one.
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you,
What have you for her ever done?
—Detroit Free Press.

The Drummer Boy.

Many of our readers are probably familiar with a touching little poem of the late war, called the "Drummer Boy"—a story of a brave little lad who, as the poet tells us, served under General Lyon, and was rescued by him after the battle.

The facts of the boy's history, as related by a trustworthy comrade, are even more pathetic and significant than they are made in the poem.

When General Lyon was on his march to Wilson's Creek, a Tennessee woman dressed in deep mourning, brought her son, a lad of twelve, into camp. She was starving, she said, her husband was dead, and the boy wished to enlist as a drummer.

The lad watched the officer's doubtful face eagerly.

"Don't be afraid, captain! I can drum!" he cried.

"Give him a trial," the captain ordered.

The fifer, a gigantic fellow, looked on the puny boy contemptuously, and broke into an air exceedingly difficult to accompany with the drum; but so well did the child succeed, that even the captain applauded. "Eddy" enrolled as a drummer, and became the pet of the camp. He was the especial favorite of the fifer, who, when the march led them over creeks or larger streams difficult to ford, would hoist the boy on his shoulders, and, fife and drumming merrily, they would lead the way for the line. At the battle of Wilson's Creek, General Lyon was killed and his force routed. Toward morning one of his soldiers, lying wounded by the stream, heard a feeble rat-tat in the woods.

"That is Eddy beating the reveille," he thought. He crept to him, and found the lad, with both feet shot off, thumping on his drum.

"Don't say I won't live!" he said. "This gentleman said he'd fix me until the doctors would bring me all right again." He nodded to the body of a Confederate soldier, who, although dying had dragged himself through the grass to the child, and had tied up his legs with his suspenders to check the flow of blood from the arteries.

Later in the morning, while the comrades lay helpless together a body of Southern cavalry rode up.

"Look to the child," said the Yankee soldier.

Two of the men—grizzled old soldiers, who were probably themselves fathers—sprung to the ground and lifted the boy tenderly. As they carried him, he tried to tap his drum. With a triumphant smile, and still smiling, he died before they could reach the camp.

Eddy's drum tap still echoes with meaning from those dark and terrible days; for it tells us of the bravery and tenderness which filled alike the hearts beating under blue coats and gray.

A Little Missionary.

Some years ago a missionary visited the islands of Fernando-Po and Amban. On his arrival he was greatly surprised to discover at a short distance inland a rudely constructed cross surrounded by a crowd of negro children, among whom was a white boy about ten years of age. The children were reciting the Rosary in Spanish. On perceiving the priest the little white boy joyfully exclaimed: "A priest, a priest!" The missionary, having drawn near, asked him to bring him to the dwelling of his parents. "My parents! My parents are not here," said the boy; "I have been shipwrecked, and the negroes here have kindly received me. Mindful of my mother's teaching, I have not failed to recite the Rosary every day. As I have no statue of the Blessed Virgin, and did not know how to make one, I have made this cross, and I daily come here to recite my prayers. My playmates come with me, and I have tried to teach them the Hail Mary, that we may say the beads together." The missionary, having asked him how long he had been on that island, received this reply: "I can't tell, but it must be a long time; for when I am away from my parents the time seems so long to me." The boy then led the Father to the hut of the negroes with whom he dwelt.

These good people received the priest with great respect. The following day the missionary, in the presence of several families, presided at the recitation of the Rosary, and began his labors by preaching to them. Then, going from family to family, he soon succeeded in establishing, under the

protection of the Rosary, a good fervent congregation which continued to increase daily, especially after the arrival of other missionaries. One of these, returning some time ago to Spain took the little boy with him to the place where resided his parents who had escaped shipwreck and returned to Spain. On finding them, the good boy had the happiness of relating to them, among his other adventures, the Blessed Virgin's goodness toward him, and the prodigies effected by the Rosary in the country where he dwelt. Sacred Heart Review.

An Excellent Lesson.

Once when travelling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable, and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to make others do the same.

After a while an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

The good-natured coachman drew up his horse, and the old lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady made some ludicrous remarks and the passengers laughed. It seemed excusable, for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patrons of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young and happy; I have been so, too, but am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be all alone in the world." The coach stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said a man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps the driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had placed her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a lesson.

One Night of My Life.

The long vacation had come at last. I had worked hard all the term, and felt the imperative need of change of air and scene.

My friend Edward had agreed to make a continental tour with me, part of which we meant to perform as pedestrians. Four days, however, before the time arranged for our departure, I received a letter from him saying that family circumstances compelled him to change his plans, and so, much to my disappointment, I had to set out alone.

The passage across the channel was performed without adventure, and under the cheering influences of a sunny sky and the many charms of foreign travel my spirits rose, and though regretting my pleasant companion, and feeling very solitary, still I kept to the pre-arranged programme and performed many a long stretch on foot.

At last the route which I selected brought me to the city of X—, with its splendid cathedral, and many other interesting objects.

Arriving late, I drove to the hotel, dined, and retired early to rest, having performed a long day's march on foot. I slept well, and after breakfast determined to devote the morning to answering my letters, which had accumulated during my tour, deferring my visit to the cathedral till the afternoon.

The days were bright and long, so I knew I should have time to see it thoroughly, and if not I could return the next morning, for being a lover of architecture and somewhat of a connoisseur, in carving, I knew a short visit would not content me.

As I entered the venerable building there were no forebodings in my mind, nor could I foresee the eager longing I should experience to escape from it, and be unable to do so.

But to proceed, I found on my entrance a party being formed to go round, and paying the customary fee I joined it, and with a good, though rather long-winded cicero, we began our inspection. I do not intend to give a description of the building or of its many and rare art treasures; suffice it to say, we spent several hours over them, mounting the lofty tower, descending into the ancient crypt, and as the phrase is, thoroughly, "doing it." As we were returning through a side aisle to the great west door, I lingered behind the rest to examine an altar which I had been much taken with before. Then feeling it a relief to be rid of the loquacious guide, I wandered off amongst the great pillars where the evening sun was sending its many colored beams as they streamed through the richly-painted windows. I could still hear the voices of our party in the distance. How little did I think how long a time would elapse ere I again heard a human voice!

Having taken a few steps further I noticed to my right hand what appeared to be a carved doorway, and, being, as I said before, a lover of carving, I stepped up to look at it more closely. It was a piece of rare merit. Though evidently a doorway, I could not see any means by which it could be

opened. I ran my hands over the various projections and pressed against it, but with no result. Finally, I leaned against it with my shoulder, when it yielded to the pressure, and this so suddenly that I staggered and almost fell into some opening, for I could distinguish nothing at the moment. The door had been kept open by my body, but directly I moved it swung to and closed with a sharp snap. At first I was bewildered. Where was I? A faint, very faint light came from above, and after a time when my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw that I was in a small, square chamber with a very high flat roof. No window or grating were visible, and how the light came in at all I could not imagine. It seemed to run all round the chamber where the walls joined the ceiling. I did not at all like my position, and felt about, hoping to discover some handle or lock by which to release myself, but all in vain. The walls were quite smooth on this side, yet nothing could be seen. Then I remembered the snap I heard when the door closed and realized that I was a prisoner secured in this trap by a spring lock. In hopes of attracting attention I seized my stick and thundered against the wall though with little hope, for I knew by this time the exploring party would be far away, and not seeing me as they left the cathedral would imagine I had gone on before. Then I shouted till I was hoarse, but only a dull hollow echo was returned from the walls of my prison-house, and the full horror of my position overcame me.

After a time I roused myself, and again narrowly examined the walls, striking them in various parts, especially the doorway, but to no purpose, and despairing and exhausted I sat down on the ground. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to give me any clue as to the use of this cell. Could it be used for anything? Would anyone ever come to it, or should I die here of slow starvation, and my bleached bones attest in after times to the horrible fate I had suffered? Air there was, and it, too, seemed to come from above, as did the light, which was, however, fast decreasing. I could just see my watch by straining my eyes, and found it was half past six. I carefully wound it, and then again began to think. The cathedral would soon be closed for the night, and I must wait for my chance of delivery till the next morning. Should I be alive even if they did look for me? Could I make myself heard by those outside? Would the hotel-keeper be uneasy at my non-appearance and institute a search? All this I could only leave to conjecture. I knelt down and prayed more fervently than I ever did before, and felt calmer.

To pass away the time I determined to try and sleep. No food had I partaken of since my luncheon, and I was already feeling much exhausted; so I made a sort of pillow of my coat and lay down on the floor. After a time I slept, but only to be haunted by terrible dreams, and awoke from one of these with a start and a cold shiver. It was dark. Fortunately I had with me a box of matches and now struck one to look at my watch. It was nearly 9. I also saw by the light that the floor was of lead or zinc which, as I had before noticed, formed the lining of the walls; no wonder I felt cramped and chilled through. I put on my coat and, as far as the limited space allowed me, moved about to warm myself. Then I leant against the wall and thought over my fate. Thoughts of home came rushing into my mind—that home I perhaps should never again behold—of the beloved ones there, and I pictured to myself their grief when, as time went on, no news of me would arrive. To this town they would trace me by the letters sent this morning, and then nothing to indicate my whereabouts would be forthcoming. How my father would grieve over the unknown fate of me, his eldest son! How my mother and sisters would sorrow for me, and how one and all would over and over again say: "If we only knew what had happened, what had become of him! It is this terrible uncertainty that is so hard to bear!" How at last hope would die out of their hearts and they would mourn for me as dead, as I should be! These dismal thoughts coursed through my brain and oppressed my heart. I was growing faint and weak, both from want of food and from the strain upon my nerves.

I sat down in despair, and a sort of lethargy came over me to which I yielded. No sound could be heard but the far off boom of the great clock, which struck on my ear like a death-knell. The darkness had become intense, and the stillness terribly oppressive, yet I sat on; for what could I do? Nothing, absolutely nothing, till daylight should again return—bringing with it hope. The next time I struck a light I again examined doors and walls, but made no new discovery. Happening to glance up, I was greatly surprised to perceive that the ceiling was nearer to me than it was before. Just then the match died out, and I said to myself—it cannot be, it is only the imagination of my disordered brain; yet I struck a second match, and after a second inspection I felt convinced it was lower, considerably lower! What did this portend? Again in total darkness all the horrible stories I had ever read or heard of, dungeons and torture rooms whose ceilings and walls were made to close in arose before my mind, and added fresh horror to my position.

The atmosphere seemed oppressive. I already felt in imagination the weight descending upon me, and in an agony I knelt again to pray for



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strength and resignation to my fate. Again a calmer feeling was infused into me. I again kindled a match, and with my knife made a mark upon the wall as high as I could stretch to verify the fact of the descent. But, alas! there was no need; the tiny light flashed for an instant upon the roof, and I could see it was of the same material as the walls and floor.

After a long interval I struck another match, only to note its descent slowly but surely being accomplished. Soon a faint ray of light was visible; as before; it came from round the ceiling, but not so low down. The next time the clock struck its boom seemed much nearer, but my brain was so excited I could not trust my own senses. Lower and lower descended the terrible ceiling! Soon I should not be able to stand; already it so oppressed me that I sat down.

You have done for us. We miss you very much, and it seems to me a shame that a man like you should be buried in a lonely southern village, though you did ask to be sent there. Do come back to us, Father.

"Cordially yours,
"FRANCIS DELATTE."

Father Desmond smiled as he read the letter, then looked thoughtfully across the wild and deserted landscape. His new Mission was only a tiny hamlet, and he had no companions but the wretched people among whom he worked. He was alone, but never lonely, for a heart which is filled and wrapped around with the eternal love, is never ill at ease, and as he thought of his hurried, stirring life among the rough people about him, he murmured to himself:

"All life is good
When the one lesson's understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood."

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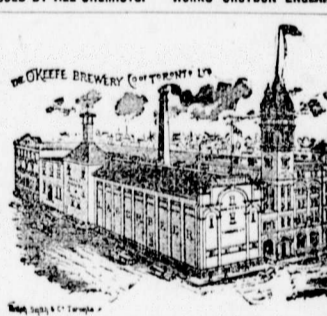
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