

The doctor called at the Abbey, and as speedily as possible the priest arrived at the humble cottage of the shepherd, and before dawn the soul of the good, honest old man had gone to its reward. The incident, although trifling in itself, made an impression on the doctor, as he thought to himself.

"One thing about Catholics, their religion is very real to them."

Like all doctors, he continually came across suffering and sorrow; yet his own family seemed to pass along the world without meeting any overwhelming grief; health, prosperity and happiness seemed to be their portion; but about six months after the death of the old shepherd, Dodo, the pet of the whole family, was taken seriously ill with a sharp attack of pneumonia; her illness came like a thunder-clap, and it seemed impossible to realize that death was skulking round that happy home. Everything that care and skill could do was lovingly carried out, and yet her little life seemed gradually ebbing away. One evening hope of recovery was almost abandoned. It was a pathetic sight to see poor little Merrylegs, the usually rough, noisy little fellow would take off his shoes for fear of making the slightest noise, and creep up to his little sister's cot, where he would sit or stand silently now and then stroking the little hot hand as it lay outside the quilt, while great tears lent filling his blue eyes.

"Can't we say a prayer, mother? Perhaps God will make her well," he inquired of his mother, who was sitting on the other side of the cot, crushed with grief; but the mother never prayed, and felt quite at a loss. Suddenly Merrylegs knelt down, burying his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with emotion, and said in a whisper an earnest Hail Mary for his sister's recovery.

"Perhaps now she won't die, mother," he said, as he rose from his knees. "I'm glad I taught her that prayer."

Dr. Frank came in and out of the room and each time he gazed on the child his hopes grew less; he knew she was beyond human skill. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"Jessie," he said, turning to his wife, "do you know Dodo has never been christened? We had better send at once for the Vicar; but supposing he's away or can't come. I know one of the priests from the Abbey would be kind enough. Who can go?"

Up jumped Merrylegs.

"I'll run to the village; it's only ten minutes. I'll soon be back."

"All right boy," said his father, "Make all the haste you can," and Merrylegs was off like a shot.

When the Vicar came into the study he looked rather surprised at seeing the boy, and he seemed rather in a hurry. The boy told his tale.

"All right, little man," said the clergyman, patting the child's head. "I'll come in the morning; I can't possibly come now, as we have a dinner party."

"Oh, please come," urged the boy. "Dodo is very, very ill."

"Yes, I hear; don't be nervous. You should have come before. Give my compliments, and tell your father I'll be sure and come tomorrow."

So saying he opened the door.

"You'd better make haste home; for there'll be a heavy snowstorm soon."

Once outside the door, Merrylegs soon made up his mind what to do; straight up the hill he ran, fleet as a hare, and when he reached the Abbey, pulled the bell with such violence that he made the old lay-brother hasten to the door, wondering if the place was on fire. On opening it there stood Merrylegs, all white with snow, quite in the middle of his hands of perspiration standing on his forehead.

"Please ask the Prior to come and christen Dodo," was all he could say.

A few minutes later the tall priest and the little lad were hastening down the hill.

"Why did they send you, Cyril?" asked the priest.

"They did, Father. I came when I remembered the Catechism. I know Dodo was not a Christian, so I ran."

"Were you not frightened? It's a long, lonesome road."

"Why, I was a bit, when I came to the wood; the wind made a noise like wolves rushing out. Like story-books, but I tried to think of nothing but Dodo, and ran faster and faster, and then I said three Hail Marys."

"I've brought the Prior; the Vicar couldn't come until tomorrow."

The Prior was a tall, well-built man, with clean-cut features and hair turning gray. He was one of those men whose presence gives a feeling of confidence and peace. He saw at a glance that the child was indeed in danger of death. Just before he baptized her the doctor came forward, saying:

"Please, Father will you baptize the child with the understanding that, should she recover, she shall be brought up a Catholic, as that is the Church in which is baptized. Do you agree to that, my darling?" he said, turning to his wife.

"Oh, yes, yes, Frank," sobbed the mother, and a few moments later the saving waters had been poured, and the sacred words pronounced, and little Dorothea was ready for Heaven.

"How can we thank you, Father Prior," said the mother, "for coming out on such a night to baptize our child when we are not Catholics?"

The priest smiled kindly, as he answered:

"Any priest would walk much farther than two miles for a soul to receive a Sacrament. Merrylegs is the person who fetched me."

"Dear little chap!" said the doctor, "I hope he's asleep by now. I promised if he went straight to bed I would tell him about it."

Although they begged the Prior to stay the night, he would not hear of it, saying:

"I never stay out of the Monastery, unless it is absolutely necessary. See, the snow has ceased to fall and the moon has risen. I shall have quite a pleasant walk."

All they could persuade the priest to do was to have some hot coffee and allow the doctor to accompany him part of the way home.

On his return, Dr. Hamilton went straight to the nursery. His wife looked up, saying:

"She's fallen asleep."

"That's good," and when the doctor looked at the child his practised eye could observe just the turn of the scale for the better—just a shade, but still a shade of hope.

"Thank God!" he whispered. "I must go and tell Merrylegs."

The father crept upstairs, gently opening the door and shutting the light from the sleeping boy. The child was in a deep sleep, evidently quite worn out, but the pillow was wet with tears; and now and then he moved restlessly, murmuring the words, "Dodo, Dodo." The doctor was turning away from the bed when the boy opened his eyes, and catching sight of his father, exclaimed:

"Oh, father, tell me, tell me! Is she dead?"

"No, my boy, thanks to you, she is now baptized, and there seems just a chance that she may get better. Now go to sleep again," he said, as he lovingly kissed the anxious face.

"Yes, I will, Dad," and without any effort the tired eyelids closed at once.

The next day a marked improvement had taken place, and before many months Dodo was herself again, and she and her brother seemed, if possible, more devoted than ever to each other.

An American citizen accomplish! In many countries all power is in the hands of a few; not so in our beloved country, where every citizen has something to say; every one can take his proper share in public affairs; in a word, the rights, privileges and duties of citizenship are practically extended to all and for the benefit of all. The citizen-ship under the stars and stripes, however good and desirable, has its lurking dangers.

BLIND PARTY SPIRIT

"I shall not speak of the danger of a blind party; nor of the danger of being governed by a numerical majority alone; nor the danger of being unduly influenced by eloquent but unscrupulous orators; nor of the danger of acting from mercenary motives; I pass by these ugly dangers and call attention to the insidious danger, alas too prevalent, of not having in view the spiritual, the moral and the social betterment of the whole community. This is also the exalted aim of the Church, and should be the chief object of every Catholic."

It is not enough to have a correct ideal citizenship, but it must be exercised wisely. It awaits nothing to have right view and sublime ideals, if we do not steadily bond every energy to put them into practice.

TRUE IDEAS OF AUTHORITY AND LIBERTY

"We want men with true ideas of authority and liberty, with true ideas about education, with ideas about the Church and her ministers; with hearts that can feel for, and hands that are ready to help their less fortunate brethren; men of prudence as well as zeal; men who have enthusiasm, but whose enthusiasm is controlled and disciplined by knowledge; men who are ready to work for the cause in public life without any thought of reward or return—these are the men we want to lead the way. Such men bring honor to themselves, and their lives attract and draw others, soften prejudice and smooth the way for the Church's greater progress and increase."

CO-OPERATION WITH CLERGY

"I would, in the next place, strongly urge co-operation between laity and clergy in parish and diocesan affairs. The subject to which I am calling your attention, is a precarious one; and it might truly be said that I am walking on ashes that cover a smoldering fire. There is some danger, when undue power is directed ecclesiastical affairs is placed in the hands of the laity. It may be, as has happened at times, that such power will be exercised to the detriment of the spiritual welfare of the faithful. But just as much harm will come to the Church from the apathy and supineness on the part of the laity in this important matter. Extremism must be avoided and a happy medium followed. Then all will move along smoothly."

"The laity should bear in mind that the temporal interest of the parish should be subordinate to its spiritual interest. And hence, the pastor is solely in charge of the spiritual affairs, the laity, who concern themselves about the temporalities, should be guided and controlled in their sphere of activity by the ecclesiastical superior. Thus, side by side, both will work together for the glory of God and the welfare of souls. There is no doubt that, in temporal matters, the laity, actively engaged in business and in close touch with material and financial affairs, are in a position to give prudent advice and needed help in the things that concern the material good of the parish."

HELPFUL SERVICE NOT ALWAYS RENDERED

"Unfortunately, this helpful service is often not rendered. In many congregations all the work of the parish rests upon the priests. These are made to attend to many things, that do not strictly belong to the ministry, such as raising money for church and school, promoting the social welfare of the parish, taking a leading part in various organizations for the general betterment. These activities are good, commendable, praiseworthy, and I will say, necessary; but they do not absolutely require a priest for the regular control and orderly management of them."

"It is not desirable that, for the good of all, the priests be relieved by the generous co-operation of the laity of the many worries incident to these matters? For they are frequently too great a strain on the priest's energy, prevent him from giving the necessary attention to the spiritual good of the parish, and often take the soul out of his spiritual life. The steady help given by a loyal laity will, therefore, be not only for the good of the parish, but also for the spiritual benefit of the pastor."

UNITY AND HARMONY

"The net result of this co-operation will also be most beneficial effort will bring the clergy and laity more closely together, and will give better opportunities for mutual understanding, for greater sympathy and for nobler reverence. The common work will produce a community of interests and aims, and will tend to unity and harmony, so important for the peace and welfare of the parish. The laity will therefore feel the pleasure of contributing to all this; and the clergy, freed from care and anxiety, will be able to devote themselves with greater heart to more spiritual things of the parish."

PERSONAL SERVICE

"In the third place, I strongly urge you to give your personal service in parish, in charitable and in social work. It cannot be denied that many well-to-do persons imagine that they have fully done their duty towards the parish and the community when they send in liberal contributions for parochial, charitable and social works. This generosity is truly commendable; but, if these persons who, as a rule, are in comfortable circumstances, would condescend to give also their personal service, they would become the medium of many blessings to society. Among these benefits I would mention especially that they will create a better understanding between the two large classes in society—the rich and the poor."

"It is true beyond all doubt, or cavil, that there is a rather strained feeling today between those who live in comfort and those who have to struggle for every scrap they eat. This yearning always is becoming wider and deeper, day by day, and threatens to subvert all in a dreadful catastrophe. The imperative thing to do is to bring these two classes together; and this great good the rich can effect by generously giving their personal services to the alleviation of those who are in dire poverty or sore distress."—The Monitor.

CONFESSION

THE POWER DESCENDED FROM THE APOSTLES

Christ created a system to last forever. It is mere folly unworthy of a good intelligence, to attribute to Him anything less than permanency in His provisions and intentions. It is not conceivable that He left His revelation to become the sport of twentieth century college debating clubs.

In a permanent system the provisions made by the founder of the system are, generally speaking, permanent. This is true of all human public systems. A permanent system composed of temporary provisions and regulations would be a contradiction of itself. We should have to call it a permanent temporary system; and it is impossible to think or talk that way. And no one tries to, except in Russia. We must use common-sense. Even the Russian Socialists will not attempt to make contradictions jump together, for very long.

In any system or code intended to last permanently there will be found, then, a large number of provisions that are permanent, and a smaller number that are temporary. And once the code or system is accepted as of a permanent character, all its provisions are to be treated as permanent unless it is otherwise indicated. The system itself being permanent, and the majority of its provisions being therefore permanent, it is to be expected that such provisions as are not intended to be permanent will carry about them something to indicate that they are only temporary. Either their express words or their nature must show them to be temporary. Otherwise, being part of a permanent system they must be accepted as permanent.

This is the way that all men reason when they have to interpret a public system made by men. No one thinks for a moment of setting up a theory that this, that, or the other provision of the Constitution of Canada, or of the Constitution of the United States was only intended to be temporary and is no longer in force. We should soon have a pretty state of affairs if we permitted such a reading of those two important documents. In human constitutions, codes, or systems, permanency must be deemed to be the rule and the intention; and temporary provisions the exception.

And so, the mere fact that this or that part of the system, which Christ established was not expressly marked by Him as permanent, is of no importance or relevancy whatever. Neither did the founders of the United States or the Canadian Confederation mark any single one of the provisions of those Constitutions as permanent. On the other hand, every provision in the American Constitution and the Canadian Constitution was intended to be permanent, and the temporary carries the indication of its temporary nature.

Now, Christ gave power to His Apostles to forgive and to retain sins. Was this a temporary or a permanent institution? It was an institution. Christ gave no power idly or for a mere whim. He had always a purpose. When He gave a power He gave it to be exercised. His will that the power should be used necessarily involved the will that its exercise should be sought by penitents. Otherwise this power, which is of a discretionary nature—to forgive or to retain—would have no scope for its exercise. Once admit that such power can be exercised, and the duty to seek and obtain its exercise is self-evident. Once admit that this Sacrament exists, and the neglect of it cannot be justified. Christ would never have instituted a Sacrament whose purpose was to reconcile men with Him, and leave it open to men to use it or not.

The power which he unquestionably gave to the Apostles is of such a nature as could come down and last in the Church to the end of time. Its purposes, aid to sinners and reconciliation with God, are not temporary purposes; they are permanent purposes; permanent in God's mind and intention: till the last man shall be saved or damned. How can it be

imagined that the Christians who had the happiness of living in the days of the Apostles were intended to have a Christ in the manner of grace and help, and that after that no one was ever to have it again? Is that reasonable, of ye—who talk always of reason? Ye who think to solve everything by "common-sense" how much common sense is there in that?

The power to forgive sins, say some, was a personal privilege given to the Apostles and to them only. Nonsense. There is no question here of a privilege for the Apostles. The privilege is to the sinners; not to the Apostles. Why should it have been confined to the Apostles? They could not gain converts the sooner by it. It was not a self-evident power; like the rising of the dead; like the speaking to every man in his own tongue; calculated to strike home to the heart with conviction.

Rather, it tended to make conversions harder and fewer. Was it an attractive thing, do you suppose, to grown-up men who had never thought of such a thing in their lives, and had a great deal to tell if they began? How, then, was it a privilege in any way personal to the Apostles, or in any way peculiarly applicable to the sinners of that time?

The power to forgive sins was of no help in making conversions. Before a man went to confession, he had first become a Catholic. He was converted first; and not till then did he go to confession. And so, it was not a part of the special equipment given by God to the Apostles. The power to raise the dead; the power to speak all languages; inspiration in their writings; knowledge of all truth; recollection of all that Christ had said; there you see the tremendous equipment given them for the teaching of all nations.

Some of those were not permanent. It is not claimed that the knowledge of tongues has descended to our days; nor inspiration of writings; but inspiration of writings; but it can be seen at a glance how necessary those powers were when a few poor men faced a whole world to be converted. These powers were obviously necessary with special reference to the time and the conditions of the time.

But the power to remit sin was not needed as a proof of the being God's true agents. Indeed, it was not, in the manner of its exercise, capable of being used as such a proof; and it was not conferred for any such purpose.

It was intended to be applied as a sacrament to honest but weak human beings; to bring them face to face with their sins, with their conscience, with God; to strike down pride; to promote humility; to prevent men from postponing indefinitely their duty of being reconciled to God; to help out the imperfections of hearts that are but too weak; to help people to get back on the track; and to keep them in the state of grace, in God's friendship.

There was nothing about the times of the Apostles or the people who lived in those times, to lead anyone to suppose that they needed this sacrament more than we do.—The Casket.

our sainted dead, and with the vast multitudes which are the most glorious "legions of honor" on earth.

COMFORT

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul  
Seen tempests roll?  
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou wouldst have won  
Fade, one by one?  
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes  
To bluer skies.

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,  
And found no light,  
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain,  
No friend, save pain?  
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,  
Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control  
Gent thy sad soul,  
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears  
Yet calm thy fears,  
For thou canst gain, even from the bitter part  
A stronger heart.

Has fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden blow?  
Let thy tears flow;  
But know when storms are past, the heavens appear  
More pure, more clear;  
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,  
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain  
Its iron chain?  
Has thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?  
Look thou beyond;  
If life is bitter—there forever shine  
Hopes more divine.

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain  
It lives in vain?  
Not vainly does he live who can endure.  
O be thou sure,  
That he who hopes and suffers here,  
Can earn  
A sure return.

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled life  
Save inward strife?  
Hast thou found all she promised thee, Dedicat,  
And hope a cheat?  
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast  
Eternal rest!

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a farthing because it is not a shilling.

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Little Norry Sullivan, she's gone to  
Join the nuns,  
Ain't it strange, the convent often  
gets the wildest ones?  
Makin' fun an' frolickin' you'll see  
them here to day,  
Look around tomorrow an', bedad,  
they're gone away!

Gone away from all the fun,  
Gone away to be a nun,  
Faith, 'tis quare an' strange it is,  
'schorra, as I say.

That's the kind that Norry was; a  
livelier never slept—  
Do you mind how fast she ran, how  
fearlessly he left?  
Everything her brothers did, 'twas  
she could do the same,  
(As for quiet Kevin, sure, she put the  
lad to shame.)  
Out she'd be from morn till night,  
Playin' ball was her delight,  
Norry's side was sure to win, when  
she was in the game.

Man alive, but 'twas herself was just  
the merriest lass!  
Hardly could keep still while Father  
Toole was sayin' Mass;  
'Thryin' hard to hold her eyes upon  
her little book,  
But the open window oft would lure  
her longin' look,  
Then you knew her mind had slipped  
From her prayer-book an' had skipt  
Out among the meadows in the soft-ly  
growing grass.

Sure, it seems like yesterday I saw  
her up an' down,  
Runnin' like a redshank through the  
streets o' Carrick Town,  
Double-knockin' people's doors an'  
pullin' people's bells,  
Makin' people nervous with her  
screeches an' her yells,  
But she's all grown up today,  
An' she's left an' gone away,  
Gone to be a Sister in the convent  
down at Kells.

Wonder what came over her? Ah,  
sure, 'tis hard to know,  
This you may be certain, no one  
wanted her to go.  
Neither of the parents liked the step  
she took at all,  
An' there was one boy that felt as if  
he'd like to hawl,  
But 'twas Norry didn't mind;  
All their words were only wind;  
Said she had her heart in her  
must obey the call!

Little Norry Sullivan, God mark  
your soul to grace!  
Take my blessin' on your heart an'  
on your happy face!  
Take my blessin' on your work, an'  
on your prayin' too,  
On whatever task the Lord may give  
your hand to do,  
An' whatever be His will,  
May your heart be merry still,—  
Little Norry Sullivan, sure, that's my  
wish to you!

—DENIS A. MCCARTHY

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The Catholic Record

LONDON CANADA

will now pass over several years and enter the Abbey Church, where a young priest is about to say his first Mass. The priest is Cyril Hamilton, and among those who are the first to approach the altar-rails to receive Holy Communion from the newly-consecrated hands, we recognize the Hamilton family. What can have wrought this wonderful change since we first made their acquaintance? Perhaps it was the reward for some small office done for Almighty God, who will never be outdone in generosity. We cannot understand the wonderful designs of God, nor comprehend the love of the Sacred Heart; we can but say: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."—Sr. M. Gilbert, O. S. D., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

DUTIES OF CATHOLIC LAITY

ARCHBISHOP MOELLER TELLS HOW HELPFUL SERVICE CAN BE RENDERED BY LAYMEN

In a recent address in Cincinnati, Archbishop Moeller pointed out some of the duties of the Catholic layman of today. He said:

"History relates that some ninety years ago a Scotch Presbyterian who had serious doubts about his religion, consulted a Catholic priest and asked him:

"If I become a Catholic, what will be my position in the Church? I know what my duty is in the Presbyterian Church, and I would like to know what would be my status in the Catholic Church?"

"Your question," replied the priest, "is easily answered. The position of a layman in the Church of Rome is twofold: he kneels before the altar—that is one position; and he sits before the pulpit—that is the other; and there is no other possible position."

"This brief statement, which illustrates one view of my subject, cannot of course, be taken as furnishing an adequate and complete definition of the status of a Catholic layman of the present day in the Church."

"To begin with, he is always being invited, and it is his duty to assume another very important duty in regard to the Church, namely, that of putting his hand into his pocket to furnish the money necessary to meet the thousand and one imperative demands, incidental to the present circumstances of Catholics in the Church."

MUST CONTRIBUTE TO GOOD WORKS

"But this is not all. He must look not only to his own spiritual welfare by worshipping God before the altar, by listening heedfully to the Word of God as he takes his place among the faithful, gathered around the pulpit; not only must he give of his means to foster works of charity and religion, but he must also, as far as he can, interest himself in promoting the spiritual work of the Church."

"Now, there are many ways in which the laity can laudably assist in the Church's mission, ways that are well known to you. They are, however, lost sight of frequently and hence it will be profitable to restate and to emphasize them."

"I would urge you, if you desire to serve the Church and deserve well of her, to do your duty faithfully as citizens. This ready compliance of yours will undoubtedly redound to the glory and prestige of the Church, and will strengthen her beneficent influence. Oh, how much good can

be done for the Church and the world by the laity, if they only have the right ideas and the right spirit!"

He then went on to say that the laity should be in mind that the temporal interest of the parish should be subordinate to its spiritual interest. And hence, the pastor is solely in charge of the spiritual affairs, the laity, who concern themselves about the temporalities, should be guided and controlled in their sphere of activity by the ecclesiastical superior. Thus, side by side, both will work together for the glory of God and the welfare of souls. There is no doubt that, in temporal matters, the laity, actively engaged in business and in close touch with material and financial affairs, are in a position to give prudent advice and needed help in the things that concern the material good of the parish.

HELPFUL SERVICE NOT ALWAYS RENDERED

"Unfortunately, this helpful service is often not rendered. In many congregations all the work of the parish rests upon the priests. These are made to attend to many things, that do not strictly belong to the ministry, such as raising money for church and school, promoting the social welfare of the parish, taking a leading part in various organizations for the general betterment. These activities are good, commendable, praiseworthy, and I will say, necessary; but they do not absolutely require a priest for the regular control and orderly management of them."

"It is not desirable that, for the good of all, the priests be relieved by the generous co-operation of the laity of the many worries incident to these matters? For they are frequently too great a strain on the priest's energy, prevent him from giving the necessary attention to the spiritual good of the parish, and often take the soul out of his spiritual life. The steady help given by a loyal laity will, therefore, be not only for the good of the parish, but also for the spiritual benefit of the pastor."

UNITY AND HARMONY

"The net result of this co-operation will also be most beneficial effort will bring the clergy and laity more closely together, and will give better opportunities for mutual understanding, for greater sympathy and for nobler reverence. The common work will produce a community of interests and aims, and will tend to unity and harmony, so important for the peace and welfare of the parish. The laity will therefore feel the pleasure of contributing to all this; and the clergy, freed from care and anxiety, will be able to devote themselves with greater heart to more spiritual things of the parish."

CATHOLIC CHURCH RIGHT

"The truth is we are taking for granted a moral intelligence which does not exist. We are leaning upon it, depending upon it, trusting to it, and it is not there. We have multitudes of youths and grown men and women who have no more intelligent sense of what is right and what is wrong than had so many Greeks of the time of Alcibiades. . . . The great Roman Catholic Church . . . is unquestionably right in the contention that the whole system of State education as it now exists is morally a negation."

"Sinister symptoms of moral obtuseness show themselves on every hand. We are foolishly surprised when we find a gang of toughs assaulting harmless passengers on a trolley line or stoning a passing carriage; when we see a whole population unmoved at any extremity of corruption of civic administration; when we see young men of respect-able families running about the streets, and their sisters affecting the manners of the Tenderloin. Why should we be surprised? It is the literal truth that they know no better. This is the depressing part of it all. . . . They have never learned, because there is no provision made for teaching them."

"The great company of educators and the whole American community need to be sternly warned that if morality cannot be specifically taught in the public schools without admitting religious dogma, then religious dogma may have to be taught to them. For righteousness is essential to a people's very existence. . . . We are within measurable distance of the time when society may for its own sake go on its knees to any factor which can be warranted to make education compatible with and inseparable from morality, letting that factor do it on its own terms, and teach therewith whatsoever it lists."—Brooklyn Eagle.

PRAYER

Prayer is the key which unlocks the treasure house of heaven. It is a golden chain which binds us to God which unites us in song with His Angels, praises Him in common with

our sainted dead, and with the vast multitudes which are the most glorious "legions of honor" on earth.

COMFORT

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul  
Seen tempests roll?  
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou wouldst have won  
Fade, one by one?  
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes  
To bluer skies.

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,  
And found no light,  
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain,  
No friend, save pain?  
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,  
Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control  
Gent thy sad soul,  
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears  
Yet calm thy fears,  
For thou canst gain, even from the bitter part  
A stronger heart.

Has fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden blow?  
Let thy tears flow;  
But know when storms are past, the heavens appear  
More pure, more clear;  
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,  
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain  
Its iron chain?  
Has thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?  
Look thou beyond;  
If life is bitter—there forever shine  
Hopes more divine.

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain  
It lives in vain?  
Not vainly does he live who can endure.  
O be thou sure,  
That he who hopes and suffers here,  
Can earn  
A sure return.

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled life  
Save inward strife?  
Hast thou found all she promised thee, Dedicat,  
And hope a cheat?  
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast  
Eternal rest!

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

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