

you know me, Katrine. When a man loves a woman as I love you, he's apt to mind everything she does and says. Do you believe me?"

She did not answer. She only bent once more over her work. He moved forward. "You know I love you. I have loved you ever since you were no bigger than little Maureen below at the cross. I will love you till I'm cold in the clay. Why can't you take me and let me make you happy? What is your life here? Workin' and slavin' from mornin' till night. Come home to Rushey with me. You will never have a sorrow I can keep from you if you marry me, Katrine?"

He took her hands in his and looked down at her, but she drew them away quietly.

"Don't, John," she said brokenly. "You know I gave my promise to another man—gave it to him years ago. I said I'd wait for him until he came—ay, if it was forever."

"I know all that; but let me talk this once, and then I'll leave it to you. Do you think, if you promised me, I'd have left you waitin'? Do you think I'd have rested in any land under the sun, leavin' you, year after year, in this—never, never, Katrine, I'd have come back, or wrote an' told you I'd never come—I would not have left you to waste your life on me. He is no man who keeps you waitin'. Marry me, let him come or stay."

"And if he came when I was your wife, what then?—came and my heart's love went out to him—the love of my youth, the love of my girlhood. Why my heart has been his since I was a child. Can't you understand?"

"I do understand. You think you love him still. You don't, Katrine. You love what you think he is—what he was—but if he was worth one hour of your waitin' he'd have come. He'll keep you waitin' until you are an old, old woman. Oh, Katrine, don't waste any more of your dear life on him. He has had so much of it, give me the rest. I'll never let the winds of life blow rough on you. I'll make you happy. Give him up don't wait any longer."

Her eyes filled with tears. She turned them full upon him.

"Suppose it was you I was waiting for. Suppose you came home after years and years of toil—of hard, bitter work—and found me, the woman you worked and slaved for, married to another man—what would you feel? Could you ever believe in anyone again? And I promised him I'd wait, promised him I'd wait forever—and I will, John, I will."

Hennesy sighed; he stood upright.

"Very well, Katrine, I'll wait, too. There's no other woman on earth I'll ever call my wife. I won't bother you any more, but there's no man ever was born worth a woman's wasted life. God make you happy, Katrine. Good night."

He took his hat of the peg, put it on, and passed out, and Katrine sat looking with full eyes at the fire, while her thoughts flew back across the years to the summer night when she plighted her word to Hogan and promised to wait for him forever; how she had kept that promise she only knew, or how long and lonely the years had been since then. She had seen the companions of her youth settled out in happy homes, seen their children growing up around them, seen them look with pitying eyes at the woman waiting through the long months and years, and now again a good and honest man had come to her, had asked her to be his wife. Why did not Brian come home? Would she have to wait for ever, she wondered, and then her hand stole to the bosom of her gown where his last letter rested. It was frayed and worn from constant reading, but it was full of hope and love; and although it was fully two years' old she touched it and felt comforted. Her thoughts came back to the present with a rush as John Dugan entered. He came up quietly and stood beside her.

"Asleep, Kitty," he asked.

"No," she responded, "only resting."

"I met John Hennesy down the road; was he up to you?"

"Yes, he called in."

"A fine, honest fellow. I heard he was thinkin' of marryin'."

"Did you?"

"The man picked the turf sods apart; he looked around him."

"Where are the youngsters?"

"Some in bed, some down at the river. They won't be long now."

"Katty, I have a bit of news for you," he said a little awkwardly. "I'm goin' to marry again."

Katrine sat upright.

"Marry again," she exclaimed, shocked, surprise in her voice. "Are you in earnest?"

She gazed full at him, the little stocking on her hand, while a deep blush stole over her pale face. Such an idea as a new life in Rushey never had entered her mind.

Dugan laughed.

"You seem surprised," he said. "I suppose you think me a fool."

"Oh, no," quietly, "but who is she?"

She's very spirited and won't want another woman meddlin' about. She'll like to be mistress, you know."

Katrine was silent, her heart was too full for words.

"We'll want to make things smart. The big room will have new paper, an' get a couple of easy chairs for the parlour—them others are rotten an' uncomfortable old things, an' indeed I'd be shot before I'd ask her to sit on a brand new one. I said the cushions were to be a nice blue. She's a bit tasty that way, an' thought blue would look best. I'll train in the grey coll; the old mare is too slow, an' Nell is not a bit nervous. You'll look after things, Katrine, and make the house look smart, won't you?"

Katrine nodded.

"Old Tierney is givin' her \$300; he's glad to settle her comfortably an' get a man of standin' for her. I've ordered a new suit below at Carrigan's an' an overcoat."

He looked younger and happier than she had seen him since Mary died. A wave of pity for the young widow flying above in Kilkaven churchyard swept Katrine's heart. She had loved him so—and he was putting another woman in her place. Certainly men's and women's hearts were made of different clay, thought Katrine, and then her own affairs took her attention.

She would not be wanted in her brother's home, when he brought home a new mistress. His wife was the first woman in a man's house, and that settled it. She would leave and look out for something that would suit her, and work her own way through the world, and then her thoughts flew out across the seas to the man for whose sake she was still Katrine Dugan. When would he come, she wondered miserably, and would the waiting last forever.

It was the day before John Dugan's wedding, and everything was in order for the coming of the bride. Katrine had worked with a will—painting, papering, polishing from morning until night, and now there was nothing more to be done, and Katrine rested. No one seemed to note how white and wan she looked. No one, save Susan Mahony, who came down that evening with a letter in her hands. Her face was grave—and a frown puckered her usually serene brow. Katrine was leaning over the gate looking out on the road when the good woman came up to her.

"Well, is all in order for the new mistress?" she asked gravely.

"All ready, Mrs. Mahoney."

"An' you are fit to drop—come in child an' sit down for a start. I've a bit o' news for you."

"For me?" (surprised.) "What is it?"

"I'll tell you in a minute; come inside first."

"I hope it is good and pleasant news. I'd like to hear something pleasant now."

"I don't know what to call it. It's a letter Tom Casey brought me up to read, from a cousin of his out in New York. You can read it also. He says there's news in it about Bryan Hogan."

Katrine's eyes grew dark, her sweet mouth took a very tender curve.

"Is he well—is he coming home?"

Mrs. Mahony did not answer. She was bending over the bed of wall flowers by the gate. At length she looked up. Katrine saw her eyes were full of tears.

"Run in an' read it," she said. "I'll take a look round here. Everything is so grand, I hardly know the place at all."

Katrine took the letter and went quietly into the house. Half an hour later Susan Mahoney entered. Katrine was lying back in her chair in a dead faint.

"Ay, poor thing, she took it dreadful. I'm sorry I didn't break it to her easier. Here's word for word what was in the letter after answerin' all Tom's question. He came to Hogan."

"You ask about Bryan Hogan," says he. "Well to speak plain, he's the greatest skunk ever came from Ireland to this country. He's an all-round loafer an' drunkard—a disgrace to the land that bore him. He comes round in our place sometimes. He's some cousin of my wife—worse luck. For a long time he talked of some girl in Ireland he was goin' home to marry. She's had someone's good prayer anyhow to have missed him. He may pull up now, as he has married a skyscraper's widow—a woman who will knock sparks out of him. She stands no tomfoolery, you bet."

"That was all, but heaven knows it was enough. It nearly killed my poor Katrine."

No spoke Mrs. Mahony to her friend and gossip, Mrs. Murphy of Olagh, who had known Katrine from her birth, and had heard of the letter.

"Sure she might easy know," Mrs. Mahony continued, "when he was neither comin' nor writin' there was something wrong about him. Once a man leaves his own country an' settles down in a foreign land 'tis ten to one he'll stay there. She's going away now from Olagh."

"Where?"

"To Ballymack, as housekeeper to Dr. Hennesy. Patrick Archer wanted her too, but she'd rather go to Ballymack. Dugan's new wife will be happier without her. She was a foolish girl, so she was."

Mrs. Murphy was silent. She had memories of a girl something like Katrine—giving her heart to a man who was not worth it. He did not leave his own country or go to a foreign land like Hogan; he only stopped at home and played with her heart as a cat plays with a mouse, for years, and then tossed it back and

married a woman with money. "Girls will be foolish as long as the world lasts," she remarked at last. "I was given that way myself, but I got sense. Poor Katrine will too in time, but I'm sorry for her, Susan."

"What's that I hear about you goin' away from Olagh. It isn't the truth, Katrine?"

Katrine stood in the breen, fragrant with the scent of May, listening to the cuckoo calling from the trees in Rushey, when John Hennesy came up behind her. He was shocked to see the change a few weeks had made in her; she had grown thin and grave and old.

"Yes, I am leaving Olagh, John. I am tired of it—tired of everything. I will be glad to go."

"Katrine!" The man's voice was of reproach and pain. "Don't say that. All my life I have loved and wanted you. Don't say you are glad to go away from me, don't Katrine."

She looked at him silently; tears welled up into her eyes.

"Dear heart, come to me: my home is waiting, my heart is full of longing. Oh, Katrine, try and like me; try and make up your mind to marry me. Stay here in Olagh, with me. I'll make you happy. You'll be your own mistress."

His deep voice broke; a dimness came in his honest eyes. She looked at him, while a faint pink grew in her pale cheeks.

"You think you love me," she said gravely, "but I don't know; I have learned to doubt. You would get tired. I am not able to keep a man's heart. You see it yourself; although he swore it, he got tired."

"Try me, Katrine. Don't think of him. Curse him! He has robbed me of your love for fifteen long years. Don't think of him any more. Be my wife, Katrine."

"I am not a young woman," she said after a short silence. "I don't think I could ever love anyone again as I loved him."

"I don't want you to love me like that. Just leave the loving to me. I'm not the least bit afraid. Come to me and make my life's happiness, Katrine."

He held out his hands to her. He looked at her with passionate, love-light eyes. And Katrine seeing the love light, went slowly forward and laid her hands in his.—Cork Examiner.

THE PRIEST'S HOUR

"May I come in and sit with you for a bit?" asked the Curate.

"By all means," replied his Rector. "Come in and smoke your pipe here before turning in. You look as though you were tired."

It was Saturday night, ten o'clock, confessions were over, and both men were tired. They sat in silence for a bit as they looked at the fire and pulled at their pipes. The elder man glancing at the younger saw that he was not merely tired but that there was something on his mind.

"What's the matter?" he enquired.

"Got the blues?"

"Yes, I have," said the younger, "and got them bad!"

"Well," said the senior, "I sometimes feel like that myself after a long spell in the box. You had better get a good night's rest and then you will feel fit enough in the morning. Remember you have the late Mass."

"Oh, it's not the box," said the Curate, "it's the parish! Did you ever know anything so sickeningly disheartening as work in the parish can be?"

The elder man smiled. He thought he knew a good deal about parish work; he had spent the best years of his life in the poorest of poor parishes and hoped he had laid up abundant store of merit by what had been a most self-sacrificing life.

"Why, what's the trouble in your district now?" he queried.

"I thought you were getting on swimmingly. The people like you and you certainly work hard enough."

The Curate looked up gratefully. He really did work hard, he knew that. And it was good to get a trickle of praise from the Rector who was as a general rule chary in his distribution of that commodity.

"Oh, I suppose I have got the hump! I went out between spells in the box, and looked up one or two of my pet bad ones. And, oh, well you know, I found old Tom as drunk as a lord going down the street, and when he saw me he began: 'Since my last confession, Father, and all the lips standing round laughed and would you believe it? The old wretch laughed at me too! You know I have done a good deal for Tom in one way or another, and I suppose it is that that has sickened me!'"

The Rector looked sympathetic. Having passed that way himself in years gone by he knew the feeling well. He knew, too—far more indeed than his Curate suspected—that the latter had done a good deal for old Tom who was a well-known backslider. He had noticed Tom's two boys with new shoes in the school and a chance remark by one of the teachers told him that those same shoes had come out of the Curate's pocket. Another day, too, he had discovered the said reprobate decently clad working in one of his parishioner's gardens. He found on enquiry that it was his Curate who had induced the said parishioner to give Tom one more chance although Tom had been having 'chances' made for him for years and was always throwing them away.

"Well," he said, "you had better turn in and get a good night's rest. Sleep is the best cure for 'blues'!"

The Curate, whose eyes were suspiciously bright, looked up at the clock:

"Why it's a quarter to eleven!" he said. And then he jumped to his feet with an exclamation: "Good Lord! A quarter to eleven! And I have forgotten—! And then he paused."

"What have you forgotten?" asked the Rector. "Your Office?"

"No," said he, "I have said all my Office, thank heaven!"

"What is it then?"

"Oh, well," said he with a shy sort of look; "it's my hour, you know."

"Your hour!" said the Rector with a puzzled look, "what on earth do you mean by your 'hour'?"

The Curate got rather red before explaining that he belonged to a Priest's League, the object of which was to ensure that each member spent one hour a week before the Blessed Sacrament. And he added, by the way of explaining his disturbance a moment before, that he had come to the end of his week and had not made the 'hour.'

The Rector laughed as he said: "Well, at any rate you cannot make it now, it is almost eleven o'clock! I don't understand these new-fangled devotions," he said, "it seems to me that if you say your Office, say your Mass and make your meditation, well you are there. What more can you want?"

"Oh, I don't dispute that for a moment," said the Curate, "still the 'hour' is a blessing though it is often rather a grind to fill it in."

They said 'Good-night' and parted. The Curate went up to his room feeling that he was after all the best place for him. But he felt uneasy as a look at his watch told him that it was almost eleven.

There is really no obligation whatever to make this 'hour' he said to himself while he wound up his watch. Still he did not undress but sat down on the edge of his bed.

"Supposing I don't make it!" he thought, "I certainly shall not sin; but then I suppose on the other hand I shall lose a lot of grace! Upon my word I think I will go down and try. I shall probably fall asleep though!"

With that he went down quietly to the church. He walked gingerly past his Rector's door, for somehow he did not fancy having to explain to him that he was going to make his 'hour' after all. Arrived at the church door he found he had forgotten the key.

"Oh, I really can't go upstairs and find it and come down again!" he said, "besides it is striking eleven now."

However his good angel prevailed, he found the key, stumbled into the gloomy church, knelt down, said a prayer. And then he began to feel horribly sleepy.

"However shall I pass the time?" he thought. Presently his head bobbed down and he dozed. He awoke with a start. "Why it must be past midnight!" he thought. But his watch pointed to three minutes after eleven, he had slept perhaps one minute!

"Good Lord! This will never do!" he said and he found his way into the Sacristy where he discovered a candle and the Rector's breviary.

He went back to his place and turned over the pages of his breviary in an idle fashion. He had said all his Office, and besides he was not supposed to say it during the 'hour.' But presently he stumbled upon the seventy-second Psalm: *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* He had read it before of course but it did not often form part of the Office so it was not really familiar to him.

Quam bonus Israel Deus, his qui replet corde. He repeated the words once or twice and then looked up at the flickering tabernacle-lamp *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* he repeated, and in the stillness of the night and the peace of the church the words seemed to take on a new significance. He seemed to be looking down the long vista of his past life; childhood, boyhood, early youth, his dawning vocation, years at the Seminary, these last few years of priestly activity—all passed before him. He saw in a flash of lights as it were—all the graces he had received, the chances he had had—and then he said on his knees: *Quam bonus Israel Deus!* he repeated again and again, and then:

"Oh, thank God I came down for this 'hour'!" And he looked at the Psalm once more: *Mei autem pene moti sunt pedes, pene effusi sunt gressus mei quia zelavi super iniquos!* And the guilty thought struck him: Why, that is just what I have been doing! He had grumbled at 'Old Tom' for being drunk, he had grumbled at the disappointments of parish-life; he had had a zeal on occasion of the wicked. And then he began to contrast 'old Tom's' chances with those he himself had received. How had Tom been brought up? Hadn't he lived all his life amidst squalor and filth? Was he not surrounded all day by the strongest temptations? And then once more his head sank to his hands and he felt a sore sense of shame: "But for Thine unspeakable mercy," he said, "I should have been as bad, or probably worse!"

And he read on: it was a description of the prosperity of the wicked: *Ecce ipsi peccatores et abundantes in saeculo obtinuerunt divitias!* "Poor old Tom!" he thought, "he has not got much *divitias* out of his wickedness!" It dawned on him almost as a revelation that perhaps old Tom was not such a big sinner after all, that his faults might be due to no evil will but rather to his surroundings, and that perhaps the very fact that he was not prosperous showed this.

"What a mystery it all is!" he thought. "Here is old Tom in his squalor there is old N., notorious old sinner, and yet he has all the world can give!"

Existimabam ut cognoscerem hoc, labor est ante me donec intrem in Sanctuarium Dei, he repeated: "Why, that is just where I am! Scales seemed to slip away from his eyes and he saw how good a thing it was that he had come down to the church that 'hour'; for here in the Sanctuarium Dei he was learning more about God and about his own soul than he had learnt in all his past life. *Velut Somnum surgenum, Domine, in civitate Tua imaginem ipsorum rediges!* As the dream of that awake, O Lord, so in Thy city Thou shalt bring their image to naught!"

Time and Eternity, he thought, good and evil, punishments and rewards, and the wicked shall be as the dream of them that awake!

And he clasped poor old Tom with his arms, and he thought, he had passed judgment upon him, he had felt discouraged because his efforts had apparently proved unavailing, he had been censorious, and now: *Donec intrem in Sanctuarium Dei!* Perhaps his had been purely human endeavour? Perhaps it had merely arisen from a natural love of hard work? And how miserable all that seemed here in the Light of the Sanctuary!

In utter self-abasement he read on: *Inflammatum est cor meum et ego ad nihil redactus sum et desicci!* "My heart was set on fire. I am brought down to naught, yet I knew it not! I am become as a yeast before Thee; and yet am I always with Thee! What have I in heaven save Thee! And apart from Thee what do I desire upon earth?"

"My very flesh hath languished away, and my heart too! O God of my heart! God Who art my portion for ever! For me it is good to cling to my God, to put my hope in the Lord God!"

The minutes slipped away and still the bowed form knelt there in the wan light of the Sanctuary lamp. His lips had ceased to pray, but in very truth his 'heart was set on fire.'

And old Tom, sleeping off the effects of his drunken bout, turned uneasily in his sleep and at last awoke. He lay half senseless for a moment and then, yielding to an ill-defined impulse, rolled himself out of bed, tumbled on his knees, and said: "It's the last time I will ever do it! God be merciful to me, a sinner!"—Rome.

reason as it may seem to me, is that any excuse for hurt feelings and complaining words that blacken my own daylight and prevent me from seeing how to keep my soul in peace and do my daily work efficiently, for the love of God?"

Suppose we were walking along the public highway on a very important errand that required our thoughtful consideration and our uninterrupted progress, and suppose we allowed ourselves to be fretted and stopped by every little obstacle, or by some careless fellow-traveller, or by a banana-peel beneath our feet—would we come very speedily to our journey's end, or would our important errand be accomplished very thoroughly?

There is a higher thought than this, however. Let us consider Jesus in the manger. Jesus in the work-shop at Nazareth, Jesus on the cross, Jesus was God. Clear and distinct before Him, in His divine all-knowledge lay the myriad needs and sorrows and sufferings of the entire world; and yet—Jesus was silent. No heart so sensitive as His Sacred Heart, none so loving; yet He bore everything silently, for "His time had not yet come." Ah, if we meditated on these scenes in the life of Jesus, if we meditated long, humbly, prayerfully, we should find ourselves oftentimes lifted indeed into a region of holy indifference; we should be so engrossed with the thought of our Blessed Lord and our work, for Him, as hardly to feel the pin-pricks that annoy us—and, time and time again, they are but pin-pricks; holy indifference would become a shield between us and the sensitive nature that is too frequently a hindrance, rather than the help it should be, in our spiritual life.

Of course there are other methods that we may use in this warfare. Holy indifference is but one method among many; and this holy indifference must be gentle, patient, quiet, unassuming, though it may frequently, also, be united to holy joy and cheer.—Sacred Heart Review.

SWITZERLAND SECTARIANISM

"There appeared quite recently in the 'Semaie Religieuse,' of Fribourg Switzerland, says Church Progress, an article drawing attention to the number of Protestant sects now existing in the different towns in Switzerland, the writer stating that there is certainly one for every taste every language, and every race, and that very soon there will be a church in every street.

"At Lausanne, for instance, in addition to a great diversity of sects for the Lutherans, evangelical services have been introduced by the Italians, the Salvation Army hold meetings, there are small assembly rooms for the 'Old Catholics,' and recently a Greek church has been opened."

At Geneva an equal embarrassment as to a choice of religion exists. If one rite does not satisfy, it is only necessary to wait a few days for another to offer itself. Frequently a new sect springs up which offers surprising advantages and pointing out a different way to heaven. The last of these call themselves 'New Christians,' perhaps through opposition to the 'Old Catholics,' or, it may be, in sympathy with the Modernists. According to their manifesto they bring to the world the 'revelation of revelations.' It is a little late and a little vague. It only remains for Catholics who do not believe in variations of creed or the means of salvation to be grateful for the true faith. We can always repeat with the same assurance: 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.'

HOLY INDIFFERENCE

What remedy shall we find for sensitive people? Nay, what remedy shall we find for each and all of us, in our degree, who feel only too often and too keenly the stings of manifold annoyances that hurt self?

Neglect, or what we think to be neglect; an angry word, a cross look, a humiliating oversight; a lack of appreciation, or a fancied lack of appreciation, of our efforts to do good—oh! how we let these things and such like things sadden and irritate us, and disturb our peace; how we permit them to hinder our spiritual progress, and to thwart our efforts to accomplish the work that lies before us to do!

Now there are many ways by which we may try to overcome this sensitive disposition; and first, we need not try to crush it out. Father Faber has said that a sensitive disposition, rightly trained, and turned to the thought of God's glory, may accomplish great things for Him. Only, do we not see, at once, that we must, instead of being sensitive about ourselves, become sensitive as to God's interests and the interests of our fellow-beings; and, even so, that we must not be sensitive in any irritable, or despondent, or nagging and fault-finding way?

However, to come straight down to the matter-of-fact question, "How shall we overcome our sensitiveness as to our own individual selves?" let us consider one mode of attack which we may term "holy indifference." Not merely "indifference," mind you—human and irreligious, stoical, scornful, hard-hearted; this is not what we mean at all; but "holy indifference," which is a very different thing.

"Indifference" is defined as "the state of being unconcerned," and "indifferent" is defined as "having no inclination or interest; awakening no concern or consideration; unimportant." Now "holy indifference" teaches us that many of the things which naturally annoy and sting us, have, when considered in the light of the great interests of God's kingdom and of the salvation of the soul, but a very trifling importance. Because I am overlooked, or found fault with, for some matter of very passing moment, or even for some graver

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Bless their labors with abundant fruit, and may they to whom they have ministered, be their joy here, and hereafter their eternal recompense. Amen.

O Jesus, Eternal Priest, keep this Thy servant within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may harm him.

Keep unstained his anointed hands, which daily touch Thy sacred Body, with Thy precious blood.

Keep pure and unceasingly a heart sealed with the sublime marks of Thy glorious Priesthood.

Let Thy holy love surround him and shield him from the world's contagion.

Bless his labors with abundant fruit, and may they to whom he has ministered be here his joy and consolation, and in heaven his beautiful and everlasting crown. Amen.—Sacred Heart Review.

GERMAN CONVERTS

MANY NOTED NAMES ON THE LIST OF RECENT ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH

Much has been heard lately of the recent conversion of a Bavarian nobleman, Baron von Kramer-Bleff, a councillor of the empire. His reception into the Catholic Church seems to have astonished the Protestants, though it is generally known amongst Bavarian Catholics that the Baron has long been Catholic in soul and even in practice, although his conversion was not published. It is, however, remarkable in two ways. He is the richest man in Germany and under a clause in his father's will he loses a portion of his property when he abjures Protestantism. Also it was love of the religious orders which eventually effected this conversion, and before he actually renounced Protestantism he had been a large benefactor to the Jesuits and the Benedictines. He presented the latter with a magnificent monastery, where he lives with them and shares their religious life, though he has not yet taken any vows. This conversion reminds one of the long list of great Germans converted to the Church during the past century. Amongst a list too long to quote in full are Alban Stolz, the great writer; Overbeck, the painter of note; Cramer, Mueller and the two Schadows. In the middle of the century the Peoples' missions, preached by the Jesuits drew many to make their peace with the Church, amongst these being Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, and nobles such as Prince Radziwill, the Countess Hahn-Hahn, and many men of letters. The persecution of the Archbishop of Cologne, Monsignor Dros Vischering, was the cause of an influx of converts, while so late as last year the reception of Professor Rivulle of the University of Hall, caused a sensation, when he consecrated his pen and his science to the Catholic Church.

PRAYERS FOR PRIESTS

How can we Catholics ever show sufficiently our gratitude to our priests? From them we receive the sacrament of baptism; through them God speaks to us the healing and cleansing words of absolution; from their hands we receive the Bread of Life; their lips interpret to us the words of life. In hours of sorrow and illness our priests come to us; they visit the pest-house, and the prison; contagious diseases do not frighten them from us; they risk their lives for our lives; they stand at our deathbeds to prepare us to meet our Eternal Judge. Day by day they offer for us the tremendous sacrifice of the Mass; they are anointed, and are set apart from other men in order that they may seek souls and save souls for the honor and glory of Almighty God and to help satiate the burning thirst of the Great High Priest, Jesus Christ, for men's salvation.