is the narrow bight or fiord that cuts its way far into the land. Yonder is the Coast Guard Station; and I guess that many a glass is levelled at this old pile. But mum's the word!"

They went higher to the last story, which was unroofed, and open to the heavens, although the walls and windows were intact. And, as they stood in pairs, gazing at the wondrous scene that lay before them, Jack Wycherly whispered to Annie:

"You won't be alarmed, Miss O'Farrell, if I tell you that this is the window where the reputed ghost is seen? We have no faith in it, Dion and I. We have our own suspicions. But, poor Papa believes that it is our dear mother's spirit that comes back to visit a place that was dear to her. We don't care to contradict him. It would anger him. But, we think it is all a fraud. And oh! it is so horrible to think that our dear mother's memory should be used in so shocking a manner!"

And there were tears in the boy's eyes, as he spoke; and Annie, turning toward him in the waning twilight, noticed the pinkish pallor of his face, and the glitter in two luminous eyes. Fearing to ask what he and his brother suspected, she thought to relieve his feelings by asking of what his mother had died.

"Of consumption!" he said. "Pulmonary phthisis is what father called it. She caught cold, neglected it, and it developed into that disease. But it is very chill here, Miss O'Farrell. Let us go down!"

As they stepped from the last stone on to the gravel, they were met by the tall form and dark face of Judith. She was by no means an ill-looking woman; but there was always a sinister look on her face, that was furrowed, as we have said.

"Let me tell your fortune, young lady!" she said, holding out her hand.

Dion, who had gone up the hill with Miss Liston, shouted down:

"Get away from that old hag, Miss O'Farrell. Jack, what are you doing?"

But the woman clutched the girl's arm, who shrank from her in terror; and Jack Wycherly, seeing her anguish, struck smartly the hand of the old witch.

She turned on him angrily; and, then, assuming her usual prophetic look, she pointed upward to the castle, and said:

"The spirit of your mother calleth for you—to go to her, and in the same way."

They passed from her in silence, oppressed by her manner and her words. When they entered Rohira, there was a tumult of voices. The eldest brother, and heir to Rohira, had unexpectedly come back from sea.

TO BE CONTINUED

ASSISTANCE AT THE SUNDAY MASS

PAPER PRESENTED AT THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS BY THE REV P. J. HARTIGAN, RECTOR OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL'S, DESERONTO, ONT

In the order of ideas, a product of natural justice, as well as an adjunct hereof, is the moral virtue of religion. For while justice is the cardinal virtue that, abiding in the rational appetite, invests the human will with a constant and lasting disposition to give every one his due; its kindred virtue that disposes man to render to God the things that are God's, is called religion. Thus is justice the parent of religion. Stem and branch, they are ever joined in kinship since human reason spoke the primal dictate governing man's relation to his Maker.

Reason's dictate pointing the right way, enjoins upon the rational creature the duty of eliciting the activity that expresses and perfects a congenial habit of religion, which makes it easy for man to revere God, as his first beginning to the last end. In the matter here under consideration, the inborn habit finds expression and perfection in religious worship, inwardly and outwardly uttering obedience and homage of heart and mind to God.

Always and everywhere men have yielded to the compelling sense of their duty to worship the Supreme Being. Not infrequently have they looked the wrong way. Yet it is the affirmation of mankind in all the centuries that the Deity is to be adored. "If you travel the world over," says Plutarch, (Adv. Col. Epic.) "you may find cities without ramparts, . . . but a people without God, without prayers, . . . without religious rites, without sacrifices, is nowhere to be seen." "Man always worships some thing," writes Carlyle, (Essays: Goethe's Work) "always he sees the Infinite shadowed forth in some thing finite: and indeed can and must so see it in any finite thing, once tempt him well to fix his eyes thereon." It is reason's light now clear, now dim, intimating ever and anon that fundamental and immutable relation of man to God wherein is seated the supreme form of sovereign duty. For God is man's owner, being the Creator, Upholder, Governor and absolute Lord of all that He has made.

Wherefore let man's spiritual nature inwardly pay supreme homage to the Sovereign Lord Whose own are all that creature has and is, in whom we live and move and have our being. Let every human spirit honor God by adoring Him, by trusting in Him, by fearing Him, by loving Him above all, for His majesty, His might, His infinite goodness.

But human nature is not spirit only; and man is a composite and manifold creature. His soul with its faculties, the seat and principle of his cognitions, affections, emotions and impulses, is substantially united with a body through whose sensitive organism the immaterial spirit is lifted up to a knowledge of things intangible and invisible: and in its turn, with eyes or hands upraised, with quickened heartbeats and endless modes of speech, the body becomes the minister and messenger of inward awe and love, of gratitude and supplication, of joy and grief and hatred. And when in reason's seat is high enthroned a conviction of God's supremacy and man's dependence, ere long the neck must bow, the knee must bend. For while the body of flesh is the spirit's instrument and servant, the earthly, perishable, and inferior complement, soul and body together are human nature. "What a piece of work is man!" exclaims the Dramatist, "how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?" The "piece of work" is God's own making for Himself. Hence man's duty to employ body and soul in exterior as well as interior worship and service of God, to pay tithe to the Sovereign Proprietor for the complex human nature, and for all the accompanying gifts that He has bestowed and continues to bestow, and which would stop short unless He continued to bestow.

It is indeed easy to conceive true inward religious worship, and multiform religious activity in heart and mind, away from exterior functioning. But, for most men, worship wholly of the silent sort inevitably drifts into drowsy, aimless, empty reverie. If the inward emotions and aspirations towards high heaven's King are to be quickened and sustained, we will build the temple and bow and kneel therein; and by symbolic rite represent to the Lord of the temple our sense of sinfulness, our need of Him, our dependence on Him, for body and soul, for life and for death. Moreover, out of the worldly possessions which our hands have garnered, we will make oblation to the Lord of Hosts Who says: "The silver is mine and the gold." (Agg. 2:9) Not that He needs these things, all or any of them, or any thing that we can do: but because He is worthy of them all: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, our God to receive glory, honor and power: because Thou hast created all things, and for Thy will they were and have been created." (Apoc. 4: 11.)

These ethical principles, originating in nature, are further elucidated in God's explicit revelation of His will. "In Thy light we shall see light."

At sundry times and in divers manners God's will has been manifested. He has respect to Abel's sacrifice; He commands that of Jacob; by ordinance divine the priesthood of Aaron is created for oblation of holocaust and peace offering and sin offering, to body forth supreme homage, impetration, thanksgiving and atonement. To the end that the people of Israel may adore, supplicate and thank the Almighty, and, through faith in a Redeemer to come, may appease their God, His law enjoins ritual sacrifice. The matter hereof is prescribed; the several methods and forms, the place, the times, the seasons—all are clearly defined and determined; for they concern the integrating element of worship; they embody the first and most necessary act of religion. But of divine appointment though they were, this priesthood and all the sacred functions pertaining to it were overlaid with the intrinsic instability and infirmity of a dispensation purposely figurative and temporary. That Old Law held but the shadow of the good things to come; wherefore it must give place to the dispensation that shall hold the very substance of the new and Eternal Covenant. The blood of oxen and of goats and the ashes of a heifer sprinkled availed in their time to the sanctification of the flesh; but when Christ is come, a High Priest for evermore, the Father of a new world, of a race reborn, the Lamb that taketh away their sins, nothing less than the Blood of this Divine Victim offering Himself unspotted unto God, can profit our souls and cleanse our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God. Onward from the day of Calvary, there is a setting aside of the former commandment because of the weakness and unprofitableness hereof. Those ancient rites prefigured the new order; they have done their work; and now, by one oblation of His Blood sufficient for our sins, we have the promise of eternal inheritance through Him who is our Mediator, our priest, our sacrifice, even Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, and the same unto everlasting.

Among the people of Israel, sacrament and sacrifice found acceptance before God because of the worthy dispositions accompanying the use of them, and because they were types of the good things to come through Christ our Lord. Want of faith or want of devotion, on the contrary, frequently made these religious rites distasteful to the God whose abode was in Sion; because, in themselves, of no value in his sight "Shall I eat the flesh of bullocks," said He, "or drink the blood of goats?" (Ps. 49 13.) "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will not receive a gift from your hands." (Mal. 1, 10.) Moreover, singly they were incapable of answering the ends of sacrifice. Lo, the day is at length come when from the rising of the sun even to the going down, Jehovah's name is great among the nations, and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to His name a clean oblation.

It is our Holy Mass, "which was foreshadowed," say the Fathers of Trent, (Sess. xxii c. i) "by the olden oblations of various symbolic import, whether under the Mosaic Law or before it; since all the benefits that were betokened in them are gathered up and completed and perfected in this oblation." And this truth is again set forth in a liturgical prayer proper to the seventh Sunday after Pentecost: "O God, who by the perfection of one Sacrifice hast made yet more sacred the diversity of oblations aforetime enjoined, receive the Sacrifice from Thy devoted servants, and bless it even as Thou didst bless Abel's offering." Thus the grace of the Redeemer has perfected nature: thus one jot or tittle of the law passes not away: thus the light of conscience in the erring races of men is made ever clearer to us whom God hath called from darkness into His own marvellous light. "The Sacrifice we offer," says S. Cyprian, "is the Passion of the Lord." It is an oblation of infinite value and dignity, and manifestly the only one worthy of God; because Christ is the Victim and Christ is the Priest. It is the only Sacrifice that is at once adoration, thanksgiving, atonement, impetration. It is the Sacrifice that, under form of Holy Thursday's bread and wine was instituted, that by Good Friday's Victim bleeding and dying was consummated when Christ our Pasch was slain, when Aaron's priesthood ceased for ever: it is the selfsame Victim unbleeding and undying that henceforth is offered from dawn till dark by Him who is a Priest forevermore according to the order of Melchisedec.

In heathendom itself, by nature's leading, men consecrated certain days to religious worship. The God of Israel commanded the sanctification of His Sabboth. And the same God, through the Church, in whose mouth His word ever abides, requires us to observe the Sunday. How otherwise than by assistance at the Sunday Mass?

Our adoption of the word "assistance" in the title assigned to this paper and in the course of our treatment of the subject, because applying the term in a special and unusual sense, is not to pass unnoticed. Better perhaps than any other, this word, in the present context, is capable of denoting not only the intention and attention commanded us for fulfilment of the holy precept, but it implies also the positive co-operation that is inherent in the action of worshipping God through the Mass. For by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice we are not merely witnesses of a sacred rite, nor simply bystanders at a priestly function, but we become offerers conjointly with him whose hands touch the Hallowed Host and chalice within the sanctuary. Clergy and laity, we are a holy nation, a kingly priesthood, chiefly in virtue of our Mass. It belongs to the pious worshipper on the uttermost fringe of the throng that fills the vast basilica, and it belongs to the chasubled minister officiating at the high altar. "Pray brethren," he says, "that your Sacrifice and mine may be acceptable to God, the Father Almighty." And, in the august ceremonial enacted there, every detail of movement or of utterance, every posture and every gesture, every audible word, every whisper betokens, and is designed by Holy Church, to quicken and sustain, our individual as well as collective participation in the awful mysteries underlying the sacerdotal action of sacrifice.

Once and for aye the Sacrifice of our ransom was consummated. Behold, the crucifix, lifted high above mystic Bread and Wine, preaches to eager faith the message that this marvel of mysteries is Calvary, not repeated, but enduring until sin shall perish from the earth, and is setting forth the Saviour's death until He come. "In every Mass," writes the angelic doctor, (Cap. vi. Isa.) "is found the whole effectiveness of what Christ wrought on the cross. Whatever is the fruit of the Lord's passion, is the fruit of this sacrifice; for it contains Christ, the Victim that suffered." No new sacrificial action this of the great High Priest that enters once and only once into the holy of holies. But, as in the day of creation God's Word made man, and in virtue of that creative Word the Lord is ever yet the Creator of every child of man; even so, the Word of God instituted our sacrifice, which ever yet continues to be His own very work. In no work so holy as this, we maintain with the Council of Trent, (Sess. xxii decr. Quanta Cura) in none so divine, can it fall to the lot of Christ's faithful to be engaged. According to the saint and sage of Jarrow, (Beda, de sacrif. miss.) it is glory to the triune God, joy to the angels, pardon to the sinner, help to the righteous. Hence worship it is indeed, meet and sufficient for the sanctification of the Lord's day.

It is the only worship that places on our altar the Divine Victim as a holocaust of praise and homage, to the adorable Trinity. If the whole universe is as nothing in the sight of God the most Holy and most High, not even God's Majesty is greater than the Christ that here immolates Himself for us, an oblation and victim of sweet adour. It is worship that offers the Victim capable of atoning for our sins of yesterday and to-day, by applying to you and me the efficacious atonement achieved by Him Who is a propitiation for our offenses. It is the worship in which the precious life-stream flows as fresh as when the Sacred Heart first outpoured the Blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth us from all sins. "Give to the Most High according to what He hath given to thee." (Eccli. 35-12.) And what shall I give that is commensurate with His bounty and befits the holy Sabbath? "Thine, O Lord, is magnificence and power and glory . . . for all that is in heaven and in earth, is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art above all princes. Thine are riches, and thine is glory, Thou hast dominion over all." (Par. 1, 29, 11, 12.) Forever blessed be the name of the Lord who, out of the riches of His mercy, will make return for me on the Lord's day. Ye are no longer poor, no longer bankrupt as ye kneel before the altar of infinite thanksgiving. In all things ye are made rich in Him whose Blood is glowing in the Chalice of Salvation that is lifted up, so that nothing is wanting to you. Once more as in the Cenacle, raising His eyes to heaven, He is giving thanks for you. It is the only worship that is plenary thanksgiving. Yea, more, it is the abounding source of every spiritual grace and blessing. Here on the altar we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Just, that He may appear now in the presence of God for us. From earth to heaven His Blood is crying for mercy on the guilty. As in the day of His mortal life, with strong cry and tears, He is offering up prayer and supplication for sinful men, and is heard for His reverence. As when fastened to the rood, His outstretched palms, still bearing the cruel nail-prints, are here pleading for us, that we may repent of our sins, be strong in temptation, persevere to the last: in fine, that where sin abounded, grace may abound the more. Here, in truth, is Calvary over again. For while Calvary was the consummation of merit, the mystic death of the Victim on our altar, without effusion of Blood, is the copious bestowal of that treasured consummation.

Yea, Calvary enduring, with Calvary's triumphs and Calvary's failures. For, as with Mary and John and Magdalen standing there, were those for whom the Life-Blood of the Crucified was poured out in vain; even so, first and last, there are those to whom the Sunday Mass brings no blessing. Infinite though its intrinsic efficacy, its fruit in our souls is for ever dependent on ourselves. Oh, what purity of heart should we not bring on the Lord's Day into the holy place, where the dread Sacrifice of our ransom is brought down so near! What devotion should not enthral us, what love should not thrill, what reverence sundue us body and spirit, in the presence of Him Who, being consummated, becomes to all that obey Him the cause of eternal salvation!

Sinless Adam was endued with incorruption and, to the end that the First Man might preserve his immortality, God brought forth of the ground a Tree of Life in the midst of Paradise. But when man had rebelled and was driven from his abode of earthly bliss, he knew the Tree of Life no more. An enclosed garden, a terrestrial Eden, is the Church of God. The Mass is the Tree of Life that stands therein, its branches ever burdened with clustering fruitage that mankind may have life and have it more abundantly, the perishable life of grace, the immortal life of glory. And it is to the Holy Mass we are bidden on Sunday if we would not forfeit the condition of our life hereafter in imperishable bliss.

From this condition of his immortality does a man exile himself by disregarding the Church's precept relative to the Sunday Mass. Pastors of souls in Canada, as a rule, have indeed little reason to complain of the conduct of their flocks in regard of assistance at the Sunday Mass. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. Many a priest ministering in a scattered mission could relate instances of unconscious heroism that, Sunday after Sunday, evidence the resolute courage, splendid self-denial and ever ardent zeal of Canadian Catholics in giving God His due on the Lord's Day. Yet it behooves us all to enhance our wholesome dread of the sin of Mass missing on Sunday.

In the Christian life Sunday Mass operates like the action of God's gracious Providence over the creature. It is the condition of life and death. What food and air and rest and shelter and the genial offices of earth and sky are to us all, that we may not cease to live, that the Sunday Mass is to our souls' estate. Withdraw that vital boon and ere long the life of faith and grace must perish; and once again the world is void and empty, and darkness is on the face of the deep, as before the dawn of creation ere first the Spirit of God moved over chaos. What the prerogative of Christ's Vicar, as the principle of unity and the safeguard of divine faith, is to the Christian Commonwealth, that the Sunday Mass practically becomes to the individual Catholic. Where Peter is, there is the Church: those who are not with Peter are arrayed against Christ. Similarly those who persevere in the observance of the Sunday obligation to hear Mass, persevere also with joy and peace in believing: they retain the root of justification, Roman, Papal faith. It is God's answer to the prayer which the priest not infrequently offers before the altar: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, graciously bestow on Thy Church the gifts of peace and unity, whereof the elements of our oblation are the mystic symbols." On the other hand, observe the man who divorces himself from the schemes of human redemption by culpable neglect of the Sunday Mass. Is not his sin the very badge that heralds apostasy in himself or in his children, whom by his baleful example he defrauds of their birthright? It is not to be said that such an evil results by way of inexorable destiny, or that the subsequent recreancy is related to the antecedent unfaithfulness as unchangeably as effect to its cause. Yet common experience tells a sad and instructive story.

No man may trace the mysterious processes of God's reprobation whereby He casts off the individual or the nation. But as with the individual, even so assuredly with the people: abandonment of Holy Mass is ever the co-efficient and cognisance and seal of heresy. Contrast the case of England with that of Ireland. In the one country the tyrant fails to wrest their holiest heirloom from a martyred race: in the other, his law robs the people of their heritage. In the one nation, when Mass is by law abolished, it is the many that gather around the massrock on mountain and moor: in the other, it is the faithful few that huddle under the roof in country mansion, or within secret chapel of lord and lady, to assist at the holy mysteries. Antiochus shall have indignation against the covenant of the sanctuary, and he shall succeed (cf. Dan. 11 28) in the land of St. Augustine; among the children of St. Patrick the Spoiler shall defile the sanctuary of strength, but he shall not take away from them the continual sacrifice (cf. 31 ib.) In Ireland, a nation kept the Mass and keeps the faith: in England, a nation discarded the unbloody Sacrifice of man's redemption; and England is Catholic no more. And while God's angels shall record the deeds of men, and until the heavens shall be rolled together as a parchment written over (cf. Is. 34-4,) the unfolding years will not cease to demonstrate that the Sunday Mass is an immediate principle of unity in Christ's mystical Body: that those who cling to their baptismal faith, even as it is told of the first Christians: "They. . . . received. . . . (Peter's) word and were baptised. . . . and they were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayers." (Acts 2: 41-42.)

To sum up the whole subject. In the hearts of Christian people may there abide a lively horror of the sin of Mass-missing, so heinous in itself, so hurtful in its results. Possessed by this temper of mind, and cultivating this genuinely Catholic instinct, they feel that assistance at the Sunday Mass is the first and largest concern of Christian duty on the Sabbath of the Lord—that it is the Mass that matters above all. "The man that has missed Mass on Sunday," said O Connell, "is no man for me." Undeniably, this old-fashioned dread of the evil is to-day less in evidence than one could wish it. Let us reawaken it if need be, and quicken it into activity. Let working men be dissuaded from retaining or seeking such employment as shall exclude them from the Sunday Mass. Very frequently they have but to claim the right that God has given them, and which no power on earth is permitted arbitrarily or selfishly to ignore. A primordial endowment of the moral nature is this, which the same Lord of all forbids each holder hereof cravenly to abdicate; since it directly involves that relation of creature to Creator which is the foundation of human dignity. I am not unaware that the wage-earner is now and then confronted by a condition at once insuperable and unassailable. None the less I am persuaded that God's sovereign claims are too often presumptuously and unrighteously waived in the weak-kneed surrender of man's indefeasible rights. Clearly unlawful and wholly unjustifiable is the Sunday excursion that takes the Christian on pleasure bent, away from Holy Mass on the Lord's Day. For the more effectual removal of such a flagrant evil, we ought to advocate and welcome the enactment and enforcement of civil legislation that shall meet the danger at every point, and shall punish all real descretion of the Sunday. Lastly, an evil to be dreaded, a snare to be shunned, resides in the laxity incidental to vacation days on mountain-slope and lake-side, at watering-place and summer camp. The church is no longer within fifteen minutes' walk or a half hour's drive: public feeling, which at home favours and peradventure stimulates religious observance, is here placidly indifferent to the most unscrupulous abandonment of duty, or is hostile to the intrusions of conscience; on the strenuous pursuit of pleasure from Monday morning till Saturday night ensues the vacuous and torpid lassitude accounted proper to the weekly day of rest; a systematic hedonism environs and overmasters for a season; and the friendship of God is buoyantly bartered away. Let the parent thus undutiful take good heed that, being himself the living law and lesson that his offspring learn as they learn no other, his crime is all the blacker treason against their heavenly Father, because hereby they are robbed of their richest heritage—they and their children's children—quite as effectually as through ravening Tudor's edict generation after generation has been cheated of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

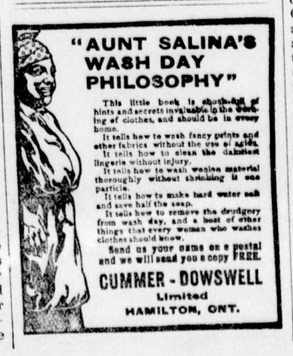
ORATORY OF JOHN REDMOND

By common consent Mr. John Redmond is the finest orator in the House of Commons at the present time. He possesses to the full all the poetic eloquence of his race. In his soft rich brogue, which, if not so pronounced as that of some of his followers, is, at least, more pleasant to the ear. I have heard Mr. Redmond deliver more than one speech that is quite worthy to rank with anything that the House has ever listened to. As he warms to his subject he assumes a dignity of bearing and a restraint of language that becomes him well, and even the most casual observer realizes that he fully believes in every word he is uttering; that he is exerting himself to the utmost to convince his auditors of the justice of the cause to which he pleads. It may be said that Mr. Redmond never resumes his seat without having done something to advance the well-being of his beloved country.

To hear him emphasizing the disadvantages under which Ireland labors, to paint her woes, and to picture her wrongs would move the most inveterate Unionist who ever waved a pocket handkerchief at a Primrose League demonstration. In all parts of the House Mr. Redmond is popular, even with his hereditary foes—the Irish Unionist members. And speaking of this, I recall a remark made to me by the late Col. Sanderson only a short time before his death: "If there were many more Irishmen possessed of the eloquence and ability of John Redmond, it would not be long before Great Britain was won over to the side of Home Rule."—H. H. in London Onlooker.

The mite of service is always more than the mountain of money.

It is of faith that God always answers right prayers, and in a way and in a degree beyond our most enthusiastic expectations; but He does not yet let us see how. We must take it on faith. We are quite sure that in the long run we shall not be disappointed.—Father Faber.



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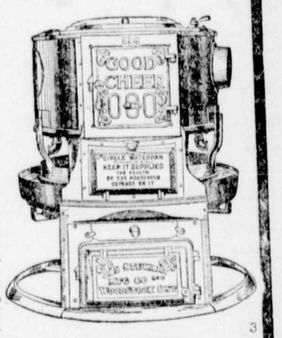

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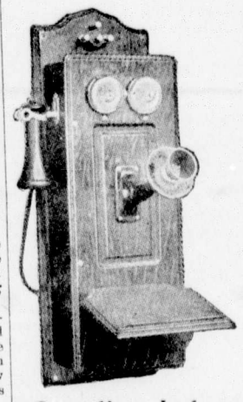

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