robbed me of all desire to trace relationships, and, as for my distant kin in England, why, I did not remember where my dear mother was born. I felt, however, that Miss Wildman was sent to our rectory for some purpose and that I must wait patiently until God's time for revealing it.

In the meantime I placed her in my prayers especially at Holy Mass. What a curious human nature we have. Even an imaginary tie will awaken interest and roll back the tide of years.

Miss Wildman did not return for several weeks. By that time I had almost forgotten her. But at last she did present herself, and I went gladly to see her. After the usual greetings, she plunged right into what was uppermost in her mind.

"Father," she said, "did you mean to upset my whole fabric of religious belief when you placed that little book in my hands?"

"Indeed I did not, my child," I answered, "I only meant to give you some replies to the questions you asked me about the ceremonies of our holy Church. Did you not find them?"

"I certainly found them," she answered, "and I found a great deal more! Father, it was an unseen Providence that led me to you. I have been restless and dissatisfied with my own belief for a long time. I have often listened to my own father in the pulpit and my heart would not agree with his words. He is dead now and I hold his memory the most sacred thing on earth. I believe he would rise up in his grave, if it were possible, to reprove me for speaking to a Roman Catholic priest. But he was a noble character, a magnificent man. You would have honored him if you had known him. Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hand for a moment; I was silent. I respected her feelings.

"Do not think for a moment,' she resumed, "he would have taught me willfully what was error. He did not know. He was sure he was right."

"Then," I interrupted, "if he lived a sinless life he is safe with God in Paradise. His happiness is for all eternity and no doubt, through God's mercy, he has inspired you to look into the faith that has never satisfied you and see wherein you are disappointed."

"That little book has explained away a volume of doubts, but not all; sufficient, however, to make me determine to place myself under instruction with you Father, with a view to become a member of your Church."

Here was the providence of God. Here was the reason. Miss Wildman had been inspired to seek out a priest, not knowing further than that she was seeking a namesake. My mental vision swept the whole divine scheme like a flash.

"My child," I answered, "I can only thank the good God Who has so wonderfully led you to His Divine Heart. Gladly will I instruct you, and give peace to your soul. We will not delay an hour. Here is a little catechism. We will take it, question and answer, and you will tell me your difficulties and your doubts as we go along."

It was touching to see her eagerness. She began and I soon saw this was no ordinary pupil. She was well read in the so-called theology of Presbyterianism, and her arguments were hard to displace. She made an intelligent fight, and two hours passed before we realized it. I asked her to return and she suggested a time which suited me. Her face was radiant as she left and God's grace beamed from her eyes.

She came back, and I was surprised at the ease with which she had learned the catechism and accepted its dogmas. I wondered what would be her special stumbling block. I found it out when we came to the Sacraments. At the chapter on the Holy Eucharist I saw her face grow pale. I waited.

"Father," she said impulsively, "I cannot believe the Most High God could, or should, submit to the degradation of being eaten as food. To me it is a terrible irreverence. My soul longs to believe in the Real Presence of the Lord in the consecrated bread and wine, but how could He submit to the profanation that must come with transubstantiation? I shudder when I think of it. God would not, could not, descend so low. He is the King of the Universe, and while He was born in a stable and was laid in a manger, that was enough! Further humiliation is incredible."

Here was her stumbling block, the hard incredulity of Calvin. I waited to offer a silent prayer.

"My child," I said, "the great mystery of faith is only explained by love. Words are of little avail. I will not argue this point to-day, nor will I talk about it. I wish to ask you to do something first. Will you do it?"

"Surely, you are not going to dismiss me!" she said anxiously.

"No, no! no indeed," I said quickly, "I only wish you to do something. Will you?"

"Anything at all, Father. I will do anything you tell me."

"Well," I said, "you pass the Cathedral every day coming here. I wish you to go in, take a seat in the first pew near the altar, fix your eyes on the little golden door of the Tabernacle, and say no prayer, but gaze at it, as if you expected to hear the voice of a friend! Remain there fifteen minutes with your thoughts concentrated, and come back after this daily visit, a week from to-day. Can you do this?"

"How easy! How beautiful! I thought it was some great task you intended to try me with," she said. "I love that vast silent Cathedral. I find something to admire every time I visit it. Certainly I will go!"

"But this is not to be a visit of admiration; it is a visit of obedience."

"I will go Father," she said earnestly, and as my time was up, I dismissed her.

I prayed during that week that the Lord in the Tabernacle would look out on her unbelief and save her. The week seemed long passing, for I was interested beyond measure.

At last she returned and I knew God had been good to her. She did not wait to be seated.

"Oh Father," she said, "the Blessed Sacrament has conquered me! I believe it all! I wonder how I could have ever doubted. One day, the third day I had gone, I sat there in the first pew. I was alone in the big church, and I was looking at the Tabernacle when it seemed to me that a flood of light broke upon my soul. The thought of the Angel who announced to the Virgin Mary that the Son of God was made man, seemed analogous to the fact that the Lord announced to His disciples and the multitude, that His Flesh was meat indeed and His Blood was drink indeed. And if one wonder was possible, so was the other. I thought of the great Last Supper and imagined I saw the Lord holding the bread, and saying, "This is My Body,' and then, when all was over, 'Do this in commemoration of Me.' Why! He made His Apostles priests, and gave them power to change bread into His Flesh and Blood! Father, it seemed easy to believe. I fell on my knees, and made my first act of faith in the Real Presence. I wept tears of joy and could hardly tear myself away from the altar. The whole sanctuary, the whole Church, seemed filled with the presence of the living Christ, radiating from the Tabernacle. Every day since my visit was a thanksgiving, and the kneeling down at the door of the pew, which I never did before, came spontaneously and lovingly from my heart. Father, I believe in the Holy Eucharist, and adore the Real Presence with every power of my body and soul."

Her glowing works came from the depths of her heart. I did not interrupt her. I saw her eyes were full of tears, and indeed, they were not far from my own. The hidden God of the Eucharist had made Himself manifest to her. How I thanked Him!

"You have much to be grateful for," I said. "God has done a great thing in your soul."

"Yes, Father, and there is nothing for me to do but to prepare for my baptism and reception into the Church."

"As soon as you wish," I said. "It will be a great joy to receive you into the Church, and baptise you."

I continued her instructions, and she left full of joy. I expected her the next day. She did not come; another day passed, and another. I heard no tidings of her. I grew anxious and alarmed. She had never given me her address, and I blamed my thoughtlessness in not asking it. Two weeks passed by. Still no tidings. Words cannot express my grief, my distress. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind.

At last relief came. I learned she had taken suddenly ill. Her disease developed into appendicitis. Her friends had taken her to a non-Catholic hospital where an operation was deemed necessary. She refused decidedly to submit to it until she saw a Catholic priest, and although she had asked for me, one of the priests from the Cathedral was summoned hastily by 'phone, to whom she stated her desire to be baptised and to receive Holy Communion. Seeing she was well instructed he baptised her and gave her what she thought would be her first and last Communion.

The operation was concluded successfully and when she was sufficiently recovered she went to a health resort where she is slowly convalescing. She writes to me that her greatest joy is her daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament in a lonely little village church not far from the cottage where she is staying. She concluded her letter by saying, "Oh Father, if those outside the Catholic Church knew the sweetness, the happiness, of the belief that our Lord is in the Holy Eucharist in our Tabernacles, and comes to be our Food, there would not be a Protestant church in the world. They would be deserted. My daily prayer is—nay, I say it every hour—Praised be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar!"

My story is ended. Of course I have used a fictitious name but the facts are all true and emphasize the love of Jesus for souls, especially for souls that are in earnest in their search for truth. To all of these we can say truly, as we point to the Tabernacle, "The Master is here and calleth for thee!"

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PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

SERMON PREACHED AT CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL, OTTAWA, SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, OF THE UNIVERSITY

"I am the Good Shepherd" (John x, 14)

Beloved Brethren,—To-day's Gospel contains the most comforting and the most suggestive parable ever spoken by our Divine Lord. A parable as you know, is a narrative under which is veiled some important truth; and its suggestiveness depends on three things—the obviousness of its meaning, the conciseness of the style in which it is expressed, and its adaptableness to the capacity of those to whom it is spoken. The parable was a common mode of teaching amongst Orientals; hence the large number of parables found in Holy Writ. The parables spoken by our Lord claim pre-eminence above others on account of their appropriateness and their simplicity. To understand the meaning of these parables we must have some knowledge of the customs and habits of the people to whom they were addressed; hence, to appreciate the parable of "The Good Shepherd," we must consider the conditions existing in Palestine when Christ "came into Galilee, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God" (Mark, 1, 14).

Palestine was then, as it had been for ages (and still is) largely a pastoral country; and "there were Shepherds in the same country watching over their flock" (Luke, 11, 9). Out on the lonely mountain side, with the everlasting hills around, and the heaven above, pure, blue, and still, the Shepherd tended His flock, and protected it from the incursions of the ravening wolf. With a rod or staff He guided it to the green pastures beside the running waters. The sheep were so tame and so trained that they followed their Keeper with the utmost docility; they recognized the Shepherd's voice: "I know mine, and mine know Me" (John, x, 4); and when danger threatened, they gathered around Him. The Shepherd never left His helpless charges alone, but accompanied them by day and abode with them by night. When, in autumn the pastures dried up, and in winter food becomes scarce, the Shepherd actually fed His flock by gathering the branches of trees whose tender twigs and succulent leaves contain nutritious juices.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom" ((Is xi, II).

The points of resemblance between sheep and man are very striking: sheep are social and gregarious animals, for they live and graze in company and huddle together in time of danger. Man is made for society; he lives and deals with his fellows, having in view security and mutual help. Sheep easily wander away; they constantly leave the fold, when able, and follow each other in straying: "All we like sheep have gone astray (Is. liii, 6). Sheep easily become a prey to wolves, because they run from bush to bush seeking varieties of food. Man strays from the paths of righteousness by seeking pleasures in the "pastures of the wicked," thus becoming a prey of sin and the devil. This resemblance is strongly emphasized in Holy Writ; and the allusion in the Gospel to-day is particularly suggestive. Our Lord appropriates all the characteristics of the "Good Shepherd"; and under this title makes a special appeal to our love, our sympathy, and our faith.

St. Augustine, interpreting this parable, says: "You fathers and mothers are shepherd of your families; children are the sheep committed to your care; and God will demand a strict accounting of the flock committed to your guidance." This is the sense in which we are going to interpret this parable; and we shall outline the responsibilities of parents towards their children. These responsibilities are multifold; but we will group them under three headings: moral training; education; and example.

The first and paramount duty of parents towards their children is to teach them the "things that are of God." St. John lays down this obligation in his Epistle to the lady Elect: " I was exceeding glad, that I found my children walking in the way of truth, *as we have received a commandment of the Father*" (I John, ix, 4). This duty depends principally on the mother of the child, as its earliest years are spent at her knee: the father has little time, and perhaps, less inclination for the work of instruction. The father and mother, however, must supplement each other in the discharge of parental duty; the former, by his position of command and force of character, represents divine power and justice; the latter, by her gentleness and tender love, represents the divine attributes of bounty and compassion. Hence, it is the duty of the father to confirm by the exercise of his authority what the mother teaches. The future happiness of children depends upon early training; for mature age reflects the teachings of childhood. It is an old saying: "The child is father of the man." The mind of a child is plastic and ductile; and just as you may model out of a piece of wax or soft metal the image of an angel or a devil, so you may mould the character of a child for good or evil. First impressions are never entirely effaced from the mind; and the seeds of virtue sown in the field of youth will bear fruit in after-life. Then you must begin the child's spiritual formation whilst the mind is capable of being easily influenced. Parents do not seem to realize the potentialities of children; and we may apply very aptly to our fathers and mothers of to-day these words of our Lord: "Verily the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." They should learn a lesson from seekers after wealth and fleeting fame. The sculptor, standing at the edge of a quarry of marble conjures up in a fancy the statues and monuments which his skilful hands can produce from the shapeless mass: the painter, standing before his easel, contemplates the stately figures and the ravishing beauties which his brush will produce on the yet blank canvass: the miner sees in the ore of his latest "find" the ingots and the coin into which the metal will be fashioned: the diver seeks in caverns deep of the ocean bold, the pearls which will adorn mayhap, a kingly diadem. They scan the future with the vision of a seer these seekers after worldly treasures; and to them, the prospect is bright with lustrous sheen. But what are such treasures compared with children? Are not these mines laden with the ore which may be coined and pass current among generations to come which will purchase not merely the necessary things of life, but will make life itself a thing worth living, and fill it with blessings which the heart of man can scarce conceive? Are not these "pearls of great price" which will sparkle in the diadem, not of kings of earth, but of the "King of Kings?" Are not these statues yet unformed, pictures to be hung in the gallery of the world for men and angels to gaze upon? Ah, would that parents realized the potentialities of children. Would that they estimated at their full value the souls upon which the moisture of baptism still glistens as the dew upon the lily and the rose; But alas; negligence (too often culpable) is writ large on the daily record of our twentieth-century homes: mothers delegate, seemingly without any scruples of conscience, the spiritual upbringing of their little charges to domestics whose competency is too often regulated by the size of the monthly wage; and (tell it not in Gath;) these domestics are not always Catholics. Fathers seem to prefer the club-room to the domestic circle, and they find apparently, greater pleasure in the jingle of shekels than in the echo of the infantile voices which lisp their names. O for the days of a queen Blanche or a Frances de Chantal, when children were considered a divine heritage! Those were days of men; these are the days of degenerates.

Another duty devolving upon the domestic shepherds is the education of their children; and this education must be received in the parochial school, where available. One hears occasionally that our Catholic schools are not "up-to-date." If up-to-dateness means the fetid atmosphere of secularism, if it means an educational system that eliminates the affairs of God and the soul from its curriculum, then, thank God; Catholic schools are not up-to-date. But, if up-to-dateness means culture, moral development, refinement, sound knowledge; then our schools are very much abreast of the times. Do you need tangible proofs? If you do; you have them in the record of the Separate schools in this city. The enthusiasm of Catholic teachers, their high esteem for their calling, their devotion, their self-sacrifice—these are the factors which contribute to the efficiency already obtained and the success so much desired. They do not pamper the intellect to starve the heart; they do not maroon the conscience on the isle of self-conceit; they do not write God with a small "g," nor do they relegate the affairs of the soul to the realm of deep oblivion. The teachers in Catholic schools are *educators* not *instructors*.

Parents, however, must not forget, that they cannot delegate their responsibilities to any school, or to any teacher; and they should have a clearly defined understanding of the relative position filled by the home and by the school in the upbringing of youth. Many well-meaning persons are inclined either to minimize the power of the home or to accentuate too strongly the part played by the school in educational development. It should be borne in mind that parents, first and before all, are responsible for the child; their responsibility is of divine ordinance: "Ye shall teach these words to your children, talking of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way" (Deut. vi, 7). The home is the child's first school; the parent its earliest teacher. The school is the creation of the Church or of the State; it is to be but the handmaid of the home; and the teacher's function is to aid the parents by supplementing their work in what they have neither the time nor the ability to perform. The school does excellent work in the moral, intellectual, and religious training of the child, but, after all, the school is only of man's creation, and no secondary agency, however mighty, can fulfil adequately the functions of a primary power. The position of the Church on this point is definite and unmistakable: while she insists emphatically on the establishment of schools, it is far from her purpose to minimize thereby the responsibility of parents, or to relieve them of all part in the education of their offspring. "We have come to think in our day," says a well-known economist, "that the rise of a teaching class sets the father of a family absolutely free to make money for the maintenance of his household, while others attend to their moral development and spiritual culture. But this is a mischievous delusion. There are things a father can teach his child as no other human being can teach him, because he is invested naturally with an authority which he cannot delegate, and which the best teachers can possess only in a limited degree. Especially is this true of the ethical views of life a child acquires from the precepts and the example of his father. The father who lives up to his privileges is prophet and priest as well as king of his household "(Divine Order of Human Society," p. 76.) More specific and far-reaching are the following words from the "Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of Belgium," Dec. '78:—The voice of religion is one with the voice of nature in proclaiming that the education of children belongs not to the State, but to their parents, and that it is for them at once a right and a duty. The teacher is simply a representative of the father; he is a delegate charged by the latter to advance and finish the noble task of educating his children, and to fulfil the task he ought to instruct and bring them up in such a manner that they may find the training at school a supplement of the training at home."

"The home," says Cardinal Gibbons," is the primeval novitiate; its beneficent agency is the most far-reaching and the most enduring of all schools. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The social and civic life of mankind springs from the fireside. The official life of a nation is ordinarily the reflex of the moral sense of the people. The morality of public administration is to be guaged by the moral standard of the family. But what is the moral standard of many homes to-day? Is it such as to warrant the hope that the present and future generations will grow up imbued with lofty ideals? The indications, say the "watchmen on the tower" are unfortunately otherwise, for the dominant factors in home-life at the present time are destructive rather than uplifting in their result. We may reduce these factors to three: self-indulgence; mammon-worship; dissipation—a trinity constituting worldliness. Wherever the spirit of worldiness enters a blight fall upon the home. Domestic happiness vanishes, robust virtues are despised, children are sacrificed to the whims of fashion. Worldlings are practically idolators, for they render to creatures the honor due to God. They love money, like Judas; they sacrifice probity to ambition, like Absalom; they love good cheer, like Dives. They are not unlike the Jews who danced around the golden calf at the foot of Mount Sinai; for their philosophy of life is based on the maxim of the sensualist: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for, to-morrow we die." They can have no thought of spiritual things; for, says St. Paul: "The sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand" (I Cor. ii. 14). They cannot possess interior peace: "Destruction and misery in their ways; and the way of peace they have not known "Rom. iii., 17). They cannot love God; for: "If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him" (I Jn. ii, 15). That worldliness is the besetting sin of the age in which we live, needs, I think, little demonstration; for look where you will, you find its trail. Father strives with father in the scramble for commercial supremacy; mother vies with mother in the race for social prominence; daughters worship at the shrine of fashion; and sons have forgotten the meaning of filial duty. Enter the home of the worldling; what will you find? The walls are covered with horrid daubs which modernity calls art; the tables are littered with flashy magazines; the library shelves are laden with literary trash. You seek in vain for a reminder of the Story of the Cross, spiritual books are tabooed; the Catholic newspapor is unknown. Do you wonder then that home-life has lost its charm? Do you wonder that domestic happiness is so rare? Do you wonder that filial duty is forgotten? Do you wonder that stories of youthful depravity are so common?

When the Roman Empire was on the eve of decadence, the populace shouted: *Panem et circenses* (give us bread, but give us amusements.) Brethren, we are uttering a similar cry to-day. Amusement (some call it sport) is the all-absorbing topic; we hear it in the street, we hear it in the home, we hear it in the school. I venture to assert that there are numbers of children within short radius of this church who know every detail of the latest achievement on the gridiron or the base-ball diamond, but they know little of Christian doctrine. It seems to me that we are grasping at the shadow and losing sight of the substance of physical development by permitting the minds of children to center in what is, at best, but a craze. On you, parents—you shepherds of youth—rests the responsibility of diverting youthful enthusiasm into legitimate channels by good example and stricter attention to the discharge of parental duty. Do not sacrifice your children on the altar of parental complacency but, "Bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord" (Eph. vi, 4.) Holy writ has numerous monitory examples for those who are disposed to gratify every whim and fancy of the precocious child. David through an exaggerated fondness for his son, Absalom, did not correct him for his waywardness; and in after-life he had cause to regret his weakness when Absalom rebelled against him. (II Kings, xviii). Heli, the high-priest, was too indulgent to his sons, Ophni and Phinees; and the chastisement foretold to him by the prophet Samuel, speedily overtook them:" I will judge his house forever, for iniquity, because he knew that his sons did wickedly, and did not chastise them" (I Kings, xxxxx, iv-13.) When the father heard the sad story of their defection, he "fell from his stool backwards by the door, broke his neck and died (I Kings, iv, 18.) These are terrible examples; but they are often reproduced in modern times.

Then — beloved brethren, strive to discharge your duties to your children as becometh the "shepherds of souls." Let your conduct towards them be such as was that of Tobias who taught his son filial love, generosity to the poor, modesty in conduct, purity of life, and bade him: "Bless God at all times; and desire to Him to direct thy ways. . . . depart from all sin, and do that which is good" (Tobias iv. 20-23.) Let it be modelled on the saintly mother of the Macchabees who taught her children to seek not the things of earth, but to vision the things that are above. Take to heart these words of St. John Chrysostum (In Matt. 5:) "Pious parents who show their children good example at home, are of more service to them, that I by all my preaching in the church, because my sermons are either seldom heard or are easily forgotten by them; but the good example of a parent is ever before the childrens' eyes, and cannot but influence them."

Thus you will realize and discharge your duties as she herds the little flock which God has entrusted to your guidance. In return your children will be your consolation during life and the staff of your declining years:" Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of their fathers" (Prov. xvii, 6.) When you appear before the judgment seat of God on the last day you will have nought to fear: you have been faithful shepherds and have fulfilled your obligations: "Behold! those whom Thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." (John xvii, 12).

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The Committee of judges, Mr. Geo. E. Seroggie, Adv. Mgr. Mail and Empire; Mr. C. S. Furness, Adv. Mgr. News, and Mr. Peter Rutherford, Adv. Mgr. The World, were unable to decide as to the merit of the first nine diaries, and so in justice to all parties the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes were divided as follows:—

1st	James Arthur, North Rustico, P. E. I.	$50.00
	John Jacob, Brodhagen, Ont.	25.00
	Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Hoar, Petitcodiac, N. B.	25.00
2nd	Capt. Alfred McNutt, De Bert Sta., N. S.	25.00
	Ed. Poole, Aitkins Ferry, P. E. I.	15.00
	Mrs. James Poole, Aitkins Ferry, P. E. I.	10.00
3rd	Mrs. Catherine Kirk, Ingersoll, Ont.	10.00
	John P. Marnell, St. John, Nfld.	10.00
	Mrs. J. T. Fisher, Nesbitt, Man.	5.00
4th	Marie Estelle, Truchon, Matane, Que.	5.00
5th	Mrs. F. A. Johnston, Buliver, Que.	5.00
6th	Chas. J. Miller, Canora, Sask.	5.00
7th	Miss Lucy A. Cauley, Lombardy, Ont.	5.00
8th	Mrs. W. H. Burns, Miminegash, P. E. I.	5.00
9th	Mrs. Lucy A. B. Smith, Smith's Landing, Howe Sound, B. C.	5.00
10th	Robt. Hazelton, Todmorden, Ont. ..... Dr. Chase's Receipt Book, Leather	
11th	Mrs. James Cook, Beachville, Ont. ..... Dr. Chase's Receipt Book, Oilcloth	
12th	Henry M. Johnston, Sorrel Ridge, N. B., Dr. Chase's Medicines	2.50
13th	Mrs. I. A. Myall, Mather, Man., Dr. Chase's Medicines	2.25
14th	Mrs. David Patterson, Thompson Sta., N. S., Dr. Chase's Medicines	2.00
15th	Mrs. J. A. M. Colpitts, Pleasant Vale, N. B., Dr. Chase's Medicines	1.75

Many who did not obtain a prize deserve special commendation for well-kept diaries, while others made the mistake of putting in items from newspapers, etc., instead of entering up the everyday events of home life which make a diary both useful and valuable for future reference.

The 1910 edition of Dr. Chase's Calendar Almanac contains full particulars of the competition now going on, and if it has not reached you we shall be pleased to send a copy to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN'S PRAYER FOR THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

O God of the Spirits of all flesh, O Jesus, Lover of souls, we recommend unto Thee the souls of all those Thy servants, who have departed with the sins of faith and sleep the sleep of peace. We beseech Thee, O Lord and Saviour, that as in Thy mercy to them Thou becamest man, so now Thou wouldst hasten the time, and admit them to Thy presence above. Remember, O Lord, that they are Thy creatures, not made by strange gods, but by Thee, the only living and true God; for there is no other God but Thou, and none that can equal Thy works. Let their souls rejoice in Thy light, and impute not to them their former iniquities, which they committed through the violence of passion, or the corrupt habits of their fallen nature. For although they have sinned, yet they always firmly believed in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and before they died, they reconciled themselves to Thee by true contrition and the Sacraments of Thy Church.

O Gracious Lord, we beseech Thee, remember not against them the sins of their youth and their ignorance, but according to Thy great mercy, be mindful of them in Thy heavenly glory. May the heavens be opened to them, and the angels rejoice with them. May the Archangel, St. Michael, conduct them to Thee. May Thy holy angels come forth to meet them, and carry them to the city of the heavenly Jerusalem. May St. Peter, to whom Thou gavest the keys of the kingdom of heaven, receive them. May St. Paul, the vessel of election, stand by them. May St. John, the beloved disciple, who had the revelation of the secrets of heaven, intercede for them. May all the apostles who received from Thee the power of binding and loosing, pray for them. May all the saints and elect of God, who, in this world, suffered torments for Thy Name, befriend them; that being freed from the prison beneath, they may be admitted into the glories of that kingdom, where, with Father and the Holy Ghost, Thou reignest one God, world without end.

Come to their assistance, all ye Saints of God; gain for them deliverance from their places of punishment; meet them, all ye angels; receive these holy souls, and present them before the Lord. And may perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

A great people and petty thoughts or revengeful feelings go ill together, The strong do not wail; the brave make no outcry. In proportion to one's power should be his forearance and self-control.—Bishop Spalding.

The devil strives his utmost to trouble the soul and disgust her with prayer, because prayer is her armor of defense against all her enemies.

POULTRY

ADVERTISING under this heading, not to exceed one inch space, $3 for 3 months; 1 month, $1.50; 1 insertion, 50c.

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CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

VOL. VII

Volume VII. of the Catholic Encyclopedia, which has just issued from the press, marks the completion of the first half of the greatest literary undertaking that Catholics in the English-speaking world have ever known. In three years the work has grown from a single volume to a splendid array of imposing tomes, crowded with the world's best learning and giving promise of even better things when "finis" is written on the last of all. So steady and regular has been the progress of this Encyclopedia that the realization that it has reached the halfway mark comes almost as a surprise, but it is a surprise which brings with it an appreciation of the real value of this latest addition to the bibliography of the Catholic Church.

Nothing like it has ever before been attempted in the English language and nothing superior to it has appeared in any other. No longer is it necessary in searching for information on Catholic matters either to turn to the biased accounts of unfriendly works of reference or to search laboriously through various Catholic works until the particular thing wanted is unearthed. The time has at last arrived when the institution whose manifold interests and influences demanded encyclopedic treatment can point to a thorough, dignified and dispassionate medium through which its past and present may be made known to every inquirer with accuracy and despatch. Already scholars of all denominations are beginning to use and to quote from this Encyclopedia; the fairmindedness which characterizes its treatment of its subjects has done much to promote a better feeling and understanding among students of all creeds and it is safe to say that the impetus which it has given to historical and literary research will go far to raise the standard of American scholarship. Truly, the Encyclopedia deserves well at all hands.

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