

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.—One of the most consoling teachings of the Catholic Church is the doctrine that God has created countless spirits called Angels. They were all happy and good, but did not remain so, for some of them rebelled against God and were cast into hell. These fallen Angels are called devils or evil spirits; they hate God, and seek to lead us into temptation.

The greater part, however, of the Angels remained true to God, and these good Angels love us, pray for us, and protect us from harm in body and soul. Among these good Angels every one of us has a special protector, whom we call the Guardian Angel. God Himself has woven the spiritual bond between us and the Angels, having commanded them to watch over us. This is certainly one of the greatest proofs of Divine love for us poor sinners. Holy Scripture says: "He hath given His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. xc., II.)

Who are these Angels? They are pure spirits created according to the image of God; they are of such beauty, agility and endowments of the soul as to exceed our comprehension. It is but a faint comparison to say, that they are like royal princes, compared to the king and his court. The Angel watching at your side day and night is more than a prince. He is filled with love of God, it is his only desire to stand at the throne of God, and to intercede for you. What prize makes it his business to help the poor and to intercede for such who dare not approach the King? And your Guardian Angel is more powerful than all princes and kings of this world, for he is the prince of God Almighty.

You believe all this, but how seldom do you think of it? When alone you act, think, judge and reason as though you were alone in this world, and had no witness of your life. Is this not true? And if it is, do you not think it highest time to think of your Guardian Angel and to reverently love him as your best friend? If your faith in your Guardian Angel was more lively, what great advantages must it not be to you to go to him in all your troubles and the complaints of your heart, and what a source of consolation must it not be to you to know, that at all times you would find him willing and ready to listen to you, to help you bear your cross, and to lead you on the right road to perfection!

Think of the great Saint Frances of Rome, who conversed with her guardian Angel, and who learned from him as readily as children do in school. The same is true of St. Camillus and Saint Rose of Lima. Why should it not prove true of you? Were they different people than we, or was their faith more lively than ours? That's a question you will have to answer for yourself, and I tell you, my friend, that your perfection in virtue will depend very much upon the answer you give to God and to yourself. What then must your resolution be whilst reading these lines? The answer is simple: Think of your Guardian Angel, call upon him in all your troubles, and spread devotion to him wherever you can.

What do the Angels do for us? They watch over us. This is a divine command as plainly stated in Holy Scripture. First of all they watch over our body, exposed to so many dangers. The more progress the world makes in its inventions, the more these dangers increase. Think of the thousands of innocent children in our schools, are they not wonderfully protected by their holy Angels? Many are the dangers that surround them, and still comparatively few are hurt; is this not wonderful? But the care of the Angels manifests itself more in regard to the immortal soul. It is the Angel at your side, who is constantly whispering to you to be on your guard, who points out to you the many dangers that threaten to destroy the life of your soul. The Angel encourages you, stands at your side in the heat of the temptation, and leads you to victory. It is this Angel who so gently reproaches you when you are growing careless in your religious duties, and for many it is the Guardian Angel who leads the poor sinner to the priest, to the pious book, that is the beginning of a new life. The ways of God are wonderful, and the Angels are often the messengers of God to us. In the journey of this life the Angel never forsakes us, and especially in the hour of death it is he who is not afraid of Satan, and who through the power and mercy of God will win the victory for you. The war cry of these Angels is: "Who is like God!"

Is this your cry, or do you seek to gain heaven by other means of your invention? Your Angel is not discouraged; no matter how often you forsake him, he will not forsake you. If you listen to him and follow his advice, he will be your friend at the throne of God; but if you turn your back to him he will accompany you to the judgment seat of God, but not to obtain for you mercy, so, but to deliver you up to the merciless Judge of the living and the dead. What will you do to escape this terrible accusation of your Guardian Angel?

We owe our Angel respect, reverence, gratitude and love. We owe him reverence for the high position he holds at the throne of God, he is a heavenly prince. We owe him gratitude for the many favors he shows us from the moment our immortal soul is entrusted to his care until the hour of death comes for us. We owe him confidence, for is there a friend more worthy of confidence than he? All this, my friends, we have learned as little children, and I am not teaching you anything new, but to tell the truth, did we not often forget it and treat our good Angel with contempt, by sinning shamefully and compelling him to hide his face from us? What shall we do in future? Reverse your Angel and behave at all times as becometh a Christian, whom God has placed in charge of His holy Angel. Trust in him and love him, and he will guide you safely through the many dangers of this life and lead you to the throne of God, his heavenly master, and there plead for you and obtain for you the glory, for which your heart is looking so eagerly, and which alone will satisfy the craving of this heart, made for God alone.—B.B., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The Bombay "Catholic Examiner," noting the celebration on the feast of the Assumption, August 15, of the golden jubilee of the Good Shepherd Convent at Bangalore, says that the five nuns sent from Angers, France, to found the convent set sail for distant India on the morning of the 25th of January, 1854.

The voyage was both long and wearisome. The sailing vessel took six months to reach the east coast of India, going round by Cape of Good Hope, and the poor Sisters only landed in Pondicherry on the 15th of July, following. On the 2nd of August they resumed their journey, travelling this time over the burning sands of India in oxen transits of the most primitive description. They reached Bangalore on the eve of the Assumption.

The foundation of the work had been laid before the Sisters' arrival in Bangalore, as a number of destitute native waifs had already been collected. Eurasian orphans next followed, and soon afterwards the school was also begun. Then came the true sheep of the Good Shepherd, those whom He especially sought while on earth as they had strayed far from the fold.

A creche was established for the reception of those numerous poor waifs who are either deprived by death or even cruelly abandoned by their lawful protectors. A community of native nuns and Madgalen Sisters was next formed and lastly a hospital was established in 1886.

The past half century, however, has not altogether been a period of undisturbed tranquillity. The great famine of 1876, which ravaged the whole of India, especially demanded continual acts of self-sacrifice from our Sisters. The school had to be closed during this sorrowful time, while the garden was converted into an immense lazaretto, where thousands of starving human beings were welcomed and tended. Many of those living skeletons afterwards fell victims to cholera, but the Sisters were indefatigable in their efforts to nurse them back to life. The harvest of conversions and death-bed repentances was, however, very rich, while hundreds of dying children were daily baptized.

Even to-day the plague causes much anxiety, as it seems to have made a prolonged visit to Bangalore. Now, however, the lazaretto is no longer in the Sisters' garden, as it has been removed miles outside of town. Thither the Sisters journey daily to assist the dying and bring consolation to the sick and suffering. Many other evils have also followed in the train of this dire disease. The number of the fatherless and destitute children is steadily on the increase. Food, too, has risen in price. Last year another trial came, when the exceptionally heavy rains did much damage to the Sisters' badly constructed houses and entirely carried away the boundary wall, thus exposing the poor people to many undesirable nightly

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visitors. Owing to this constant exposure to the cold and rain, different diseases broke out amongst the poor orphans and women, till the Sisters were at length obliged to build up a new wall at a great cost and patch up the various breaches in the old buildings.

SHADOWS OF NOTHING.

Jeremiah Jenkin was ambitious of fame. He fancied himself a great man and he tried hard to make the world see how great he was. But the more he tried to assume greatness, the smaller he grew in the eyes of the world. Had he gone to work with himself and formed a noble character the world would sooner or later have given him what he deserved. Jeremiah did not realize that every attempt to appear great makes us small indeed.

Timothy Toole had the reputation of being an honest man. Some envious villain circulated a false report about him. Nobody believed it and it did him no harm. But one day it reached the ears of Timothy. He was wounded and angry, and determined to look after his reputation, so off he starts fretting and fuming to trace out the lying story. His earnest manner and bitter tone cast suspicion upon himself. His neighbors began to think all was not well with Tim, and soon a brood of flying whispers were scared on to wing by his attempts to mend his reputation. Timothy knows now that he should have let it alone, and held his head higher, and fortified still stronger his character. Following slander is walking in the shadows of nothing. A man must never touch his own reputation.

Anastasia Alden had brains and brightness, and friends good and true, but they were tame and unfashionable and told her often of her worth and their regard for her. This bored Anastasia, who mentally labelled these friends grown up children and simpletons, and after a great effort she found herself in the higher social swim where real protestations, like real tears or genuine laughter, are vulgar and unknown. One day Anastasia found herself with every capability shrivelled and dwarfed, and she cried aloud for the old faith and the old devotion, but the real friends had gone forever, and her hand in reaching found only the shadows of nothing.

Mary Ann Malone determined to make her daughter's life different from what her own had been. So she picked from her path every thorn and every stone, and placed a g-mark watchful and tender on every roadway where there was the least chance of the girl being hurt or deceived. One day Mary Ann died, and left to the world's mercy a characterless ninny—sans sense, sans experience, sans all but the shadows of nothing.—Teresa Beatrice O'Hare in the Rosary Magazine.

ONE DOCTOR'S WISDOM.

When the tired man entered the office he told the doctor he did not know what ailed him, but he needed treatment; he was pretty well worn out.

The physician put on his eyeglasses, looked at the man's tongue, felt his pulse, sounded his chest, and listened to the beating of his heart. "Same old story!" exclaimed the doctor, who was one of the new school of fresh air. "Man can't live hived up in an office or house. No use trying. Now I could make myself a corpse as you are doing by degrees, if I sat down here and did not stir."

"I—" began the patient. "You must have fresh air," broke

in the doctor. "You must take long walks, and brace up by staying out of doors. Now I could make a drug store out of you and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk."

"But doctor—" interrupted the man.

"Now, my dear man, don't argue the question. Just take my advice. Take long walks every day—several times a day—and get your blood into circulation."

"But my business—" said the patient.

"Of course your business prevents it, everybody says that. Just change your business so you will have to walk more. By the way, what is your business?"

"I'm a letter carrier," meekly replied the patient.—Exchange.

THE PRESS.

A writer says: "Of the 174 daily papers in Paris, France, there are 136 inimical to Christianity."

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A BELATED

It was a sultry afternoon in summer, but through the Probation, in the new Municipal Building, the new breeze blew from the west and the clerks bent resignedly their desks, knowing that the gloom room where they worked the coolest place in Detroit.

Outside, in Cadillac Square, a stretch of green that connects the asphalt pavement of the Court House with the green of the light that recalls to any one who has braved the Roman climate at the season the yellow glare of the Piazza Vaticano or del Popolo on July day.

For more than two hundred years the Campus has been the common place. Even before the coming of the white settlers, when the forest was still a forest, the red men went to gather here to hold their councils, to plan their fierce wars to smother the pipe of peace. Indian lovers wandered through the trails made by the hunters and warriors of the tribes, and as the light stole through the overhanging branches of the trees, the gentle way maidens listened to the old story that yet is ever new.

But love often strolls as he comes through the dust and heat of the city's streets as it ever did in the green houghs and rippling of the woodland; and, since the day is quick to recognize a lover, the throng of passers-by in the busy main glances were cast at a gray-haired gentleman and a faded, elderly lady, who having some difficulty crossed the network tracks that are like a trolley to entrap the unwary, took their down the centre of the green-belted path of the square, as though were a royal carpet spread beneath their feet.

The man was tall, and still though his years must have been at least three score. His complexion was fresh, his features clear-cut, nose being slightly aquiline, as carried himself in a soldierly manner. His clothes were of broadcloth, a soft gray felt hat, set a trim angle, silk gloves of the color, and a spray of syringa blossoms in the lapel of his coat, plotted his festive air.

The lady who walked beside him was not more than three or four years younger than handsome old cavalier. She was short and a little thick-set; her hair she wore turned back over high roll, had many threads of blue, and the smile which sometimes from her escort brought her lips, revealed girlish dimples in round cheeks. Her gown was of a dove's plumage, and a little dove-colored fichu or Of the same quiet hue was the whose silken strings she had because of the heat.

"Your gown is as pretty as a poem, Marie," said the old gentleman, as they walked on.

"I am glad you like it, Phil. It is by a fashion paper pattern, set every stitch in it myself," answered with a naive pride in her own industry and skill, albeit practised eye of a "ladies' tail" would at a glance have characterized the latter as hopelessly amateur.

"You were always clever, continued her knight gallantly, word what dainty frocks you when you were a girl. I sometimes looked like a rose, all in red—'Pink, Phil, pink!'"

"Rose color, anyhow! Against were a marigold in orange."

"No, no, lemon color," she retorted.

"Often you were a lily-of-the-field in green."

"Phil, I never wore green," she laughed. "I was too young for it when I was a girl, and it is too bright."

"Well, it was blue then; you remember, it was blue," he went serenely. "And I suppose you all those cobwebby things to do?"

"Yes, I did Phil. I was apt to be a needle in my best days."

"Pouf, pouf," he interrupted affectionately to protest. "Madam, but days are just beginning."

She rewarded him with one sweetest of her dimpled smiles as he glanced down at her, the pale flush that his compliment had to her faded face reminded of how easily she used to blush pleasure at his praise in the past.

Now the congenial comp