A LEAVE-TAKING.

She will not smile;
She will not stir;
I marvel while
I look on her.
The lips are chilly
And will not speak

Was BIDES HIS TIME. BY J. W. RILRY

Who bides his time, and day by day
Farse defea fail patiently.
And life a mirthful roundelsy.
However poor his fortunes be—
H. will not istil to any qualm
O'poverty—the pritry dime,
It will gow solven to his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet Of honey in the saltest tear; And though he fares with alowest feet Joy runs to meet him drawing near; The birds are heralds of his cause, And, like a newer ending rhyme, The roadsides biom in his applause, Who bides his time.

STORY OF SEVEN DEVILS

The negro church which stood in the pine woods near the little village of Oxford Cross Reads, in one of the lower counties of Vuginia, was presided over by an elderly individual, known to the community in general as Uncle Pete; but on Sundays, the members of his congregation addressed him as Brudder Pete. He was an expressed and energetic man, and. addressed him as Brudder Pete. He was an earnest and energetic man, and, although be could neither read nor write, he had for many years expounded the Scriptures to the satisfaction of his hearers. His memory was good, and those portions of the Bible which from time to time he had heard read were used by him, and frequently with powerful effect, in his erroros. His interpretations of the Scriptures were generally entirely original, and were made to suit the needs, or what he supposed to be the needs, of his congregation.

Whether as "Uncle Pete" in the garden Whether as "Uncle Pete" in the garden and corn field, or "Brudder Pete" in the church, he en j ved the good opinion of everybody excepting one person, and that was his wife. She was a high-tempered and somewhat dissatisfied person, who had conceived the idea that her husband was in the habit of giving too much time to the church, and too little to the acquisition of corn-bread and pork. On a certain Saturday she gave him a most tremendous scolding, which so affected the spirits of the good man that it influenced his decision in regard to the selection of the subject for his sermon the next day.

in regard to the selection of the subject for his sermon the next day.

His congregation was accustomed to being astouched, and rather liked it, but never before had their minds received such a shock as when the preacher announced the subject of his discourse. He did not take any next is also text for this nounced the subject of his discourse. He did not take any particular text, for this was not his custom, but he boldly stated that the Bible declared that every woman in the world was possessed with seven devils; and the evils which this state of things has branch upon the world he devils; and the evils which this state of things has brought upon the world he showed forth with much warmth and feeling. Subject-matter, principally from his own experience, crowded in upon his mind, and he served it out to his andience hot and strong. If his deduction could have been proved to be correct, all women were creatures who, by reason of their

have been proved to be correct, all women were creatures who, by reason of their seven-fold diabolic possessions, were not capable of independent thought or action, and who should in tears and humility place themselves absolutely under the direction and authority of the other sex.

When he approached the conclusion of his sermon, Brother Peter closed with a bang the Bible, which, although he could not read a word of it, always lay open before him while he preached, and delivered the concluding exhortation of his sermon:

red the concluding exhortation of his sermon:

"Now, my dear brev'ren ob dis congregation," he said, "I want you to understan' dat dar's nuffin in dis yer sarmon mot you've jus' heerd ter make you think yousefs angels. By no means, brev'ren; you was all brung up by wimmen, an' you've got ter lib wid 'em, an' ef anythin' in dis yer wold is ketchin', my dear brev'ren, it's habin' debbils, an' from wot I've seen ob some ob de men ob dis worl' I 'apcc' dey is persest ob 'bout all de debbils dey got room fur. But de Bible don' bils dey got room fur. But de Bible don' say nuffin p'intedly on de subjec' ob de number ob debbils in man, an' 'spec' dose dat's got'em—an'we ought ter feel pow'ful thankful, my dear brev'ren, dat de Bible don' say we all's got 'em—has 'em cordin' to sarcumstances. But wid de wimmin it's dif'rent der 'eget in leaben an' best and a significant and say the say and say the say and say the say the say and say the say the

"While I was a-turnin' ober in my min' de subject ob dis sarmon, dere come ter me a bit ob Scripter wot I heerd at a big preachin' an' baptizin' at Kyarter's Mills, 'bout ten year' ago. One ob de preachers was a-tellin' about ole mudder Ebe a-eatwas a tellin' about ole mudder Ebe a-eatin' de apple, and says he: De sarpint fus'
come along wid a red apple, an', says he:
You gib dis yer to your husban', an'
he think it is so mighty good dat when
he done eat it he gib you anything
you ax him fur, if you tell him whar
de tree is. Ebe, she took one bite, an'
don, ahe from det apple area. Wot den she frew dat apple away. Wot you mean, you triflin' sarpint, says she, a fotchin' me dat apple wot ain't good fur nuffin but ter make cider wid! Den de sarpint he go fotch her a yaller apple, an' sarpint he go fotch her a yaller apple, an' she took one bite an' den says she: Go 'long wid ye, you fool sarpint, wot you fotch me dat June apple wot ain't got no taste to it? Den de sarpint hethink shelike sumpin' sbarp, an' he fotch her a green apple. She takes one bite ob it, an' den she frows it at his head, an' sings out: Is you's restriction, but of it day and to you. you 'spectin' me to gib dat apple to yer Uncle Adam an' gib him do colic? Den de debbil he fotch her a lady apple, but she says she won't take no sich triffin' nubbins as dat to her husban' an' she took nubbins as dat to her husban' an' she took one bite ob it, an' frew it away. Then he go fotch her two udder kin' ob apples, one yaller wid red stripes, an' de udder red on one side an' green on de uddermighty good lookin' apples, too—de kin' you git two dollars a bar'! fur at de store. But Ebe, she wouldn't hab neider ob 'em, an' when she done took one bite out ob stach one she fraw' em away. Den de ole mighy good looken looked a place of the word of looken she from an' when she done took one bite out obe cach one, she frew 'em away. Dende of bedbil-sarpent, he scratch his head, an' he says to hese it. Dis yer Ebe, she pow'ful yitcklar 'bout her apples. Reckin I'll had been to school, an' you kin count up fory-seben women b'longin' to our meetin', an ef each one ob dem dar has to yitcklar 'bout her apples. Reckin I'll had been to school, an' you kin count up fory-seben women b'longin' to our meetin', an ef each one ob dem dar has fory-seben women b'longin' to our meetin', an ef each one ob dem dar has good one. An' he done wait till after fros', an' den he fotch her a Albemarle pippin, an' when she took one bite ob dat she jus' go 'long an' eat it all up, core, seeds, an' all. 'Look hy'ar, sarpint,' says she, 'hab you got anudder ob dem apples in your pocket?' An' den he tuk one out, an' gib it to her. 'Cuse me,' says ahe, 'I's gwine ter look up Adam, an' of

Their prescher's explanation of the manner in which every woman came to be possessed of just so many devils appeared to them of little importance. What they objected to was the fundamental doctrine of his sermon, which was based on his assertion that the Bible declared every woman had seven devils. They were not willing to believe that the Bible said any such thing. Some of them went to far as to state it was their opinion that Uncle Pete had got this fool notion from some of the lawyers at the court-house when he was on a jury a month or so before. It was quite noticeable that, although Sunday afternoon had scarcely begun, the majority of the women of the congregation called their minister Uncle Pete. This was very strong evidence of a sudden decline in his popularity.

Some of the more vigorous minded women, not seeing their minister among the other people in the clearing front of the log church, went to look for him, but he was not to be found. His wife had ordered him to be home early, and soon after the congregation had been dismissed he departed by a short cut through the woods. That afternoon an irate committee, composed principally of women, but including also a few men who had expressed disbelief in the new doctrine, arrived at the cabin of their preacher, but

pressed disbelief in the new doctrine, arrived at the cabin of their preacher, but found there only his wife, cross grained old Aunt Rebecca. She informed them that her husband was not at home.

"He's done 'gaged hisse'f,' she said, "ter cut an' haul wood fur Kunnel Martin

"ter cut an' haul wood fur Kunnel Martin ober on Little Mount'n for de whole ob nex' week. It's fourteen or thirteen mile' from h'yar, an' ef he'd started termorrer-mawnin' he'd los' a'mos' a whole day. 'Sides dat, I done tole him dat ef he git dar ter-night he'd have his supper trowed in. Wot you all want wid him? Gwine ter pay him fur preachin?"

Any such intention as this was instantaneously denied, and Aunt Rebecca was informed of the subject upon which her visitors had come to have a very plain talk

day in the week.

The leader of the indinant church members was Susan Henry, a mulatto woman of a very independent turn of mind. She prided herself that she never worked in anybody's house but her own, and this immunity from outside service care her a certain preeminence among her gave her a certain preeminence among her sisters. Not only did Susan share the general resentment with which the startling statement of old Peter had been received, but she felt that its promulgation had affected her position in the community. If every woman was possessed by seven devils, then, in this respect, she was seven devils, then, in this respect, she was no better nor worse than any of the others; and at this her proud heart rebelled. If the preacher had said some women had eight devils and others six, it would have been better. She might then have made a mental arrangement in re-gard to her relative position, which would have somewhat consoled her. But now there was no chance for that. The words of the preacher had equally debased all

women. A meeting of the disaffected church members was held the next night at Susan Henry's cabin, or rather in the little yard about it, for the house was not large enough to hold the people who attended

it. The meeting was not regularly organized, but everybody said what he or she had to say, and the result was a great deal of clamor, and a general increase of indig-nation sgainst Uncle Pete. "Look h'yar!" cried Susan, at the end

"Look h'yar!" cried Susan, at the end of some energetic remarks, "is dar enny pusson h'yar who kin count up figgers?" Inquiries on the subject ran through the crowd, and in a few moments a black boy, about fourteen, was pushed forward as an expert in arithmetic.

"Now, you Jim," said Susan, "you's been to school, an' you kin count up figgers. 'Cordin' ter de chu'ch books dars forty-seben women b'longin' to our meetin', an ef each one ob dem dar has got seben debils in her, I jus' wants you ter tell me how many debils come to chu'ch ebery cl'ar Sunday to hear dat ole Uncle Pete preach?"

This view of the case created a sensation,

should be unceremoniously ousted from his place in the pulpit which he had filled so many years.

As the week passed on, some of the older men of the congregation who had friendly feelings towards their old companion and preacher talked the matter over among themselves, and afterwards, with many of their fellow-members, succeeded at last in gaining the general consent that Uncle Peter should be allowed to explain himself, and give his grounds and reasons for his astounding statement in regard to womankind. If he could show biblical authority for this, of course nothing more could be said. But if he could not, then he must get down from the pulpit, and sit for the rest of his life on a back seat of the church. This proposition met with the more favor, because even those who were most indignant had an earnest curiosity to know what the old man would say for himself.

During all this time of angry discussion, good old Peter was quietly and calmly cutting and hauling wood on the Little Mountain. His mind was in a condition of great comfort and peace, for not only had he been able to rid himself, in his last sermon, of many of the hard thoughts concerning women that had been gathering themselves together for years, but his labence from home had given him a holiday from the hardsaments of Aunt Rebecca's tongue, so that no new notions

abeence from home had given him a holi-day from the harrasments of Aunt Rebecca's tongue, so that no new notions of women's culpability had risen within him. He had dismissed the subject alto-gether, and had been thinking over a sermon regarding baptism which he thought he could make convincing to cer-tain of the younger members of his con-gregation.

gregation.

He arrived at home very late on Saturday night, and retired to his simple couch without knowing anything of the terrible storm which had been gathering through the week, and which was to burst upon him on the morrow. But the next morning, long before church time, he received taneously denied, and Aunt Rebecca was informed of the subject upon which her visitors had come to have a very plain talk with her husband.

Strange to say, the announcement of the new and startling dogma had apparently no disturbing effect upon Aunt Rebecca. On the contrary, the old woman seemed rather to enjoy the news.

"Reckin he oughter know all 'bout dat," she said. "He's done had free wives, an' he ain't got rid o' dis one yit."

Judging from her chuckles and waggings of the head when she made this remark, it might be imagined that Aunt Rebecca was rather proud of the fact that her husband thought her capable of exhibiting a different kind of diabolism every day in the week.

This advice was not promptly acted.

This advice was not promptly acted upon, but in the course of half an hour nearly all the villagers and loungers had gone off to the church in the woods; and when Lind P. when Uncle Peter had put on his high black hat, somewhat battered, but still sufficiently clerical looking for that con-gregation, and had given something of a olish to his cowhide shoes, he betook himself by the accustomed path to the log building where he had so often held forth to his people. As soon as he entered the church he was formally instructed by a committee of the leading members that before he began to open the services, he must make it plain to the congregation that what he had said the congregation that what he had said if on the preceding Sunday about every woman being possessed by seven devils was Scripture truth, and not mere wicked nonsense out of his own brain. If he could not do that they wanted no more praying or preaching, from him.

Uncle Peter made no answer, but a scending the little pulpit, he put his hat on the bench behind him where it was used to repose took out his red.

was used to repose, took out his red cotton handkerchief and blew his nose in his accustomed way, and looked about him. The house was crowded. Even

Adut Rebecca was there.
After a deliberate survey of his audi-

Bill Hines having nodded and modestly grunted assent, the preacher continued: "An' dar's Aun' Priscilla's boy, Jake, who ain't a brudder yit, though he's plenty old 'nuf, min,' I tell ye; an' he kin read de Bible, fus' rate, an' has read it ter me ober an', oher agin. Ain't dat it ter me ober an' ober agin. Ain't dat

he don' want ter know whar de tree is wot dees apples grow on, you kin hab him fur a cawn fiel' ban!"

"An' now, my dear brev'ren," said Brother Peter, "while I was a turnin' dis subjec' ober in my min', an' wondern' how de wimmin come ter hab jus' sebne debbila spice, I done reckerleck dat bit ob Scripter wot I heard at Kyarter's Mills, an' I reckin dat 'splains how de debbili got inter woman. De sarpint he done fotch mudder Ebe sebne apples, an' ebery one she takes a bite out ob gib her ad home fotch mudder Ebe sebne apples, and head and made a deep impression on the congregation. As a rule the men were tolerably well satisfied with it; and when the services were over many of them made it the occasion of shy but very plainly pointed remarks to their tennal friends and relatives.

But the women did not like it at all. Some of them became angry, and talked very forcibly, and feelings of indignation soon spread among all the sisters of the church. If their minister had seen it is stop at home and preach a sermon like this to also now wife (who, it may be-marked, was not present on this occasion), it would have been well enough, provide the had made no allusions to obtaiders; but to one there and preach a sermon like induce the had made no allusions to obtaiders; but to come there and preach a sermon like on the subject proved to be even stronger, for the mothers in the company became and the search and this continuates speaker. This was averted, but a prest deal of upon the same bly to danger of an Amazonian attack on the content of the mothers and stears to be admitted by the content of the mothers and stear to show the dead with a good, simple, believing the of them would somit of the possibility of any of the others being possessed by quite so many.

Their prescher's explanation of the congregation had been met. Many of the others he sing possessed by quite so many.

Their prescher's explanation of the congregation had been met. Many of the others he large late the pulpit which he had filled so many event app The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S. J., has added yet one more volume ("The Truth About John Wyclif, His Life, Writings and Opinions, Chiefly from the Evidence of His Contemporaries") to the list of works destined to explode long-cherished historical illusions that have seen the light during the last quarter of a century. We do not mean to speak of purely Protestant prejudices as to the character of John Wyclif. But it has been a favorite idea, even with Catholics, that Henry VIII. had to deal with a good, simple, believing people, whom he sundered by unparalleled violence from the unity of the Church. That belief, as far as it concerns the religious character of Englishmen at the opening of the sixteenth century, must be largely modified. The majority, nay, a very large majority of Englishmen were, no doubt, Catholics, and many of them good Catholics. But the spread of error, especially among the lewer classes, for two hundred years before, despite of many severely repressive measures, had been simply appalling. The peculiar form of these errors bore a very strong family resemblance to the system that triumphed in England under Edward VI., and Elizabeth—in a word, to Protestantism. The book we are reviewing leaves no room to doubt, from the smple evidence we possess, though but a fragment of what might

book we are reviewing leaves no room to doubt, from the simple evidence we possess, though but a fragment of what might have come down to us, that long before the name of Protestant had been invented, Protestants might have been counted, perhaps by many thousands, on English soil. Had that soil not been well prepared for it, not even the strong Tudor will could have made the evil plant take root. Neither the evil lives of many Catholics, though this element weakened the power of resistance; nor the powerful influence of the Tudor sovereigns; nor the abilities of men like Luther and Calvin, suffice to account for the success of vin, suffice to account for the success of the Protestant revolution in England. Protestantism had had a long pedigree. It had its rise in the Caesarism of the Con-queror and his descendants. Its principles were embodied in the teachings of John

it could be said that our country was absolutely free from error, either as regards its ecclesiastical politics or its religious belief. From the time of the early Normans there had always been in England a party which looked with undisguised suspicion on the dealings of the Papal Curia, as far as they were supposed to trench on the privileges and liberties of the sovereign. Many of the nobility, and even some of the Bishops, would gladly have made the king independent of the Pontiff in all matters save those which were of a purely dogmatic it could be said that our country was pendent of the Pontiff in all matters save those which were of a purely dogmatic nature. Here it is enough to refer to the aggressions of William Rufus and the two Henrys, which were resisted by St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Canterbury. From the king the anti-Papal feeling descended to the nobility, and from the nobility to their tenants. This unfortunate irritation was kept alive by the system of Papal provisions, whereby patrons of benefices complained that they were deprived of their civil privileges, of which they loudly clamored for their restitution. Such were the predisposing causes, and when we find the yoke of authority irk-

some we try at once to persuade ourselves that the said authority is an usurpation. To efface the distinction between human and supernatural element in the Papal jurisdiction, and set it all down as a mere earthly institution, was the next step, and along with this the whole system of Church discipline, nay, the whole Christian priesthood and sacramental principles, must needs be overturned. This is exactly what was done by the Wycliftes, and it forms the mainspring of the Protestant system, if system it can be called. Of course, accidental circumstances, as usual, set the machinery in motion. Disappointed ambition turned John Wyclif from an active churchman into a heretic, as it has done with many another since his day. This fact is at all events now as clear as daylight on the faith of records of unquestioned authen-ticity. Archbishop Islip, in founding Canterbury Hall at Oxford, had impru-Canterbury Hall at Oxford, had imprudently attempted to unite Benedictine monks and secular priests in one and the same collegiate establishment. The undertaking did not work harmoniously, as might have been foreseen. The Archbishop removed the monks and made over the college to the secular priests, with Wyclif, then master of Baliol, as warden. This was done without the authorization from the crown needed for its legality, and was subsequently held to be invalid.

After a deliberate survey of his audience the preacher spoke: "Breveren an' sisters, I see afore me Brudder Bill Hines, who kin read de Bible, an' has got one. Ain't dat so, Brudder I' Bill Hines having nodded and modestly grunted assent, the preacher continued: "An' dar's Aun' Priscilla's boy, rules for the new college. No one shall be eligible as a fellow who has any notable mark on his face. The cost of gowns, furs, etc., is minutely regulated. Latin is to be spoken in the house, "out they are not

at the pleasure of the Archbishop. Thus was Wyclif, at an early period in his career, brought into collision with the monastic Order, which he afterwards attacked with the bitterest hatred. He refused to submit, appealed to Rome, and the cause was heard at Viterbo before Cardinal de Roche, formerly abbot of Cluny. Judgment was given in favor of the Archbishop, and the monks succeeded the secular clergy at Cantesbury Hall.

This was a bitter disappointment for the exwarden, the more so as he had wlahed to pose as the champion of the seculars in a quarrel with the regulars, and perhaps as a "Northern" against Kentishmen. Wyclif hoped to console himself by obtaining the vacant See of Worcester. At least, so we are ftold by more than one English writer within a quarter of a century after Wyclif's death. If so, he met with a second disappointment. From this time he began the warfare against the teaching and authority of the Catholic Church, which he continued unceasingly to carry on till his death. Were we wrong in surmising that his enmity to Rome had its first source in disappointed ambition?

We have thought it well by the above summary to call special attention to the first portion of Father Stevenson's work, because it relates to the facts less universally known than the general character of Wyclif's heresies. As to these latter, they savor strongly of Calvinism, while on morals they have a great affinity with the doctrines of Socialists and the advocates of "Free Love." In a word, his blasphemous utterances would shock the great majority of Protestants. Strangely enough, he retained to the last a respect for the honor of the Blessed Virgin. After reading what Father Stevenson has given us from contemporary sources, we think it would not be easy to deny that the brutal excess of the Kentish revolutionaries, in 1332, were in great part traceable to Wyclif's influence. Here we are forcibly reminded of what we have read about Wesley's participation in the hideous scenes of the Gordon riots, though til safest to re

fortune to engage. Nothing is more com-mon than to find men of this calibre evenmon than to find men of this calibre eventually in arms against the cause of which they had once been hot defenders. We could quote living instances by the score. So Peacock drifted into Wyclifism, and on November 28th, 1457, was condemned as a heretic by the Primate. He retracted at St. Paul's Cross, and for the rest of his days was committed to the custody of the abbot of Thorney, in Cambridgeshire. He was but one of many condemned by the ecclesiastical courts for Lollardism, the result of whose history our author sums up as follows:

the result of whose history our author sums up as follows:

"We begin to understand at length the cause of that startling rapidity with which Henry VIII. was able to carry into execution his plans for the establishment of the reformation. England was prepared for it, and had long expected it. Cranmer offered scarcely any doctrine to his countrymen which was a novelty to them. They had long maligned the Holy See, they had long renounced the doctrine of the Sacraments; the supremacy of the throne had long been familiar to them, and every other innovation as it followed.

In his tender solicitude for the freedom of the Church and for the salvation of ourself, at the world, at the moment when his heart is inflamed with the sacred fire, shall thrice recite the angelic salutation followed by the Salve soul has dictated.

How can the faithful join in those supplications, in whose success they are so deeply interested, if they do not attend the holy sacrifice which they follow? Their frequent attendance at daily Mass is the most ardent wish of the venerated and every other innovation as it followed was welcomed as an old familiar friend. For long the eyes of the crown and the greater lay lords had been fixed on the greater lay lords had been fixed on the property of the religious houses. We wonder that the reformation did not happen a century before the time when it really occurred. England seems to have really occurred. England seems to have been ripe for it, and, if it may be permitted us to speculate, we should probably have had it during the century previous to that in which it burst upon us, but for the turmoils connected with the wars of York and Lancaster. When Henry proclaimed war against the Head of the Church, he must have had the conviction attend upon his soul that in the struggle strong upon his soul that in the struggle upon which he was about to enter he would be supported by a very large body of his subjects by whom the announce-ment had long been anticipated."

HE REMEMBERED.

"And you pretend to say," remarked a lawyer to a witness, "that you remember the exact words this man said to you ten

"Years ago?"
"I do."
"Well, if my memory serves me, I met you at Saratoga about five years ago, and I should like to know if you can swear to any expression which I then made?"
"I can."

"Now, Mr. J., I want you to remember that you are under oath. Now, under oath, you swear that you can quote with great accuracy a remark I made to you at Saratoga five years ago?"

"I can."

"Well, what was it ?" "You met me in the hotel corridor." "Yes, quite correct."
"And you shook hands with me."
"Naturally I did."

"And you said to me: 'Let's go and ake something.'"

The crier of the court had to call silence for ten minutes, and the lawyer confessed that the witness had a remarkable memory

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A RESOLUTION TO TAKE AT THIS RENEWAL OF THE ECCLESIAS. TICAL YEAR.

Advent began last week, and the present article, translated from an old number of the Echo de Fourviere, is therefore a little late, but it is nevertheless good, in the original,—TH. XR. K.

There is a work, ever ancient and ever new, which suppasses all others which suppasses all others which

the original,—TH. XR. K.

There is a work, ever ancient and ever new, which surpasses all others, which is their foundation and their crowning, which is within the capability of everybody, but which is nevertheless more than ever neglected; it is daily attendance at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

As for other works there may be hesitation as to choice, as to measure; it is rash to follow one's own judgment or that of an irresponsible friend; it is indispensible to consult a wise director who has the grace of his state.

For this, there is no need of deliberation or of advice, no fear of going astray. In practising it, one is sure of following the call of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

What has become, in our modern society, of this practice, once so faithfully exercised?

In the country, Mass on days that are not holydays is heard by only a few attendants, and sometimes the priest celebrates alone, with his server. In the cities, where there is extreme facility, where one may choose between the early morning hours and later hours, it is always the same little band, of whom the men form the least part.

morning hours and later hours, it is always the same little band, of whom the men form the least part.

There is a pretty large number of fervent Christians who are regular in their fulfillment of essential duties, who totally neglect attendance at daily Mass. And yet, what is easier than this inestimable act of piety?

"Alms never makes one poor, mass never makes one late," says an old proverb. The busiest man takes time to eat; he knows that his head would be unfitted for the management of business if he were to carry it on with a weakened body. How is it that he cannot understand that his soul has still more need of being frequently plunged in the Fountain of life? Oh! let him not fear that he will lose time: he will make its value tenfold as great by devoting half an hour every morning to this salutary exercise. The one who has contracted the habit of it will find it so sweet that every day deprived of this ray of sunshine seems dark to him, that every labor from which this aid has been taken is insupportable to him.

The Sunday Mass, except perhame or

The Sunday Mass, except, perhaps, on some great feasts, is forsaken by many of those men who are baptized, who have made their first communion, and who do not want to die without the secraments. not want to die without the sacraments. Such carelessness, such ingratitude should cause extreme grief to those who observe this obligatory practice. With the purpose of reparation, why should they not feel an imperious yearning to do more than their strict duty, by frequenting the sacred alters during the week?

It is not precessive to be a theologien to

It is not necessary to be a theologian to affirm that this is the chief work to be undertaken in these sad days in which we live. This being resolutely embraced all the others will follow from it as from

the others will follow from it as from their sources.

Besides, has not the Holy Father invited the faithful to join in the prayers which every priest recites at the foot of the altar at the close of the holy sacrifice?

Of all the motives of confidence which enable us to endure present trials and make us foresee a happier future, this is certainly the sweetest and surest.

In his tender solicitude for the freedom of the Church and for the salvation of souls, the Vicar of Jesus Christ has ordered that every priest in the world, at the moment when his heart is inflamed with the sacred fire, shall thrice recite the angelic salutation followed by the Salve Rogina and a prayer whose terms his great soul has dictated.

How can the faithful join in those sup-

is the most ardent wish of the venerated Pope Leo XIII.

Pope Leo XIII.

Oh! what a shame to leave lonely the priest who celebrates the august sacrifice for us! Thousands of angels surround the altar and deplore our indifference.

Let us go to Mass, let us make it easy for our children, our employees, our servants, to practice this devotion. Happy the father of a family, happy the master who esteems his own service less than the service of God and who believes that, for the people of his household, as for himself. the people of his household, as for himself, prayer is the first duty of their state. He

has sought, from the very first, the king-dom of God and His justice; all else shail be added unto him in abundance.

Habituated to daily mass, his children are respectful and obedient, his employees are honest, his servants are industrious and devoted. He does not regret the half hour which his workmen are said to have

lost, since he sees order and peace prevail in his house.

If we had faith as great as a mustard seed, said the Lips which never deceive, we would move mountains.

Now it is faith which leads us to the

Now it is fath which leads us to the holy sacrifice. Let us hasten to respond to the call of the morning bell, let us bring by our example and our invitations all good Christians over whom we have all good Christians over whom we any influence to the foot of the altars.

any influence to the foot of the altars.

Behold the sovereign remedy for our ills! It is simple like that which comes from God; it is efficacious, since it possesses the infinite merit of the adorable Victim; it is of perfect sweetness and, better than the Manns of the Hebrews, adapts itself to all textes and all pages.

better than the Manna of the Hebrews, adapts itself to all tastes and all needs.

Let us go to Mass, as the thirsty deer hastens to the fountain, as the child which throws itself into its mother's arms, like the warrior who bows, before a battle, beneath the blessing of a priest. Let us tear ourselves from the false sweetness of an enervating sleep, to forestall the hour of absorbing occupations. By this custom we shall gain health of body, peace of soul, the salvation of society.

Let us go to Mass; it is the most beautiful of all deeds.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES. Dr. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

Her hair—ah me ! Her hair—her hair ! Met nair—ner hair :
Iow helpleasly
My hands go there!
But my careases
Meet not hers,
O golden tresses
That thread my tean

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.
I cease my weeping
And smile and say,
I will be sleeping
Thus, some day!
JAMES WHITCOMB R.

LEO TAXIL ON FREEMASON

A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH EX-MASO POSES THE ORDER.

PARIS, NOV.

The celebrated anti-clerical whose conversion, or rather retracted from the sage, has undertaken t "Complete Revelations on Freemas the object of which is "to tear all its forms a cent too farmous for its p

"Complete Revelations on Freemas the object of which is "to tear all its from a sect too famous for its pand other crimes, established to com Catholic religion." The first voluthis important work has just appand a second and concluding volution of the promised in a few days.

Believing that the best method quering "the mysterious soldiers darkness" is to throw light upon and thereby weaken the force of masonry by withdrawing the people its occult power, the author address self to the persons who come in with the people. He declares the work will demonstrate unquest that Freemasons when they put selves forward as discreet philanth are hypocrites, that they lie will most audacious impudence when present their tenebrous sect as a sanodyne association having no ne politics and religion, that when that liberty, equality and fraternit vail amongst them, they are impuferemasonry," he says, "with its patic liturgy of chapters and its exevocations of the Areopagi, is nothing the worship of Satan."

The work begins with an extract the encyclical of Leo XIII., Hugenus, wherein the Holy Father of the unmasking of Freemasonry ashowing of it as it is; the instruct the people, making known to the artifices employed by that sect to wmen and attract them into its man perversity of its doctrines and the of its acts. The author confesses, shame, that he belonged to Freemand by the special study of it to widevoted himself, he was enabled trate all its secrets. He, a repentance, makes a solemn reparation.

can be seen that the secrets. It is seen to the control of the con confronts the rage which his reve cannot fail to raise up against hi the effects of which may, perhaps,

in execution.

The most important chapter is The most important chapter is which furnishes a summary of Un Masonry, giving, in most cases, the ber of lodges of the several rites a number of members in the severa tries of the world. England, Sc Ireland, the United States, Ger France and Italy stand high in this society. The Grand Lodge of E York Rite, has as its Grand Master Rite called Herodom, Albert I Prince of Wales; as its substitute Grand Master Earl Carnarvon, Arch; it was established in 1717, he lodges dependent on it, and n lodges dependent on it, and n about 105,000 Masons. The same Edward is Grand Protector of the Lodge of St. John of Scotland, and Grand Lodge of Ireland, of Duke of Abercorn is Grand Maste Marquis of Headford, Royal Arc Earl of Bandon, Grand Secretar which was constituted at Dublin i

has 1,014 lodges and about 75,000 bers. This practice of having roy sonages at the head of the great lo also seen in Denmark, where Christi King of Denmark, is Grand Prote the National Grand Lodge of De the National Grand Lodge of De and where the Prince Royal C Frederick William Charles is Master. Oscar II., King of Swed Norway, is Regnant Grand Mast Gustavus Adolphus, Prince Royal Master. Alexander, Prince of Ora National Grand Master of the Lodge of the low countries; Prince Frederick William of Prussia is Frederick William of Prussia is Master Protector of the Mother L the three globes, and fills a like clodges of minor dignity.
The United States have many,

which are of the York rite. The Lodge of Massachusetts was constit Boston in 1733; it is very and powerful, and has the direction lodges, comprising about 25.250 lodges, comprising about 25,250 The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania lished since 1764, is one of thimportant in the United States, the direction of 379 lodges with Masons. The most important United States is that of New York

of 713 lodges with 72,000 Masons. The general total, gathered foofficial records, of Masons through world in 1885 is, according to Masons through the forms 17,016 lodges with 72,000 lodges and 1 round figures, 17,000 lodges and 1 of Masons. In the opinion of this who are active members. The east oget rid of Masonry is to case ance at the lodges and to neglect ment of the usual fees. But if a useful to the sect every means use of, even solicitations which resemble threats, to retain him. resemble threats, to retain him. A of Masons frequenting the lodge ciently serious a peril without it it by fears of others. If only retwentieths of these were to keep urpose of those who deceive turn them to account they would be in leaders. If the people keep their leaders. If the people kr