2

MARY'S BROTHER

Sister Frances passed through the ward and into the tiny room opening off it, where for almost a year Mary had lived in the invalid's chair destined to

lived in the invalid's chair destined to be her home for life. The girl looked up from a letter she was reading and smiled joyously. "Oh, Sister," she cried, "my brother is coming to this country. He is on the ocean now. He'll be here, here in this room, a week from to-day. Think, Sister, I haven't seen him for five years, and he is all I have in the world." "Then suddenly her thin, timid little face clouded. A thought had occurred to her which cast a damper over her ioy.

to her which cast a damper over her joy. "But," she went on presently, "but what will he say when he knows that I am a Catholic? He will be furiously angry. I'm afraid to tell him—I can't tell him. O, Sister, what shall I do?" "But, Mary, doesn't he know? It is at least a year and a half since you were received into the Church." "I have never had courage to say a word about it to George. He is even more prejudiced against everything Catholic than I was when I came here, and you remember, Sister, how silly I was. I would never have applied for work in a Catholic hospital had I not been cold and half naked and almost starving. As for George, do you know I been cold and half naked and almost starving. As for George, do you know I feel certain that he would have starved had he been in my place, rather than have asked help in a 'Popish institu-tion,' as he would call this."

tion,' as he would call this." Mary said no more for a few minutes. Every trace of gladness had died in her heart, every trace of smile from her face. The kind old nun watched her pityingly, vainly trying to find something encour-aging to say. She was thinking of har own brother, out of the Church during maay years, for whom her life of priva-tions was a perpetual holocaust. It was Mary who broke the silence at last by saying, low and tremplously:

saying, low and tremulously: "I'm afraid he'll have nothing more

to do with me." "On the contrary, if you are patient and gentle, you may be the means of bringing him into the Church, and you will then be closer to each other than

er before." The girl shook her head. ever t

don't know him, Sister. Not "You don't know nim, bised that he is disagreeable or ill-tempered about other things; he's the very oppos-temperature of all that he's as gay and bright an about other things; he's the very oppos-ite of all that he's as gay and bright an attractive as I am stupid and insignifi-cant; but we were taught as children that Catholicism is all that is narrow

that Catholicism is all that is narrow and all that is wicked, and the idea took deep root in his mind." "Pray for him, Mary : pray unceas-ingly. This you can easily do." "I do pray for him, S.ster, always to the Blessed Sacrament. It was the sweetness, the peace, the indescribable compthing about your chanel which I sweetness, the peace, the indescribable something about your chapel which I had found nowhere else in the world, that first made me long to be a Cathol c and ever since I was baptized I have ved the Blessed Sacrament-oh, so uch! All the visits I made to the loved the much ! All the visits I made to the chapel when I could walk about, and every Holy Communion since my first has been offered for his conversion. And besides on that night nearly a year ago, when the fire broke out, and I awoke to find my room full of smoke, and re-membered that, Father Schultz was away, membered that Father Schultz was away, remembered, too, that Sister Eulalie was ill and that I was taking her place as sacristan-oh, Sister, I was terrified ! I felt that I could not let the flames touch Our Lord, helpless in the tabertouch Our Lord, helpless in the taber-nacle, but I was afraid, so much afraid. Then I thought of George—and I made my way through the smoke to the chapel. It wasn't very hard except that I could not get my breath; and when at last the wall fell, and I was pinned under it, not get my breach; and when at last the wall fell, and I was pinned under it, but with help so near that I knew that It was safe—why, I was almost glad of the pain, because I could offer it for George. And because of him I've never been sorry that the hurt crippled me, except that it made me a care here, where every one is busy." "Nonsense, Mary, you are one of our

days, even to the consummation of the absent-minded man who had always been absent-minded man who had always been a source of amusement to them, he told it inimitably; they laughed together; and the ice was effectually broken. After this they chatted cosily for half an hour, and Mary forgot her trouble until there came a long pause, during which George glanced curiously about the spotless little room with a crucifix hanging over the bed and a statute of Our Lady on a bracket in the corner. When he spoke again it was with a certain constraint of voice and manner which sent a chill to her heart. "Do you like being here? I can't imagine how you chanced to get into a place like this."

days, even to the consummation of the world." We see in these three wonder-ful features of the Church's interior beauty how she is truly "The city of the Living God," "The abode of grace and holiness;" and therefore, that all the majesty, all the beauty, all the material grandeur which it is in our power to invest her with, it becomes our duty to give to her, that she may thus appear before the eyes of men a noting tabernacle for our Divine Lord Himself. We have seen, moreover, how the Church of God, acting upon the in-stincts of her divinely infused life and perpetual charity, has always endeavor-ed to sitest and to proclaim her faith by surrounding the object of that faith, her God, with all that earth helds as most precious and most dear. I then told you (if you remember) this morn-ing, that the subject for our evening's consideration would be the exterior beauty of the Holy Church of God-some other features that belong to her, distinct from, though not independent of, the three great singular graces of God's infallible truth, and of the unceasing stream of ascramental grace that, through her, flows onward; those features of divine exter-nal beauty which we recognize upon the face of our Holy Mother, the Church. Therefore, dearly beloved, the things that are indicated by the exterior garb with which the prophet invested the spouse of Christ : "The queen stood on thy right hand in golden garb, sur-rounded with variety" -every choicest gem every celestial form of beauty em-troidered upon the heavenly clothing of Heaven's Queen, every arrest jewel let into the setting of that golden garment, every brightest color shining forth upon her-what is this exterior beauty of the Church? I answer, that it con-sists in many things-in many influences a-in the many ways in which she has acted upon society. Ever faithful to imagine how you chanced to get into a place like this." "I—I had no position for a long time," Mary faltered. "I had walked the streets for days and weeks in search of one. I was hungry, almost starving and in desperation I asked here for work. They, didn't need another girl, but they took me in and made a place for me. It was very kind of them; they have al-ways been kind; and especially so since I was hurt the night of the fire. You remember, I told you that a wall struck me as it fell."

me as it fell." "Yes, I know. Poor little girl!" he

exclaimed. He opened his mouth to say se thing, and closed it again, his sister watching him fearfully, for his face was serious and paler than was its wont. She knew that the dreaded moment was at hand, and shrank back into her in-

at hand, and shrank back into her in-valid's chair, breathing a prayer for strength. Still George was silent until Mary could stand it no longer. "Catholics are not at all as we used to imagine them," she ventured to say. George made no answer, and again there was a long, uncomfortable pause. Then, at last, he looked up, and with a roar avident desire to chauge the subvery evident desire to change the sub-

"You never told me, Mary, just how it happened that you were injured in the fire." Her face became a shade paler. I-oh, George, I've been afraid to tell you !" she blurted out. "I know that you will be angry. Promise me that een hundred years of busy life she stands to day before the world; and no man can fix upon her virgin brow the

"Why, Mary, what do you mean?" "It—it happened a year ago, but I never dared to tell you the particulars. You see, the—the chapel caught fire in the night. I was filling the sacristan's place at the time, the chaplain was **away, and so I**—I saved the Blessed Sacra-ment. I was hurt as I reached the open **air**, but It—It was safe ! And I did it for you. Generge !" " Why, Mary, what do you mean ?"

for you, George 1" George was quite as pale as she by this time, and was trembling from head to foot. When Mary found courage to glance at him she cried agonizingly : "Oh, brother, don't feel that way about it. You do not understand. It is all so sweet so heartiful !"

all so sweet, so beautiful !" "You mean that you are a Catholic ?"

he gasped in answer. She nodded. He next asked her a

She nodded. He next asked her a quetion which to her seemed strange and irrelevant: "This happened a year ago, you say; can you tell me the exact date?" "Yes. How could I forget. The fire broke out at 2 o'clock in the moroing of the feast of Corpus Christi, which fell on the 28th of May last year." George leaned forward and clasped his sister's haud in his. "Listen, Mary !" he said solernly. "About 8 o'clock in the morning of that same day—there is six hours' difference in the time between here and Manin the time between here and Manchester, so just at the moment that you were doing this-I was caught in a terwere doing this—1 was caught in a ter-rific storm on my way to the factory. I stepped inside a Catholic church to wait until its fury had spent itself. A priest was standing at the altar-rail talking to a band of children dressed in white. What he said went straight to

eight months. Mary, but I could not except that it made me a care here, where every one is busy." " Nonsense, Mary, you are one of our own children I" the nun scolded kindly. The girl said no more for a few min-tes, and Sister Frances busied herself bout the room. After a time Mary be-in again softly and lovingly : " To think that I am going to see him hat joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-tag with his hearty boyish laughter. " To think that I am going to see him hat joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-tag with his hearty boyish laughter. " To think that I am going to see him hat joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-hat that joy 1 If only he will forgive mein-the Sacred Heart.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and is their highest inspiration. What is it that forms the peculiar attraction —that creates the peculiar influence of is it that form the peculiar attraction —that creates the peculiar influence of art upon the soul of man, through his senses? What is it that captivates the eye? It is the ideal that speaks to him through art. In nature there are many beautiful things, and we contem-plate them with joy, with delight. The faint bluenes of the morning, as the ris-ing sun climbs slowly over the eastern hills, filling the valleys with rosy light, and gladdening the face of nature — all this is grand, all this is beautiful. But in nature, because it is nature, the perthis is grand, all this is beautiful. But in nature, because it is nature, the per-fectly beautiful is rarely or never found. Some one thing or other is wanting that would lend an additional feature of loveliness to the scene which we con-template, or to the theme, the hearing of which delights us. Now, the aim of the Catholic soul of art is to take the beautiful wherever it is found, to abthe Catholic solit of all is to take the beautiful wherever it is found, to ab-stract it from all that might deform it, or to add all that might be wanting to its perfect beauty—to add to it every feature and every element that can ful-fill the human idea of perfect loveliness, and to fling over all the still higher iloveliness which is caught from heaven. This is called "the Ideal" in art. We rarely find it in nature. We seek if in highest art. We look upon a picture, and there we be-hold portrayed with supreme power all the giory of the light that the sun can lend from heaven—all the glory of material beauty chastened, refined, and idealized by the artist's inspiration, the reathing purest soul, enforcing some

idealized by the artist's inspiration, breathing purest soul, enforcing some high lesson, and persuading by the spiritual influence which pervades the whole work. A meng the ancient nations —the great fountaios of the ancient civilization — Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and finally, Rome — during the four thousand years that went before the coming of the Redeemer, these arts and sciences flourished. We have still the remains of the Coliseum, for instance, in Rome, combining vastness of proportion with perfect symmetry, and the mind is with perfect symmetry, and the mind is oppressed at the immensity of size, whilst the eye is charmed with the beauty of

But in the fourth and fifth centuries -after the foundation of the Church had been firmly laid, after the promul-gation of the Christian religion-when the Roman Empire had bowed down her imperial head before the glory of the Cross of Christ, it was in the designs of Cross of Christ, it was in the designs of God that all that andrent civilization, all these ancient arts and sciences, should be broken up and perish. From Egypt, Syria, and the far East they came, and their glory concentrated it-self in Greece—later, the most of all, in Rome. All the wealth of the world was externed into Romo. All the glory of God or to the interests of man. Many, indeed, are the ways in which the Church of God has operated upon so-ciety. Of these many ways I have sel-ected as the subject for our even-ing's illustration, the power exist-ing in the Catholic Church and attested by undoubted historical evidence — the power which she exercised as the Mother and inspirer of the fine 'arts. And here let me first of gathered into Rome. All the world was gathered into Rome. All the glory of earth was centralized in Rome. What-ever the world knew of painting, of culpture, of architecture, of music, wa the fine arts. And here let me first of all say, that besides the useful and found in Rome, in the highest perfection to which the ancient civilization all say, that besides the useful and necessary arts which occupy men in their daily life—the arts that consist in maintaining the essential necessaries and in providing the comforts of life— the arts that result in smoothing away all the difficulties that meet us in our path in life, as far as the hand of man can materially effect this — besides these useful and necessary arts — there are others which are not necessary for had brought it. Then came the momen when the Church was to enter upo when the Church was to enter upon her second mission-that of creating a new world and a new civilization. Then came the moment when Rome and its ancient empire gravitated to a climax by its three hundred years of religious persecution of the Church of God, and her crimes were about to be explated. Then came the time when God's designs are others which are not necessary for are others which are not necessary for our existence, nor, perhaps, even for our comfort—but are necessary to meet the spiritual cravings and aspirations of the human soul, and that fling a grace became apparent. Even as the storm cloud bursts forth and sweeps the earth cloud bursts forth and sweeps the cardi-in its resistless force, so, my dear friends, in these centuries of which I speak, from the fastness of the North came forth dreadful hordes of barbarians around ourselves. There are arts and sciences which elevate the mind, scothe -men without civilization-men withthe heart, and captivate the understand -men without of mission mercy-men out religion-men without mercy-men without a written language-men with-out a history-men without a single re-fining element of faith amongst them; and down they came, Goths and Visi-goths, Huns and Vandals, onward sweep-in their scale these and almost counting and the imagination of man. These are called "The Fine Arts." For instance : it is not necessary for your life or mine, that our eyes should rest with pleasure upon some beautiful painting goths, Huns and Vandais, buward sweep ing in their resistless and almost count-less thousands of warriors, carrying slavery and destruction in their hands; —and thus they swept over the Western burger them before them. slavery and destruction in their hands;
--and thus they swept over the Western world. Rome went down before them.
All her glory departed; and so the civilization of Greece and Rome was completely destroyed. Society was chaotic elements of its being. Every chaotic elements of its being. Every science, every most splendid monument of the ancient world was desmonument of the ancient world was des-troyed; and at the close of the fifth century, the work of the four thousand mending your had to be four thousand preceding years had to be done over again. Mankind was reduced to its primal elements of barbarism. Lanprimal elements of Darbarism. Lan-guages never before heard, barbaric voices, were lifted up in the halls of the ancient palaces of Italy and in the forum of Rome. All the splendors of the Roman Empire disappeared, and, with them, almost every vestige of the ancient arts and civilization of the preceding times. No power of earth was able to withstand the hordes of Attila. No army was able to make front against them. All went down before them, them. All went down before them, save and except one—one organization, one power in the wrid—one power founded by Christ and compacted by the very hand of God—founded upon an immovable foundation of knowledge and of truth—one power, for which, for divine purposes, was allowed a respite from 'persecution for a few years, in order that she might be able to present to the flood of barbarism that swept away the ancient civilization, a compact and well formed body, able to re-act upon them,—and that power was the Holy Church of God. She boldly met the assault; she stemmed the tide; she embraced and absorbed in herself nation after nation, million after million of those rude children of the Northern shores and forests. She took them, and of truth-one power, for which, for those rude children of the Arothern shores and forests. She took them, rough and barbarous as they were, to ber bosom : and, at the end of the fifth century, the Church of God began her exterior, heroic mission of civilizing exterior, heroic mission of civilizing the world, and laying the foundations of modern civilization and of modern of modern civilization and of modern society. So it went on until the day when the capitol of Rome was shrouded in flames, and the ancient monuments of her pride, of her glory, and of civiliza-tion, were ruined and fell, and almost

of the nations were engaged in the war of the nations were engaged in the war between Northern barbarism and civil-ization and the land was one great battle field, overflowing with blood, the Church gathered into her arms all that she could lay her hands on, of ancient literature, of ancient science and art, and retired with them into her clois-ters. Exagember over the whole form and retired with them into her clois-ters. Everywhere, over the whole face of Europe, and in Africa and Asia-everywhere the monk was the one man of learning-the one man who brought everywhere the mont was the orought of learning—the one man who brought with him, into his cloister, the devotion to God that involved the sacrifice of his life—the devotion to man that con-siders a neighbor's good, and makes civsiders a neighbor's good, and makes civ-ilization and refinement the purpose and study of his life! Where, to-day, would be the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, if the Church of God, the Catho-lic Cnurch, had not gathered their rem-nants into her cloisters? Where, to-day, would be (humanly speaking) the very Scriptures themselves, if these monks of old had not taken them, and made the transcribing of them, and the monks of old and not taken them, and made the transcribing of them, and the multiplying copies of them, the busi-ness of their lives ? And so, all that the world has of science, of art,—all that the world has of tradition — of music, of painting, of architecture-all that the world has of the arts of Greece and Rome, was treasured up for a thou-sand years in the cloisters of the Cath-olic Church i And now, her two-fold mission began

whilst her preachers evangelized-whilst they followed the armies of the Vandal and the Goth, from field to field, Vandal and the Goth, from field to field, and back to their fastnesses of the North-whilst they converted those rude and terrible sons of the forest into meek, pure minded Christians, upon the one hand, on the other, the Church took and applied all the arts, all the sciences, all the human agracies that sciences, all the human agencies that she had—and they were powerful—to the civilizing and refining of these barthe civilizing and refining of these bar-barous men. Then it was that in the cloisters there sprang up, created and fostered by the Church of God, the fair and beautiful arts of painting, music, and architecture. I say "created" in the Church. There are many amongst you as well informed as I am in the history of our civilization, and I ask you to consider that amongst the debris of the rain of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece, although we possess ancient Greece, although we possess noble monuments of the ancient archinoble monuments of the ancient aroun-tecture, we have but the faintest tradi-tion of their music or their paintings— scarcely anything. I have visited the ruined cities of Italy, I have stood within the walls of Ostfum, at the mouth of the Tiber, when, after hundreds of years, for the first time the earth was removed and the ancient temples were revealed again. The painting is gone, and noth-ing but the faintest outline remains. Still less of the music of the ancients have we. We do not know what the music of ancient Greece or of ancient Rome was. All we know is, that among the ancient Greeks there was a dull monotone, or chorus, struck into an alternating strain. Of their sculpture we have abundant remains; and, indeed, on this it may be said, that there has on this it may be said, that there has not been any modern art which has equalled, scarcely approached, the per-fection of the ancient Grecian model. But the three sciences of architecture, painting, and music have all sprung from the cloiters of the Church. What is the source of all great modern song? When the voice of the singer was hushed everywhere else, it resounded in the Gregorian chant that pealed in load here and the second lond hosannas through the long drawn aisles of the ancient Catholic mediaval aisles of the ancient Catholic mediaval churches. It first came from the mind —it came from out the loving heart of the holy pope, Gregory, himself a relig-ions, and consecrated to God as a monk. Whence came the organ, the monk. Whence came the organ, the prince, the king of all instruments, the faithful type of Christianity—of the Christian congregation—so varied yet so harmonious; made up of a multitude and everything seemed to cling to and tend towards earth. For this was the idea, and the highest ides, of architecidea, and the light lifes, of architec-ture that ever entered into the mind of the greatest of the men of ancient civili-zation. The monk in his cloister, de-signing to build a temple and a house for the living God, looking upon the

coming down from heaven to salute Mary-then did all these greet the eye of the rude, unlettered man, and tell before the throne of the Most High. It was necessary that the man who looked upon this should be lifted up from the thoughts of earth and engaged wholly in the contemplation of objects of heaven. Therefore, glimpses of beauty the most transcendent, aspirations of heaven, lifting up the soul from all earthliness—from worldli-ness—were necessary. To obtain this the monk was obliged to fast and pray while he painted. The monk was obliged to lift up his own foughts, his own imagination, his own soul, in con-templation, and view, as it were, the scene which he was about to illustrate, with no earthly eye. The Church alone

with no earthly eye. The Church alone could do this, and the Church did it.

could do this, and the Church did it. She created the art of painting. There was no tradition in the pagan world to aid him; no beauty—the beauty of no fair forms in all the fulness of their msjestic symmetry before his eye to in-spire him. He must look altogether to heaven for his inapiration. And so heaven for his inspiration. And so faithfully did he look up to heaven' glories, and so clear was the vision that the painter-monk received of the beauties he depicted on earth, that in the thirteenth century there arose in Florence a Dominican monk, a member of our order, beatified by his virtues, and called by the single title of "The Angelic Painter." He illustrated the Holy Trinity. He put before the eyes of the people all the great mysteries of our faith. And now, after so many ages —after six hundred years have passed away, whenever a painter, or lover of art, stands before one of those wonder art, stands before one of those wonder-ful angels and saints, painted by the hand of the ancient monk, now in heaven, it seems to him as if the very angels of God had descended from on high and stood before the painter, while he fixed their glory in colored form as they appear to the eye of the be-holder. It seems as if we gazed upon the blessed angelic hosts, and as if Gabriel, standing before Mary, mingled the blessed angelic hosts, and as if Gabriel, standing before Mary, mingled the joy of the meeting with the solemn-ity of the message which the painter represents him as announcing. It seems as if Mary is seen receiving the message of man's redemption from the angel, not as a woman of earth, but as if she was the very personification of the woman that the inspired Evangelist at Patmos saw, "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Michael Angelo, the greatest of painters, gazed in wonder at the angels and saints that the Dominican monk had painted. Astonished, he knelt down, gave thanks to God, and said, "The man that could have painted these must have seen them in heaven!" The architecture of the ancient world, of Greece and of Rome. remained. It

The architecture of Rome, remained. It was inspired by a Pagan idea, and it never rose above the idea that inspired it. The temples of Athens and of Rome remain in all shattered glory, and in all the chaste beauty of their proportions.

Very remarkable are they as archi-tectual studies for this: that they spread themselves out, and covered as much of the earth's space as possible; that the pillars were low and the arches low;

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behold them in those ancient and quaint

towns of Belgium and of France. We behold on their transepts, for instance, Mary—then did all these greet the eye of the rude, unlettered man, and tell him, in language more elequent than words, how much Almighty God in heaven loved him. But it was necessary should be idealized to its very highest form. It was necessary to the painter's hand to fling around Mary's head a combined halo of virginity and of heavenly maternity. It was necessary that the angelic form that saluted her and of its own spiritual nature, floating, as it were, though him, in material color. It was necessary that the atmo-sphere surrounded her should be as that before the throne of the Most Higt. It was necessary that the man who looked great rivers now unrough these planes and look as if they were of molten silver. The air is pure, and the sky is the sky of Italy. Majestic cities dot the planes at his feet. But amongst them all, as the sun flings his Italian light upon the superstant of the sky of the backde one the sun flings his Italian light upon the scene—amongst them all, he beholds one thing that dazzles his eyes with its splendor. There, far away in the plains, within the gates of the vast city of Milan, he sees a palace of white marble rising up from the earth; ten thousand teteme of saints around it; with countstatues of saints around it ; with count-less turrets, and a spire with a pinnacle rising towards heaven, as if in riot of Thing towards heaten as if in sparkles upon it as if it were covered with the rime of a hoar-frost, of as if it were made of molten silver. Possibly his steps are drawn thither, and it pleases him to enter the city. Never before-never, even with the eye of the mind---had the trav-



MISS E. A. GOODALL

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th. 1911 EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th. 1911 "I have been a sufferer since baby-hood from that terrible complaint, Constipation. I have been treated by physicans, and have taken every medicine I heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I finally concluded that there was no remedy in the world that toes no remedy in the world that there was no remedy in the world that could cure Constigation. About this time, I heard about "Fruit-atives" and decided to try them. The effect was marvellous. The first bez gave me great relief, and after I had used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well. "Fruit-atives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good and I want to

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—"Try this fruit medicine and you will find— as I did—a perfect cure" (MISS) E. A. GOODALL, "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit and the only one that will positively and completely cure you of Constitution. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ACETYLENE

do all things." "I know, Sister, but I can't help be-"I know, Sister, but I can't help be-ing atraid. Pray, will you, that he woa't turn from me, that he won't even feel badly about it. His letter is full of love; he is counting the days until he will reach here, he says. It will be so hard to tell him, so hard to hurt him. He hates Catholicism; and it's strange, for he lower everything else." for he loves everything else."

" I'll unite with you in praying to the "I'll unite with you in praying to the Blessed Sacrament," Sister Frances said and she went her way with a heavy sigh. She felt sorry for the poor girl whose devotion to her brother every one in the se knew.

During the next few days Mary was somewhat radiantly hsppy, more often fearful; and as the appointed time drew nearer and nearer her uncasiness grew

and jocosely how his sister could have dreaded his displeasure. He was pleas-ant, she decided, but not one likely to take anything much to heart. She did not know that laughter-loving natures, easy of access on slight acquaintance, sometimes hide limitless depths of tenderness and strength, and as often a

sometimes hide infinitess depuis or for derness and strength, and as often a strain of adamantine hardness. A cry of loving welcome burst from Mary's lips when he appeared in her doorway, a cry which voiced the pentup longing and weary homesickness of five hard years; and in a moment the brother and sister were locked in each other's arms. Wiping her eyes, Sister Frances hurried away and left them alone together. But, as often happens when two people devoted to each other have been long separated, after their first emotion passed both felt shy and ill at ease. Mary asked one formal ques-tion after another about their old neigh-bors in Manchester, and her brother tion after another stores, and her brother bors in Manchester, and her brother answered them laconically until remind-ed of a characteristic story about an

"THE CHURCH, THE MOTHER AND INSPIRATION OF ART"

BY VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P. (Pronounced on Sunday evening, March 10th, 1872, an the occasion of the completion of the Dominican hurch of st. Vincent Ferrer, in Lexington Avenue. Wark, of which Very Rev. M.A. Lilley, O, P.,

Dearly beloved brethren : This morning I told you that the Holy Cathfearful; and as the appointed time drew mearer and nearer her uncasiness grew prodigiously, until all the joy was crowded out of her heart. George came at last, a tall, stalwart man, five years her senior, with a smil-ing face and a frequent hearty laugh. Sister Frances it was who led him through the long corridors to Mary's room, wondering as he chatted easily and jobosely how his sister could have dreaded his displeasure. He was pleas-ant, she decided, but not one likely to take anything much to heart. She did effable loveliness of the Church con-sists, above all, in this, that she holds enshrined in her tabernacles the Lord, the Redeemer of the world, as the Bles-sed Virgin Mary, His mother, held Him in her arms in Bethlehem, as the cross supported Him on Mount Calvary; that abe nosesses His everlasting truth

she possesses His everlasting truth which He left as her inheritance, and which it is her destiny not only to hold,

soothed, and the burden of his sorrow lightened, the pleasure he enjoyed in-creased and enhanced, when music, with its magic spell, fell upon his ear? It is not necessary for our lives that our eyes should be charmed with the sight of some grand, majestic interpret and the second states and the second second second second second second second second with the sight of some grand, majestic building ; but who amongst us is there who has not felt the emotion of sadness

swell within him as he looked upon the swell within him as he howed upon the green, ivy-clad ruin of some ancient church? Who is there amongst us that has not, at some time or other, feit the softening, refining, though sadden-ing information that organ over him the softening, refining, though sadden-ing influences that creep over him when, on entering within isome time -honored ruin of an abbey, he beheld the old iance-shaped windows, through which came streams of sunshine like the "light of other days," and beheld the ancient tracery on that which stood be-hind the high altar, and had once been filled with legends of angels and sainta — but now open to every breeze of heaven — when he looked upon the place as that in which his imagination plottred to him holy bishops and mitred abbots officiating there, and offering up the unbloody sacrifice, while the vanited arches and long drawn aisles resoluded with the loud hoff annas of the long-lost monastic song? Who is there amongst us who has not felt, at times elevated, impressed, aye, filled with strong feel-ings of delight, as his eye roamed steadily and gradually up to the apex of some grand cathedral, resting upon niches of saints and angels, and gilding from beauty to beauty, until, at length, straining his vision, he beheld, high amongst the clouds of heaven, the sav-ing sign of the Cross of Jesus Christ, upheld in triumph, and finging its sacred shadow over the silent graves. It is thus these arts called the fiberal, or the Fine Arts, fill a great place, and accompliah a great work in the designs ing influences that creep over him

before this aitar, and within these walls, do you blend into one united and har-monious act of faith of homage, and of praise before God. Whence came the praise before God. Whence came the king of instruments to you—so majee-tic in form, so grand in its volume—so symbolical of the worship which it bears aloft upon the wings of song. In the cloisters of the Benedictine monks the cloisters of the Benedictine monks do we hear it for the first time. When the tired Crusader came home from his Eastern wars, there did he sit down to refresh his soul with sacred song. There, during the solemn Mass of mid-night, or at the Church's office at matins, while he heard the solemn, plaintive chant of the Church, whilst is based the low-blended notes of the e heard the low-blended notes of the accompanying organ, skilfully touched by the Benedictine's hand-would his by the Benedictine's inside world his rugged heart be melted into sorrow and the humility of Christian forgive-ness. And thus it is the most spiritual-izing and highest of all the arts and sciences—this heaven born art of music. Thus did the Church of God make her divine and cizilizing appeal, and thus her holy influence was brought out, her holy influence was brought out, during those stormy and terrible times when she undertook the almost impossi-ble task of humbling the proud, of purify-ing the unchaste, of civilizing the terrible, the flerce, and the blood-stained horde of barbarians that swept, in their excisting millions over the in their resistless millions, over the

In their residuess millions, over Roman empire. The next great art the church cultivated in cloisters, and which, in was created by her as it exists t her truth. to day, was the art of painting. Recall the cir-cumstances of the time. Printing was not yet invented. Yet the people had not yet invented. Yet the people had to be instructed—and not only to be in-structed but influenced; for mere in-struction is not sufficient. The mere appeal to the power of faith, or to the intellect of man, is not sufficient. Therefore did the Church call in the heaviting art of mainting; and the help Dut to proclaim and propagate to all the nations; and, finally, that she holds in her hands the ascremental power and finally, that she holds agencies by which sonis are sanctified, and saved. In these three we be that the list grees place, and, addressed herself, first and most is perpetuated in her; for Onrist our is perpetuated in her; tor orphans," He said, " but I will come to you again, and I will remain with you all

flowers,

models of ancient Greece and Rome saw in them a grovelling and an earthly imminibiled in your home at small expense. Then—you can say good-bye to the manay, smally cash-oil lamps, the smaky chimneys, the maven wicks, and the disagreemble job of keeping them in order. Then—you can have in every room a light that is really daylight's constor-part—a light that is soft, white, pleasant and remarkably casy on the eyes —a light that makes reading a greater pleasure than over. architecture. His mind was heaven-ward in aspiration. His thoughts, his affections, were all purified by the life which he led. Out of that upward tend ency of mind and heart sprang the creation of a new style of Christian architecture, which is called the Gothic; as little in it of earth as may he just antificiant to save the purpose architecture. His mind was heaven be just sufficient to serve the purpose of a superstructure. The ides was to raise it as high towards heaven as posraise it as high towards heaven as pos-sible—to raise a monument to Almighty God—a monument revealing in every detail of its architecture the divine ides, and the upward tendency of the regenerated heart of the Christian man. Now, therefore, let every arch be pointed; now, therefore, let every pillar spring up as leftily as a spire; now, let every niche be filled with angels and Then why not have Acetylene? Write us and we'll tell you all about how to put in an Acetylene system, what Becosta and how much light it will give you for every cent in cost. 18 D let every niche be filled with angels and let every niche be filled with angels and saints-some who were tried in love-others who maintained the faith-teach ing the lesson of their sanctity-now pronouncing judgmest, now proclaiming meroy. Now, therefore, let the high tower be uplifted on which swings the bell, consecrated by the blessing of the Church, to fling out upon the air around, which trembles as it receives its mean ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED 604 POVVIER BLDG., MONTREAL. Cor. McTavinh and 6th Sin., Brandon, Man. 423 Enduceds St., Vanceuver. <u>____</u> which trembles as it receives its mess-age, the notes of Christian joy and of Christian sorrow! And high above that tower, let the slender, pointed spire seek the clouds, and rear up, as

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract spire seek the clouds, and rear up, as near to heaven as man can go, the symbol of the Cross on which Christ redeemed mankind! The people re-quire instruction; put sermons in stones. Let the material edifice be an epic of faith and of praise to God. Let ØF Malt with Iron is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulaeverything that the eye sees be symbol-ical of the divine. tory fluid than any other prepara-tion of iron. "Shut then in the petals of the flowers. Round the stems of all the lilies twine, Hide beneath each bird's or angel's of Anemia and General Debility. pinion, wise meaning or some thought - For Sale at Drug Stores

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