

And So Forget!

Forget! forget! The tide of life is turning; The waves of light ebb slowly down the west; Along the edge of dark some stars are burning To guide thy spirit safely on an isle of rest. A little rocking on the tranquil deep Of song, to soothe thy yearning, A little slumber and a little sleep, And so forget, forget!

The Sisters of Pius X.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

(Special to N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

Rome, November 10, 1907.

The three unmarried sisters of Pius X. live very quietly indeed in a little flat over some shops on the Piazza Rusticucci, close to St. Peter's. They lead by no means idle lives but work for the poor, and receive the numerous visitors who call upon them. The latter, however, gain no admittance unless known, or coming with an introduction. Were this not the case, the little home of these simple women would be invaded perpetually by the curious tourist.

As I know the sisters, and have paid them frequent visits, a little description of them may not be without interest to the many who love the Holy Father. As his sisters, they have the right to the title of Contesse; but he will not allow it. "They are the sisters of the Pope—that is enough," was his remark on the subject.

On the door of their flat is a white china plate with "Sorella Sarto" on it, and on being opened, you enter an ante-chamber off which is the drawing room. The pale green carpet has a floral design upon it. The walls and furniture tone well together, and on a large circular table books and albums are placed together with a stereoscope with snapshots of the Holy Father as he was leaving Venice for that memorable journey to Rome.

Before the sofa, over which hangs a large full-length photograph of the Pontiff, stretches an enormous brown bear, a gift from America which the Holy Father handed over to his sisters. Some personal gifts to him are in their keeping, and are to descend to their nephew.

Over a marble console hangs an oil painting of the peasant mother, the little shawl crossed on her breast, her eyes full of singularly deep and spiritual expression. A little country dressmaker, earning her thirty cents a day, she watched over her little family with the greatest care. Hereafter a Tertius of St. Francis, she gathered her children around her every morning, praying out loud with them, and then giving them a simple instruction on the saint of the day. This she ended by the solemn words: "My dear little children, I had rather lose you than that you should ever forget Our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother."

In the evening, the father, Battisto, a small municipal employe, gathered his wife and children around him, and made their night prayers together, after a brief explanation of some portion of the Sacred Scripture, or Catechism.

There is a curious tangle of the little cottage, at Riese, where the Sarto family were born, and an excellent bust of the Pontiff. Between Riese now and the Vatican is a telephone, put up last March, on the Holy Father's name day. It gave him great pleasure "at least," he said, "to be able to speak to his family (many of whom live there), even if he could not see them."

The sisters who live in Rome are unmarried; the one seen with a book in her hand is Rosa, the eldest, who, six years younger than the Pope, bears a striking likeness to him. When I remarked this to her one day, she said it was often noticed. The sister who is seated is Maria, the third Anna. When I have seen them they have usually been in plain stiff dresses, often with an apron; Maria sometimes having scissors hanging by her side by a piece of tape. Their niece, Ermengilda

Aching Joints.

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather. "I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla for several years," writes Miss Frances Serra, Prescott, Ont. "I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has completely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying that my cure was due to Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

Parotin, spends much time with her aunts in Rome. She is one of twins; her parents live near Riese and keep a wine and general store. She is a pretty, bright girl of about twenty-two, dressed more in middle-class fashion than her aunts. "Gilda," as she is usually called, speaks much better Italian than her aunts, whose Venetian accent is strong.

In Rome it has been reported that the sisters ran in and out of the private Papal apartments at their pleasure. They are also reported as driving every Thursday with the Pope. They never dine with him at all, but see him twice a week—Wednesdays and Sundays, for about an hour. On the latter day they assist, first of all, at his Mass. On week days they go to Mass at the neighboring church at Sta. Maria in Traspontina.

One day I inquired from Rosa how they addressed the Pope. "Santo Padre," she replied, before other people; but when we are alone with him as "Guseppe."

The room next to the drawing-room is furnished in red, and contains, among other things, a very large portrait of the Pope as Patriarch of Venice and which was finished on the day of the Consolave. There is also a transparency of their mother, seen by electric light.

The sisters possess the two magnificent albums given to the Pontiff on his election; the one signed by the Mantans—be was Bishop of Mantua—the other, which is much more ornate, signed by the Venetians. The cover of the latter is richly jeweled and enamelled and has a very handsome worked iron case.

One day, last year, I asked Anna if there was any truth in the report that the Holy Father was going to Castel Gandolfo in the summer. She said, as her sister had done when, on a former occasion, I had put the same question, that it was "impossible," and that the Pope himself had said: "When the Lord wills, I shall go to Paradise; but I shall not leave the Vatican till then."

The sisters are perfectly free from all self-consciousness, and have gracious and charming manners. They are seen very little about, as they pay few visits, excepting to convents, and not often even there.

The Pope's first telegram on his election was to his people; and when the three sisters on arrival in Rome were brought by Monsignor Bressan to him, they would have thrown themselves on their knees, but the Pontiff opened his arms, embracing them affectionately, saying: "I am always your own Beppi."

The Dignity and Duty of Fathers.

This week the Holy Father received in audience the members of the Central Committee of the new organization, "The National League of the Fathers of Families," lately founded in Rome for the defence of public morality. The President read an address in which he contrasted the pernicious activity of the enemies of morality with the apathy of the good, who, while deploring the present situation, shut themselves up in themselves and expect Providence to intervene directly to remove the evils of society. The National League of Fathers of Families had been formed to provide

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Celibacy of the Clergy.

The Catholic Church is inspired by the Spirit of all wisdom. And in requiring her priests to be celibates, she does it, not only because it is the highest state, but because that state creates a certain psychological attitude in the priest which is necessary to the effective accomplishment of the Church. The conjugal state, on the other hand, in addition to its hampering responsibilities, brings about a condition of mind which more or less nullifies the man to sympathize with the sacerdotal life and to enter perfectly into its spiritual responsibilities.

Compare the religious influences of the Church of England before the Reformation, with her influence now. Will any Catholic [Anglican] undertake to say that the Church of England to-day, with only a fraction of the English-speaking people attached to her communion, is the spiritual power she was when all her clergy were unmarried and unreservedly devoted to the exercise of their priesthood? No doubt her married ministry has produced many great men from among the clergy; they have begotten according to the flesh. But, oh, at what a price! Where is the flock that was given them by Pope Gregory the Great—why beautiful flock of the English race? As it is scattered among a thousand heretical sects which have sprung up because of the neglect of their married priests, who fed themselves and their families, and fed no the flock.—The Lamp.

A Cure at St. Winefride's Shrine.

From Holywell, the shrine of St. Winefride, in North Wales, come the details of the apparently miraculous cure, on the Feast of the Assumption, of Miss Mary Hanlon, a resident of Saescombe, who had been totally blind for almost ten years. More than ten years ago Miss Hanlon took suddenly ill in a street, and falling in a faint, she was precipitated over a wall on to a railway line. She received such severe injuries that her eyesight began to fail, and in two years she became absolutely blind. Acting on the advice of Rev. Father Miller, of Our Lady of St. Joseph's, she visited Holywell a few days before August 15 last.

On bathing in the well, she was seized with an intense and almost unbearable pain across the eyes, which continued till Thursday, the Feast of the Assumption. On that day she joined, as usual, in the service at the well, and whilst singing a hymn was startled to find herself able to discern first the reliquary in the priest's hand and after the candle on St. Winefride's shrine. Throughout Friday she was prostrated by the shock resulting from the sudden joy, but on Saturday she learned how to use her eyes after her long disease, and Sunday morning was able to walk unaided to Mass and in the evening to head the great procession from the church to the well.

A Non-Catholic Estimate of Newman.

Wielding a sway unexampled among his countrymen, nonjuring opponents of recognized ability, a founder of an Oratory that has become a seminary of distinction throughout the Christian world, he died as he had lived, a man of piety uncontroverted and of combined moral and intellectual power rarely surpassed. Whatever may be individual opinions as to the beliefs and career of Cardinal Newman, men of all creeds must at least agree that he was a Churchman of the first rank. We may fairly class him, indeed, with Augustine of Hippo, with Gregory the Great, with Becket, and with Wolsey, if we are to judge him, as we are prone to judge other men by what they have accomplished. For Newman found England mainly Evangelical and left it largely Anglo-Catholic. We record the facts of his career in order that we may thereby, to some extent, estimate the man.—Birmingham Daily Post.

Modern Thought and Religion.

The relations of Christianity and modern thought and the present conditions of religious life in England and on the Continent are other subjects of vital importance which will engage the attention of the Church Congress. The attitude of modern thought towards religion has greatly changed since the days of Huxley. Modern scientists and physiologists have, with some rare exceptions, abandoned the view that the universe can be explained by chance and mere mechanical laws. The acute antagonism between Religion and Science has thus far all practical purposes ceased. The modern man of science confesses that there is much that he cannot explain. He is aware that the destruction of religion would be one of the gravest moral disasters for mankind, and that there is nothing which his theories can put in its place.—London Daily Mail.

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MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS
are mild, pure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.
They gently unload the bowels, clear away all obstructions, and make healthy the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intellectual tract, ending Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Poor Digestion, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. E. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."
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MISCELLANEOUS
"Too bad," said the first summer boarder. "We can't have any fresh country vegetables for dinner today."
"What's the matter?" asked the second summer boarder. "Didn't the farmer have time to pick them?"
"No, it isn't that. The express train bringing out the canned goods from the city is four hours late."

There is nothing harsh about Laxa-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spasms without griping, purging or sickening. Price 25c.
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Billings looked at the paper and found it was not the pattern he had ordered.
He told the paperhanger in a vigorous manner that he disapproved of the paper and then started for the store to have his order filled as given. When he arrived home he found the wrong paper on the wall.
"Why did you hang this paper?" he asked the paper hanger.
"Because you told me to," was the response.
"Nothing of the sort!" cried Billings.
"I remember your exact words, sir," said the paperhanger.
"What were they?"
"You said, 'That isn't the paper I ordered, hang it all!'"

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Therefore we put **BEST LEAF OBTAINABLE** into our manufactured **TOBACCO.**
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A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the inflammation has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will gradually disperse the mucus, and by gradually reducing the heat of the throat, prevent the use of the remedy from doing any harm.
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