

presence would annoy the young *gentleman*, — he would be ashamed of his *poor* mother to be seen in the company of *well-dressed* people ! She tried to believe that « her boy was right, » but in her heart, she felt the full force and bitter cruelty of the letter. She loved him, but her love could not blind her to his ingratitude. She read his missive again and again through blinding tears, and then burned it, that no eyes but her own would ever behold her boy's disloyalty. While the flames consumed the cruel lines, all her hopes of years became as ashes, and her heart received a wound that no lapse of time would ever heal.

Who can refrain from hoping that a day came in which the ungrateful son was made to feel the selfishness and sinfulness of having been ashamed of such a mother ? — And do we ever wish misfortune to ourselves when we think of our deep ingratitude, of our heart's coldness to the undying love and devotedness of our loving Mother Mary ?



Mass For The Dead.

Oh ! write not on the tombstones both of sinner and of saint.
That all alike have gone to God without an earthly taint ;
'Tis a lie you tell the living, 'tis a mocking of the dead,
'Tis an outrage to the holy God, most holy and most dread ;
'Tis dishonor to the blessed lips of Him from whom we heard
That we shall give account to God for every idle word.
Yet hope we for our brother, though his life was foul to see,
And fear we for our brother, though a saint he seemed to be ;
The sinner may have wept for sin, though we know not when or how,
And the saint must be unblemished ere he lift his crowned brow.
Let us pray and let us offer the all-prevailing Mass,
While through the cleansing flames to God the ransomed spirits pass.
O Friend, thy brother's helper, remember thou art clay,
Pray for the souls departed, and *for thy own soul pray.*

T. E. BRIDGETT, C. S. S. R.

