



TWO TEXTS. Here is a text for to-day— You may work out the sermon and preach it: If the goal were not far, far away, Who would keep up the struggle to reach it? If the prize might be won for the taking, How long would its value remain? If the work that we do were denied us We would work, though the angels should chide us, And gloat o'er each task we might gain.

Here is a text for to-day— You may build up a sermon around it: Leave the world, when you journey away, As rich as it was when you found it; For that which it gives you give something; Sit not in the highways to grieve, And remember that great are the pleasures; And remember that rich are the treasures; The poorest among us receive! To feel the freshness of the opening year, The joy of swelling buds and springing grass; To see the flame-like crocus lift its spear; To trace God's footsteps shining where they pass.

IN PRAISE OF WALKING. If women would only learn to walk! exclaims Busybody, in the Catholic Standard and Times. The mother of a young "eradic-and-crib family" finds it difficult to get time and opportunity for the brisk daily walk, which she, of all women, needs most. Unless she has a wholly trustworthy lieutenant to take care of the precious babies, she must needs "walk lazy" when she walks abroad at all, keeping pace with the slow motion of a baby carriage or with the delaying steps of toddling little feet. Bachelor maids, childless wives and mothers of grown-up children lack the divinely retarding excuse of the young mother. Seventy-five women in every hundred could give at least an hour a day to the health giving walk. As a matter of fact, scarcely any American woman in a hundred ever walks for the pleasure and benefit of walking. "Short rides" enrich the trolley companies and impoverish the health of the riders. Most women deem six blocks—half a mile—"a long walk" whereas six miles do not make too long a "stint" for any normal human being. But are non-walkers normal? Are they not dyspeptic, peevish, heavy-witted, nervous, infirm of purpose? The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet," says Emerson. This is true of woman rather than of man.

The nagging, neurotic woman, the overtrained, neurotic man could walk all their troubles away if they would. But no; five-cent trolley passenger and \$5,000 motorist follow the same logic: "Feet are useless when wheels are available." And the insane asylums, hospitals and cemeteries are crowded with the remains of these whirlwind logicians. Americans are amusingly afraid to be thought "cheap." This may be a leading reason why walking—which costs just nothing at all—is not more popular in the land where the dollar-mark is the test of merit. These are our "halcyon days." The glorious Indian summer makes up for all the climatic faults of the year. "In that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of Indian summer, the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields," says the Sage of Concord. "To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough." Away from the city streets to "the gates of the forest" an October walk reveals a thousand delights. "We have crept out of our close air-crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. The tempered light of the woods is like perpetual morning, stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. . . These enchantments are medicinal; they sober and heal us."

According to statistics, the rate of longevity in perfect health of mind and body is highest in the rural districts of Ireland, where men and women of ninety-odd are willing—and able, because willing—to walk five miles to Mass every morning. In the South of Ireland especially, where a large proportion of the people are of Spanish ancestry, with the tropical coloring and easy grace of the Iberians and the vigorous agility of the Gaels, one sees old women of eighty, "grand walkers entirely," whose bright eyes, clear complexions and lissome figures might well be envied by the faded, "footless," wheel-bound American woman of thirty.

REVERENCE. In "Luke Delmege," by Father Sheehan, occurs a passage suggestive to every parent and teacher. Luke was established in Rossmore. He had found that the village children bore no resemblance to the children with whom he had experience before, their respectful attitude, their reverence in church, their ready deference to the aged and infirm, were very unlike the ordinary rampant and heedless boisterousness of youth. He did not know how to account for this till one day he visited the school. The children were assembled, and he heard the master, a grave man of middle years, saying: "Reverence is the secret of all religion and happiness. Without reverence, there is no faith, no hope, no love. Reverence is the motive of each of the commandments of Sinai—reverence of our neighbor, reverence of ourselves. Humility is founded upon it, piety is conserved by it, purity finds in it its shield and its buckler. Reverence for God and all that is associated with Him, His ministers, His temple, His services—that is religion. Reverence for our neighbor, his person, his goods, his

chattels—that is honesty. Reverence for ourselves—clean bodies and pure souls—that is chastity. Satan is Satan, because he is irreverent. There never was an infidel but he was irreverent and a mocker. The jester, the mime, the loud laughter and the scoffer have no part in the Kingdom. Respectful attitudes betoken reverence. They are the symbols of something deeper and higher. . . Here he saw Luke, and he said, without changing his voice, 'Children, the priest is here.' The children raised their heads gently and bowed toward Luke (they were already standing). 'Why do you insist so much upon reverence?' said Luke, 'it seems to be the burden of all your teaching.' 'Because I think, sir,' replied the master, 'that it is the secret of all religion, and therefore of all nobleness.' . . . 'And you think it so necessary?' 'I think it the first necessity for our race and for our times.'

A CASE OF HONOR. Emily Wright, summoned to Mr. Davis' private office, had no presentiment of ill, indeed, walking up through the bright spring morning, she had been unusually happy and full of eager plans. She knew that she was doing good work, and her thoughts had run upon the possibility of a promotion, and what she could do then for her sister and little Donald. So she waited, cheerful and alert, for Mr. Davis' orders.

Three minutes later she walked slowly down the corridor. Dismissed! She never had thought of the possibility of such a thing, not once. One week's more work, and then the old heart-sickening search again. She could have a good recommendation—the best—but even with that, to find another situation in July— Ethel Carse, pretty and careless and meaning to be kind, looked up as Emily walked back to her desk. "Have they fired you?" she asked. "It's a shame! They always do lay off the latest comers in July, but they missed it in giving you a walking-ticket. I'd like to tell Mr. Davis so."

"Oh, no!" Emily gasped. "Oh, I shan't, you needn't fear. I am afraid of my life with him, but I'd like to. If I were you, I wouldn't hurt myself with work this week, that's all." It was Emily's own first impulse—not indeed in retaliation, but from sheer heart-sickness; but presently she pulled herself together. "I am paid for the week's work, I must give honorable service," she said to herself, sternly. And so, because honorable service meant to her tasks regardless of time, she stayed beyond her hour several nights that week. She was tempted to drop things at five o'clock, as Ethel did—Ethel, who was to be kept on. In the mood of discouragement that was upon her, the very dreariness of the office, emptied of all except one or two special workers, oppressed her. Yet she stayed, putting into exquisite order each day's work. It was Friday, while she was wearily typewriting some specifications, that she was startled by Mr. Davis' voice beside her. "Miss Wright, what are you doing here?" "Finishing this work—it came in the last mail," Emily replied. "Are you not to leave Saturday?" "Yes," the girl answered briefly. The question seemed needlessly cruel. "Yet you are staying overtime?" Emily looked at him gravely. "My work is here until Saturday night," she said.

Mr. Davis' keen glance flashed from her face to her copy, perfect in each detail. "Miss Wright," he said, "I am going to take the responsibility of asking you, for the company, to continue your services with us. We can better afford to lose a little in money than to lose one who so honors her trust—and herself." Out in the summer evening Emily walked home with shining eyes. It was good, oh, so good! to have the place, but underneath was something better. She had not failed herself.—Youth's Companion.

YOUNG GIRLS AND BAD COMPANY.

Boys are not the only mortals that bad company ruins. No person can withstand or resist the evil influence of bad companionship. Parental influence cannot check it. No virtue is so strong, no intelligence or education so superior or enlightened as not to fall a victim to the baneful influence of evil companionship. The proverb says: "Tell me with whom you associate and I will tell you who you are." Or, again, "Companionship is among likes or makes likes." This being so, therefore should the greatest vigilance be exercised in this respect. St. Augustine says: "Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood."

WHEN YOU ARE TIRED.

Don't grit your teeth and work harder. Ease up a little. Don't talk any more than you can help. Talking takes vitality. Lie down in a dark place if only for fifteen minutes. Don't read anything in which you are not interested. Don't feel that everything must be done in one day. There are 364 more. Realize that it is better to leave things undone than overdo yourself. Avoid people and their woes at that time. Seek some one frivolous. Don't try to improve yourself. Give your mind a rest. And don't forget that a little lemon juice in cold water in the morning is a great help.

THE SAYING OF PRAYERS.

You ask how prayers said over and over again like the rosary can be any good. I saw young Mv. Martin last week with her little girl in her lap,

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She had her arms around her mother's neck and was being rocked to and fro, and every time she rocked she said "Oh, mother." True, she was only a child; but "Except ye become as little children"—We are nothing more than children with God and His Blessed Mother. To say "Hail Mary, Hail Mary," is the best way of telling her how much we love her. And then this string of beads is like Our Lady's girdle and her children love to finger it and whisper to her. And we say our pater noster, too; and all the while we are talking she is showing us pictures of her dear Child, and we look at all the great things He did for us, one by one; and then we turn the page and begin again. How tender and simple it is! A great Mother whose girdle is of beads strung together which dangle into every Christian's hands; whose face bends down over every Christian's bed.—Robert Hugh Benson.

Any person who drinks 25c. tea and once tastes 30c. "Salada" will see that it is not only finer in flavor, but that as one pound makes many more cups, it is economical to use.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterwards that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove, as every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.—Dumb Animals.

The recent death in St. Paul, Minn., of Mr. James A. Young, a leading merchant of that city and an old-time friend of the Pilot, makes opportune the re-printing of the following item which appeared in the Pilot in 1893, taken from the N. W. Chronicle:

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more than ten thousand people during which thousands of communions are distributed. The Eucharist, the communion, the love of the Tabernacle—these all constitute the sacred fire, which it is our duty to preserve. We feel it, above all in the heart of our childhood and youth, so that we may assure to our country, oppressed by the enemy of good, a future of perfect faith. This will be the lesson and the resolution which I take away with me from this Congress, and like every Catholic, I shall nurse in my heart an unconquerable hope for the return of the whole of England to the feet of Jesus Christ."

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James A. Young, St. Paul, Minn. (Boston Pilot.)

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Noted Convert Dead

Mrs. Carrie Shean, of Los Angeles, Cal., who died last week, was a convert from Methodism. A nurse by profession, she came in contact with many Catholics. Administering to the sick and dying, day and night, she learned to understand the happiness, contentment and peace exhibited by the Catholics in their dying moments on the one hand and then the uncertainty, alarm and fear of those who faced death without any fixed faith or belief. Death bed scenes were the principal cause of her conversion.

"May now the Christian nations seek the protection of Mary with an ardor growing greater every day; let them cling more and more to the practise of the rosary, to that devotion which our ancestors were in the habit of practising, not only as an ever-ready remedy for their misfortunes, but as a badge of Christian piety."—Pope Leo XIII.

Ignorance is a Curse.—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habits. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any disadvantage is in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

Archbishop Bruchesi on Canada.

You ask me as to the position at this moment of the Catholics of Canada. I cannot do better than repeat to you what I said at one of the great gatherings of the Congress. I was referring to the expectation of a Eucharistic Congress to be held in Canada, and I begged my hearers to remember that in the old Province of Quebec in our towns and above all in our country districts, our faith has a reality all its own. Those who do not fulfil their Easter devotions are the exceptions to the general rule. Frequent communion, long held in honor, has become universal under the earnest recommendation of Pius X. Daily Communion is practised in our communities, and even among the scholars of the colleges and boarding schools. Associations of day and night adorations are flourishing. The devotion of the first Friday of each month and of the Forty Hours have a particular hold on the hearts of the people. Our procession of the Fete Dieu are every year true national omissions, taking place in our large towns with perfect freedom, and under the protection of the civil authorities; and finally at Notre Dame of Montreal, on the 1st of January, by virtue of the special permission of the Sovereign Pontiff, the year is opened by a mid-night High Mass, in the presence of the exposed Host, before

importance, she was, through the example of the good Sisters, led to see the weakness of the faith she had lived in up to that time, and before leaving the hospital, had the happiness of being received into the Church of God.

"She had a son in this country, who hearing of the illness of his mother, hastened to see her. He had her for a short time, and as he was hurrying to her bedside, he deliberated with himself as to how he should make known what he had kept hidden. As soon as he reached her the rejoicing mother told her boy of God's great goodness to her. Judge of her surprise when he informed her that by a special grace he too had been brought into the one fold of the Good Shepherd—this was the secret he had hesitated to tell her. What a happy day that must have been for both mother and son! Some twenty-five years ago she came to live with this son, now bound to her by ties which he had been before a stranger, and she continued to make his home hers till called to her home eternal. Up to death, she led a life exemplary in every Christian virtue, daily thanking the Giver of every good and perfect gift for having directed her to the fountain of endless joy. A life thus spent always receives its reward even on earth. Three generations of loved ones watching at her bedside assisted in bringing joy to her departing hours. May she rest in peace." It is but proper to add that the life of the son was to the close, also in the highest degree beautiful and exemplary.

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels. Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, yellow complexion, yellow eyes, itchy coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc. Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



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