A Beautiful Poem.

Many years ago Mr. Whittier wrote a poem on the massacre of the French in Palermo, which he has not used in his collections. We asked him some two graza ago why this poem did not apper the series and the series of the series o

THE SICILIAN VESPERS

Silence o'er sea and earth
With the veil of evening fell,
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth,
The chime of its vesper-bell,
One moment, and that solemn sound
Fell heavily on the ear;
But a sterner echo passed around,
Which the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up.
In the torchilight cold and dim;
And the priest let fall his incense cup,
And the virgin hushed her hymn;
For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,
And a summoning voice were heard,
And fretted wall, and tombstone damp,
To the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound,
As he sat beside his hearth;
And the song and the dance were
around,
With the fleeside tale of mirth, The chieftain shook in his bannered hall, As the sound of war drew nigh; And the warder shrank from the eastle wall As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe, woe, to the stranger then,
At the least and flow of wine,
In the red array of mailed men,
Or bowed at the holy shrine!
For the wakened pride of an injured land
Had burst its iron thral!;
From the plumed chief to the pligrim bar
Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul!

Proud beings fell that hour, With the young and passing fair; And the flames went up from d The avenger's arm was there.
The stranger priest at the altar stood,
And clasped his beads in prayer,
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood
The avenger found him there!

Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul,
To the serf and the mailed lord!
They were gathered darkly, one and all,
To the harvest of the sword;
And the morning sun, with a quiet smile
Shone out o'er hill and gien,
On ruined temple and mouldering pile,
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled, As its early glance came forth;
It had no sympathy with the wild
And terrible things of earth;
And tae man of blood that day might read,
In a language freely given,
How ill his dark and midnight deed
Became the light of heaven.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE

CHAPTER XI. "TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

It was the hour for late breakfast in the Fullerton household, and Olivia, fresh and Fullerton nousenoid, and Onivia, iresi and sweet as a morning-glory, stood looking into her jewel of a dining-room with a very mixed expression of countenance. The coffee was smoking on the tray, the The conee was smoothing on the trait, was biscuits were getting cold, the steak was rapidly sinking into a flabby and juiceless thing, and all because an obstinate gentleman in a distant room would not answer the bell until he finished a certain chemical process which he had been studying since daylight. Olivia grew yexed at the process which he had been studying since daylight. Olivia grew vexed at the delay and the mischief it was occasioning her breakfast. Yet she could not resist a smile of pleasure when her eyes rested on the pretty array of table-ware, all her own. She talked, too, with great volubility, addressing the knob of the folding-door, and shaking her cap at it in so coquettish a way that the same action done at any susceptible young gentleman would at any susceptible young gentleman would have fatally injured his peace of mind. Talking aloud was a necessity with Olivia as a sprightly member of a class famed fo its sustained and electrifying elocutionary powers. Being, however, a prudent little

powers. Being, however, a prudent little woman, this was never carried to excess and never led her into blunders.

"Punctuality," said she, moralizing—and any one would have stood as mildly and willingly as the knob to have the pleasure of hearing so sweet a voice and of looking into eyes so bright—"punctuality is a virtue supposed to belong to men altogether," said she; "and since women allow to them a good share of this quality. allow to them a good share of this quality, I must yield to the doctrines of universal this rule are too numerous and too irritating to satisfy a reasonable person. I can't make my brother punctual. How, then, manage a husband? Here is a work of art falling into ruin for the sake of one man. And I can have no revenge? Let me see. None. I might break somebody's heart, but that would be too close to breaking my own; and I can't be sullen with Harry, no matter how hard I try. I can tease him, though, if I have a good

The good subject was a long time forthcoming. She racked her brain for a very choice circumstance which should be her instrument in flaying her brother. In vain

her meditation,
"One would think he was an angel of perfection, and I the opposite, so many are the scorchings I get, so few are his, for shortcomings. Every sentence, pointed with my name, becomes immediately an with my name, becomes immediately an epigram; and these epigrams, being the cross-fire of a baronet and physician, sting like needles. Oh! but I don't send arrows, rankling arrows, back, hundreds of them like flakes in a snow-storm; and oh! by the way, it's snowing now, and the ice will not be worth much at the carnival. And the coffee, my precious liquid, steaming yet, but half dead from disappointment. So am I. Can I eat at all with half the

"Half its vice too," said Harry from the door. "You should never eat anything viciously hot, and those biscuits are ruin

e digestion." "You dear fellow, I would have som faith in those doctrines if you practised them yourself. But to hear a physician of your standing crying for hot coffee, hot biscuits, and hot steak.—"

"For somebody else," he said, stooping

But eating all yourself, with disregard of your own theories," she answered, catching him by his nose and turning his head away. "When one hears and sees head away. When one hears and sees such things faith is lost. I haven't any, and I shall eat as I please until I die,"

"Then the 'die' will not be postponed."

on account of weather, Olivia. But I fancy Sir Stanley will have a word to say in these matters. Has he yet come to the

Olivia gave a triumphant scream. Her for the second time had struck the pasteboard substance over his

onger. Whose photograph have you

there, love-lorn doctor, right up against the hottest part of your anatom; ?" The gentleman threw out a card care-lessly, then took his seat at the table and made a politely vigorous attack on the steak and its accessories. Olivia looked disappointed on catching sight of her own image on the face of the card. Sh looked at the back. "'Notman an Fraser," she read meditatively. "Harry I never had any photographs take there." f the card.
"'Notman and ratively, "Harry,

"You have a short memory, miss. was with you myself."
"That is even more improbable. There is some mystery connected with this card."

It was examined very carefully by the young lady. She passed her finger across the face; the thin paper was slightly wrinkled by the motion. With a flash of intelligence lighting up her face she seized a knife and quickly nipped off the deceitful covering. The grave, sweet, high-bred face of Nano McDonell looked out from the frame. Such a succession of chirriping screams as leaped from her throat!

Harry, grave old Harry, worn out with years of labor, sad with old suffering, dignified by adversity, blushed the rosiest red, that ever tinted the complexion of a girl. And the tormentor, delighted and setonished laughed in the state of t astonished, laughed in the most shockingly rude way-laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, ran round the room twittering, and screaming, and behaving alto-gether most absurdly. When she had done, "Thief!" cried she, laughing still at every word, "this is my photograph, which you never gave me back since the night you first saw it. And you carried it over your heart, fond, foolish old simpleton! But isn't it interesting?—a case of love at

"It takes a woman to jump to concus-sions," said Harry. "I admired her beau-tiful face and dreamed of it."
"Oh, to be sure—and dreamed of it."
"But knowing nothing of her character except some disagreeable points you men-tioned, I have been very careful not to

yield to the tender passion."
"Oh! certainly; and, like a hypocrite, you covered up her face, her grand, soullike face, with my little foolish countenance, and was going to make a display of brotherly affection, if I hadn't discovered the ruse. Oh! no, you are not in love, Harry."

"Besides she is taken up with Kil-

"You were watching her, then?"
"Pray don't interrupt. It is probably a settled case between them."
"She hates him."

"But it isn't. She hates him."
"That would not be the first instance a union in which affections were as con-trary as black and white. She is a strong-minded woman, and wouldn't stop at that if it suited her interests." Olivia took another fit of laughing then

which annoyed the hungry cynic erably 'Can't you let me eat my breakfast in

"Harry," answered she, with a serious face, "I'm glad of it." "Glad of what?"

"Ghad of what?"
"That you are in love with my Nano.
You are the—"
"Oh! is that nine o'clock striking? oust be at the office in a few minutes

But she seized him by the collar, and hung on viciously."

"Not till you have spoken all will you

go, Harry."
"Then out with it briefly." "You are the only man who can save ner, my brother. You, a Catholic and a hero for goodness and virtue, with your honest love and your big, big will, can save that dear lady from the ship-wreck which awaits her in the future. O Harry think what a woman she is—one out of a world of women, talented, handsome, wealthy, great of heart, and wicked, as she cannot help being. Now make yourself knight errant and rescue her from the giants that threaten her with destruction. Don't let your pride nor your poverty in-terfere. Attack boldly. She cannot help loving you—who can, I should like to know, you precious bit of vigorous, pious,

loving masculinity? O my!"

And, quite exhausted, this affectionate sister and earnest friend hid the last exclamation under her brother's coat, where she had thrust her golden heal to hide some tears and a rebellious, not-to-be-

some tears and a repenious, not-to-be-stifled, merciful sob.
"Well, well, well," said the physician, laughing, yet deeply moved, "we shall think of it, and no doubt the answer will be to the wishes of this kind little heart. But let me give a bit of advice to you, my sister; only I can't get up so much instar taneous emotion as you for those occasions. Don't be too hard on Sir Stan-

ley."
"I'm not too hard," said she, growing

"What would you call it, then? No answer. Well, let it pass. But he does look wretched enough sometimes, in spite of his commanding, indifferent ways."
"The clever deceiver!" she thought. "I did punish him, then. Poor fellow I'm very cruel sometimes."

Aloud she said: "It's after nine,

Aloud she said: "It's after nine, Harry."
"So it is, and the patients will be waiting. Good by."
She stood in the parlor for some minutes after he had left, with a happy smile parting her lips, and thinking: "Could there be a happier morning to any one in the wide world, I would like to know? What I have prayed for a dozen times each day and night in the past year, and thought to be so far from being granted thought to be so far from being granted though to be so far from being granted as ever, is sprung upon me with an appal-ing suddenness, and so ridiculously. And I could not see that all this time—that is, in the last two or three weeks-he wa suffering the sweet pangs. Well, well, my breakfast is cold, but my imagination outreaches thermometers, and I'll fancy myself at the torrid zone or the equator —that's a slight reminiscence of geogra-phy," said she to the knob; "but don't accuse me of ignorance. I know that one is in the other, but for spite I won't say

There was not a dish on the table that did not receive an apostrophe of some kind during the meal, and the disappearing food was complimented kindly on its e cape from staleness and the street. norning passed away in the round of a house-keeper's duties, and at one o'clock she was ready for visitors or calls. Her "I had forgotten it," cried she, clapping her hands in delight. "But I forget it no circle was quite as large as a lady without

a dowry or a name could desire : nor was stanley, since it had been acquired through Nano McDonell long before his coming. Yet his name had great influence in retaining and widening its mem-bers, and in keeping all in respectful hom-age at the feet of the coming Lady Dashgton. Many a card was therefore left the modest residence, and many a stately carriage stopped for a few minutes at the door: Among them was the turnout of Mrs. Strachan. The general looked decidedly military in a fur cap and cloak of the latest style, and was for heaving of the latest style, and was for having Olivia as a companion in her afternoon's drive. But she was obliged to decline all such invitations, and, like her visitors, such invitations, and, like her visitors, they were multitudinous. At the fag-end of the afternoon, when the stream of callers was certain to be pretty well thinned, came the inevitable Sir Stan-

ley.

"And it's ho for a jaunt!" cried he from
the street, gaily doffing his hat to her at
the window: But she shook her head so decidedly that he came in to try persua-

"It's no use, Sir Stanley, and I do beg of you not to tempt me. I have refused so many invitations this afternoon that it is very cruel to continue the persecution longer. I am expecting Nano. If she

comes in state we shall ride out together; if she comes afoot, why then—"
"Then you can both come out with me," said Sir Stanley, "and I shall be the envied of men on King Street. I shall wait for Miss McDonell." Olivia was thoughtful. This arrangement was not displeasing, and it struck

her that it might be made useful in her ittle matchmaking intrigue.

"It is half past three," she said, after a long silence. "Harry will be free at four,

long silence. "Harry will be free at four, and it would not be out of place to have him join us, particularly if Nano is A very fair idea, Miss Olivia, and I am

highly honored in this commission of playing the chief assistant of a matchmaker.
I'll go straight to the office and force him Before he is aware he will be trapped. "How very useful you can make your

"How very useful you can make yourself at times! There is much of your
mother in you Sir Stanley. You show so
much interest for this game."
"But more of my father," answered he
slyly; "and he was remarkable for bis devotion to one woman."
"I can believe that. But are you forcatting your commission."

getting your commission."
"I am gone," he said, departing on the instant.

Instant.

At the door he met Nano.

"I have not made a mistake, then," said she, with a smile of relief; "this is Olivia's and the mistress is at home. I Onvia s and the histories is at notice.

have walked through a maze of streets in my efforts to find the place, and was afraid that I would be compelled to return as I came. She is quite out of the world, Sir Stanley."

"The world has extended its limits. Mis McDonell. Since her majesty ran away from society, society runs after her majesty. Mrs. Strachan has been here you and I meet on the threshold. Is

there anything more to be desired!"
"Nothing, I suppose. Good day, Sir

Stanley."
"Good-day, Miss McDonell."

And they went their different ways. Olivia received her friend with a display of matronly dignity that was overpowering, as Nano told her.
"But I am mistress here, Nano, and if

I did not show in my person all the re-sponsibility and honor the office contains I would be unworthy the position. with your army of servants, find no diffi culty in standing, the mildest of figure heads, over your father's establishment. But when the butcher is to be bullied, and the baker frightened, and the grocer cut down in his charges; when you are in constant terror as to the result of a roast or a pudding, or a whole meal perhaps, then you feel the dignity of housekeeping, and you can no more help showing the feeling than you can resist the temptation of tossing your head when your hat has a taking

feather."
"Oh! I uuderstand. But did I come here to be lectured or to be entertained ?"
"For both. In the wide world this is the

only place where you will hear no flat-tering others." "Who begins to flatter himself is sure to

end by flattering others."
"Epigrams are out of place in this atmosphere," said Olivia. "We are absolutely without culture, and, if we don't wish to keep out its representatives, be sure we do keep out it. Now come and see every part of this airy, fairy house of

They traversed the house from garret to cellar, and the resulting conversation was full of exclamation-points and cynic-isms. Nano turned up her nose at the

cellar vegetables.
"I have never been in so odorous a neighborhood. "Didn't I tell you there would be no flattery here? The cabbages, poor stupids, have blunt sincerity at least, and won't hold in their perfumes even for Miss MaDonell." McDonell.

Miss McDonell laughed a short, dry Hiss includes in magnetic a constitution and no mirth.

"I heartily wish," said she, "all sincerity in a cellar, if it must be as obstructive

bages." "As far as you are concerned it is at the "As far as you are concerned it is at the bottom of the sea, Nano. Your gold is a deep sea for honest craft. Come, there is a delightful overlooking the back yard that I wish you to see. Harry uses it as a laboratory and study, and it is a most interesting place."

of scientific horrors and anomalies, twisted glasses that make you ache looking at their constraint, and medical volumes that he never looks at."
"Come and see," was all Olivia an-

They entered an apartment on the second floor which was quite a curiosity for arrangements and ornamentation, and resembled in some respects the private room of Killany at the office. A book lay open on the reading-stand, its left-hand page covered with pencil marks.

"Latin," said Nano, "and the Summo of Thomas Aquinas." "Precisely. Here is a very modern young gentleman who takes delight in the old Fathers you laugh at " ers you laugh at."

"And knows nothing, I'll warrant, of Mill, or Lossetti, or Emerson." "Nothing, good, perhaps. He has

broken lances with some of them in the llterary lists, and you can fancy who took second place in the combat."

"It does not require a great stretch of the imagination, if you were judge." "Your irony is out of place, dear. How many of the transcendental balloons have I not punctured with a little pin in my

"You made more noise in the doing than "Which was natural, being a woman, and having to deal with the weakest of nineteenth-century air-follies."

They returned to the parlor and sat down for a chat. Nano was not in the kindliest of moods. Her manner was chilly and hard, and impressed Olivia disagreeably. The young lady muttered secret anathemas on Killany, to whose influence she attributed much of the irregularity of har friend's disposition.

larity of her friend's disposition. He kept alive the pantheistic spirit which Olivia had long endeavored to crush. She had and rong endeavored to crush. She had only weakened it, and he was engendering a more fatal form of scepticism in its stead. She rightly felt, and could not give her reasons for the feeling, that Nano's manner was the outcome of despair. The causes and their recency she did not even suspect. It might not have surprised her much, though it would have severely shocked her, to become aware of all the

wickedness that was planning.

They had not been long in the parlor, nd Nano was beginning to soften into the old cheerful manner, when the jingle of sleigh-bells was heard at the door and presently Sir Stanley entered with a bow

and a few gracious words.
"I did not think to find you here still, "I did not think to find you here still, Miss McDonell; but since I am to take off the mistress of the establishment, I shall plead to carry away the guest also. My sleigh is at the door."

"Of course you will come," said Olivia, "fif it were only to be driven home. And I see that you have Harry with you, Sir Stanley. How pleasant!"

Nano looked startled at this, and was doubtful and inwardly troubled. How,

doubtful and inwardly troubled. However, she accepted willingly enough, and rose as readily as though undisturbed by any secret feeling. It was ridiculous to show any emotion over so ordinary and trifling an event. Yet she felt it would be better to be anywhere else in the world better and safer for him and her and Olivia, than sitting with Harry Fullerton They hade a most attractive party. The fair-haired brother and sister formed a good contrast with their darker companions. But mufflers are not adapted to the display of beauty, and they drove along without attracting further attention than was desirable. They ran across the general at one point, and she favored them with a nod of vigorous meaning.

"How fortunate that we were not near enough to hear her speak!" said Olivia. "We should have the crowd staring at us otherwise. She can say disagreeable things in a loud voice."

"You must have been offending her lately," Harry remarked. "I do not know as the rest of us have anything to fear from the lady.' "Not I, for one," asserted Sir Stanley.

"Not I for another," said Nano.
"Hypocrites?" said Olivia shortly. g to some one in the street. "Who was the favored one?" asked Sir Stanley. "That charming Doctor Killany. He

miles like an angel, and doffs his hat to as ladies with a grace that is mimit-Nano smiled. and muttered "Hypo-

crite " just loud enough to reach Olivia's attentive ears. But Sir Stanley for a moment looked disconcerted until warned "You are all quite stupid," said Olivia, after an awkward pause. "I have no intention of straining my neck every half-minute to talk to you. I shall devote my-soft to Strains."

self to Sir Stanley. The baronet was driving, and Olivia sat

"I haven't shown it vet, sir. Now I "I haven't shown it yet, sir. Now i shall criticise the extraordinary people that we meet, and you may criticise my criticisms. Here comes a very poor initation of an English swell, newly got

up, and trembling with apprehension lest the newsboys may notice his eyeglass and want of impudence." "The whole street," said Sir Stanley mischievously, "is but a poor imitation of English swelldom and snobbishness. would think that no other nationality inhabited this country. English customs prevail everywhere; and as the genius of the people is so different, the mixture is funny. I like to see a Scotch cap over a Tartan plaid, the kilt and trews, or to hear the ridiculous accent of the aristocracy from one that has been brought up to it. But look at this nonest, ong headed, Scotch looking gentleman on the But look at this honest, bigcorner. His suit is stylish and belongs to the London world. His hat or cap, or what-not, is a parody on the head covering of a Highlander, and leaves his head as bare as a pole. I will wager he has put on a thick layer of affectation over his Scotch brogue, and says on occasions, 'Be Jove, but the chawming creachaw has fashed we mi' a vengeance.""

"I cannot forget that you are Irish," answered Olivia carelessly, "and an American sympathizer. That is enough. It is my answer too."

"A pretty conclusive one, I admit, in But I am not arguing on political grounds, but on those of good taste. I am told the Scotch have the ascendancy here. I see many examples of it. The Irish are not a cipher, though, as usual, their carcless generosity has made them the football of more astute and less scrupulous brethren. The English portion of the community is not large, but everything is done under the regis of England, and wears an English hue. English names to everything, English fashions, English forms of speech, English sympathizers, as might be expected—all English. You envy your neighbors across the way. Their characteristics are more distinct and more their cours? distinct and more their own."

"I grant that most cheerfully," said Olivia, growing hot and enthusiastic on the instant. "Heaven forbid that we cava, growing not and entinesiastic on the instant. Heaven forbid that we should be distinguished as they are in that respect! Give us the good old qualities of the English land, the sturdiness, the slowness, the determination, the sterling honesty of our forefathers, and you may have all such marketable commodities as Yankee shrewdness and cleverness and if the disease may lead to death's door. dishonesty."
"Olivia, Olivia, you are forgetting your-

Nano's voice came from behind in low

and gentle reproof.
"I am defending my country against

the basest insinuations; and if the world hears me, so much the better."
"I made no insinuations," said the hade no insinuations," said the baronet. "The question was one of mere taste. You are Canadians by birth, cosmopolitan in descent, and English in everything else. Now laugh with me at this ridiculous mixture of nationali-

"Don't answer the gentleman," said Nano. "You poor stupid, can't you see that he is quizzing you under your very eyes? I wish to go home, Sir Stanley."

They were on the avenue then, and in they were at the lady's door. a few minutes were at the lady's door. Harry assisted her to alight. All were exchanging adieux when Killany came out on the veranda.
"He might as well take up his residence

here at once," whispered Olivia to the bar-onet. "See how he looks at me. Oh! onet. "See how he looks at me. Oh! yes, I am the mischief-maker, and deserve all your hatred doctor."
"I shall make bold," he said, "to ride

with you a part of my way, at least. I am very tired, and forgot to order my cutter By all means. Jump in," answered

The doctors sat together on the rear eat and talked professionally as they rode along.
"And, by the way, said Killany, "I have

a bit of news for you. Old McDonell is becoming idiotic or insane. Keep it a secret until the case develops itself." Harry had not time to reply, for they were then at the office, but the informa-tion so distressed him that he was silent until the drive was ended.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SICK CALLS.

The Proparation for the Sacraments

No. L.

There are many things connected with the sick room that should be known by Catholics. The knowledge of them is of benefit to the sick, their friends and the priest of God, whose office brings comfort and consolation to the afflicted. There are many diseases that are not dangerous, are many diseases that are not dangerous, hence, do not frighten the household. But when a person is attacked by sickness, his or her friends should not await the last moment of danger. This is not the intention of the Church. There are Sacraments which aid the sick and comfort the lying. These Sacraments were instituted our Lord Jesus Christ for man. hould, by all means, have the benefit of them when they will do him the mos They will do him the most good if he receives them while yet in the possession of his mental faculties, because

THE PREPARATION that he may be able to make for the worthy reception of them. There are cases in which the attack is sudden and much pre-paration is out of the question. In those cases we must do what we can, and leave our cases in the hands of the kindest of Fathers, our good God, who will accept our intention and out of his love supply our deficiency. We know that He is all love, that by this love we are begotten, and will be preserved unto the end of our life, if we consider ife, if we ourselves do not refuse to ac cept the dictates of this love infinite. not therefore to judge hastily of the workings of this love of God in respect t those persons, who are stricken down while pursuing their daily routine of life. Persons who judge hastily, for the most part judge uncharitably, and unfortunately such judgements may injuriously affect the sick

beside Lim on the front seat.

"I am pleased at your devotion," said their life, they find much cause. They tremble with the fear of what is to come upon them. Here then is the opportunity for the exercise of charity. God never abandons one who will call upon Him in the sincerity of his heart. You expect the mercy of God, the more necessitous your postion, the greater your desire for it. What the person who is brought low by a sudden stroke of sickness most needs, is encouragement. He must of course be reminded of his daager, but charity must dictate the manner, and at all times the mercy of God must be kept before him, so that he despair not. Many times the harsh sayings of persons who surround the death bed, add untold fear to the dying. "We are all born, but not buried" trite old saying that has come out of the heart of some good Catholic soul perhaps centuries ago, yet it bears still with its oft repetition the reminder of the charity with which we must view the faults of others. No pattern whet the life others. No matter what the life of one with a sudden sickness may have been, hold out to him God's mercy. God Himself does it. The Church follows the example of her Spouse and sends her willing priests on errands of mercy to the ing priests on errands of mercy to the very by ways of crime and pestilence. God loves that soul with undying love, and paid for its redemption with the price of His blood. Let only soft words of God's mercy greet the wearied one. Only expressions of kind love can affect him.

PAVE THE WAY FOR THE PRIEST who is sent by God's love, with holy faith, bright hope and firm confidence, so that the sick one may wait for his coming with the love of anxiety for peace. There are other cases where the disease creeps on other cases where the disease creeps on one slowly and brings poison to the veins that saps the life of the weary. Here is time that runs on with no hope for time that runs on with no hope for abatement until father, mother and friends begin to find patience unwilling. Yet the patient is kept in life only by the love that has been extended wards him. Some say that there is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, but this is not said of the sick room, nor but this is not said of the sick room, nor its inmate. There always must patience become brighter by being wearied, as metal becomes brighter by being polished. Kind words and deeds keep bright the light of love in the sick chamber. Some diseases always bear with them the shadow of death, with these fear comes shadow of death, with these fear comes always. upon us alarming. We must always think in those times of trial of the love with which God wishes to overshadow us. When one of our family or a friend is stricken with sickness, it is enough

for those sad moments to send for the priest when the soul is hardly conscious. When you go to confession, time is set apart for due preparation. This is done and consideral. and considered necessary when health gives you the best use of your mental faculties. You require more grace, when they are weakened by sickness. Hence from the sick room should be banished where there is the least dread or expectation of danger, all that may tend to draw the wind and heart of the patient from the mind and heart of the patient from the love of the God who made him. The priest should be warned in the morning rime of danger. Do not let days pass by and then, at almost the last breath, send in haste for the priest. When the sick one is brought down by a disease that may lead to death, send word to your priest, so that he may come before reason be driven from its seat by fever. Do not be so selfish as only to consult your ease and wait until the dark hours of night, before this duty is accomplished. You may send him word in the day time, but should accident or death dealing sickness pounce upon you, he will never blame you for the hour at which you may

call him. there are some things to be done by way of preparation for, and reception of him. Think what he is: the minister of Jesus Christ, who brings peace to your saddened home when he visits it. At the Church's commands he gives the salutation and blessing of peace to the house and those that are in it. He may bring with him the "Holy Oils" and honor must be done them. You may also receive into your homes the "Holy of Holies." Jesus Christ nomes the "Holy of Holes." Jesus Christ in the most holy Eucharist may be brought by the priest for the food, comfort and strength of the sick. How should you pre-pare for such visitation. Think of the love with which St. Elizabeth received him and His mother, when the infant St. John leaped in her womb and she cried out, "Whence is this to me!" He sanctified St. John the Baptist in his mother's womb, before he was born into this

HE WILL SANCTIFY YOUR HOME and the heart and soul of the sick one of your house, if you only receive him as you should when He comes in the Sacran of the Altar. The preparation of heart necessary for the reception of His holy grace is well known to you. Of it I need only say, look to it while the spring time of mercy shines down its love upon you. Wait not for the blasts of cold winter, but learn to love the visitation of our Lord with

youth's love and energy.

THERE IS ANOTHER PREPARATION to which I call your attention: things that are necessary for the decent and respectful administration of the Sacraments. You should place a table or something of the kind near the sick bed. Cover it over with a clean white cloth. On it place a with a clean white cloth. On it place a crucifix and on the right side of it a blessed candle, on the left put another. The crucifix will thus be placed between two blessed candles. Put also on the table some clean raw cotton, a small bunch the size of an egg will be all that is required. Place also a clean towel or napkin and a tumbler with some clean water in it on the same table; you must also place a the same table; you must also place a spoon beside the glass of water. The spoon is for the purification of the priest's fingers after he has given the sick person the Blessed Sacrament, hence it should be one of the best that is in the house. No one should give one of those which they have better. Give use daily when they have better. Give always the best that you have of all things needed for the decent administration of the Sacraments. Holy or blessed water is the first thing used before giving the Viaticum, Holy Communion or anointing the sick, hence you should have some ready at the hand of the priest.

where persons are too foor to have all or any of these things, they can at least make what preparation is in their power. No matter how poor one may be, he can be cleanly. A priest is sometimes shocked by the utter want of cleanliness, and the disrespect that is paid to our Lord and His holy Sacraments, but never by the poverty of the people who receive them. You send for a priest when the case is dangerous.

THE WHOLE FAMILY AWAIT HIS COMING. Besides the members of the family, some of the neighbors are present. There is hardly a case of this kind but at which there are some Protestants. You know the priest in such cases of danger brings with him our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. When you see him drawing near to the house, light the candles, and then invite those present to kneel with you. Say to them plainly that you do not rise until the priest has finished his ministrations. If the sick person has not made his confession tell the persons present, that they must leave the that they must leave the room until he has made it, and that then they may enter the room again only on condition of remaining upon their knees until the priest has completed the administration of the Sacraments. No matter who is present GO DOWN ON YOUR KNEES,

when the priest enters your house carrying with him our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The doctor does not take the first place, when the priest enters the dwelling, but the second. The priest takes the first place, for he is the phys-ician of the soul and bears with him the Master of life and death, while the doctor can only at best heal the body. When the priest enters your home, carrying with him the Blessed Sacrament, those who are not Catholics know that you believe that Jesus Christ is truly and really present. Now if you do not adore Him, where is that practical faith that God requires of you? Are you ashamed to acknowledge God before man? Remember that He will not acknowledge those as His own, who deny Him before man on earth, but on the contrary will deny them before His Father in Heaven. When you are wanting in respect to God and His Sacraments, non-Catholics may think that after all you do not really believe as much as you profess, and that you take the doctrines of the Catholic Church with some allowance of liberty even in matters of faith. You must struct and edify your neighbor by the exhibition of the love that is in you for God, His Church, the Sacraments and His priests, when occasion offers, but never must you cause disrespect by un-Catholic example.—S. S. M. In Catholic Colum-