child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

weet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.
Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart.

lable into silence.
Edith and she were again united.

STORIES OF THE CRUCIFIX.

The Dream History of a Reliquary Sweet Sign of Salvation.

The first of the beautiful sketches

given here is from the pen of the Rev.

C. W.B., in the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs for February.

I was once peering, now many years ago, through the window of an old

curiosity shop somewhere in the pur-lieus of the Haymarket, London, when

my eye rested on a little battered and discolored crucifix. I stepped into the shop to examine it. On first inspection it appeared to be a nearly flat sheet of

unmistakable hinge, though neither

screw nor hinge was any longer mov

able, the whole machinery having been

quite flattened by some sharp blow.
Having satisfied myself on this point

I bought the crucifix, and took it off at once to a first rate silversmith, who in a few days returned it to me, hand-

somely polished and restored to its orig-inal shape. It then appeared to be very beautifully engraved, the INRI

upon the scroll being letters of the

early 13th century; and, small as they

were, a delicate thread of tracery, as is usual in alphabets of that period, ran

along the outline of each letter, save that in the last I—it suddenly stopped

dreams that night seemed somehow or

other to weave out for me the history

I saw an aged monk bending over his work. What is he doing? En-graving the scroll of a small crucifix. Tools and fragments of metal lie here

and there around him. His look is

fixed and earnest; his lips are moving

in prayer; it is clear that he knows well how to do an insignificant action

with great love. Now and again he pauses to kiss the image in his hands. See! it is all but finished.

The very last line of tracery is begun.

when the monastery bell tolls out for prayer. The old man crosses himself,

lays down his work, draws the cowl

This, then, thought I explains the nfinished letter. The monk never

unfinished letter. The monk never returned to his work, or, if so, thought

he had completed it; and that stroke, interrupted at the call of obedience,

glory, streams the setting sun. I saw another monk, but not in his quie

right points eastward. "The Sepulchre of the Lord," he cries, "is

in the hands of infidels. The sacred

earth whereon He trod and shed His

saving blood is trampled beneath the

feet of His enemies. Save, oh, save the Holy Sepulchre!" And, like a

huge wave, the words roll back upor

him from the great human sea at his feet. "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" Then he goes down and stands before

the altar, and young and old press for

ward to receive the cross at his hands

Now they pour through the massy portals out into the market place. The

battalions are already forming for the march; and one young warrior I

cross on his shoulder, comforting a

weeping maid; but she weeps on

A white haired father and his three

sons are standing with hands bound

no priest to shrive them. Yet they have not the look of criminals. Who

company.

was never finished.

over his thin face and goes his way.

short midway.

of my crucifix.

Dinna Chide the Mither.

Ah! dinna chide the mither;
Ye may na hae her lang.
Her voice abune your baby rest,
Sae softly crooned the sang.
She thocht ye ne'er a burden,
She greeted ye in joy,
An' heart an' hand in raisin' ye
Found' still their dear employ.

Her han' has lost its cunnin,'
I'ts tremblin' now and slow;
But her heart is leal and lovin'
As it was long ago!
An' though her strength may wither,
An' faint her pulses beat,
Nane will be like the mither,
So steadfast, true and sweet!

Ye maun revere the mither,
Feeble an' auld an' gray;
The shinin' ones are helpin' her
Adoon her evenin' way!
Her bairns wha wait her yonder,
Her gude mon gone before:
She wearies—can you wonder?
To win to that braw shore.

Ah! dinna chide the mither!
O lips, be slow to say
A word to vex the gentle heart
Wha watched her childhood's day;
Ay, rin to keep the tender voice
Wha crooned the cradle song;
An' dinna chide the mither, sin'
Ye may no hae her lang!
—MARGARETE SANGE

-MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Low Sunday.

STEADFASTNESS

"Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seer me. Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." —(St. John xx., 20.)

When our Lord appeared to the dis ciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the holy sacrament of penance, St. Thomawas not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them the wounds in His hands and in His feet, he refused to believe them; he de clared he would not believed unless he himself should see them also. He said Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.

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Co.

This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have be-lieved without hesitation. He had seen our Lord work miracles without number: he had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; he had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried already four days. He knew that our Lord had predicted His Resurrection. He ought to have believed, and he sinned in not believing. He was obstinate in unbelief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be hon-

est and trustworthy.
Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His Resurrection. But at the same time Hesurrection. But at the same time He rebuked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples who re corded it in the gospels, and who sealed their testimony in their own blood. We have the testimony of all the dis-

ciples who repeatedly saw our Lord after His Resurrection, sometimes a great number of them, over five hundred at once.

We have the testimony of the Catholie Church; of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence of God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough. This ought to be enough to make us say our act of faith, "O my God, I be-lieve whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to my belief, because Thou hast revealed it to her. Thou who canst neither deceive nor be deceived."

This is the age of unbelief. great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of Infidel objec-The press is teeming with works written expressly to destroy the faith. The flimsiest reasons are brought forward with a bold face as if they were unanswerable. The very fact that the things of God and religion are so high and incomprehensible is brought forward as the principle reason why they are not to be believed.

We have believed once for all, on the truest and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith." To put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.
We are not of those who are to be

"beat about by every wind of doc-trine." We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know everything, though they know every little after all. We will know very little after all. We will not imitate St. Thomas in his unbelief, and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Believing in the testimony of God and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord : "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Hood's cures.

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The Legend on the Locket.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a few hurried preparations,

hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood at the hreshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once se beautiful and calm and earnest that I

shall never forget it. Her face was very pale, her com-plexion of the fairest. The radiancy about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon

her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me:
"Father, can you come with me at My mother is dying, and she is

once? "Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"
"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's
a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."
"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so slight and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow-flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy Her hand was in mine with the con

fiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked! more like

a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death. Upon her bosom I observed a golden looket fashioned in the shape of a

locket fashioned in the shape of a She noticed my glance, and, with a quick movement of her fingers, released

the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.
"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by Just let me hold it for you, Father

How this mite contrived, I cannot

say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend— Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.
We went on for a time in silence.

carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. When-ever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death. Suddenly the girl's hand touched my

sleeve—oh, so gently!
"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door, which hung

loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman .

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched he brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great

I was at her side in an instant; and God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen received the last Sacraments of

the Church.
Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned toward a little

box at the farther end of the room. 'Shall I bring you that box?" I asked.

beneath the gallows-tree. The ropes are adjusted, and they kneel together She nodded assent. On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out for the last time in prayer, for there is no priest to shrive them. Yet they the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's." "I know her," I continued. "She said.

brought me here, you know."

will; for we joined the Pilgrimage I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that of Grace, and fought to win back the Faith of our fathers, whereof our kings have robbed us. Pity us not. We are not afraid to die." cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the

Then a bystander, at his request, takes from the old man's neck a silver cross with a promise to convey it to his youngest boy, and bid him to be leal and true to the ancient Faith, "Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?" though for its sake he should die the ter? Whose is that locket?
"The locket is Edith's. I placed it death of a felon.

here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago.

The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say: A charge of horsemen and the clash Gay cavaliers, with lace and velvet scarce hidden under the well-burnished breastplate, and at their the Heart of Jesus is with ne.' She died a year ago."
Then the mother's face grew very

head a prince of men. On, on they go, full on that dark wall of steel before them. A murderous volley crashes forth from a thou-sand match-locks. Saddles are emptied and horses by riderless from the field. Still onward they charge, that gallant troop of men, but the dark wall neither I see you, my darling: 'Cease the Heart of Jesus is with uie.'" Her voice faded with the last sylstirs nor trembles, for it is made, not of stone, but of something harder still, the sturdy and invincible Ironsides of Cromwell.

Now hand to hand they close, hacking and stabbing and pistoling each other, asking no quarter and giving none. And there is the gallent leader, three chargers' lengths ahead of his bravest followers, hemmed in on every side by those fierce bigots.

In the heat of the scuffle a little silver crucifix, which he wears about his neck, escapes from its concealment and falls over his armor. He is a Catholic, as so many were who fought in those days for King Charles. Indeed it stands recorded, not in my dream only, but in the sober pages of history, that out of five hundred noblemen and gentlemen who lost their lives in the kings quarrel, no fewer than a hun-dred and ninety-four belonged to the ancient faith, and that—think well on metal rather jagged at the edges, with the figure of Christ in slight relief but, on looking more closely, I perceived that it had once served as a reit-after a hundred years and more of bitterest persecution. tiquary, for there was a small screw at the base, evidently used to fasten down the lid, and on the back of the cross an

The hated emblem does not escape notice and with redoubled fury the Puritans set upon its wearer. "A Papist!" they shout; "down with the son of Belial! Spare him not, the accursed limb of Satan!" A dozen pistols are levelled, not no much at him as at the image of the Saviour, and the brave knight falls, true in death, as in life to his king and his God.

Heaven rest his soul! But the prec

ious crucifix, hammered by bullet blows upon the steel corselet that icovered in vain that gallant heart, is

Such was my dream, and I need hardly say that it made my crucifix more dear to me than ever.

THE HOME TREASURE.

Baron von G. was dangerously ill, in the prime and vigor of manhood a I now felt really proud of my treas-ure and happy in its possession; and that night before going to sleep I kissed it and put it under my pillow. severe sickness brought him to the verge of the grave. Great was the grief of the Baroness: the sad prospect of a lonely life, with two orphan chil-Dreams are for the most part foolish things; but I claim an exception for the one I am about to narrate. dren, nearly broke her heart; but, the loving mother and wife was also an ex I had thought a good deal that day emplary Catholic, from prayer she of my crucifix; it was the last thing I looked on before I fell asleep, and my obtained strength and courage.

High above the waves of sorrow rose her anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her husband; she recognized the necessity of his receiving the last Sacraments, and the painful duty devolving on her to announce to him his danger. On the nuptial morning the Baron had led her into their private chapel, and pointing to a crucifix of artistic merit, said, 'Marie, this is the crucifix my dear parents held in their hands when dying, it must be in ours also. When it is the will of God to call either of us home, and that the survivor finds it hard to announce the danger, so shall we, when you will place this crucifix in my hands, or that I shall place it in yours, remember the time has come to receive the last Sacraments." The Baroness now recalled the compact: she took the crucifix with sorrowing heart, but calm and collected mind, and laid it in the hands of her husband. At once he understood his position, and, smiling, said, "Marie, I thank you for your love, may the will of God be done." With peace and devotion the Baron received the last sad rites of holy Through the west windows of a cathedral church, in many colored Church. Contrary to the doctor's opin ion, the disease took a favorable turn, and in a short time he was restored to cell. He is preaching to a vast and silent multitude. Aloft in his left hand he holds a cross, and with his

his family.

The Blessed Virgin, an incomparably more tender mother, does the same good office for her children during the Lenten season, and will continue to do so, especially and in a more impressive manner during Holy Week she presents the Cross, the sign of salvation, which the Church joyfully salutes, O Crux! ave, spes unica!

The Irish Race. It has been not the least of the mis

fortunes of the Irish race to be con stantly represented as an impetuous, lawless, quarrelsome one. The fact is just the contrary. Bravery they undoubtedly possess, but it is a bravery to endure and suffer, and has no touch of cruelty, malice or vindictiveness in it. Instead of being lawless, there is mark, with sword on side and the red no people who possess a more profound reverence for law than the Irish. An Then, pressing his lips upon her cold brow, he takes a silver reliquary from his bosom, throws its chain about her neck and springs forward to join his

Irish anarchist or socialist is a thing almost unknown. The Irish soldier is the most amenable to military discipline. It has been an evil here in politics that the Irish followed too obediently the dictates of one party. All these things show how mistaken the popular idea of Irish character is; that the very foundation of it is the instinct of obedience to law, to authority.-Northwestern Chronicle.

can they be? What are they to die for?

"We die" it is that aged sire who speaks—"We die, thank God! for the olden Church. Rebels we are, if you

"Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

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A Socialist on the Church.

Mr. James Hyndman, a prominent London socialist, speaks as follows concerning the received Protestant notions of the Church in the middle ages in England:

That the influence of the Catholic Church was used in the interest of the people against the dominant classes can scarcely now be disputed. Catholicism in its best period raised one continued protest against serfdom and usury as early Christianity had denounced slavery and usury, too.
"The relations of the Church, the

monasteries and the clergy to the people were most noteworthy from every point of view. There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which this essential portion of English society in the middle ages has been handled by the ordinary economists, chro and religionists. Even sober writers seem to lose their heads, or become afraid to tell the truth in this matter "Just as the modern capitalist can

see nothing but anarchy and opposi-tion in the connection between the people and the feudal nobles, as the authors who represent the middle class economy of our times, the Protestant divine, whose creed is, the devil take the hindmost here and hereafter, fail to discover anything but luxury, debauchery and hypocrisy in the Catholic Church of the fifteenth century. "It is not true that the Church of our

ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent it; it is not true that the monasteries, priories and nunneries were receptacles for all uncleanness and lewdness it is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the celibate recluses were squandered in riotous liv-ing. The Church, as all know, was the one body in which equality of conditions was the aim from the start. The parents that take the advice of

their pastor in the training of their children are seldom brought by their misconduct with sorrow to the grave. They send them to schools wherein they will receive moral training, per-suaded that it is better for them to be good and poor, than to get ahead by lack of honesty — by trickery, false-hoods, short weights or shoddy goods. Their boys and girls grow up under the influence of the altar, and the lamp of the sanctuary sheds its gentle light along their path. No, the children of pious parents, who are sent to Sunday school and to the parochial school, who are trained to good reading by means of the parish library, who early form connection with the Church through the sodality or the Holy Childhood or the altar society - such children rarely go to the bad.

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