

## School Children At Westminster Cathedral.

On Sunday, April 24th, says the London "Universe," one of the largest Catholic gatherings ever assembled in the Metropolis was witnessed at the new Westminster Cathedral, the occasion being the offering of the children of the sums of money collected in the elementary schools of the archdiocese for the support and rescue of their destitute brothers and sisters in the faith, who are so well looked after by that zealous priest, Father Bane, and his co-workers. In former years, owing to want of accommodation, only two children from each school could be received, but this year the Cardinal invited five from each school, together with their teachers and parents. Notwithstanding the inclement weather at the time appointed for starting every available space in the spacious Cathedral was occupied, some six thousand being present.

Much regret was expressed that the Cardinal's health would not allow him to receive the offerings personally, and the touching letter from His Eminence, which was read by the Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignor Stanley (who took his place) touched the gathering deeply. Amongst those who supported His Lordship were the Rev. Father Bane, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, Miss O. K. Parr, Mrs. Claude Hay, Mr. Stansfield, etc.

The proceedings opened with the singing of "Faith of Our Fathers" by the vast multitude of children and adults, accompanied on the great organ, and the effect was most impressive.

Bishop Stanley then said he would first read to those present the two following letters:—

My Dear Lord,—I see no chance of being well enough to go to London for Sunday next, so I must call upon you to preside at the Cathedral in my name over the children, whom I thank and bless and praise with my whole heart.—Yours faithfully, HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

"My Dear Children,—It is a great disappointment to me not to receive you myself on this coming Good Shepherd Sunday. I had looked forward with much pleasure to the joy of meeting you, but when God sends old age and illness they bring in their train many privations and disappointments, which are among the crosses which our good and merciful Lord sends us to bear in order that we may better conform our will to His, and so by degrees become more pleasing to Him. Though I cannot be in the midst of you on Sunday to receive in God's name the gifts with which your little hands will come laden, I feel my heart grows quite young again as I think of the goodwill of the clergy, of the intelligent zeal of your teachers, and of your own zeal, activity, and self-sacrifice in collecting together so much money for the salvation of a multitude of poor children, who without your love and help might be eternally lost. It rejoices me more than I can say to see all the Catholic children of our elementary schools enlisted thus early in life into an Apostolic army that is fighting against the power of evil. You carry at your head a great banner which always leads to victory—that is, the blessed and glorious Mother of God, bearing her Son in her arms. Never forget that you are all the special children of Mary, and closely united to her Divine Son and to herself, that you form one army with them. I love to think of you as the children of Mary, carrying out, while you yourselves are still children, the great hopes on which Jesus and Mary have set their hearts—the salvation of souls. May God bless and reward your priests, your teachers, your parents, and yourselves for all the help you are giving to raise up and educate the downfallen, neglected, and suffering little ones, who are looking to the Catholic Church their mother for the graces of salvation.—I am, my dear children, Your faithful and devoted Father,

HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN  
"Archbishop of Westminster."

After reading these letters, His Lordship said he felt there was very little he could add to the warm words which His Eminence had written

ten to them, but the sight of them all there compelled him to say something. They had just been singing that beautiful hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers," a hymn familiar to all English Catholics, and they said with one voice they would be true to their faith till death. He was sure when they sang those words they meant them from the bottom of their hearts. He was addressing especially those children who were members of the Children's Crusade of Rescue, and he trusted they all belonged to that Confraternity, which had such a noble object. They were working with the Good Shepherd, the Good Shepherd who loved His sheep, and especially the lambs of His flock, they were working with Him, and the Good Shepherd was honoring them through their chief pastor to join Him in that work of rescuing those who were less fortunate than themselves. They were safe in the fold of Jesus Christ. They were so placed that they were being taught the whole faith, they were learning more of it day by day from those who were placed over them—zealous priests who had charge of their souls and zealous teachers who were instructing them each day. They had, then, a great privilege, they were placed very high, and they were working together with the Good Shepherd in that great work for the salvation of souls. They had the faith, they were being taught daily, as he had said, more and more about it. But they were not satisfied in having the faith themselves; they were not selfish; they were determined as far as lay in their power to spread it amongst those who were less fortunate. There were many children being lost to the Church, and through no fault of their own.

Some of them might have heard something of the expression "The Leakage in the Church." They all knew what happened to a ship when it sprung a leak. It became filled with water and sank. That was what was happening to many children in that great city of London. Many were losing their faith because they were brought up badly, without the fear of God before their eyes, without the teaching of the Catholic Church, and the Cardinal asked them to help stop that leakage as far as they could. They had responded to His Eminence's appeal in a magnificent way, they had done their share of the work, and a very great share it was. They had come there yearly, and by their offerings had saved many children who otherwise would have been lost to the Church. All he (the right rev. speaker) said was, "Go on, persevere, never be satisfied with what you have done. Altogether you had done a great deal, but determine that by God's grace next year you will do more, determine that you will try and bring more for God's sake." What would they be themselves (asked His Lordship) without their faith? Consider that for a moment. They were fortunately placed safely inside the fold, they were taught their religion inside a Catholic school. What would have been their position if they had had those in authority over them who had not cared for them, but had allowed them to wander far from the Church? Let them not be exalted by pride because they happened to be brought up as they had been, but thank Almighty God from the bottom of their hearts that He had given them that great grace of a Catholic training. Let them, then, think of their less fortunate brothers and sisters. Look around in that vast city of London, and they would see many living without the fear and love of God. So let them lift up their hearts and thank God He had given them that great grace of the love of, and faith in, God. Let them think sometimes what might have become of them if they had not had that faith. Let them not judge others whom they saw living as they should not live, for they did not know what they would have done if they had not had a great privilege. His Lordship then read the four rules prescribed for the members of the Crusade of Rescue, and in conclusion said that in their zeal for their less fortunate brothers and sisters never let them forget their own souls. Sometimes they were so busy helping others that they forgot themselves, but they must always remember their own souls was the first thing they had to think about. But let them bear in mind that the more they helped others the more probability there was of securing their own salvation. After expressing deep regret at the absence of the Cardinal, the Bishop asked all present to offer up at least one "Hail Mary" for His Eminence's recovery.

The children then filed before His Lordship and presented their offerings, and as they left the Cathedral each was presented with an orange. A word of praise is due to the members of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, who rendered valuable assistance in marshalling the children.

## A Missionary's Story.

Oconee County is situated in the mountain section of South Carolina, far up in the northwestern corner, bordering North Carolina and Georgia. Here there are turbulent mountain streams and the scenery is wild and rugged and magnificent. Here is the home of the mountaineer of song and story, as bold and free as the hills around him. Here the forests are primeval in their density, and the roads are in many instances but blazed trails through which even the frequent traveller may and does lose his way.

Of this I was forcibly reminded one day. I was accompanying and piloting our Right Rev. Bishop (Bishop Northrop) on one of his episcopal tours through this portion of our missions. \* \* \* Far up in the mountains, forty miles from Walhalla and just across the North Carolina line, dwelt a Catholic and his wife, with eleven children, none of whom had been confirmed. They were too poor to go to even the little expense necessary to make the trip down to the "city." I had explained this to the Bishop, and he, in his zeal and goodness of heart, said he'd shoulder his crozier and go up into the wilderness to them. So the next morning \* \* \* we started out, with our baggage behind us and a horse before us that was guaranteed to tear name-string, collar and single-tree to bits rather than stop at any obstacle. All honor to that horse for he nobly did his duty! He had mud to pull through that all but loosened the shoes on his feet and the tires on the buggy wheels, and hills to climb compared to which Parnassus were a race track. I had been over the road before and, with an assurance of which only a novice in woodcraft could be guilty, I emphatically stated that I knew the country like the palm of my hand.

Well, I, of course, missed the road and lost many hours by so doing. But we gained in missionary experience. We stopped at a mountain cabin for dinner. Our host, a tall, lean man, with skin like dried apples and eyes that could pierce the autumn foliage and pick out the squirrel over a hundred yards distant—he gave us the little best he had; and he liked us so well, or rather the Bishop so completely won his heart by exhibiting such—to him—good common-sense about guns and dogs that the woodsman gave us the supreme mark of confidence; he let us know "by many a wink and blink and whispered word" that there was a spring of "Mountain Dew" in which he was interested. Six miles down the road, he said, there's a great rock over-hanging the road (I shall spare the reader the dialect) about ten feet to the left you'll find a tree with a squirrel hole in it a few feet from the ground. "If you are thirsty, mister," he continued, "when you get to this place, just put your bottle and ten cents in that hole, yell three times and go about your business down the road a piece. Give the charm time to work, and when you come back you'll find as good corn 'licker' in that bottle as ever tickled your windpipe. Yes, sir," he ended with a wink, "'tis the fairies that does it." We did not avail ourselves of our host's confidence; but when we neared the enchanted spot the shades of evening were turning the shadows into bears and moonshiners with glittering eyes and catamounts and other such animals and then the stories of how innocent travellers had received the leaden messages intended for the troublesome revenue officers sent little electric thrills down our spine which urged us that 'twere best not to linger.

We stopped for the night at a cottage where a priest had never stopped before. When the people found out that they had in their midst a real, live Catholic priest and Bishop, their astonishment can be better imagined than described. But they were kind and hospitable in spite of the unknown danger that threatened them. Here again the Bishop gave proof of his remarkable magnetism and adaptability to circumstances, for in a short time he had broken down their reserve and awakened their interest. They no longer thought of going to bed with the chickens, but asked question after question and confessed that they had heard terrible things about Catholics! To show how deeply interested they were, I might mention that I had to go to the "other" room to finish up Vespers and Compline, for it was near midnight. It was necessary for the "old man" to show me

the way and give me a light. He was in a great hurry about it, and said: "I hope you'll excuse me, mister, but I want to get back in yonder, for I just loves to hear that 'old feller' talk." This may not sound very respectful in which he said it and the "diamond in the rough" who gave utterance to it, it was a compliment that even our Bishop may justly be proud of.

As we departed next morning our host wished us a safe journey, and said with evident heartiness: "It's pow'ful glad you fellers stopped over here; be sure and drop in again." He "fellered" me this time; the Bishop did not get all the honor! After many another incident by field and flood we reached our destination; but on account of my knowing the road so well, it took us a day and a half, or sixteen hours of actual driving, to make the trip. We stayed at Mr. —'s two days. The Bishop instructed the children and then confirmed them. The scene was an impressive one. There, in the midst of poverty, it is true, but in the heart of the mighty woods; there where God's majestic mountains stood in place of man-made cathedral walls and spires; where the birds of the air and the wild creatures of the forest spoke of a freedom and innocence and joy that the haunts of men do not know—there God's grace flowed out upon these simple souls and made them soldiers of Jesus Christ.—Rev. A. K. Gwynne in the Missionary.

## Growing Old.

A little more gray in the lessening hair

Each day as the years go by;  
A little more stooping of the form,  
A little more dim the eye,  
A little more faltering of the step  
As we tread life's pathway o'er,  
But a little nearer every day  
To the ones who have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait  
And dulness of the ear;  
A growing weariness of the frame  
With each swift passing year,  
A fading of hopes and ambitions,  
too,

A faltering in life's quest,  
But a little nearer every day  
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life  
As the dear ones pass away;  
A bigger claim on the heavenly land  
With every passing day,  
A little further from toll and care,  
A little less way to roam;  
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage  
And a happy welcome home.

## COULD NOT WALK.

A Young Lady Tells the Torture She Suffered from Rheumatism

Miss Myrtle Major, Hartland, N. B., is one of the thousands who have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure rheumatism. Miss Major says: "I suffered from the trouble for nearly a year. I had the advice of a doctor and took his medicine, but it did not help me. The trouble was located chiefly in my ankles, and the pain I suffered at times was intense. As a matter of fact at times I was quite unable to walk across the room, and for some six months I was confined to the house. I used liniments and other medicines prescribed for rheumatism, but they did me no good. Then some of my friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I acted on their advice and before I had used three boxes I began to feel better. I took nine boxes of the pills altogether, and before I finished the last box not a trace of the trouble remained. It is now nearly two years since I took the pills and as there has not been a symptom of the trouble since it proves that the pills make permanent cures."

Rheumatism is a disease of the blood and can only be cured by treating it through the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure this trouble. Good blood makes every organ in the body strong and healthy, and as every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes pure, rich blood, it follows that they cure such troubles as anaemia, neuralgia, indigestion, heart trouble, kidney ailments, erysipelas, the after effects of la grippe and fevers, etc. They also relieve and cure the ailments from which so many women constantly suffer. See that you get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## MAY IN ROME.

May in Italy! It is a sentence to conjure with; it calls up memories of opaline and rose hued sunsets, of days of golden sunshine and azure skies, and, as a contrast of other days when the sun conceals his radiance behind a sombre veil of clouds and the baleful "scirocco" plays havoc with the nerves of humanity in general. It brings before us the breath of roses and the ineffable magic of spring, just as it is merged into the first flush of summer, and its very remembrance animates and lends fresh life and vigor to our love and devotion to Mary. It is pre-eminently the "month of the Madonna," and from Rome's many bell-towers peal out the summoning bells which call us to the "Mese Mariana." Her altars are decked by reverent hands, tapers innumerable gleam before her pictures and her statues in lofty basilicas, in humble chapels, and before her wayside shrines, and men, women and children, the devout as well as the worldly, those whose souls are unspotted, and those who are smirched with the mud of many sins gather round the pulpits from which the priests of God preach penance, and advocate devotion to Mary Immaculate.

It is also a month of many "festas." On the 3rd, the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, the basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme echoes to the strains of dulcet harmony and all Rome flocks to pay homage to the relic of the sacred wood on which our Redeemer expiated our sins. The finger of modernization has spoiled the former beauty of this ancient building, and has not even spared the frescoes of the tribune painted by the inimitable brush of Pinturicchio, but notwithstanding this desecrating touch there yet remains a certain grandeur, an atmosphere of the past that casts its spell upon us as we enter. Here once stood the garden of Heliogabalus, and here afterwards rose the palace of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, she to whom the Christian world owes the discovery of the true cross.

On the following day "San Agostino," rich in marbles and gildings, is crowded with those who wish to venerate the hallowed dust of St. Monica, which lies beneath her altar in the church dedicated to her son, and on the 5th Cardinals and Bishops, Roman nobles and American tourists, priests and laymen, seminarians and beggars wend their steps to that vast basilica on the Esquiline where, in a glass sarcophagus, lies the incorrupt body of Pope Pius V. And it is not only in Santa Maria Maggiore, with its clustering memories, its harmonious coloring, and its richly hued mosaics, that St. Peter's "festa" is solemnly celebrated. Let us leave the city behind us, and ascending the steep hill leading to Monte Aventino enter within the walls of Santa Sabina, sacred to the memory of St. Dominic and other Christian heroes—a veritable nursery for saints. "One evening," so we read, "a pilgrim, worn out with travel and fatigue arrived at the door of this convent mounted upon a wretched mule and implored admittance. The prior in mockery asked, 'What are you come for, my father? Are you come to see if the College of Cardinals is disposed to elect you as Pope?'

"I am come to Rome," replied the pilgrim Michele Ghislieri, 'because the interests of the Church require it, and I shall leave as soon as my task is accomplished; meanwhile I implore you to give me a brief hospitality and a little hay for my mule.'"

Sixteen years passed away and Michele Ghislieri mounted the Papal throne with the title of Pius V., and proved himself an eager defender of the Order and institutions of St. Dominic. On this feast Masses are celebrated in the humble cell, now a chapel, where he spent those sixteen years of prayer and penance, and Cardinals, Friars and Monsignori esteem it a privilege to be permitted to offer up the Holy Sacrifice on that hallowed spot.

termed him, is a holy day of obligation in the "Eternal City," and the Church of "Santa Maria in Valicella," or as it is more usually called the "Chiesa Nuova," is draped in silken hanging of crimson and gold, and the altar under which rests his body is one mass of roses. A novena precedes the feast of the Apostle of Rome and on each day celebrated preachers proclaim his virtues and strive to inculcate in their hearers the lessons which he taught. In his cell, in the adjoining monastery, we gaze with veneration upon his confessional, his chair, his shoes, his rope girdle and in the little chapel where he was wont to celebrate Mass with such ecstatic devotion is the crucifix which he held when dying, the candlesticks which stood on his altar, and some sacred pictures on tablets which he used to carry to the sick. High festival is also held on this occasion in the old church of San Girolamo della Carita, where St. Philip founded the Congregation of Oratory and lived for many years. Here also his rooms, which are full of interest and contain many hallowed souvenirs, may be visited by those who wish to see them. A non-Catholic writer has described him, who is perhaps one of the most sympathetic—if we may use the term—of God's saints, in the following words, and they seem singularly appropriate:

"S. Filippo Neri was good humored, witty, strict in essentials, indulgent in trifles. He never commanded; he advised, or perhaps requested; he did not discourse, he conversed; and he possessed in a remarkable degree, the acuteness necessary to distinguish the peculiar merit of every character."—Rosary Magazine.

## WITH THE SCIENTISTS

TELEPHONES AND DISEASE.—That the telephone-transmitter may serve to carry disease from one user to another has been suggested more than once. The feasibility of such an occurrence has been experimentally tested by Dr. William Bissel, of Buffalo, who reports his results in the Buffalo "Medical Journal." They are negative, as far as they go, and seem to indicate that the supposed danger is rather remote. We quote the following abstract made by "The Medical Record":

"It is well known that an individual to all intents and purposes in good health may be the carrier of noxious germs. For instance, the germ of croupous pneumonia is present in the mouth of every healthy person, and the diphtheria bacillus exists in the nose and throat of many persons who have never suffered from the disease. Again, those who have recovered from typhoid fever and cholera continue to throw off the germs of these respective diseases, while in cases of chronic pulmonary tuberculosis, when expectoration is profuse, the organism is expelled in large numbers. The experiments conducted by Dr. Bissel took place in the early part of this year, the telephones at three of the largest hotels in Buffalo being utilized for the purpose, and the particular organism for which search was being made being the diphtheria bacillus. After the most careful investigation it was found to be impossible to demonstrate the presence of the diphtheria bacillus on any of the telephones. It would thus appear as if there is little or no fear of contracting diphtheria by this means."

MAD COLLIES.—"Several years ago," says the "Revue Scientifique," "to aid the shepherds in guarding their sheep, there were imported into Patagonia some Scotch collies, tame, well-trained, and docile. All went well for some time, but after a while loud lamentations were heard from the shepherds. The collies, instead of protecting the sheep, were eating them! What had happened? The shepherds had left a number of the dogs in the woods and they had bred there; but, being no longer under the influence of man, they had become wild, and as they regarded the sheep as belonging to them as much as to man, they attacked the herds whenever they were hungry. The dogs hunt in packs and attack vigorously, so that even the shepherds themselves are sometimes killed. They are now very sorry that they ever brought in the collies, which they say are worse than wolves. They are quite as strong, and more intelligent and brave. The situation of the shepherds is doubtless bad, but it is not altogether undeserved, and it is certainly not unnatural. However, probably this consideration, if it has occurred to them, will hardly console them."

## THE COL

CHAPTER X

HOW HARDRES MET AN OLD FRIEND AND MADE A NEW ONE.

Fancy restored the dress to the society of Eily. He sat by her side, quieting, with the careless fondness, her still raptures and comforting her with his own steady assurance. This hope, on his own part, he acknowledged, was not in his sleeping, than in moments; for it was a how different his feeling, yet became after he had home, and when the closure drew near. Youth, all ruined as he indulgence, made him rather with a degree of approached to fear; and dom loved to submit woused to contest, so he careful to avoid, as much, any occasion for the his hereditary perseverance, fluence of his parent, he sisted not so much in authority, as in the m she held over his fil which partook of the distinguished his entire Mrs. Cregan governed band and her son; but which she employed in r to her own wishes were ferent. In her argumen former it was her usual begin with an entreaty a command. On the co she sought to work upon ations of Hardres, she a command and closed treaty. It was, indeed, had frequently experienced task to withstand h when she had recourse expedient. Mrs. Cregan the national warmth of and liveliness of feeling. tually generous person, tue is rather the offsprin heart than a well re understanding. Mrs. Creg more boundless in her in her exaction of grati only looked for gratitude whom she had obliged, exorbitant as to imagin those likewise, whom wished to serve, should an equal degree of kind tually evince as lively obligation as if her vis favor had been deeds. A selfish world we are to benefits are frequently f the receiver, and somet by cold unkindness c hostility. It is no wond Mrs. Cregan should hav found people slow to a value of her vain desire.

While Hardres was s ing some sentiment of p miration in the ear of bride, he was awakened sure of a light finger of er. He looked up and b in a broad-leaved heav ball dress, standing by and smiling down upon air of affection and re countenance, though it acquired, in a slight d hardness of outline whi approach of the first ma was striking, and even character. The forehead and commanding, the ey hazel, well opened, and rapid in its expression. face had that length which painters employ presentation of the trag the character of the in given to this natural a depth of feeling whi lated to make a strong gloomy impression on tion of the beholder. likewise partook of this character, and was d