

Canada North-West... REGULATIONS... notice in writing... of St. Anthony of Padua... H. W. GRAY, Kenham, Norfolk, Eng'd... BING FLOUR... RAISING FLOUR... St. Montreal... Club... WELCOME... Wednesday Evening... invited. The pay is a visit... a.m. on Sunday... on Sunday eve... from 9 a. m. to... Common Sts.

"Held in Derision."

Rafter was in very bad humor. A much-abused hand-organ had disturbed his siesta, and, as with intent to add insult to injury, had continued its treacherous machinations despite his entreaties to be left in peace. He was in the attitude of magnificent gesticulation when the door suddenly opened to admit a visitor. "Go down and kill him, old man," said the newcomer, laughing at the plight of his friend. Rafter turned, amazed at the new intrusion. "Well, well, Peters," he cried, forgetting all about the harmonies that still floated persistently from the street below. "Is it really you?" So physical was the welcome Peters wondered if Rafter had mistaken him for the Italian organ-grinder. "Is it I?" exclaimed Peters. "Have you the idea that you are clutching at a ghost, instead of breaking my arm?" "Sit down," said Rafter, "your hat. Well, why shouldn't I have doubt as to the reality of this vision? Here I have been practicing over two years and you never came near my office. And as to letters, I always fancied that you were the sleepless secretary of some great trust, so concise were your answers to my verbose letters."

tract," he said. "You approve of the course of Peters because it has a tinge of the romantic. His leaving the world has no practical influence upon you. Suppose you were his sister?" "There is no place I would rather see him than in religion," she answered. "Suppose, further still, that I received that so-called divine message, would I be justified in leaving you?" he asked, earnestly gazing at her. She bit her lips at the strange turn the argument had taken. She knew he was watching her intently. "If God calls, no one should interfere." The words came after a pause, but they came firmly. He had expected her to say something else, and her words hurt him deeply. "Then you would be willing to see me leave you," he said, "upon a mistaken notion that I could save my soul better elsewhere than with you?" She said nothing. She knew from his tones that he reproached her. She had spoken the truth from her heart; she could have said nothing else. There was a moment's pause, painful to them both, and she was induced to resume the argument. "John," she said, "you may think it a strange kind of affection, but as your betrothed, much as I love you, I would be willing to sacrifice it all for the return to you of the simple faith of which your pride has robbed you. By the side of you Mr. Peters is blessed a thousand-fold."

with Mona. The sound of the telephone bell broke in upon his feverish meditations, and he took up the receiver languidly. Another call! He was getting tired of the life of a doctor. "Could Dr. Rafter come to the City Hospital immediately? A crazy man had shot Father Bryant while he was preaching. The bullet had not been extracted. The patient was very low." "Certainly. He would go immediately." He was soon at the hospital and in consultation with the other doctors. It was a serious case. There was very little hope for the innocent victim. "It is an interesting case," he said to the other doctors when they had finished. "I will stay by him for the night." So he sat long into the stillness of the night, broken only by the breathing of the priest and an occasional moan from the adjoining ward, noting the various phases through which the sufferer passed. "Hush! The priest was speaking. He was beginning the sermon where- in he had met his death. He was giving out the text which the doctor had sneered at as it came from the lips of his friend Peters. "There are they whom we hold some time in derision—and their lot is among the saints." Doctor Rafter, who quailed not before the most trying surgical case, winced under the words of the unconscious priest. Could he not escape from that text? Everybody assailed him with it. But, as if commanded by a superior power, he gave ear to the words of the saintly man who knew not that he was dying; knew not that he was preaching to an attentive audience the words of eternal life. It was a simple sermon, unorthodox, but it was the word of God, and the word of itself preaches better than the eloquence of man. The vanity of life, of human glory, of riches, the blessings of the soul that sacrifices self for God, that was the sermon heard by the agnostic in the hospital room on that November night. It seemed a new doctrine to him, and yet he knew that he had believed it all long ago. He had sneered at first out of habit, then became stolidly indifferent, but soon, under the pleading voice, the indifference gave way to rapt attention, and then— To Rafter it was not an abrupt change. It seemed like the gliding from darkness into light and he knew that faith had returned. Gently he took the hand of the priest. His eyes went peering into the past, beholding a world's genius in a monastic garb, a beautiful woman with the light of faith in her eyes, and he blessed those whom the world held in derision.

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power Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft, While swung the deep bell in the distant tower, Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft, And not a breath crept through the rosy air, And yet, the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer. "Ave Maria," 'tis the hour of prayer, "Ave Maria," 'tis the hour of love; "Ave Maria," may our spirits dare Look up to thine and to thy Son's above; "Ave Maria," oh, that face so fair; Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove— What though 'tis but a pictured image strike, That painting is no idol—'tis too like. —Lord Byron. THE GOLDEN LEGEND. This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land! Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer; All hearts are touched and softened at her name; Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand, The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant, The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer, Pay homage to her as one ever present! And even as children who have much offended A too-indulgent father, in great shame, Penitent, and yet not daring unattended To go into his presence, at the gate Speak with their sister, and confidently wait. Till she goes in before and intercedes, So men, repenting of their evil deeds And yet not venturing rashly to draw near With their requests an angry Father's ear, Offer to her their prayers and their confession, And she for them in heaven makes intercession. And if our Faith had given us nothing more Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This were enough to prove it higher and truer Than all the creeds the world had known before. —Longfellow. A HYMN. At morn, at noon, at twilight dim, Maria, thou hast heard my hymn; In joy and weep, in good and ill, Mother of God, be with me still, When hours flew brightly by, And not a cloud obscured the sky, My soul, lest it should truant be, Thy grace did guide to thine and thee. Now, when storms of fate o'ercast Darkly my present and my past, Let my future radiant shine With sweet hopes of thee and thine. —Edgar Allan Poe. HYMN TO THE VIRGIN. "Ave Maria!" Maiden Mild! Listen to a maiden's prayer; Thou canst hear thought from the wild, Thou canst save amid despair. Safe may we sleep beneath thy care, Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled; Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer; Mother, hear a suppliant child! "Ave Maria!" undefiled! The flinty couch we now must share Shall seem with down of eider piled, If thy protection hover there. The murky cavern's heavy air Shall breathe the balmy air of heaven's smile! Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer; Mother, hear a suppliant child! "Ave Maria!" stainless styled! Foul demons of the earth and air, From this their wonted haunt exiled, Shall flee before thy presence fair.

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Protestant Poets.

Whatever may be the opinion of the average Protestant as regards the Catholics' homage of the Blessed Virgin and our unflinching faith in the power of her intercession for our sins, the fact remains that Protestant poets from the most cynical to the most religious have in their inspired moments breathed her praise in unmistakable language, uttering words which would lead one to believe that within their higher gifts they must have possessed the one which enabled them to discern the glory of the Mother of Christ as she presents herself to our spiritual senses. The following illustrations of this assertion will be of interest not merely to the student of literature but even more so to the thinking Catholic who is sufficiently familiar with the characters and writings of the poets named to realize the guidance of the inspiration which has led them to the expressions of a personal homage notwithstanding their own professions of faith or agnosticism as the case may be. THE ANGELUS. "Ave Maria," o'er the earth and sea, That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee. "Ave Maria," blessed be the hour, The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft Have felt that moment in its fullest