

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908

1561.

The Sermon of a Robin in Muckross Abbey.

Kilmer's legend misty mountains throng
On Inghin's hill the stillness of their snows—
The cloister shadowing immemorial year,
Rooted in ruin, over him arose.

In his bright vestments, with that strange halo,
Hail pity, which one of a winged race
Must feel for man that is of woman born,
Upon a broken tomb he took his place.

Beneath his feet—oh, dust of dead men's pride!
The abbey-ivy, as with conscious shame,
The flock of good King Alfred's time, thought we,
Oblivion's comment upon crest and name.

"Now he will tell us All is Vanity,
"And so dismiss us hardly wiser than
"The flock of good King Alfred's time," thought we,
"Who knew as much." The preacher thus began:

"Love one another," for our breath is brief;
"Love one another," we to-morrow die
(The singing woods sigh not for last year's leaf)
"Love one another," Yonder is the sky.

"Now let us sing," he said, and through the dim
Great empty window went his flying strain:
"Love one another," was his text and hymn—
"Love one another," was his sweet refrain.
—Sarah Pratt, in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

FOR THE CATHOLIC CURE.

A MIRACULOUS CURE AT LOURDES.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO MISS EVELYN FANE BY HER FRIEND MISS NAOMI NIGHTINGALE, AGED SIXTEEN YEARS.

Hotel de France, Argelos Gazost, 21st June 1908.

My dear Evelyn,—Many thanks for your letter of congratulation. How strange your having heard of my wonderful cure at the Oratory! They say it is all over Paris, and in all the French papers, but I did not know it had reached London.

Well, I must tell you all about it. It was on our fourth visit from Argelos to Lourdes, and was a pouring wet day. We went first to the Rosary Church, where I said my rosary. There were thousands of pilgrims just as usual, for neither the rain nor anything else save prayer is the only thing heeded there. I asked mother to go down to the Grotto which has ever been my favourite place, but of course she thought it mad on such a wet day. However, after a time we went. There were only about five hundred people there, and a priest was preaching. Strange to say, he was telling the people to beg and implore heaven for a miracle; that they should offer to bear any sorrow or pain, if only a miracle might be wrought to enliven the faith, for so very few had been worked lately, and the faith was becoming damped; indeed, there were one thousand five hundred sick and only one miracle, and that was mine!

So we all knelt with our arms out in ecstacy beseeching for a miracle, I little thinking as I prayed for the poor sick that I should be the one cured. After a time I was kneeling at the "Grille" of the Grotto, saying my rosary for the souls in purgatory; suddenly I felt dreadful pains in my ears. They were saying the rosary aloud, so I tried not to say anything to disturb them; however, they grew worse and worse until I called out in absolute agony. They increased in force, and I thought I should lose my mind with the terrific pain; then all my body started twitching and jumping. There was a dead silence, and this lasted for about four minutes; then, when I thought I should go mad with pain, I went into a kind of lovely dream, and don't remember anything until I heard, "Oh joy! I really heard the 'Magnificat'."

It appears that at the end of four minutes I called out "I can hear! Marie, Marie, merci!" Mother would not believe it, but after speaking to me several times behind my back she saw it was true, and turned and told the multitude.

Wild, ferocious almost was the enthusiasm. At once the tremendous cry of "an miracle! an miracle!" was raised; thousands came pouring like madmen from all sides; the Basilica, Rosary, Piscines, and everywhere. Then with one accord those thousands of voices burst forth "Magnificat anima mea Dominum!" Mad, joyous cries of "Ave Maria!" "Gloria Patri!" filled the air, and in the meantime thousands had collected at the Grotto to see the miracle. So great was the enthusiasm of all those pressing round me, to touch my rosary, dress, etc., that they feared I would be trampled to death, and opened the grille of the Grotto, and put me inside. After a time when I was taken to the hotel, the Gardiens de la Paix were sent for, for the people were almost delirious in their joy. Not even the Bishops could restrain them, or prevent them again breaking forth into the "Magnificat," as they took me to the hotel, surrounded by double circle of men to prevent my being crushed to death.

All that night and next day we were surrounded by those wanting to touch me, asking my signature, details, etc. Even now every time we go to Lourdes we are mobbed, and it is impossible to

move three yards without being surrounded by hundreds. Of course my case was examined by Dr. Boissarie at the Bureau de Constatations, and by many other doctors, (non-believers) and finally recorded as a first class medical miracle. Doctors who were free thinkers and schismatics were obliged to own it a miracle, for they, after most minute examinations, were baffled, and finally believed—for, imagine both drums were broken and now the doctors attest that the drums have been re-constituted, only leaving a scar where formerly broken. Oh, how wonderfully good and bountiful has our dearest Mother been! Almost too good for me.

I was introduced to all the Bishops and they were so nice. Being a miraclee, they let me go right next the Blessed Sacrament in the processions, kneed in the sanctuary, have a prie dieu inside the Grotto, etc. I am so glad we saw the English pilgrims, for during their pilgrimage there was no other authentic miracle, and the faith was getting damped. You cannot conceive what it is to be able to hear everything, and so keenly, after having been completely stone deaf; for at the time of my cure I heard neither trains, motors, torrents, nothing at all—and now I hear far better than most people, and with both ears.

And now, E., do you say a prayer for our poor sick out here. I am "infirmiere" for the sick, and indeed I think the greatest miracle at Lourdes is the way that nobody ever catches any contagious illness. Here I go in and out among all the sick, at the Piscines, in processions, and give them water, wheel their chairs, feed them at the hospital, pray with them, etc., and I have not as much as caught a cold. Neither has anyone else. The poor things are so delighted, they have so little joy in their sad, dreary lives, and being a miraclee I can bring them a little hope and comfort. We have a shocking number of sick at present, and so few miracles, so do pray, pray, pray. It is so heart-breaking to see them so full of faith, racked with pain, yet not cured, and doomed to linger out in sorrow if our dearest Mother does not take compassion on them. Ah! how hard it is to say "They will be done." I would willingly give up my own great grace, if one of those poor creatures might be released; but our Lord has His own designs, and I can only wonder in silent praise, that is scarcely a prayer, at His tender mercy and goodness to me, so unworthy as I am.

I am afraid we shall not be back before August in England, so I will hope to see you in the autumn, and then tell you sensibly all the details of my miracle. At present I have tried to give you an outline of this proof of the workings of God and the supernatural on our natural lives; but my heart is still too full, and my mind too confused by the crowds and letters and questions, medical examinations, introductions, etc., to write much detail.

My kind remembrances to everyone and love to you.

I remain, your affectionate friend,
NAOMI NIGHTINGALE, E. de M.

POPE PIUS X.

ADDRESSES A JUBILEE LETTER TO ALL PRIESTS ON OCCASION OF FIFTIETH YEAR IN THE PRIESTHOOD.

Catholic Columbian.

Beloved Sons, Health and the Apostolic Benediction!

Deeply impressed and full of warning are those words of the Apostle of the Gentiles to the Hebrews when, admonishing them of the duty of obedience to their superiors, he solemnly affirmed: "For they watch as being to render an account of your souls (xiii. 17). But if this sentence applies to all who rule in the Church, it falls in a special way on us, who, unworthy as we are, have from God the supreme authority in it. Hence we are night and day full of solicitude, nor do we ever cease meditating upon and working for whatever may tend to the salvation and increase of the Lord's flock. But there is one subject that mainly occupies us: that all those in sacred orders should be completely what their state requires them to be. For we are convinced that it is principally on this that the present welfare and the future hopes of religion depend. It was on this account that immediately on entering upon the pontificate, although taking the clergy as a whole we found many reasons for praise. We yet deem it well to exhort most earnestly our venerable brothers the Bishops of the whole Catholic world to bend all their constancy and all their energy to the task of forming Christ in those who are duly destined to form Christ in others. We know well the good-will shown by the sacred prelates in this matter. We know with what foresight and diligence they strive assiduously to lead the clergy to virtue; and for this they have merited not so much praise as the open expression of our thanks.

THE NECESSITY OF SANCTITY IN PRIESTS.

Hence, beloved sons, we begin our exhortation by stimulating you to that

holiness of life which the dignity of your rank demands of you—for the priest is not priest for himself alone, but for others: For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in the things appertaining to God (Heb. v. 1). Christ Himself has pointed out this truth when He explained the end for which the priest's action is destined by comparing it with that of salt and of light. The priest is the light of the world, the salt of the earth, and it must be clear to all that he is this by proclaiming the truth of Christianity. But is it not equally clear that the priesthood is of but little use if the priest compromises by his conduct what he preaches in words? His hearers, contentiously indeed but not without reason, object: they profess that they know God but in their works they deny Him (Tit. i. 16.) they reject the teaching and fail to profit by the light of the priest. Hence, Christ Himself, made in the form of the priests, taught first by His action, then by His words: Jesus began to do and to teach (Act. i. 1). So, too, if sanctity is neglected, the priest cannot be in any way the salt of the earth, for what is itself corrupt and contaminated is quite unfitted for preserving soundness, and when sanctity is lacking, corruption cannot but be present.

Wherefore, Christ dwelling on the same similitude, calls such priests salt without savor, good for nothing any more but to be cast out, and therefore to be trodden on by men. (Matt. v. 13.)

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH ON PRIESTLY SANCTITY.

Such being the mind of the Church on the life of priests, nobody will be surprised to find that all the Holy Fathers and Doctors with one accord speak on this subject in a manner that might to some appear to be extreme; but if we weigh their words carefully, we shall find that what they teach is most true and right. Their opinion may be summed up thus: Between the priest and any upright man there should be as much difference as there is between heaven and earth, and for this same reason priestly virtue must shun not only graver sins, but even the slightest. The Council of Trent held by the judgment of those venerable men when it admonished clerics to avoid even light faults as being in them most serious (Sess. xxiii. de reform. c. 1), most serious, that is, in themselves, but only to be held by one who commits them, of whom with better right than of material temples it may be said: Holiness becomes Thy house (Ps. xlii. 5).

THE NECESSITY OF THE "PASSIVE VIRTUE."

And now let us see in what consists this sanctity which should not be lacking in the priest, for if a man is ignorant of this or misunderstands it he is certainly in great danger. First, here are those who think, nay, proclaim aloud, that the merit of a priest should consist in the fact that he is entirely occupied in working for others, so that paying but little heed to the virtues by which a man is perfected himself (and which they thus call passive virtues) they proclaim that all a man's strength and other graces can only be held by exercising the active virtues. This teaching is utterly fallacious and destructive, and concerning it our Predecessor of happy memory in his wisdom thus pronounced concerning it (Testem benevolentiae, ad episc. Baltimore, 22 Jan. 1890): "That some of the Christian virtues were meant for other times, but only to be held by one who fails to remember the words of the Apostles: Whom he fore-knew he also destined to be conformable to the image of his Son. The teacher and exemplar of all sanctity is Christ, and upon His rule are to be modelled all who wish to have a place among the blessed. Now Christ does not change with the progress of ages, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever (Hebr. xiii. 8). To men of all times, therefore, are applicable the words: Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart. (Matt. xi. 29.) and there is no time when Christ does not show Himself forth to us having become obedient unto death (Phil. ii. 8.) and to every age belongs the sentence of the Apostles: They who are of Christ have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences (Gal. v. 24). And these quotations, while applying to every one of the faithful, refer more specially to priests, who should also, above others, take to themselves what Our Predecessor, with Apostolic zeal, proceeds to add: 'Now, as the priest is called to be now practised by many more in our times as they were practised by those most holy men of former ages, who in their humility, obedience and abstinence, were powerful in their works and words, to the great advantage not only of religion, but of civil society.' Here it is well to observe that this most prudent Pontiff rightly makes special mention of abstinence which in the language of the gospel, we call self-denial. Truly, beloved sons, under this head is contained the strength and virtue of all the fruit of the sacerdotal office; this neglected, the way is opened for everything that is capable of offending the eyes and souls of the people in the life of a priest. For if a man works for filthy lucre, if he mixes himself with the affairs of the world, if he seeks after the first places and despises the others, if he yields to flesh and blood, if he strives to please men, if he puts his trust in the plausible words of human wisdom—all this happens because he neglects the commandment of Christ and rejects the condition laid down by Him: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself. (Mark. xv. 24.)

SPIRITUAL READING.

With the daily contemplation of divine things it is of great importance that the priest should unite the assiduous reading of pious books especially those that are divinely inspired. Thus Paul commanded Timothy: Attend unto reading (1 Tim. iv. 13). So also Jerome,

training Nepotian in the priestly life, inculcated: Let sacred reading be never out of your hands, and he proceeds to give a reason for his advice: Learn yourself what you are to teach, attain that faithful speech which is according to knowledge; that you may be able to exhort in sound teaching, and put to silence those that contradict (Eph. viii at Paulinum, no. 6.) What great profit from this exercise for the priests who practice it constantly, how full of savor is their preaching of Christ, and how forcibly the minds and hearts of their hearers, instead of being smoothed and petted, are drawn to better things and raised to heavenly desires! But for another reason, and one, beloved sons, greatly profitable to you, should the counsel of Jerome be taken to heart: Let sacred reading be never out of your hands (Eph. ad Paulinum, no. 6). For who does not know of the great influence exercised over the mind of a friend by a friend who candidly warns him, helps him with advice, rebukes, stimulates, leads him back from error? Blessed is he who finds a true friend (Eccl. xxv. 12), he who finds him finds a treasure (Job, v. 14). Now pious books we must count as truly faithful friends.

GOOD BOOKS OUR BEST FRIENDS.

For they solemnly warn us of our duties and of the prospects of heaven and discipline; they awake in our souls the heavenly voices that have been silenced; they disturb the treacherous calm in which we live; they charge us with those inclinations which contain concealed snares; they reveal the dangers that so often lie in the path of the unwary. And all this they do with such loving kindness, that they show themselves not only to be our friends but our very best friends. Thus we have all sides, whenever we like, at our very side friends ever ready to help us in our most secret necessities, friends whose voice is never harsh, whose counsel is never dictated by enmity, whose speech is never timid or false. There are many striking examples to show the salutary efficiency of pious books, but one that stands out beyond all others is that of Augustine, whose immense services to the Church dated their origin from it: Take and read, take and read. . . . I took up [the Epistle of Paul] and read in silence. . . . (Luko, xvi. 8). As though the light of certainty were infused into my mind, all the darkness of doubt disappeared (Conf. i, viii, c. 12). But too often alas! in our days the contrary happens, and ecclesiastics are gradually plunged in the darkness of doubt, and led to follow the crooked paths of the age, chiefly because to pious and divine books they far prefer others of all kinds and a host of periodicals, that bring seductive error and pestilence in their train. Be on your guard, beloved sons; rely not on the fact that you have reached years of maturity or even advanced age, and be not deluded by the treacherous hope that by reading these you will be in a better position to provide for the common welfare. Certain limits are to be observed, those prescribed by the laws of the Church and those which prudence and charity for one's self point out; for when a man once takes these poisons into his heart, very rarely does he escape the evil consequences.

A TERRIBLE WARNING.

When the duty of our office obliges us to think on all this, beloved sons, our heart is filled with grief, and we groan aloud. Was to the priest, who does not know how to keep his place, and who unfaithfully pollutes the name of the holy God for whom he should be holy! The corruption of the best is most dreadful: Great is the dignity of priests, but great is their ruin if they sin; let us rejoice in the height upon which we stand but let us fear the abyss into which we may fall; the joy of having held lofty places is not so great as the grief of having fallen headlong into the abyss (S. Hieron. in Ezech. l. xiii, c. 44, v. 30). We then to the priest who unmindful of himself abandons the practice of prayer, who rejects the nourishment of spiritual reading, who never turns back to himself to listen to the voice of his accusing conscience. Neither the bleeding wounds of his own soul, nor the lamentations of his mother Church shall trouble the wretched man until those terrible threats strike him: Blind the heart of this people, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and be converted and I heal them (Luko, xvi. 10) May God, rich in mercy, avert from every one of you, beloved sons, this terrible omen. He who sees Our heart knows that there is in it no bitterness against anybody, but that it is stirred with all the charity of a pastor and a father for all: For what is our hope, or joy or crown of glory? Are not you in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ?

EVIL DAYS FOR THE CHURCH.

But you see, all of you in all parts of the world, on what times the Church, in the hidden designs of God, has fallen. See also, then, and meditate how holy is the office of a priest, that you may strive to be worthy of it. I received the great dignity with which you are endowed. Now, if never before, therefore, it is necessary that the clergy should be filled with no ordinary virtue, sound in example, watchful, active, thoroughly ready to work for Christ and to withstand the strongest attacks. For nothing else do we pray and yearn more ardently than that this may be realized in you, one and all. Let chastity, therefore, ever flourish among you in unblemished honor, that choicest ornament of our order, in whose beauty as the priest is made like to the angels so is he too more venerable in the eyes of the Christian people, and richer in holy fruits. Let the reverence and obedience solemnly promised to those whom the

Holy Ghost has placed as rulers of the Church ever flourish and increase, especially let your minds and hearts be drawn daily in closer bonds of fidelity in the obedience most justly due to this Apostolic See. Let charity, that never seeth its own shine forth in all, so that the goods of envy and ambition may be restrained and all your efforts unite in friendly emulation for the increase of God's glory.

UNION AMONG THE CLERGY.

Again we heartily commend a certain closer union of priests among themselves as becomes brothers, under the sanction and the rule of the Bishop. It is certainly profitable that they should unite to render mutual assistance to one another in adversity, to protect the honor of their name and office against attack, and for other similar reasons. But it is far more important that they should join together for the purpose of promoting sacred knowledge, and first of all for maintaining with greater earnestness the holy purpose of their vocation, for consulting the interests of souls, by combining their counsels and their strength. The annals of the Church bear witness to the excellent fruit derived from this kind of communion in the days when priests generally lived in a sense in common. Why should not something of the kind be revived in our time, as far as may be done with due regard to different places and offices? Is there not good reason to hope the former fruits would thus be produced again, to the joy of the Church? Indeed there are already in existence a number of such societies with the approval of the Bishops, and they are all the more useful when priests enter them early, at the very beginning of their priesthood. We, Ourselves during Our episcopate, favored one which we found to be very suitable, and even now we continue to favor it, and others in a special way. These aids to sacerdotal grace, and those others which the watchful prudence of the Bishops may suggest as occasion serves, do you, beloved sons, so value and so employ, that every day more and more you may walk worthy of the vocation in which you have been called (Eph. iv. 1) honoring your ministry and performing in you the will of God which is your sanctification.

SUCH are our chief thoughts and anxieties; wherefore, raising our eyes up to heaven, with the voice of Christ the Lord we supplicantly and frequently repeat on behalf of all the clergy: Holy Father, . . . sanctify them (John xvii, 11, 17). We rejoice that in this holy aim great numbers of all ranks of the faithful are praying with us, deeply solicitous for our common good and that of the Church; nay more, that there are generous souls, not a few, nor confined to those dedicated to religion, but living in the midst of the world, who freely offer themselves as victims to God for the same purpose. May God Almighty receive their pure and powerful prayers in the odor of sweetness, nor despise our own most humble prayers. May He in His mercy and providence vouchsafe to hear us, we earnestly pray, and from the most Sacred Heart of His beloved Son pour out on all the clergy the treasures of grace, charity and all virtues. Finally, beloved sons, we heartily thank you for the good wishes you have offered us so abundantly on the approach of the fiftieth anniversary of Our priesthood, and that our good wishes for you in return may be fulfilled over and over. We put them in the hands of the great Virgin Mother, Queen of Apostles, for she it was who by her example taught those first fruits of the sacred order how they should preserve unanimously in prayer till they were clothed with virtue from above, and that this same virtue in them might be made greatly more abundant she obtained by her prayers, she increased and strengthened by her counsel for the rich fertility of their labors. Meanwhile, beloved sons, we earnestly hope that the peace of Christ may exult in your hearts with the joy of the Holy Ghost, through the Apostolic Benediction which we impart to you all most lovingly.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the fourth day of August in the year MCMVIII, beginning the sixth year of Our pontificate.

PIUS X. POPE.

HE THANKED GOD DAILY FOR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"Among the cabin passengers we have nine physicians and surgeons, six Protestant ministers and two priests and one representative of the church," writes Rev. C. E. Byrne, aboard an ocean liner bound for Gibraltar, to Church Progress of St. Louis. "The Protestant ministers are a more liberal type than one usually meets. A couple of days ago I had a conversation with one of them, a Methodist minister from Brooklyn, about the Holy Father's encyclical on Modernism. He was of the opinion that the Pope's pronouncement was timely and much needed by the whole Christian body. He told me, too—a strange utterance and though from a Protestant minister's lips—that he thanked God daily for the Catholic Church.

"When I asked his reasons for such unavowed gratitude, he told me it was because he realized fully that without the Catholic Church life in America would be impossible and government of free people impossible; the Catholic Church was doing a work no single Protestant church nor all combined, could do for morality and order and Christian truth and life. And this power to control and direct, he said, was not in the pulpit, but had its stronghold in the confessional. He might have added, if he knew more, that it dwelt, too, upon our altar, whither power and obedience lead."—Intermountain Catholic.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Muldoon has been appointed Bishop of Rockford, Ill. The ecclesiastical province of Victoria, B. C., has been changed to Vancouver, and Right Rev. Bishop Bontewell transferred thereto, with the title of Archbishop of Victoria.

Four Canadian Jesuits left for Alaska during the past month to work for the conversion of the Eskimo and Tinnah tribes along the Bering coast and the Yukon, and two Gray Nuns of the Cross, Sisters St. Julian and St. Hilarie, left Ottawa recently to labor among the Cree Indians, near Hudson's Bay.

That the Holy Father believes in athletic sport is evidenced by the fact that the Vatican grounds is to be the scene of a great athletic meet in September. The Pope will review the procession of athletes and will give them the honor of assisting personally at some of their athletic displays.

Miss Florence Monica Cecilia Morris, only daughter of the Rev. H. Morris, rector of Llantwit Major, Glam, was received into Church by the Rev. Father William Gibbons, of St. David's, Cardiff, on Saturday, the Feast of the Assumption, and made her First Communion on Sunday in the chapel at Wlita Court, Cardiff.

Martha Moore Avery, for a number of years one of the leaders of thought among Socialists recently embraced the Catholic faith and is one of the most active workers in the promotion and development of the new Catholic University which is to be built at Newton, Mass., under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of Boston College.

Facing ostracism by the members of his family, declaring all his Masonic ties void, and relinquishing his claim to high political honors waiting him, George E. Rockwell, South Norwalk, Ct., nephew of the "Twin Governors of Connecticut," Phineas and George E. Lonsdalebury, has announced his intention of joining the Catholic Church.

A new church for the Indians of the Capitan Grande Reservation, San Diego County, California, was blessed recently. The work on the structure was done by the Indians, eight of whom, following an ancient custom, acted as sponsors during the ceremony of dedication. At the conclusion, three Indian couples were united in marriage.

One family at Guthrie Centre, Ia., has contributed sufficient funds to erect a \$10,000 Catholic church. When the mother of the Flannery family died she bequeathed \$2,000 towards a structure to be known as St. Mary's Catholic Church, and each of her eight sons gave \$1,000 apiece. John O'Connor, a Des Moines architect, is drawing the plans. Charles and James Flannery are the sons who will superintend the erection of the new church.

In his address before the National Negro Business Men's League of Baltimore, Booker T. Washington paid deserved tribute to Cardinal Gibbons. He said in part: "In this city, for the most part there is a thrifty, prosperous and law-abiding negro population, and here the most kind relations exist between the races. Much of this, let me add, is due to the influence of that great citizen and churchman, Cardinal Gibbons, whom every negro loves and honors.

When the Mauretania left for England last Wednesday, it carried the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of the Messenger, and one of the best of editors of the "Catholic Encyclopedia." Father Wynne is on his way to the Eucharistic Congress in London, where he will meet many of the European scholars who are contributing to the Encyclopedia, and with whom he wishes to get in personal touch. After the Congress he is to visit Paris, Rome, and other educational centers of Europe with a view to enlarging the array of savants who are writing for the "Catholic Encyclopedia."

Two notable English Catholic laymen died last month, Lord Petre and Sir John Day. The late Baron succeeded his brother, Monsignor Petre, who was the first priest to sit in the House of Lords since the Reformation. Two of his sisters became Sisters of Charity. His youngest brother, Captain Joseph Petre, was killed at Spion Kop. He was the largest landholder in Essex, and the Archbishop of Westminster spoke warmly of him as the head of a house which had done much for the revival of Catholicism in England and had dotted the county of Essex with missions and convents.

The famous French poet, Adolphe Rette, whose conversion to the Church last year caused a sensation, recently made a pilgrimage to Lourdes on foot. "The railway," as Rette naively put it, "is very well for sick people, for the lazy and for tourists, but for a believer it is an absurdity, a shame to visit the sanctuary in that way." Rette has passed the last few months in a Benedictine convent in Belgium. He intends to stay fifteen days at Lourdes, and on his return to write a work for the purpose of confuting Zola's discreditable romance.

The will of the late Mary O'Brien who was a servant until just before her death, was admitted to probate in Newark, N. J., last week. Her estate amounted to about \$10,000, and was all left to charitable and religious institutions. The bequests were as follows: Seton Hall College for educating young men for the priesthood, \$4,000; St. Michael's Hospital, \$1,000; Little Sisters of the Poor, Catholic Protective House of the Good Shepherd and St. Patrick's new rectory, \$500 each; \$100 for Requiem Masses, and the residue to St. Patrick's parochial school. The estate represents her life savings.

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CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller," "The Years Between," etc. etc.

CHAPTER III.

ROSEMARY AND HUE.

Somewhat nervously, Muriel moved a little closer to the window.

"Good-evening, Mazie," said Arthur with brevity.

"Miss Rawlins, if you please, sir," interrupted Mazie, indignantly.

"Good-evening, Miss Rawlins, then"—and Arthur bowed gallantly.

"I see you are not pleased," he continued, "that I called this evening, but I shall nevertheless make bold enough to offer myself a seat."

Rather unconcerned, Arthur sank into a comfortable arm-chair near by.

Mazie's face flushed crimson. Every drop of blood seemed to have rushed to cheeks.

She raised her flashing eyes to his and said: "Arthur Gravenor, who invited you to come here this evening?"

"Nobody in particular. I invited myself."

"People often put in appearance, when they are least wanted," the girl interrupted hotly.

Arthur laughed a cold, sarcastic laugh, which grated terribly on Mazie's ears.

"What is your object?" asked Arthur, pointing to a chair.

"No, all I have to say I prefer saying standing."

"Well, then let us understand each other. You were kind enough to address a letter to Bleur House—"

"Yes, and in view of it," she interrupted, "I am rather surprised to see you here this evening."

"Ah, those were cruel lines you wrote Mazie. You must know that my heart had always dreamed of possessing you. It was a foolish dream perhaps, but I could not help it. And now comes your strange letter. Oh, those were cruel, heartless lines you wrote, Mazie!"

"Perhaps they were, Mr. Gravenor—"

"Oh, do not say Mr. Call me Arthur—it hurts me. Oh, Mazie—Mazie!"

"Mr. Gravenor, I am sorry for your display of emotion," Miss Rawlins began slowly, after a moment's quiet, "but when you first made your advances, I begged of you, nay, implored you to turn your love into other channels, for mine was already promised to another."

"Lawrence Lescot! Curse him!" Arthur thought to himself.

"I begged of you," she pleaded, "to leave me in peace, but you persisted. And now it has come to this. Mr. Gravenor, I love Lawrence Lescot, and I intend to marry him, so be a man and follow your own path in life, and leave me alone!"

She spoke in clear, decisive tones, and her words smote Gravenor's soul with subtle force. He loved Mazie madly, and it was with a pure, strong, abiding love. She was young and beautiful, but God had willed that she was to be given to another. Lawrence was only a poor boy—one of the hands down in the Rawlins' cottage. It was late, when Arthur met him almost daily, and hated him with a strong and deadly hatred. Jealousy often makes monsters out of angels, and the deadly viper was already beginning to tighten its deadly coils. Lawrence Lescot was to be married to the girl he loved. The thought was almost unbearable. Up to the present, Arthur Gravenor's character had been above reproach, but God only knew where his misplaced love was yet to lead him to.

For the next half hour Arthur pleaded strongly with the girl he loved, but Mazie met him each time with such an array of good, solid arguments, that even Muriel's heart went out to the woman in black, even though her brother's fate stood in the balance.

"What kind of a home can Lawrence Lescot give you, Mazie?" he asked as he rose from his chair. "He is poor, and with his few shillings a day he cannot do much for you. If you would consent to become my wife, a home even grander and more luxurious than Bleur House would be yours. You would have comforts in plenty. I would do everything to make you happy. Picture the lovely Lawrence Lescot may take you to and then think of what I shall be proud to do for you."

"Mr. Gravenor, I care not naught for your wealth or your promises!" Miss Rawlins said hotly. "Your gold is nothing to me so long as I possess the love of Lawrence Lescot, and I am willing to brave all storms and go to the distant ends of the earth with him, for I know that God will be with us."

"Foolish girl!"

"I am satisfied," she answered calmly, "to battle with any storm so long as Lawrence's strong arms are at the oars."

Arthur approached her but she motioned him back.

"Go go!" she cried, "let me alone."

"I see then that no entreaty can move you, Miss Rawlins."

"None, Mr. Gravenor," she replied coldly. "I do not love you, never could love you, so I beg you in the name of God never to visit me again."

Arthur's eyes sank to the floor. In a moment he faced her again. His eyes had a deep, jealous passion in them and flashed wildly as a terrible curse fell from his lips.

Mazie trembled. Her face was almost bloodless.

"Go! go!" she cried.

"You will suffer for this some day, remember!" he said viciously.

A shudder ran through Muriel just then. "O God! preserve Arthur from harm," she prayed.

"He does not know what he is doing."

"Remember, Miss Rawlins—remember!" he almost hissed a second time.

Just then a faint cry stole from the other room. Grandma Rawlins was calling her daughter to her bed-side.

Arthur left the room.

Mazie sank upon a couch near by and gave way to bitter tears. The struggle had been too much for her, and now the reaction came.

"Mazie! Mazie!" again sounded her mother's weak voice, and forthwith the girl hurried to her side.

When Arthur Gravenor entered the city park the moon was hidden by heavy clouds. Muriel had hurried on ahead,

so that she would reach Bleur House before her brother. Arthur walked hurriedly down the small narrow path. Presently he halted for a moment. There were sounds of approaching footsteps. In the glare of the electric light some distance from him, he saw the figure of a man, pail in hand, walking briskly. In a few minutes they would meet face to face.

"I wonder if that is Lawrence Lescot," he thought. "It looks his size and sounds like his walk. One would expect to see him pass here about this time on his way home from the mill. I'll hide behind these bushes and wait."

The footsteps approached nearer. Just then the moon emerged from out of the darkness and bathed Kempton in the glory of soft, subdued light. From behind the bushes, Arthur viewed the narrow pathway. The next moment the moonlight shone full upon the man's pleasant face. It was full of smiles. The man was humming a song. His words sounded nearer and clearer—

"You are the moon, dear love, and I the sea; I hope I shall see you within my breast And hide—"

"Lescot—the wretch!" groaned Arthur.

Just then hate, jealousy and despair almost robbed Arthur of his senses. "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" he said to himself.

Nervously his hand sought the pistol in his pocket. It flashed silver in the moonlight and crunched down in a waited breathlessly. Lawrence was now but a few yards away.

At that moment, Muriel reached Bleur House. "God protect my poor brother from harm!" she pleaded as she closed the door. "He knows not what he is doing."

Lawrence Lescot passed slowly, on his lips the music of those tender words—

"You are the moon, dear love and I the sea."

Arthur Gravenor's fingers were over his pistol. He tried to move the trigger, but his fingers refused to obey his will. All control of them seemed gone. The next moment the pistol fell into the grass. Arthur tried to speak but his lips and tongue were dry and no sound came. Hurriedly he rose and stumbled home in the moonlight, his mind a prey to strange, bitter thoughts. His angel had heard Muriel's prayer and borne it to the great white Throne.

Lawrence Lescot did not know that but a few minutes before he might have been swept out of existence forever by a deadly pistol shot. He hurried on gladly, his dinner pail dangling musically on his arm. Presently he saw a flickering light at Mazie's window. His eyes sparkled and there was a look of sweetness on his manly face as his thoughts stole to the little queen whom he worshipped. Since this bright angel had come into his life, his days had had nothing but one continued period of love and song. Life held forth far greater possibilities to him now that it was radiant with Mazie's love. He was poor, but he had those qualities of heart and mind that gold could never procure. Presently he stood in front of the Rawlins' cottage. It was late, when Arthur met him almost daily, and hated him with a strong and deadly hatred. Jealousy often makes monsters out of angels, and the deadly viper was already beginning to tighten its deadly coils. Lawrence Lescot was to be married to the girl he loved. The thought was almost unbearable. Up to the present, Arthur Gravenor's character had been above reproach, but God only knew where his misplaced love was yet to lead him to.

"But what has happened?" exclaimed Arthur, greatly surprised at her worried appearance. "You look so pale and troubled—and you have been crying? Poor, little dear!"

He drew her into his strong arms and rested his head on his shoulder.

"What has happened, Mazie?"

"Oh, nothing much," she answered in trembling voice. "I am not feeling any better. I have had very little sleep the last few nights. Mother has been so very restless."

"For your sake I am glad to hear that nothing has happened," he replied kindly.

Mazie's thoughts went back to that painful scene of half an hour ago in which Arthur Gravenor had figured so conspicuously, but she brushed the picture aside hurriedly. She had made up her mind never to mention the matter to Lawrence.

When Arthur reached Bleur House, the place was evidently wrapped in sleep. Muriel upon her return had hurried to her room and in the extremity of her anguish, had poured out her heart to her.

"I feel sorry for Arthur," Mrs. Hawkins remarked, "but Muriel be careful not to mention the matter to him. If he knew that you tracked him to the place, he would never forgive you. He would hate you all his life for it."

That evening Muriel went to bed with a heavy heart and drifted into a nervous sleep.

Arthur, lest he might disturb the sleepers, tip-toed to his room across the hall. He did not turn on the light. The room was bathed in the moon's soft rays. One face looked out brighter than all the others on the wall. It was Mazie's. In a time of friendship she had given the picture to him. Long he stared at it. He felt sure he could never forget her. Love had set its tendrils too deeply into his heart and he feared they would have to remain there always. He could not sleep. The Past haunted him. He rose and opened the window. A cool breeze swept in cooling his face. Kempton slept peacefully. Afar off, the lakes flashed like sheets of molten glass beneath the starlit, blue heavens. Now and then a bird-voice sounded in the surrounding trees. It was like the cry of a soul, lost forever in impenetrable darkness. Presently the clock on the cathedral tower chimed the hour of midnight. Arthur sank into his chair and gazed for some time into the lonely night about him. His thoughts were still on Mazie.

Later a new light came to his eyes, and he whispered to the stars about him: "I will not trouble her any more. God! give me the strength to do it, for in my heart I know I shall love her always! The old love can never die."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW FALLS.

Mat Pency had risen with the birds for he had a great many things to do

that day. The dawn was just breaking when he rose from his bed and sleepily walked over to the window. The regal day was just then donning its crimson garment in the east. The sun-children too were busy stirring their morning fires for the skies were growing very bright. Those precious early moments were one continual rhapsody of bird music. Everywhere the melodies echoed. Everywhere voices trilled and exulted. Their intricate cadenzas charmedly. The gates of heaven seemed to stand wide open as Mat gazed across the pleasant landscape. For some minutes he stood spellbound.

"Sure, this is a grand world to be in," he muttered to himself as he left the window, "and yet people are never satisfied. God gives them flowers, birds, an' sunshine in plenty. His fields yield them their daily food an' yet they grumble and grumble. I know I shall be very sorry when the call comes. It will be very hard to leave the big, wide green earth."

A few minutes later Mat was busy at work in his garden, his lips echoing the faintest words of a song. He always sang when the flowers began to come, but in the fall of the year when the place looked desolate and bare not a sound of song escaped his lips.

Before long the old gardener felt footsteps very near. Turning, he saw Arthur but a few feet away.

"The top of the morning to you, Mister Arthur," he called briskly.

"Good-morning, Mat. I am surprised to see you about so early."

"And I, you. May I ask what brought you out of bed so early, Arthur?"

For a moment Arthur was perplexed. He had not been able to sleep for reasons which the reader already knows and had wandered out into the open air rather aimlessly, his mind in a state of deep unrest. Mat's question therefore rather puzzled him. He hardly knew how to answer it.

"Well," he declared, "I forgot to wind my watch last evening and when I awoke this morning, it pointed the hour of eight. When the cathedral chimes however pealed five I noticed the mistake. So that explains my early appearance. But it is so very pleasant out here I think I will remain. There's nothing like a good whiff of fresh air so early in the morning, eh, Mat?"

"A good whiff of fresh air at an easy conscience," rejoined the gardener.

The words stung Arthur. His conscience was anything but easy at the moment, notwithstanding the resolution he had made.

"Be seated, Mister Arthur!" said Mat, pointing to a bench facing him.

Presently the gardener raised himself from his knees and, leaning on his shovel, said: "By the way, Mister Arthur, I ha' somethin' to say to you, but you must not get angry at me for speakin' the truth."

"No, I shall not get angry. Go on!"

"Well, I was over at Meeke's grocery store last night. It's a place the fellers call 'the night.' They 'take an' argue like a lot of washerwomen an' then they fight like byens. Well, Bill Storms was there. Bill Storms, you know him—that big sort of burly lookin' chap."

"Oh yes, Storms, the liverman's son. Well, I know him," interrupted Arthur.

"Well, we got to discussin' politics an' then we drifted into a talk about the overly rich. Storms talked like a lawyer. He knew it all. He argued an' fought with his tongue an' then his face got as red as a tomato. 'Down with the rich man! He is the biggest enemy of the poor people,' he cried. Then he asked me for my opinion but I said not a word. This made him angry. He did not like my silence, so he up an' says: 'There sits a sleepy Matt Pency over there with his lips closed tight, afraid to say a word.' An' then he up again an' says: 'I know now why he won't commit himself. He daren't say one word. The Arthur Gravenor he is workin' for is one of them 'rusty cats.' My blood got boilin' hot. 'What did you say, Storms?' he cried. 'I said your master was one of them 'rusty cats.' 'Take back those words Bill Storms, I cried an' I rose from my chair, 'or I'll make you.' 'I'll take nothing back,' he snapped again. 'Gravenor's a rusty cat. Isn't this so Sins, Flare, Bates?' and he appealed to the other men. I jumped across the floor an' the next minute landed him a sweet one in the face with my fist, an' you bet Mister Arthur, I'm sure he never received such a warm 'n' before. I'll teach him to call you a 'rusty cat.'"

Arthur could not help smiling.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mat annoyed.

"Oh, nothing much, but I am afraid you made a mistake this time, Mat. I am sure young Storms would not call me such a name."

"Well then he did, Mister—the little sneak."

"Now, are you sure? You said that you were discussing the overly rich."

Mat nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Yes, well, might he not have said aristocrat? Then Arthur spelled the word 'A-r-i-s-t-o-c-r-a-t', aristocrat. Think again Mat. Isn't this the word?"

"By Jiminy! I believe it is," Mat cried, dropping his spade. "I feel kind o' sorry now for young Storms. I should not ha' struck him."

"It will do him no harm. Besides a 'rusty cat' and aristocrat sound so much alike the mistake could have been made quite easily."

Thereupon the two laughed good naturedly over the misunderstanding while in his heart Arthur gloried over the sworn fidelity of this trusty son of Adam.

Just then Noddles, Muriel's pet spaniel, appeared, wagging his tail in delight.

Arthur bent over and stroked the sides of the pretty canine.

"See, Mat, how he speaks to us with his short tail," declared Arthur.

"Ah, he's a fine dog," said Mat, "all animation, an' how he does seem to speak, Mister Arthur. His tail bein' rather stumpy, I suppose he might be called a stumpy tailed dog. Mister Arthur and he roared loudly."

Presently Arthur rose to go. For a few moments he had forgotten his troubles—and Mazie.

"Must you go, Arthur?" asked Mat,

kindly. "Yes, I'm feeling just a little chilly. By the way Mat, who was that woman I saw you talking to last evening down here at the first corner?"

"Oh, that was Miss Hogges, the old maid who keeps the seed-store on Wortley Street."

"Miss Hogges, did you say? The poor thing is to be pitied for having such a name."

"That she is, Mister Arthur. I pity her a whole heap, but then I'm gettin' too old an' it would be a shame to offer her my name now," and he chuckled lustily.

"Not every man who dives into the ocean of matrimony brings up a pearl, Mat," declared Arthur.

"Perhaps not. But at all events Hogges will always be on the market," answered Mat wittily.

"Falling in love is like falling into the sea," continued Arthur thoughtfully, "it's easier getting in than out."

There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. He had been a pupil in the cruel school of experience.

"Ah, blast all this love business anyway, Arthur. Give me the birds an' the flowers for company. That is all I want. A woman will jump into the sea for a man an' the story hoeds just as good on the other side. It's the same everlasting question all the world over an' it's old as the hills. Now the women are raked over the coals—now the men. So I am content to steer clear o' all this bloomin' love business. But here's the best thing o' all, Arthur. There's a woman of my acquaintance—Jemima Jepson's her name. She beats them all. She lost her speech through a bad cold in one small week she had thirty offers of marriage."

"Now, now, Mat, that's a big one," laughed Arthur. "Poor Jemima! Well I must go Mat."

Mat, with spade in hand, was soon busy again.

"I don't know what's the matter with that boy at all—at all," he murmured to himself. "He looks so strange. He's got a world o' trouble in his eyes."

When Arthur entered the house he was met by Mrs. Hawkins.

"Where have you been, Arthur? I have been looking all over for you," she spoke nervously.

"I've been out with Mat in the garden."

"Surely not at this hour of the morning."

"Yes, he is out there digging. My watch played me false this morning and I consequently rose too early."

"But you have not been in bed at all, Arthur? The pillows and covers are just as I left them yesterday."

"True, auntie. When I came in last evening I was so very tired and I merely laid on the couch. But what is the matter, auntie? Your eyes look strange."

"I am afraid you will have to telephone for a doctor. Muriel is very ill. She woke me during the night. Her teeth chattered—she had a severe chill. All night long she has been talking strangely."

Arthur was totally upset. His sister was very dear to him and he hoped that no harm might come to her.

A moment later the two entered the sick girl's room. Muriel lay there with half-shut eyes, moving about unsteadily. Her cheeks had a feverish flush and her lips were very parched. The fever temper was evidently raging.

"Arthur, Arthur!" she called strangely.

He hurried to her side and placed his hand upon her forehead.

"She does not know you are here, Arthur. See, her eyes remain closed."

"She is delirious," said Arthur.

"They tell me Mazie was good," muttered the sick girl.

"Mazie!" gasped Arthur. "What can she mean?"

"I saw Mazie in the room," she continued, "and Arthur was there—poor poor Arthur! I'll twine for them a rose wreath on their wedding morn. Mazie, Mazie! You must not cry—you are so good, the angels are singing. I can hear them so plainly. A smile stole to her face, a sweet lingering smile which seemed to have come from afar."

Mrs. Hawkins left the room. "Last night's trial was too much for the poor thing," she thought to herself. "Even in her delirium she is unravelling the threads of her experiences. I hope Arthur will not discover her."

"Oh God, keep Arthur from harm!" the sick girl pleaded.

"Muriel, Muriel!" he called loudly. "I am here! Listen! Open your eyes, your brother is standing before you!" But not a sign of recognition was written on the young girl's face. She was breathing faster and she spoke with difficulty.

"Take me away from these bad men! Mazie—Arthur—do you not hear me? They have come to carry me away. Then she mumbled strange sounding words which Arthur could not understand.

The first gleam of sunlight shone through the delicate lace curtain and lay about Muriel's hair like a halo of light.

Arthur bent over the tossing form and kissed tenderly the red lips.

"Poor little saint!" he whispered as he rose and gazed upon her. Then the tears came to his eyes. A few minutes later he left the room.

"She is very ill, is she not, Arthur?" Mrs. Hawkins asked in the hall.

"Yes—I'm afraid—I'm afraid Muriel is going."

"For heaven's sake, telephone the doctor at once!"

"The doctor arrived in due time."

"She is very ill," he said. "I believe pneumonia is setting in. Did she complain of any pain?" he asked Mrs. Hawkins.

"Yes, in her right side."

"I thought so," he remarked, thoughtfully.

For some weeks Muriel's life hung in the balance, but finally she triumphed. One afternoon in late September, when she had fully recovered, she and her brother were sitting together in the library. It was Muriel's second day downstairs. Naturally she felt elated, but somehow or other she could not help recalling that eventful evening of some weeks ago on which

she had come across the torn pieces of that mysterious letter. For some days she had been thinking seriously of opening her heart to her brother and telling him all. But her courage failed her.

Arthur however, came to her rescue rather unexpectedly. Her references to Mazie during her flights of delirium had set his mind a-thinking. No wonder, then, that he spoke rather abruptly: "By the way, Muriel, the first day you were ill I went to your room but you did not recognize me. Your mind wandered on in strange delirium, yet you spoke of a certain Mazie quite frequently and you coupled mine name with hers. Then you spoke of rose-wreaths and wedding—"

Muriel's cheeks flushed crimson. Had she really referred to these things during her illness?

A painful silence stole between them for some minutes, their eyes staring strangely at each other.

Slowly Muriel began: "Yes, brother, there was more truth than fiction in what I was saying. But before going further, will you promise me not to get angry?"

"I promise, dear!"

Then Muriel related the details of that eventful evening in July—her finding a clue in the mysterious letter and her shadowing him to the Rawlins' cottage.

"It was love, Arthur, that urged me to go—love for a brother. I could not resist. The arms of a great temptation encircled me, and my heart urged me on. I felt that I had you to save—no matter the cost. That very night I caught the cold—"

"Which came near ending in death, dear sister. However I can understand your anxiety in the matter, and can blame you only in having been too kind to a brother who does not deserve your affection. Yes, Muriel, I loved Mazie, and now that she has gone out of my life, there will always be a vacant spot which no other shall ever fill."

"Do you mean then Arthur that you will never marry?"

"I do, sister. I always dreamed of possessing Mazie, and no woman living will ever be worthy to fill her place."

"She rose from her chair and walked over to him. "I pity you." Lovingly she twined her arms about his neck.

"Come in," cried Muriel. "Oh, it is you Kitty!"

"Yes, Mister Arthur, the postman just called so I thought I would bring your mail up here," remarked the kindly Kitty.

"It's very good of you, Kitty. Thank you!"

"But what is the matter, Kitty?" asked Muriel. "You look as if your mind had been ruffled."

"Oh," replied Kitty, "a thin, miserable dyspeptic agent just rang the door bell. He thought I had a whole hour to spare listening to his story. Now, I didn't care whether his brooms were any better than ours. Oh, he was so bold. Imagine, he asked me: 'Is your master at home?' I replied: 'No, he's out, and besides, he never buys brooms.' 'Is your mistress in?' 'No, she's out, too.' Then he got fresh and said: 'Well, I'll just come in and warm my feet at the fire until they return.' But I took him short by telling him the fire was out, too, and he'd better call again to-morrow. And laughing, she ran out of the room."

"She is a great girl," said Arthur as he looked over his mail. "Ah, here's the Daily Chronicle. I wonder what's new to-day."

He had barely picked up the paper and commenced reading when unconsciously almost a few words escaped his lips.

"Too bad! too bad!" he whispered, but it was loud enough for Muriel's ears.

When he had gone Muriel picked up the Daily Chronicle. The first thing to meet her eyes was the announcement of Mazie Rawlins' marriage to Lawrence Lescot, and in her heart she felt sorry for her brother. It would all have been very nice if Arthur's dream had come true. God, however, willed otherwise.

But a few months before Love had built a beautiful garden in Arthur Gravenor's young heart, musical with bird song, bright with sunshine and odorous with rose perfume. But it was not to last long. Ever so soon the transformation had come. Now that same heart was nothing but a bleak desert—covered with the dust and ashes of young ruined hopes and dreams. Birds and sunshine and flowers had vanished in one moment. The fragrance of memory alone lingered. The dark heavy shadows had fallen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FALSE PROPHECY.

Now that I am an old man I judge that it is worth while to write down what I can recall of the things which happened many years ago. Hence I will write of the Prophet Elisha and of the Prophetess Rebecca Whiting; and of the days which stirred the souls of men—for even the least superstitions of us were disturbed as well, in the days of 1843.

It was a bleak day in April of that year. A day when the snow blew and the wind howled desolately around the house; a day in which it was not good to be out of doors, for the wind had a sting to it, as it blew in from the sea,

solemnly, re at hand on be here.

"I said my ill run into hope; ay, now. It is in the end travelling."

am making salem, for ord comes, as I go me. Is it not believe I hand?"

red Army, rany other if the world yonder oak em today— t has with, a giant m and the y our gate, utstretched I wind from the old tree was a wild, r with its of splinter- great oak reaking our mbs struck ing the nge surface from enath the

the thing Then the allen tree, "Behold! you will the ak, as his make your in the days the many u: Do you rd come? It all come awe, My ur, that sig n, and even as the sign, I looked for I had e was dead s," said the tree had e in such a he Prophet ny strange nd foretold, ich I must a brought to at this in- He drew an n ordinary shape and its contents ut and the er of paris, d it to my of my own d tell me ssively, rs, as if as "It looks shell were

"Read right and a e, "ward," he "one." "I read rec," she re- "Who put he question- replied de- I could have ses the fool- onfound the of an un- so found this help but be- country have usands upon the paths of d time, now I read to nd you will a shif year ntil far into ounded the k of Revela- of the prop- d as well as ved because but to this der at their signs and

ay remained week. I be- s the middle it it was not still it was ther for our I took the miles to the business for t went with quance and I of swaying erted the of thinking; y me greatly, shearts and, in the fall, owever, she ue with me, I in heaven I no one is the end of st remain as

of our being red. "I on the world is not believe d-to-day or g any long-

not be hus- the pain of eternally, I life, would of heaven,"

er, just the ils you, Re-

becca? If the end of the world comes we will all go together, so what difference does it make?"

"Life will end for us all and at the same time, but we cannot go to the same place. Oh, David, can't you see that as long as you do not believe and will not improve the last days of grace that you cannot enter heaven with me?" she pleaded earnestly.

"Rubbish!" I returned impatiently. "Then if you are so sure that I cannot enter heaven you might let me have a little taste of it on earth. It is downright foolishness, now that I am having our house built, for you to refuse to be married on account of a crazy preacher's words."

"Be ye not unequal yoked together," she quoted warningly. "Oh, David, can't you see that as long as you are an unbeliever, that it would be positively wicked for me to marry you? But if you would only accept the signs and omens which have been given to us, then we would be happy together throughout all eternity."

I left her in a mighty wrath. No; not even for the sake of winning her, though I loved her better than my own life, would I pretend to believe what I did not; and stubbornly I went to work, though I was but one of the few in our part of the country who dared to plan for the future. For the Prophet staid around there many weeks, making his home at Israel Whiting's and holding nightly meetings in the church, which was packed by crowds who came from miles around to hear him expound the prophecies.

But not one step would I go. I believed that the other text, "Occupy till I come," had full as much weight on the every day affairs of men as anything he could say. And, indeed, there was enough for me to do, for my father sadly neglected his farm. He was unwilling to plant anything for future use, since nothing would be needed after October. "It would be of no use," he said, "for in the twinkling of an eye the smooth field, the rich meadows, and the fertile acres of our land, would be destroyed like stubble." But at last he gave way and let me have the full charge; and I planned for big harvests and seeded down for another year.

Even my mother no longer occupied her time in making quilts for future use; but, instead, in her leisure hours, she studied the prophecies which told of the end of time. Though my waywardness and unbelief were so tried to my parents they let me alone, for they knew that my heart was very sore on account of Rebecca Whiting, for she had become a Prophetess, the leader of the elect.

The mantle of the Prophet seemed to have fallen on her shoulders, for when he left she was the only one who could take his place. "Rebecca the Prophetess" they called her, and the people hung on her words as on the teachings of an oracle. Even the great Miller himself journeyed to see her, and he declared that more had been revealed to her than there had to him. The Whiting home became a sort of shrine, and the girl, wearing a long white robe, her hair falling far below her waist, sitting back from her brows with a black ribbon, appeared like an inspired being shining with the light of religious exultation in her eyes. Hundreds came to see her, and as the summer passed, her prediction that the wonderful terrifying comet which could be seen blazing in the heavens, even in broad day-light, was but Jacob's ladder which would eventually reach the earth for the faithful to journey to heaven thereon, apparently became a living truth. The walls of our buildings, our fences, the trees, and windows of our shops were covered by zealous Millerites, with such placards as these: "Prepare for the Day of Days." "Make Ye ready for the Son of Man." People told of seeing strange signs in the clouds, such as the monsters predicted by Daniel or told of by him in the book of Revelation; but although I scanned the heavens carefully, try the best I might, yet I could not see what the faithful around me saw—in the clouds of thunder, wind or rain, the beat of wings in his mouth, the leopard with four wings, or the lion with the wings of the eagle.

Instead I planted and sowed and I reaped an abundant harvest. I planned to cast my vote for Henry Clay in the coming election, although many told me I would cast it only in hell, unless I fled from the wrath to come.

As the time drew near, the "Anna of our modern day," as Millerites devotedly called Rebecca Whiting, seemed to be more and more inspired. She scarcely slept or ate, but to me, who was still madly in love, the sight of her sublime faith served but to anger; and I longed, with an intense longing, for the time to come when I could convince her that she was laboring under a delusion.

The first of October I again begged her to be married on the 24th, but she had set so many months before, but instead of listening to me she began to argue and insist that I should repent while it was yet time. Now, no man likes to be argued with by a woman, and I was sorely tried by it all; so I spoke out in quick anger that she was making a fool of herself and that as she cared for me not in the least I would not humble myself to ask her again. There was Mary Wyatt, whose folks were not in the least affected by the Millerite craze, and I knew right well that she would gladly become mistress of the pretty little house, now finished, as I told Rebecca in high indignation, and I started back tearfully, begging me not to be angry with her in these last days, as her heart was wrung with grief on my account, and that she was praying constantly, that I, even at the eleventh hour, would make peace with the Almighty.

"I would much prefer to make my peace with you now, little girl," I answered. "You do not know how much I love you, Rebecca; but if you will promise that if this old earth is still on duty the night of the 24th that you will marry me then, I will not go near the Wyatts, though Mary has asked me to come to-morrow evening."

She gave a little gasp. "I promise faithfully, although I know it will do no good," she said. But I was content, for

my story of the Wyatt girl had been but a blurt.

There were strange sights in the heavens the last few days before the 24th. The clouds assumed fantastic shapes, and the nights were full of shooting stars. Often the skies had the appearance of being as red as blood. Even the most skeptical of us were struck a little, but to the believers these things were but portents of the fast nearing end. For days the churches were filled with crying, praying people. Prayer meetings were held in many houses; some closed their places of business; others sold or gave away everything which they possessed, and a fever of religious frenzy took possession of our town.

In my own home I did all that was done. My mother cooked only enough for one meal at a time, and my father made no pretense of work. Instead he spent his time in reading the prophecies or else wrestling in prayer on my account. But I attended to my accustomed duties, unmoved by the frenzy around me.

The evening of the 19th was dark and starless, and there was a strange oppressiveness in the air. I could not stay at home, so I saddled my horse and rode aimlessly away, noticing the silent roads and the brightly lighted lamps, for they believed in having their houses trimmed and burning. As the night drew on I heard the sound of prayer and hymns; and as I passed the meeting house at a late hour, I saw that the roof was covered with white-robed figures, and I heard Rebecca's voice in exhortation. As I rode out of the darkness into the light from the Church windows, a voice cried out in triumph: "Behold the pale horse and rider!" For my horse was gray. And then I heard Rebecca's voice repeating loud and clear: "And I looked to behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death and hell followed with him," and then followed cries and groans from the excited people.

I called out angrily that it was but I, David Newell. Then the clamor ceased for a moment, while I shouted forth a little advice that they must be careful or they would fall from the steep roof. But, paying no heed to me, they again began their singing and praying, while I disgustfully rode home. My parents, with a few of the neighbors, were holding a prayer meeting around the stump of the fallen oak, and their voices reached me during the night, so that I did not sleep soundly, but when I dozed I dreamed of Rebecca as falling, ever falling, from the roof of the meeting house into immeasurable depths of space.

As the day began to break, the watchers around the tree stump went away and I rose and dressed. Still haunted by my dream I saddled my horse and galloped over to the church, where I found that in some way two ladders had fallen to the ground and the two-score or more of people were prisoners on the roof.

They called to me gladly and were thankful indeed when I raised the ladders again so that they could get down. They were weary and worn from their night's vigil, but their ardor was unabated. I held Rebecca's hand in mine for an instant. "Will you not watch with us to-night, David?" she urged. "I feel that the Lord will come and He must find us watching."

"No," I said shortly. "If He comes He will find me in bed, and that is where you ought to be this minute, not perched with a crazy set on top of a meeting house."

She left me proudly and began to sing, the others joining in with her. "Turn ye, oh turn ye, why will ye die?"

I rode rapidly home. Worn out, my parents lay down and slept while I cared for the farm animals and plowed for fall seeding.

The excitement was greater that night than it had been before. Hundreds gathered at the home of the Whiting, and hourly expecting the trumpet call, and the coming of the Son of Man, they scanned the unanswering heavens during the long hours of the night. A rising meteor roused them to a state of frenzy and many women fainted. The next day one of them died. Heart failure we would call it now, but they said that she was called a little earlier, that was all.

Her funeral was held on the 2nd and they placed the body in a shallow grave so that she could rise in the twinkling of an eye; for, since the Lord had delayed for three nights, he would surely come either the 4th or 5th, and the people gave themselves up completely to the terrors and dread of the approaching hour.

There was a high wind on the night of the 22nd which uprooted buildings and tore huge limbs from the trees, a forerunner of the next, they said, as they watched for the opening of the skies. But the wind died down when the morning came and thousands looked upon the sun feeling that there would never be a dawn again.

That day they pitched a huge tent in Mr. Whiting's large field, and word was passed around for all to assemble there; hence at dusk people came for miles around. There were many hundreds there, and I was one of them, for something impelled me, also, to go. It might have been my mother's entreaties, or my desire to see Rebecca again, but, be the reason what it might I was there, and keeping a little apart I watched the girl as she knelt in the midst of an excited, praying throng of people. There were frightened children clinging to their parents and crying; some of them had their dolls and toys, others their pet dogs which they would not leave behind. Some of the people were in a state of abject fear, others in a state of exalted rapture, and the leader of them all was Rebecca Whiting.

As the night settled down with heavy clouds and muttered thunder the great majority of the people became mad with fear. Never, in my long life have I ever known as terrific a storm as was the one as burst on us that midnight. It seemed as if hell in all its furies was encompassing us about; for with every crash of thunder the waiting people felt that they heard the mighty summons of the day of doom. To those that be-

lieved that the end of the world would come by fire, the lightning was the sign—and to them that believed a deluge—rain would destroy the earth, the driving rain was a sign—while to me, who believed not at all, the terrible storm of that fearsome night filled me with such terror I had never experienced before and have never known since.

Though the reverberating peals of thunder shook the earth, and the tent swayed, in the grasp of the mighty blasts of wind and rain which beat against it, I could hear Rebecca's voice chanting the psalms and see her face as the vivid flashes of lightning lit up the tent.

It was inexpressibly solemn and weird, and although I did not, and could not believe, yet my very heart was stirred at the wonderful faith that these people possessed that the Lord was drawing nigh. All through that fearful night their faith never wavered, though the frail tent was torn from us by the fury of the storm, and the gale beat down on us unpitifully; yet they sang triumphantly that it would soon be over and the discomforts of the hour would be exchanged for the dazzling glories of heaven.

As the night wore on they told each other that the Lord with all his mighty angels would come at dawn. But the storm died away in the darkest hour and the winds became quiet. Abundantly we watched the east looking toward Jerusalem, but as the hour of sunrise drew near the clouds vanished as if melted away by a mighty hand, and the purple dawn shone in the eastern sky. Finally came faint pencilings of golden light, and at last, as shaft after shaft of sunlight lit up the sky, and the sun rose above the horizon in natural, peaceful beauty, we looked at one another with feelings of great relief.

It was what I expected, yet I could not boast or boast to return to their homes, drenched to the skin and shivering with the cold. My parents went, but I waited for Rebecca. She came to me at length and put her cold hands in mine.

"David," she said tenderly, "God has granted the world a new lease. We have been watching in vain, but we have not found wanting. As He promised to spare Sodom if but ten righteous men were found therein, so for us who have believed. The world is spared. 'David if you so desire, we will be married to-day.'" — Elizabeth Jewett Brown in Springfield Republican.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.
Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1908.
Mr. Thomas Coffey:
My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is conducted with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Follow these lines and you will do a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.
Mr. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its manner and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings on you and wishing you success, believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908.

IN SUNNY VALES.

Westward with the course of empires some people hasten as if the setting sun would gild the sands of the arid hills. Others seek a genial rest amid the vines and fruits of California's sunny vales. Thus it is with us. So across the Sierras we send our greeting to the RECORD, its office and its readers, not forgetting that young imp upstairs, who, we are confident, is busier at the base-ball matches than at his regular work. We may as well leave him alone; we cannot reach him. By the way, enthusiasm in base ball seems about the only sentiment common to East and West, Canada and the United States. A beautiful trip it is climbing the Siskion mountains and twisting and twirling round the snowy Shasta—stopping at its healthful spring and reaching down to Sacramento's Valley. California is as sentimental with its names as it is rich in fruit and charming in scenery. The old Spanish missionaries left behind them the traces of their march in the musical rhythm of names no less than in the zealous attendance of the missions and the simple construction of their churches. San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Jose, Sacramento, San Joaquin and San Francisco are fragrant in all that is religious and reminiscent of labors whose harvest others now reap or turn to lower purposes. In strange contrast to these names are those given by the miners and gold seekers—the worldly missionaries. Except where they have preserved the music of the various Indian tribes they show vulgarity and irreverence by such terms as Devil's Punch Bowl. Nature has done a great deal for this part of the world. The little it has left for man to do consists chiefly in irrigation and the planting of seed. A change has come over the country which a few years ago was to a very great extent a wheat-producing country. It is now largely devoted to fruit. For this it is better adapted by reason of the climate and by the fact that the States north of California are fast settling up and catching the trade with the distant East. Fruit as an export and source of wealth is by no means so efficient as the staple products. It is rare a luxury than necessity. In consequence the demand for fruit increases more in the ratio of better times than in that of larger population. Last year's panic is keenly felt amongst the farming community of California. Another element in the disturbed condition of the country is the prohibition wave sweeping from one end of the United States to the other. For these and many other reasons the fertile valleys are producing more than is required for distant markets and near consumption. Trusts also play their part. The other day a feeling of alarm ran through the minds of all when it was announced that the California Wine Association would stand only by contracts already entered into with grape growers, and that for all others the Association would give mere certificates. These would entitle the holders to a certain quantity of wine for each ton of grapes. Such a threat meant ruin for business. This co-operative plan, interfering as it does with the government revenue, was afterwards declared illegal. Whether the Association wants to keep down the price of grapes and raise the price of wine, or what its aim may be it is hard to see.

One result is evident—that it is a disastrous thing for a country, state or province, to be under the heel of a trust. There is a certain amount of comfort in the thought that it is only a wine trust. The law of supply and demand is stronger and will ultimately cure this artificial condition. Amidst the rush for wealth and the strain of prices one institution struggles along—the Church. The same difficulties mark its efforts and the same success crowns its zeal and devotion as elsewhere. Churches, schools and charitable institutions testify throughout the country to the organization and power which serves the highest purpose on earth. Many of the towns have fine churches and excellent schools, and most of the villages devout chapels which are served regularly from the neighboring parishes. A short visit to San Francisco impresses one with the tremendous courage of the Westerners. On all sides they are building. So fast are things advanced that a stranger can hardly realize that it is little more than two years since this magnificent city lay in ruins. Evidences lie all around of the devastation of those dreadful days of earthquake destruction and the sweep of unsparring fiery flames. Here, a broken wall where stood apathetic home—there, broken brick and crushed corroded steel which not long ago supported a large business house. Sky scrapers are looking down upon temporary neighbors whose patience must suit itself to its more humble and impoverished circumstances. All is changing. In another couple of years and hard to find. A new city will have arisen fairer to the view—stronger in its foundations and richer in all its appointments. Man's determination shows well in its reconstruction of San Francisco. The Church was a great sufferer in the earthquake. Its growth cannot be expected to advance with the rapidity of business houses. Nevertheless it is surely and safely rising—cared for by a zealous clergy and a generous people—rising in new and increased energy and power. Although for the time being it is rather concealed amidst the bustle of busy builders, it is emerging with the hope which animates all Californians that San Francisco, and the Church with it, has a brighter future than ever.

Another peculiar display of ultra-zealous legislation is afforded us by the State of Pennsylvania, the first home and nursery, he is remembered, of American liberty. Some years ago this enlightened and free State passed a law forbidding the employment of any teacher in the public schools who wears a religious garb of any kind. Contrary to laws in general, it was narrower, in its spirit than its language. Its purpose was directed against the Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, and was enacted to please an anti-Catholic feeling never absolutely extinct from Uncle Sam's religious relics. The legislators did not name any one—nor would ordinary citizens think that religious garbs were worn by any one else. Still less would they imagine that the mere wearing of a religious garb would be a lesson in some catechetical doctrine. But the constitution of the United States is very delicate. It proclaims liberty of conscience in the worship of God. Nothing must interfere with that. Between this freedom and the peculiar garb there does not at first sight appear much opposition. But Uncle Sam is puritanical—and of keen vision. He smells the battle from afar, particularly if any Catholic sharpshooters are lurking in the woods. None can be sharper than these gentle Sisters: they scatter theologians right and left, they win where priests are a laughing failure. Their devotion is more eloquent than that of pulpit orator and more convincing than controversial pamphlet. Their very garb was a lesson, their appearance a sermon, Uncle Sam knew all this. He had had experience of it in his different wars—when these angels of charity trod the battle-field undaunted and walked the hospital wards unwearied in their care of the sick and wounded. With healing light to the body they brought frequently light to the soul. And from the military and professional men who were witnesses to their religion and devotion there fell the scales of prejudice. Uncle Sam knew this. There is a great difference between war and peace; and thirty years had passed between the closing of the civil war and the passing of this act by Pennsylvania. Uncle Sam might need the Sisters to take care of his wounded soldiers, but he is never so full of himself as in the question of his ability to educate his household. He did not need nor would he have any help—above all from Catholic religious—in this matter. For fear, therefore, that the thinnest edge might be driven in, not even should the shadow of a religious garb fall upon the school wall. This law has now practically closed its history in an unexpected manner. Aimed at Catholics it never struck them. It did strike some whose religious tenets are closely allied to those of the founder of the State of Pennsylvania. A test case was made against a young Mennonite lady who taught a public school in the State and who wore during school hours the peculiar garb of her sect. The directors of the school were requested to dismiss her for this solo reason. There was no other complaint against her. Upon the directors' refusal they were indicted under the act forbidding teachers in public schools wearing a religious garb. The case was tried before Judge Landis who dismissed it with a forcible juridical argument. All that the court had to decide upon was whether a teacher dressed in a certain manner should be permitted to teach in the public schools of Pennsylvania. He maintained "that under the constitution no person is disqualified on account of his or her religious sentiments from holding any place of trust or profit under the commonwealth, the legislature had no power to abridge this constitutional right, and it follows that the act of assembly attempting to do so is nugatory and void." The Judge held that the position of a public school teacher is one of trust or profit under the commonwealth. His argument upon the illogical point about the garb is particularly convincing:

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

There is an old saying that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. It is as true of nations as it is of individuals. It manifests itself occasionally with an awkwardness contradicting profession and with a diagnosis which indicates insincerity and mistaken notions of fair play. Two cases are before our mind, one in England, the other in the State of Pennsylvania in the neighboring Republic. Few things are commented upon with more eagerness than the fair way in which the Catholic Church exists and operates to-day throughout English dominions; and, indeed, English speaking countries. They present—and we are proud to admit it—a pleasing contrast to those Latin countries whose peoples profess to be Catholic but whose governments practise atheism. What cools our admiration is to find that within the law of England and elsewhere the old bigotry lies nourished by authority even though ignored by public opinion. The Protestant Alliance of England is all ablaze because of the Eucharistic Congress which opened at London on the 13th inst. The presence of a Papal Delegate, the likelihood of a procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the prospect of priests and prelates in sacred vestments upon the public streets of the great city are more than red rag to a bull. King Edward is to receive the Delegate with pomp and ceremony at Windsor Castle. This is contrary, says the Alliance, to the Protestant Constitution. However, his Majesty very properly considered that he knew his duty both to his distinguished guests and all his subjects. Thus liberty surmounts bigotry, thanks more to the force and dignity of the Sovereign than to the narrow letter and spirit of antiquated law. In regard to the procession the Alliance claims that to carry the Blessed Sacrament through the streets is in direct contravention of the law, as is also the appearance on the streets of ecclesiastics of the Roman Church wearing vestments. It is true. Amongst the odious restrictions of the Catholic Emancipation Act this still remains. In 1841 an effort was made to remove these objectionable clauses. Three were retained: (1) Catholics were forbidden to teach without a license from a bishop of the Establishment; (2) to wear sacerdotal vestments outside of church; and (3) to educate their youth as Jesuits. Comment seems unnecessary. The unreasonableness of such conditions is evidenced by the active way in which the first and last have been ignored by the laity and kin of those who placed them on the statutes—there to remain a humiliation to the king, a chain upon his loyal Catholics and a weapon ready to be drawn by their enemies when they deem it suitable.

Another peculiar display of ultra-zealous legislation is afforded us by the State of Pennsylvania, the first home and nursery, he is remembered, of American liberty. Some years ago this enlightened and free State passed a law forbidding the employment of any teacher in the public schools who wears a religious garb of any kind. Contrary to laws in general, it was narrower, in its spirit than its language. Its purpose was directed against the Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, and was enacted to please an anti-Catholic feeling never absolutely extinct from Uncle Sam's religious relics. The legislators did not name any one—nor would ordinary citizens think that religious garbs were worn by any one else. Still less would they imagine that the mere wearing of a religious garb would be a lesson in some catechetical doctrine. But the constitution of the United States is very delicate. It proclaims liberty of conscience in the worship of God. Nothing must interfere with that. Between this freedom and the peculiar garb there does not at first sight appear much opposition. But Uncle Sam is puritanical—and of keen vision. He smells the battle from afar, particularly if any Catholic sharpshooters are lurking in the woods. None can be sharper than these gentle Sisters: they scatter theologians right and left, they win where priests are a laughing failure. Their devotion is more eloquent than that of pulpit orator and more convincing than controversial pamphlet. Their very garb was a lesson, their appearance a sermon, Uncle Sam knew all this. He had had experience of it in his different wars—when these angels of charity trod the battle-field undaunted and walked the hospital wards unwearied in their care of the sick and wounded. With healing light to the body they brought frequently light to the soul. And from the military and professional men who were witnesses to their religion and devotion there fell the scales of prejudice. Uncle Sam knew this. There is a great difference between war and peace; and thirty years had passed between the closing of the civil war and the passing of this act by Pennsylvania. Uncle Sam might need the Sisters to take care of his wounded soldiers, but he is never so full of himself as in the question of his ability to educate his household. He did not need nor would he have any help—above all from Catholic religious—in this matter. For fear, therefore, that the thinnest edge might be driven in, not even should the shadow of a religious garb fall upon the school wall. This law has now practically closed its history in an unexpected manner. Aimed at Catholics it never struck them. It did strike some whose religious tenets are closely allied to those of the founder of the State of Pennsylvania. A test case was made against a young Mennonite lady who taught a public school in the State and who wore during school hours the peculiar garb of her sect. The directors of the school were requested to dismiss her for this solo reason. There was no other complaint against her. Upon the directors' refusal they were indicted under the act forbidding teachers in public schools wearing a religious garb. The case was tried before Judge Landis who dismissed it with a forcible juridical argument. All that the court had to decide upon was whether a teacher dressed in a certain manner should be permitted to teach in the public schools of Pennsylvania. He maintained "that under the constitution no person is disqualified on account of his or her religious sentiments from holding any place of trust or profit under the commonwealth, the legislature had no power to abridge this constitutional right, and it follows that the act of assembly attempting to do so is nugatory and void." The Judge held that the position of a public school teacher is one of trust or profit under the commonwealth. His argument upon the illogical point about the garb is particularly convincing:

PASSIVE VIRTUE.

We are again favored with one of those strong eulogiums from our Holy Father for which he is so remarkable and whose principles directly serve to restore all things in Christ. The present exhortation written on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood is especially addressed to the working clergy throughout the world. Full of zeal for all portions of the Church the Sovereign Pontiff urges one subject as being his chief care, viz., "that all those in sacred orders, should be completely what their state requires them to be." His fatherly purpose is to point out the way in which all may more earnestly strive every day to be in truth "what the Apostle has described as men of God" and answer to the just expectation of the Church. Since many points are attractive we select one as touching not only the clergy but all. It is the part which passive virtue plays in our sanctification and spiritual life. If we divide the faculties of the soul we readily find that some are the principles of the acts about which they are primarily concerned, and that others receive an impression before initiating their part. Thus the object of sight stimulates the sense of sight. On the other hand the will, an active power, desires its object. So we find in the virtues a division into passive and active. Turning to our Blessed Lord, the type and formal cause of all sanctification, we find Him exemplifying both classes in His transcendentally holy life. We do not mean to limit His virtues to mere types and examples which we are to imitate by our own endeavors. There was that in all His virtues, active and passive, as in every deed and condition of His life and mystery, which is balm to the wounded, light to the blind, strength to the weak and the life of the vine to the fruitless branch. His example, however, must have a special force. And before going any farther; why did our blessed Lord suffer? He need not have suffered—even when it was a question of saving the world. He could have saved the world by a simple wish of His Sacred Heart. A single drop of His Precious Blood was more than enough to save any number of guilty worlds. Yet, why did He shed it all? Why was He silent in hall of judgment and hill of crucifixion? There is more to be learned in the lesson of our Lord's Passion and Death than His own personal act. Getsemani and Pilate's Court and Calvary are something more than the spots where His feet have stood. They are the richest depositories of the sacred Wisdom's earthly dwelling. They are the power of God over the soul which to the world seemed folly. The Cross is its centre. No saint ever marched forth along the heights of perfection without the Cross. No sinner ever left by the wayside and renewed his strength without it. The Cross was the student's book, the teacher's source of doctrine. Other portions of our Lord's holy life were replete with lessons. The Cross was the fountain of the running streams. Remember our question why does suffering play such a part in our Master's work and in His plan of sanctification? Suffering forms a great part of life. Even in exception to the can close without sorrow, it should have a value in being borne properly. Life for the great majority is an unattractive programme. Its failures are too frequent to be encouraging; its triumphs too dull to be sought. Our Lord wished to teach men the value of all their sufferings. Again in the very act of suffering the soul is intensified in a manner not to be found in other activities. Let a man suffer pain or loss; he will either strive to avoid it or nerve himself to bear it. Never did our Lord give Himself so to God, His Father, and to man as in the fire of His passion. All this seems strange to us in an age busy and active. We are too eager in the active virtues of zeal and work. We trust these passive virtues from us, as either unworthy of practice or unsuited to our age. Meekness, humility, self-denial, obedience unto death—these are the virtues which adorn every age and strengthen every soul. No follower of our Lord can attain to the least sanctity without them: "They who are of Christ's have crucified their flesh with its concupiscences." Well for us all that our Holy Father brings out more prominently the part which the passive virtues serve in our sanctification.

A JOHN KENSIT POTHER.

A London despatch tells us that fifty-one Protestant societies of that city have entered a protest against a procession of the Eucharistic Congress which it is contemplated to hold on Sunday. The king has also been petitioned on the subject, and a committee of three was delegated to interview the Secretary for Home Affairs. The Committee of Three forcibly calls to mind that other committee of like bulk—known in English history as the "Tooley Street Tailors," who began their petition in this wise: "We the people of England." That class of people known as the John Kensit Protestants call for as much regard from the general public as Dr. Sproule and his Orange army in Canada. Both have like objects. They dub themselves the champions of civil and religious liberty; that is theoretical. The practice is deny the boon to their Catholic fellow subjects whenever opportunity offers. They are but Lord George Gordons and Sim Tappertits. They would freely give the use of London's streets to Turks, Mohammedans, Christian Scientists, Dowdites, or Mormons, but those who still hold to the ancient faith of England have not, it seems, any rights which they are bound to respect. We doubt not the consideration those Pharisaical Christians will receive from the King, and the Home Office will be tintured with a large proportion of scorn and contempt.

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INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

London, Sept. 7.—For the first time since its inception the international Eucharistic Congress of the Roman Catholic Church is to be held this year in London. The gathering will be remarkable in other respects. In the person of Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli the occasion will bring to London the first papal legate, who has not set foot in England since the days of Cardinal Pole, "the Cardinal of England." Apart from the Papal Legate, there will be eight other Cardinals in London at the same time. It is many years since so many members of the sacred college have gathered in any country outside of Italy. They are Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore; Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh; Cardinal Leoit, Archbishop of Bordeaux; Cardinal Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne; Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Mechlin; Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of

INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

London, Sept. 8.—Fifty-one Protestant societies held a meeting this afternoon to protest against street processions in connection with the Roman Catholic Eucharistic Congress which is to open in Westminster Cathedral tomorrow. The delegates completed their session by sending the following telegrams to four-hundred peers and members of the House of Commons: "Fifty-one Protestant societies assembled in London this afternoon, fearing that the Roman Catholic procession on Sunday may cause riot and even bloodshed, earnestly request you to at once wire the Home Office asking that the carrying of the Host be forbidden." The three deputed who called at the Home Office saw the Under Secretary and presented a copy of the petition, which had been telegraphed to the King. They asked that it be formally forwarded in the morning and.

Milan, and Cardinal Mathieu, formerly Archbishop of Toulouse and now "in curia."

RETINUE TO ATTEND LEGATE.

The Legate will be accompanied by his own special retinue, which will include one of the Pope's ecclesiastical chamberlains, while each Cardinal will have his own special suite. Besides, there will be present from every part of the world at least one hundred Bishops. Of Prelates under episcopal rank, thousands are expected to come to London to do homage to one of the central doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. In fact, the organizers of the congress look for the presence in London of something like fifty thousand persons. The great rendezvous of the congress on the devotional side will be Westminster Cathedral. Here on the evening of September 9 a service will be held for the solemn reception of the Papal Legate and again on the afternoon of September 13 for the solemn closing of the congress. Each morning during the sitting of the congress High Mass will be celebrated, and in the evening there will be Vespers and Benediction. On Saturday morning the Mass will be in the Byzantine rite, affording the Western Catholics an opportunity of assisting at the ancient liturgy used by so many of their brethren in the East. The Sunday service will be of the greatest interest. In the morning the Papal Legate will sing Pontifical High Mass in the presence of the Cardinals and the sermon will be delivered by Cardinal Gibbons. In the afternoon there will be Pontifical Vespers, sermon, a great procession of the Blessed Sacrament, Te Deum, benediction and solemn closing of the congress. The business meetings of the congress will be held in Albert Hall and smaller halls in the vicinity of the cathedral. There will be three sections, two being conducted in English and one in French. The first of these gatherings, of which next month is the nineteenth, was held in France in 1881, but was extremely small compared with those held since. They had their origin in a number of pilgrimages to well-known churches with the object of honoring the Blessed Sacrament, or, in other words, of rendering homage to the fundamental Roman Catholic belief of the real presence. HEYLEN LIFE OF CONGRESS. The Right Rev. Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, president of the permanent international committee, has been described as the life and soul of these congresses. Mgr. Heylen came into prominence in 1883, when he undertook a disputation on "Universal Philosophy," defending two hundred and fifty theses against attacks of eminent objectors, including Cardinal Vanutelli. After the discussion the Pope presented Father Heylen with two gold medals. The vice-president of the committee is the Very Rev. Canon Adelin, Vicar General of Paris, who was at the famous charity bazaar when it took fire and who, after giving the absolution to all, aided many persons to escape, although himself severely burned. Special Cable Despatches to The Sun. London, Sept. 8.—Fifty-one Protestant societies held a meeting this afternoon to protest against street processions in connection with the Roman Catholic Eucharistic Congress which is to open in Westminster Cathedral tomorrow. It was resolved to petition the King on the subject and a committee of three was sent to interview the Secretary for Home Affairs. The delegates completed their session by sending the following telegrams to four-hundred peers and members of the House of Commons: "Fifty-one Protestant societies assembled in London this afternoon, fearing that the Roman Catholic procession on Sunday may cause riot and even bloodshed, earnestly request you to at once wire the Home Office asking that the carrying of the Host be forbidden." The three deputed who called at the Home Office saw the Under Secretary and presented a copy of the petition, which had been telegraphed to the King. They asked that it be formally forwarded in the morning and.

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Legate made a public appearance in England this evening when Cardinal Vanutelli, with all the pomp and solemn ceremonial of a Roman Catholic Church, opened the sessions of the International Eucharistic Congress at Westminster Cathedral. Despite the late appearance of the unfinished building the scene was one of splendor, while the fervor of the dense throng of worshippers added impressiveness to the imposing rites.

The vast nave of the cathedral was in semi-darkness, but the altar and choir were ablaze with lights which gleamed on the gorgeous copes and mitres of the exalted prelates. At 8 o'clock a fanfare of trumpets announced the entrance of the Legate's procession. Under a white silk canopy supported by eight bearers and wearing a scarlet beretta and scarlet robes, Cardinal Vanutelli, walked between long lines of Archbishops and Bishops to the throne, blessing the kneeling crowd as he passed.

After the introductory ceremonies at the altar the chaplain of the congress ascended the pulpit and read the Pope's letter appointing Cardinal Vanutelli legate, emphasizing the importance of the object of the congress and incidentally approving the holding of the sessions "in the capital of an empire rightly famed for the liberty it extends to its citizens and to whose laws and laws so many millions of Catholics render faithful and dutiful obedience."

Then Cardinal Vanutelli went to the pulpit and in a pleasant high pitched voice and with dramatic gestures delivered a long Latin address, in the course of which he referred to England as a "country once favored by God." Painful dissensions, he said, had sprung up later, but these had since been softened and they must thank Providence for the admirable dispositions which brought such a gathering together in London.

The Cardinal said he believed that the results of the congress would be important. He again wished that it could result in again uniting all the people of Great Britain in that faith which was once their most precious treasure and in reviving the Eucharistic Age, which formerly existed in the "Isle of Saints."

The Archbishop of Westminster followed the Legate and after welcoming him referred to the Congress as an act of reparation for all the words uttered by the English tongue which had outraged the Blessed Sacrament. "And," continued the Archbishop, "if, profiting by the grateful fact that the native sense of justice of our countrymen has overcome the prejudices which once did them so great disservice, on this occasion make the fullest use of that right of free speech and public demonstration which they employ so readily to advance every cause they have at heart, let no man imagine that we do these things in any spirit of hostile feeling toward those who do not think as we do, still less that there is any thought of empty boasting in our midst."

The Eucharistic Congress has received a big popular boom through the action of the narrowest section of Protestants in opposing what they are pleased to call in their petition to the King a form of idolatry which has been illegal for centuries.

ROYAL CHAPELS.

"It has always been the privilege of royal palaces in Protestant as well as Catholic countries," says the Catholic Encyclopedia, "to possess private chapels for the use of the Court. That of Constantine has already been mentioned. Chapels royal have often been merely apartments in the palace itself, but sometimes separate buildings have been especially erected for the purpose. St. George's, Windsor, and La Sainte-Chapelle, Paris, are noteworthy examples of the latter class. The last-named beautiful building is perhaps the most famous of all royal chapels. It was built in 1248 by St. Louis of France to house the relic of the Crown of Thorns which he had obtained from Constantinople, and it adjoined his palace of La Cité. The architect was Pierre de Montreuil, whose wonderful creation is still one of the most admired and most imitated buildings of its kind in the world. In the lower story was a chapel for the palace servants and above was the royal chapel proper, with its sumptuous shrine. It was, of course, desecrated at the Revolution, but became once more a chapel royal for a short time under Louis Philippe. Since then it has, until recently, been used only once a year, for a "Red Mass" said at the opening of the law courts hard by. It is now merely a national monument of English chapels royal, besides St. George's, Windsor, already mentioned, those of St. James and the Savoy dated from Catholic times. The latter was rebuilt by Henry VII. on the site of the old Savoy Palace. From 1564 to 1717 it was used as a parish church and only became a chapel royal in 1773.

Besides this and the chapel in St. James' Palace, there is also a Protestant chapel royal in the palace of Hampton Court. In the seventeenth century the presence in England of the Catholic consorts of three of the Stuart kings brought about the existence of Catholic chapels royal in London during a period of about eighty years. One was built at St. James' in 1625 for the use of Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I. and her retinue, which was used occasionally up to 1642. It was reopened in 1662 for Queen Catharine of Braganza, Charles the Second's consort, but closed again in 1671 when she removed her court to Somerset House. Under James II. it once more served for Catholic worship, from 1685 to 1688, since which date it has been assigned to the use of the Lutheran members of the Court and is now known as the "German chapel."

At Somerset House a new Catholic chapel was built for Queen Henrietta Maria in 1636, which was in use until 1642, and again from 1632 until her death in 1639. When Queen Catherine removed her court hither from St. James' in 1671, it was reopened for Catholic worship and so continued until her death in 1705, when it passed into the hands of the Protestant Government. There was also a Catholic oratory at Whitehall, used occasionally up to 1642 when Queen Henrietta Maria was resident there, and in 1687 James II. opened a new chapel in the same palace, which was closed again the following year. In Scotland the chapel royal was originally located in Stirling Castle, but was transferred to Holyrood by Queen Mary in 1542. At the Reformation it was used for a time as a Protestant parish church, but again became a Catholic chapel royal in 1687 under James II. James VII. of Scotland. After his flight to France in 1688, it was plundered and partially destroyed by fire. It was subsequently re-roofed, but since 1703 it has been in a state of ruin.

The King formally acknowledged the receipt of the petition through his secretary, but the Government does not give a hint of any intention to interpose. If they allow the procession to be held their action will, without doubt, be aiding or countenancing the perpetration of a technical illegality. If they take action to prevent the procession it is equally certain that they will be assailed by every liberal minded citizen.

There can be no genuine plea for the suppression of the procession except the risk of violence arising from its obstinate Protestant opponents. The route of the procession does not include a single main thoroughfare where the small Sunday traffic could possibly be interrupted. It will pass through infrequented streets of what is notoriously a Roman Catholic neighborhood. Nevertheless the fear of some scandalous demonstration by anti-Catholics makes many open minded persons urge the organizers to abandon the parade.

The latter, however, have no such intention. They argue that the law invoked by the protesters is as absolute as several other anti-Catholic laws which have never been removed from the statute book. The abandonment of the procession would disappoint thousands who will come to London especially to share in the congress and who cannot possibly be accommodated at the cathedral. The route will be lined throughout with fifteen thousand Catholics who will keep positions shoulder to shoulder, though, of course, the maintenance of order will be left to the police.

Mr. Fowler, the secretary of the Protestant Alliance, says that if the procession is carried out legal proceedings will be instituted against the law-breakers.

Mr. Kensit, the notorious disturber of services of the ritualistic section of the Church of England, says that numerous Protestants will distribute literature dealing with "Romish doctrines" along the route of the procession. He says he has received many requests to organize a counter demonstration. None has been arranged as yet, but he would not be surprised if there were serious disturbances.

The Daily Telegraph learns that the protesters have been officially informed that both the Home Secretary and the Commissioner of Police have sanctioned the procession.

There is some work for every one in this world. Idlers are not wanted. Let us first find out what our work is and then do it with all our might.

these visions of unfulfilled desire, into verse that will glow on the page and live forever.

Somewhere is a mother who has "kept all these things in her heart," and who will bear witness to them. Meantime she will say that the have not been imbedded in the language, as flowery petals might be in amber? — that language which, as an English scholar says, "has been blossoming there unseen like a hidden garland of roses; and whenever the wind has blown from the west, English poetry has felt the vague perfume of it."

THE CONSUMMATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY VERY REV. WILLIAM F. HOGARTY, OF LEBANON, KY., AT THE LATE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AT NOTRE DAME.

The Holy Eucharist is the consummation of Christianity of all religion. It is the consummation of the Lord's Love and Life. It is the last stage in the development of the Incarnation.

Progression marked the passive and active phases of Our Blessed Lord's Life. On its passive side, it was progression from the stable to the cross, from the humiliation of Bethlehem to the ignominy and agony of Calvary. On its active side, it was progression from the marriage feast to the Last Supper; from the change of water into wine to the change of bread and wine to the Body and Blood.

Humiliation, sorrow and suffering move forward to their climax in the Crucifixion, the greatest marvel of the Public Ministry move forward to their climax in Transubstantiation. How could it be otherwise? If Our Lord changed water into wine at the banquet, where He was but a guest, and was just beginning His public career, surely He would do mightier things at the banquet, where He was host, and was finishing His course.

Knowing that His last hour was at hand, He would consummate His miracles, by the best He in His Omnipotent Love could do. Loving infinitely, He would give an infinite gift. His own adorable self, and in such form as to be appropriated and assimilated by His beloved, that no power of devils in hell or wicked men on earth might put them asunder.

The Last Supper is identical in its intensity with the Crucifixion. It was the anticipation of the Crucifixion, as it is now, the everlasting commemoration thereof. It was the active side of Our Lord's immolation, the Crucifixion being the passive. Our Divine Lord would show that out of love for us He imposed on Himself deeper humiliation than His enemies out of their hate of Him could possibly inflict. So while He was being crucified, He was also being crucified to the ignominy of the Cross for once. He for all time subjected Himself to the sacramental forms and to all the ignominious conditions and casualties involved. For love of us, He would empty Himself of the glory of the Godhead, and the majesty of His manhood and take on the lowliest form of passive matter. He is willing to be ground to powder, like the millstones, to be trampled under foot like the grape in the winepress.

The Good Shepherd lays down His life for His sheep. What more can He do? Yet more; and He does it. He makes Himself the pasture of His sheep; so that what the grass is to the irrational animal, that He is to our lingering souls.

He consigns Himself to obliteration in order to raise His sheep. He is merged and lost in us, imply that by this quasi annihilation He may build us up out of the dust into glory. O Jesus, Jesus, Thou truly seemest infatuate with love of us. Thou art reckless of Thy Infinite Eternal Self. For the postage of our poor love, Thou dost like Esau, barter away the heritage of Thy glory.

When we look upon the Crucified Host, we behold the grandest manifestation Divine Love has ever made of itself. Angels and saints do not behold greater in the Kingdom of Heaven. That little Host is the form of Infinite Beauty and Infinite Love, the white light of the Infinite Love. Let us find delight and satiety in gazing on it, and gazing let us follow each divergent ray as it carries us onward into the infinity of our future bliss and glory, and give us peace and assurance of their. And let us feel that we are only a little less happy here on earth than the blessed in heaven.

Shall we suffer Our Divine Lord to waste our wayward feet and to abuse Himself before us without, like Peter, uttering a protest? Shall we not make monstrances, and coping with Him in love, try to raise Him out of the dust, and absorb ourselves like Magdalene, at those blessed feet of His?

Oh, my Fathers, whose cheeks flush and whose hearts burn, when they think and speak of their Eucharistic Lord, and when they receive Him, may we be cold and unresponsive? He has lavished double love upon us. He has conferred not only the privilege of Holy Communion, but the power of Consecration. We are not only partake of the Last Supper, but reproduce it. So we do every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Clad in the vesture and in the virtue of Christ's priesthood, we ascend the altar. And there with the choirs of angels overhead, and the multitude of saints that no man can number round about in the hush of expectant words, the Church Triumphant, the Church Suffering, the Church Militant, we utter the words of Consecration, words, the most potent, the sweetest, ever uttered, to be uttered by created lips. And lo! there is a stupendous change, a clouded Transfiguration, and Christ, the figure of the Father's substance, the splendor of His glory, is present under the appearance of bread and wine. He is present in the completeness of His human career, in the fullness of His Divinity from eternity unto eternity. He is born but to die. Only a breath separates Bethlehem and Calvary. He is no sooner born on the altar than he dies, and by the other half of the consecration-form His Precious Blood fills the hollow of the chalice. And the Last Supper, the Sole Sacrifice, that has given God pleasure from the beginning,

and is to give Him pleasure to the end, is consummated.

We have reached the climax of all things, the consummation of Christianity and of all religion. Then rising on the wings of the great Angel of Sacrifice, we lay at the feet of our Heavenly Father the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world together with His Blood, to be our infinite worship, to be propitiation for our sins and the sins of the whole world, to be our Advocate.

We have performed an almighty act, infinitely the greatest ever performed. We have moved heaven and earth. We have rejoiced the blessed; we have refreshed souls in purgatory; we have stirred the pulse of a new life in the Church; we have arrested sinners and zealous like Saul of Tarsus in mid-career and converted them; we have sent an influence into the council chambers of nations and into the consciences of individuals; we have spread the sunshine of God's favor over the face of the earth; we have baffled and backset the schemes of devils. We have acted Christ's proxy. We are participants in all His achievements. We put Him on, His Virtues, and His Merits. We are great with His greatness, reaching with Him mightily, but sweetly, from end to end.

It is easy to realize that each priest is a world-power. While his feet can carry him to the altar, and his hands lift up the offerings, and his lips utter the words of Consecration, he is the greatest power on earth. Not his learning, not his eloquence, not his administrative ability, but his capacity to offer the Mass constitutes his real greatness. His power to baptize, his power to absolve, his power to anoint are but effluences of his power to consecrate. The baptismal font, the confessional, the bed of death, those stages whereon his ministry is exercised, are annexes of his altar. His altar is the central point, as the Mass is the central act in the world.

Oh, we of little faith, who suffer ourselves, even for one moment, to grow faint and falter, because the puny plans of salvation, that we have laboriously matured, do not prosper, Christ brings them to naught, just to teach us that we ourselves are nobodies, and that our only success is in our entire effacement with Him in the Holy Sacrifice. We can do all things in Him, and therefore, if we are wise, shall we seek success by emptying ourselves and by taking on with Him in the host the appearance of passivity and patient waiting.

Oh! we of little faith, who sometimes repine, because in the estimate and arrangement of men we are relegated to the background. Who can grade us, when Christ has planted our feet on the summit of Mount Zion, and has given us dominion over His real and Mystic Body? We might well compare ourselves to the clouds, that we may yield ourselves to reverie by day and to dream by night, and ceaselessly chant our Magnificat over the great things which He that is mighty hath done to us.

We should brood over Jesus in our tabernacles, as Mary brooded over Him in the manger and the crib. Isn't He the offspring of our soul's supreme supernatural effort? We may say that it is one of the expenditures and expiration of our being that He is born on the altar, we dying to ourselves that He may live. If the mother cannot forget her child, will we allow ourselves to forget Him? When we have constrained to descend and abide in our tabernacle? Shall we not visit Him seven times a day in the fervent resolution of our Office? We shall find Him, sweeter above all things, and the consolation of the crowded city. We shall find Him, infinite companionship in the oppressive solitude of the lonely country. Through Him we shall come to the company of many thousands of angels and to the Church of the first-born, who are written in the heavens, and to the spirits of the just, made perfect, the elect of humanity, seeking more for us, but to be clothed in white garments and to sit with Him, on His Throne in the Kingdom of His glory.

Exaltation like this must entail corresponding responsibility, whether we like it or not, we are taken as pledge and proof in the concrete of the Real Presence. An incredulous generation asks for a sign, and in the last resort we offer no other than ourselves. Who is pledge and proof of the Real Presence on that altar there but the priest who consecrates? Clothing himself in sacerdotal robes, and ascending the altar, and carrying the solemn rite of the Mass to its awful crisis, he has signified that he would exert his Godly power, and transubstantiate bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Lord. We kneel, and adore, and adore in profound adoration. We know the Mystery is accomplished. And when he raises the Consecrated Host aloft, looking on it with firm faith and recognizing, we exclaim: "My Lord and My God!" And bowing down in lowly worship we further exclaim: "Oh, Thou Glory to God on high! Oh, Thou Peace on earth to men of good will! Oh, Thou Good Shepherd and Good Samaritan and Saviour of our souls! Save us." And when in like manner the chalice is raised aloft, we again exclaim, "Oh, Thou Most Precious Blood of the Sacred Heart and Sacred Wounds, blot out the handwriting of the decree that stands against us. Wash our robes and make them white, that we may have a right to eat of the fruit of the tree of life and to enter in by the gates into the City."

And when the moment of Holy Communion arrives, and the celebrant holding in his hands the Sacred Host calls to us, "Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi," we respond, "Domine non sum dignus, et intres sub tectum meum." And humble as the centurion, and glad as Zachaeus and as Martha and Mary, we welcome and receive, that snowflake form, fluttering down from Heaven, certain that it is the Hidden Manna, the Bread of Life, the Christ, the Son of the Living God. So the priest is, as I say, the pledge and proof of the Real Presence.

Shouldn't we who stand in such relations with the Blessed Sacrament be worthy in all respects of what we handle and receive? Shouldn't our spirituality be of such transcendent type as to

start in the mind of the non-Catholic a presumption in favor of the Real Presence? Shouldn't it suggest converted and communion with Christ? St. Paul proclaims us the good odor of Christ; and he means, that just as the fragrance discloses the modest violet, so we must disclose our hidden Eucharistic Master.

Shouldn't daily vision and use of the Holy Grail breed in us the detachment and heavenliness of a Sir Galahad, and the Christ-like sympathies of a Saint Francis de Sales? Sancta sancte. There are expectation and demand, even on the part of the unbeliever, for due correspondence between the priest and the Shining Presence before which he ministers.

"Oh, ye priests," says a foreful writer and a layman as I imagine, "ye know not what gods ye are!" Indeed, we sometimes forget, and are startled, as a clerical friend of mine was on one occasion, while complacently dining, to hear a lady-convent, who was seated at the table with him, express amazement that a priest ate the food of ordinary men. She thought priests lived on the Blessed Sacrament alone. Who taught her to put such spiritual interpretation on the words, "They that serve the altar shall live by the altar?" Wouldn't we do well, to interpret them more spiritually, and so make the altar the source and the resource of our lives? The sparrow which found herself a house, where she may lay her young, "The Altars, O God of Hosts, my King and my God."

Copriests and co-victims and communicants with Christ, we can never be worthy until we emulate His Self-sacrifice, and give ourselves up to Him as completely as He gives Himself up to us. There must be interchange; that is the significance of Holy Communion. He gives us His Body and Blood and Soul and Divinity; we must give Him our body, blood and soul. He effuses Himself to exalt us; we must efface ourselves to exalt Him.

The only recompense we can render Him for His effacement in our personality is to endeavor to resurrect Him out of the sepulchral darkness of our nature by allowing and assisting the Sacred Host to effect a transformation in us, until our minds and hearts and souls and bodies are brought into identity with His, and we can say with St. Paul, "I live; now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Christ delivered Himself up particularly for us priests on the Cross; and He delivers Himself up particularly for us on the altar; He delivers Himself unto us in Holy Communion, that He may sanctify us, and present us to Himself, glorious, without spot or wrinkle, that we may be holy and without blemish. Will we disappoint His dying self-consuming expectation? Forbid it, dear Jesus, by the beauty of Thy Birth, by the sweetness of Thy Last Supper, by the desolation of Thy Death, by the glory and gladness of Thy Resurrection and Ascension. Forbid it, dear Jesus, by the beauty of Thy waiting yet impatient waiting through all the centuries for that promised pottage of our poor love.

Oh, my Fathers, let us "glorify and carry God in our bodies." Let us be the radiance of the Real Presence. Let our outer self be the luminous corona, that bears witness to the eclipse of the Sun of Justice within. Let us be gleaming monstrances, holding central the Consecrated Host, so that wherever we are the faithful may know the God and Saviour is high; and benediction and virtue and salvation may go out to them; and with us may stay the happiness of Christmas and the gladness of Easter. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SQUATTING IN THE REAR.

DEPLOABLE PRACTICE INDULGED IN BY "HURRY-OUT" CATHOLICS.

Many persons, particularly among the young people, seem to be too shy, when they go to Mass, to get much farther than just inside the door. There they remain, the boys and men on one knee, and the women in the nearest pew. The occasional glimpse which they obtain of the priest and the altar is quickly obscured by someone's head, or a nodding plume. Even the sermon seems indistinct and far away. They seem to swoop at the earliest possible moment.

When you go to the house of one you love, do you perch on the edge of a chair, near the door, and read a little to him in a careless, indifferent way from a book? No, you fly to his embrace; you pour out your joys and sorrows, your hopes and fears; you remain until the last moment; you fear yourself away with reluctance; you bid him "good-bye" over and over; and you promise to come again just as soon as you possibly can.

A few years ago when the president came here, the fences and hedges were transplanted into bowers of roses; the streets became avenues of light; white squares and blocks were roped, and mounted police were kept busy holding back the crowds of people. How different is our welcome to the King of Kings!

We are, at best, poor creatures of the earth. The body is tired and stupid, the mind is dull and busy with other things. Sins and weaknesses drag us down, and the spiritual side of our nature is poorly developed.

And the Mass is a wonderful ceremony, full of symbolism and mystical beauty, to be seen by the eye of Faith, and felt with the heart of Love. Alas, that the eye is so dull and the heart so cold!

But, at least, let us, during the brief hour which we give to our immortal souls make the conditions as favorable as possible. Let us gather around our Lord, as they did long ago when "the crowds pressed upon Him." Let us kneel as near to His feet as we can, and try to catch upon our upturned faces and upon our waiting hearts, some little gleam of light which radiates from that countenance divine.

THE RIGHT WAY.

The right way, of course, is to have a seat of your own, but if you cannot afford that, you can always find some spot where you can hear Mass without distraction. There are always seats which are not rented, and at the earlier Masses the pews are seldom all occupied. It is your Father's house to which you have

"ONLY MEDICINE THAT DID ME ANY GOOD"

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Backache After Doctors Failed Utterly.



"I have received most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I suffered for years from backaches and pain in the head and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking 'Fruit-a-tives' and this was the only medicine that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches. I take 'Fruit-a-tives' occasionally still, but I am quite cured of a trouble that was said to be incurable. Give this testimony to others who suffer as I suffered may try this wonderful medicine and be cured." Mrs. Frank Eaton, Frankville, Ont.

Be wise. Profit by Mrs. Eaton's example, and start with "Fruit-a-tives." They will quiet your pain in the back, and stop headaches because they keep bowels, kidneys and skin in perfect order and insure the blood being always pure and rich.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. All dealers should have both sizes. If yours does not, write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Glawson,

come, your Saviour is being offered upon the altar, you are (or should be) contributing your share, according to your means, to the support of the Church you attend; no one can question your right to more than standing near the door. You can always be the courteous Christian lady or gentleman; you will always be treated in a courteous manner in return.

To unite our hearts, desires and intentions with those of the priest, to follow every motion in order to realize its significance, to make our offerings in union with his, and to say, as far as it is possible to us, the prayers which he says—this is an ideal way in which to assist at Mass. Prayer books were meant to instruct us as to what is going on; to supply us with words and even with thoughts when our own are lacking; but they were never meant to take the place of the spontaneous outpourings of the heart to God, or of that union with Him which is the object and fruit of all devotions and without which all ceremonies would be but idle mockeries.

Any method is good which helps us to realize the stupendous miracle which is taking place — which brings before us our Lord's tender love and complete sacrifice for each one of us — which takes us to Calvary and causes us to kneel at the foot of the cross.

WE CAN DRAW NEARER STILL. If, in addition, we can draw nearer still, at the proper time, and receive our Lord in Holy Communion, with suitable dispositions, then, indeed, will the holy sacrifice be, in our regard, performed and consummated.

If we can but leave the world, with its cares and distractions, outside for that brief hour, and can come with our hearts and souls into our Lord's presence, going to Mass will cease to be a duty which we fulfill with lagging feet, and will become a privilege and a joy, above the joys of earth, to which we will turn with an ever-increasing desire. Our eager hold upon the treasures of this world will relax a little; our straddling feet will journey upward toward the source of God and "the peace which passeth all understanding" will begin to be ours.

There will surely come a day when we will not be able to go to Mass a day without the glare and din of earth having for us passed by, the sight of the minister of God, bringing to us the Bread of Life, will fill us with consolation unspeakable. Then the Masses which we have heard with reverence and devotion — the communions which we have received with love and fervor, will appear to us what they really are — the sure pledge of eternal life and a foretaste of the joys of Paradise. — San Francisco Monitor.

GOOD EXAMPLE

AND FIDELITY OF TWO SERVANTS WORK CONVERSION OF BOSTON LADY.

An illustration of the effect of good example came to light a few days ago in the death of Mrs. Ann M. Davis, widow of a well-known Boston silk merchant. This prominent woman had been converted by her Catholic servants.

So impressed was the mistress by the faith of her servants, with one of them some years ago, she visited the Catholic churches of Boston, and then began the study of the catechism, receiving instructions from her faithful helper. Before Mrs. Davis was ready for baptism, the girl died, and her sister, taking her place, continued her work as religious teacher.

These two sisters had trained themselves by sermons, sodality instructions and the reading of Catholic books and periodicals to a keenly intelligent appreciation of Catholic faith and practice and to this influence, under God, the late Mrs. Davis owed the blessings of faith.—Church Progress.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

TRAINING THE CONSCIENCE. (St. Luke vii, 11-16.)

The gospel of to-day places before us a very touching instance of a mother's affection for her son. Her tender-hearted interest in the young man's welfare excited Our Lord's attention, and for her sake He worked a great miracle. He raised the widow's son to life.

Dear parents, the practical way of manifesting an interest in your children nowadays is to secure for them a good, thorough-going education, which will not only enable them to fight their way through this world with honor to themselves, but will enable our Lord to raise them up at the last day to enjoy the glorified life of the blessed in heaven.

A thorough-going education consists primarily in the education of the heart—in teaching the child the doctrines of his religion, and instilling into his soul the fundamental principles of morality. A child in whom a good practical education is like a ship staunch and seaworthy, with long tapering masts and strong rigging and with beautiful sails set to the breeze, but without a rudder. Such a vessel can cleave the waves with mighty speed, but it is just as liable to dash itself to pieces on the rock-bound coast as it is to keep to the deep waters.

Conscience is by all means the most precious thing a man can have. It is worth to him a thousand fortunes. A child who starts in the battle of life without a cent in his pocket, yet with a good strong conscience in his soul, is far better off than the child to whom his parents have left millions but have never developed in him a practical conscience. If a parent had the choice between filling the child's mind with knowledge on the one hand, and on the other of solidly anchoring his heart in the fundamental principles of morality, there is no doubt for a moment which the wise parent would choose. To impart to the child a knowledge of right and wrong, to teach him the way through the intricate paths of this world to his real home in heaven, to give him a means of fighting the enemies of his soul, is to give him wealth beyond measure. To leave to him as a precious inheritance a good practical conscience is to equip him well for the struggle of life. With it he is as rich and can stand as firm as a king. The old principle that was laid down by the wise men of old is just as true to-day, that a handful of good life is worth a whole bushel of learning.

CONVERT'S LETTER TO FATHER.

REPLYING TO A REPROACHFUL COMMUNICATION FROM HIS SISTER.

The following letter was written by a recent convert to Catholicism. The letter was occasioned by the receipt of one from the convert's sister, in which she remarked that her father was shocked on hearing that his son had subscribed to the tenets of the Catholic Church after over one year's study of Catholicism.

"Dear Father: Having at last obtained possession of your address, I will try to get these few lines off in the next mail. To compose an interesting letter of any length amid these uneventful surroundings is almost equivalent to producing something from nothing. However, among the few topics I deem worthy of notice, one stands out from the rest, transcending in importance anything that ever vitally concerned me before, I mean the fact that I have recognized and joined that infallible Church which was founded by Christ upon His apostles, and which is guaranteed eternal life and absolute triumph by the Holy Ghost, who reigns over it, speaking with infallible authority through his mouthpiece, the Pope, who is the Vicar of Christ on earth and the visible head of the Church.

By association with Catholics I long ago began to lose the ridiculous abhorrence I felt regarding them. I was treated with profound respect in the Orient by the inmates of Catholic institutions, principally those at Kamptee, India, and Aden, Arabia, where I was impressed by the manifest saintliness of those who have dedicated their lives to the cause of Christ. Our chaplain here is a priest, and over a year ago I placed myself under his instruction, with the result that the divine beauty and superhuman consistency of Catholicity was unfolded to me. I realized that my absurd bigotry and prejudice against the Church of Christ was the result of those diabolical delusions I had unreasonably cherished, caused by listening to the furious rantings of many misguided ones, who hurled their imputations against the holy Catholic Church, no more realizing what they did than those who crucified Christ realized what they were doing.

"The astounding and unspeakably consoling truth of transubstantiation, or Real Presence in the Eucharist, which is a veritable miracle wrought at every Mass; the profound knowledge of angels and saints, whose power is manifested by many miracles; the sublime privilege of invoking their intercession; the indispensable strength accessible only through the seven sacraments, which represent the seven keys concerning which I had heard so much silly nonsense; the privilege of approaching the Most Holy Sacrament in the sanctuary, and the knowledge that heaven itself is the essence and fountain head of Catholicity—all these and countless

other miraculous proofs make it perfectly clear why the Catholic Church marches on to absolute triumph and victory.

"Now, regarding that favorite theme of heretics and fanatics—confession, I go to confession frequently, and my life or scalp has not once been threatened, although my saintly confessor is a Jesuit, exiled from France. He has never charged me a cent, neither has he attempted to bully me out of my watch and chain by threatening to transform me into a toad or to cast me into hell.

"I did not forget to ascertain the truth regarding the Spanish Inquisition and other atrocities which the Church could not at once check, and which have been greatly exaggerated and maliciously laid to her charge. I also found that history's pages are strangely mute regarding the far more brutal English Inquisition, in which Catholics were the victims. Eternity is too short to permit me to discharge my debt of gratitude to our chaplain, by whom I was baptized and confirmed (although he is but a priest; by reason of there being no Bishop assigned to this locality, he possesses jurisdiction for administering Confirmation) and under whose instruction I was and am still being enlightened.

"I have received the true interpretation of that chapter of Daniel which the Adventists endeavor to give us the 'bliss,' that chapter in your Bible on which that evangelist, Mr. N.—used to harp, regarding the mark of the beast, etc., which his sect construes into a dark prophecy of ecclesiastical tyranny in America at the hands of Rome.

"I was frankly told during my preparatory studies that I must be prepared to make sacrifices, and I am. The beautiful letters and handsome Catholic Bible I have received from Mrs. McC.—, a Protestant lady, afford me that gratifying assurance that my sacrifices, if there be any, shall not take the form of a change in the attitude of my friends.

"Nothing can disturb or counteract the indescribable feeling of relief, triumph and ecstasy one feels who, after having floundered for years among vague, conflicting, warring creeds of human origin, ephemeral existence and precarious destiny, finds himself guided at last into the unmistakable way of truth, which made radiant by the spiritual manifestations of its heavenly guardians, and which has those four marks by which it may always be known; i. e., it is one, holy, Catholic and apostolic.

"How comical would be the ludicrous calumnies of heretics were it not for the baneful fact that millions of souls are thereby deluded and deprived of their birth-right, the value of which can never be known by those outside the Catholic Church.

"The book I am sending you, which is by the learned and eloquent Cardinal Gibbons, is not sent with the idea of converting you, but I think it may interest you by elucidating the much misunderstood principles of my chosen creed."—Catholic News.

EDUCATION.

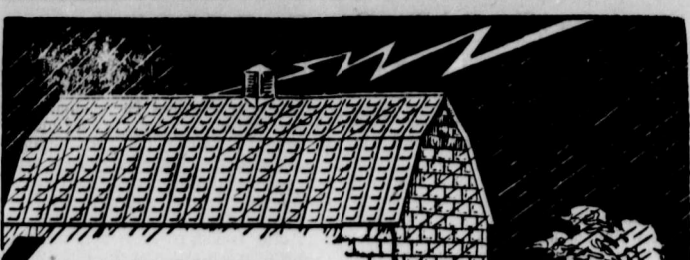
The schools have reopened again, and, once more, our boys and girls will wend their way to the class room. This thought brings forcibly to our mind the weighty and all-absorbing subject of education. The proper education of the young is of paramount importance; for, upon it depends not only their temporal, but also their eternal welfare; upon it depends the future of the common weal, and the decision whether the State shall be ruled by unscrupulous grafters or by law-abiding citizens.

A well-known educator, realizing in a prophetic glance, that nothing but good could accrue to the State from a properly educated youth, says: "Give me the training, that is, the education of the youth, and I care not who makes our laws." What then shall the education of our youth be?

The Catholic Church, in answer to this question has always maintained that education, without religion, is faulty and insufficient; that to the three R's, a fourth R, namely, that of Religion, should be added, and that it should hold the first rank. She has maintained that education, to be complete, must be based on, and permeated with, good, moral and religious principles. In conformity with these sound tenets, she has consistently and generally without remuneration from the State, supported her own schools. She has fostered and nurtured with maternal care and solicitude, the many teaching orders of men and women, who, with unparalleled zeal and self-sacrifice, have devoted themselves to the religious education of the young. Well may she point, with pardonable pride, to those monuments of architecture erected in our cities all over the land, and exclaim: "Behold how I value the education of the youth! See how I have spared neither cost or expense to build these stately edifices for the proper education of the youth of the land. But do not linger without the precincts of those hallowed walls. Enter rather within, and see with what painstaking devotedness my teachers acquit themselves of their noble task. They sacrifice all their talents, their health, yea, their very lives, that my children may obtain a thorough religious, as well as secular education; and of its results I may well be proud!"

For many years past, the Public Schools or secular education has been the fact. It has been weighed in the balance, and, by deep thinking minds, it has been found wanting. One by one they have come to the conclusion that there is something lacking in the system; that secular education is not all-sufficient; that something nobler, something higher must be aimed at; that not only the mind, but also the heart must be educated. Not long ago a writer in the "Colonist" asked: "Wherein lies the fault of these existing evils?" referring to "national unrighteousness." And she answers: "Without doubt it can be traced in the system of education, which provides well enough for the mental needs of our children, but neglects to great extent the cultivation of the moral faculties."

Religious denominations likewise gradually range themselves on the side of the Catholic Church and begin to clamor



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for religious education in the schools. At the pan-Anglican congress, recently held, we learn, from the press despatch, that the conference resolved also that the purely educational systems are educationally, as well as morally, unsound; and that no teaching can be regarded as adequate, unless it be religious teaching.

This should be sufficient argument for our Catholics to send their children to a Catholic school wherever opportunity is offered.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND CARDINAL MANNING.

Cardinal Henry Edward Manning, of England, was ordained in the Episcopal Church in 1833, and after serving that church in various high capacities for eighteen years, was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church on June 14, 1831. In 1835, he succeeded Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster, and was created Cardinal in 1875. He died January 14, 1892.

The Cardinal gives the account of the earliest stage of his conversion in these words:

"I was at Rome, visiting the Museums, the Ruins, the Churches, following the ceremonies like all my compatriots, studying the city in all its aspects. I never had even a shadow of a doubt of the truth of the Protestant Faith, of which I was a minister; never even the most distant thought that I could change from that religion. Nothing that I had seen had made the slightest impression in that direction, and I was as far from Catholicity as when quitting England. One morning I entered the church of St. Louis of the French. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on one of the altars, probably for a novena. Nothing could be more simple; some candles were lit, the clergy were in simple choir habits kneeling upon the ground; there were a few of the faithful in the nave. There was a great distance from this to the Pontifical Offices of St. Peter's but it was God's moment. I felt in the bottom of my heart a mysterious commotion, half light, half attraction, and for the first time in my life it seemed to me that, perhaps here was the Truth, and that there would be nothing impossible in my one day becoming Catholic. It was not yet conversion; it was, I repeat, the first appeal of God, as yet from the very afar. I have not been unfaithful. I have prayed, I have sought, I have studied with all the ardor and all the sincerity of which I was capable. I light every day increased, and grace at last crowned the work. Our Blessed Lord is really and substantially present in the Blessed Sacrament. Our faith does not make him present to us. He is there independent of that, there by an official act of His priest. He condescends to reside in the Tabernacle that He may draw to Himself in love, the souls of men. There He is ever the missionary for thirsting souls, pleading with us to save our own, sweetly coaxing us to devote our lives to assist in the salvation of the souls of others. No doubt, many of us, will recall with gratitude a favorite visit to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament in which we generally decided to make some sacrifice for Him and for souls, who became a great missionary. 'It was God's moment.'—Denver Catholic Register.

ON CATHOLIC LAYMEN. The greatest need of the Catholic Church in America to-day is not more priests or more money, though the lack of both retards many a good work, but more loyal, energetic and enlightened co-operation on the part of laymen. Within her own sacramental sphere the Church continues and develops herself by virtue of our Lord's promise, and twenty centuries of law and discipline have bequeathed to her teaching and governing body a wisdom and strength unique in history. So divinely aided and well ordered is her system that any priest, almost irrespective of mental ability, provided he be obedient and zealous, can perform his essential duties in a fitting manner. The priest never stands alone. Back of him is Christ and the grace and power of Christ's Church giving a force to his words, a strength to his hands and fruit to his labors far out of proportion to the effort made.

Far different is the case of the layman. Whatever he does over and above his bare duty is voluntary personal service. Personality and individual effort means much. Strictly interpreted his duty is easy—attendance at Mass, Communion at Easter, proper money support. Many are content with this minimum and grumble at that. To them the parish is an institution managed by priests, the duties of laymen being limited to attending services and paying dues.

This is a low ideal for an educated and prosperous layman. It was never the norm in Catholic countries in the days of faith. It is a relic of immigrant days, the outcome of primitive and passing conditions. Once the priest had to be the factotum for the people were poor and illiterate. They are not so to-day. The composition and environment of the average parish are far different from those of half a century ago. There are many things that laymen can do for a parish if they have good will and right dispositions.

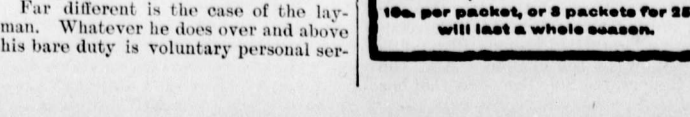
Every parish includes Catholics of wealth, education and ability who often do little more than the poor laborer, but devote their energies to a vain attempt at scaling the social ramparts. The Church foremost must rest content with the prestige of writing their names on the parish register. Some would co-operate if they could run the parish, others if the parish would help them in business, others if the pastor were removed; they cannot see the Church because of some priests. Some stand aloof nursing some ancient grudge or hasty word and contribute nothing except criticism.

So the priest must do everything precisely as did his predecessors when as yet the congregation was composed of poor immigrants. The parish has grown, its responsibilities have increased, problems galley, and a prosperous and educated laity give no more and no less personal service than their ancestors fifty years ago.

It is not now a question of interference of trustees system, of parish advisory board. We have done with that, let us hope forever. It is a question of permissible and needed co-operation in proper lines. These lines are many but for the present, we shall take one, charity. Outside the Church charity has become a highly organized and specialized profession. All that is left of Protestantism has been poured into the cup of humanitarianism. The activity of these agencies is incessant. Money, workers, system, are all ready to their hands. On the other side stands the priest alone.

The Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul could be made real dynamo of charitable energy, but laymen decline to give personal service to the work, which falls by default into the hands of a few well-intentioned folk who do what they can and that is little enough. You may find on all sides non-Catholic professional and business men whose every hour is valuable, giving their time without stint to philanthropic work, but Catholics of the same class seem to consider such service degrading. There are many societies exclusively Catholic in membership and they do singularly little as a rule for charitable works. There is in every parish a many-sided and sore need for charitable activity, yet the average layman takes little more interest in it all than he does in the politics of Tibet. The Church here will never reach her full stature and power for good until laymen do their part.

Why this endless counting of heads? It is not skulls but the quality of their contents that count. Numerically we may be strong, but dynamically we are puny. This is the reason for "Federation." The laymen must be awakened



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Rich Without Money.

None is too large to be measured by the dollar-mark or to be enclosed in his estate: if the wealth of his personality has overflowed until all his neighbors feel richer for his life and example; if every foot of land in his community is worth more because he lives there; then the loss of his property can not materially shrink his inventory.

If you have learned to be rich without money; if you have, by the cultivation of your mental powers, gathered to yourself a treasure of indefatigable wealth; if, like the bee, you have learned the secret of extracting honey from the thistle as well as from the rose, you will look upon your losses as mere incidents, not so very important to the larger and fuller life.

It gives a sense of immense satisfaction to think that there is something within us greater than the wealth we acquire or our material pursuits; that there is something which will survive the fire, the flood, or the tornado which sweeps away our property, which will survive detraction, persecution, calumny; something that will outlast even the dissolution of the body itself.

There is something within us which protests against having our most precious possessions at the mercy of accident or uncertainty. We have an innate assurance that, no matter what happens, nothing can possibly injure our real selves or destroy our greatest riches, our grandest possessions.

This feeling of serenity, this assurance of stability and of possessing that which no power can shake, gives a satisfaction beyond all words to express, imparting to life its true dignity and grandeur.

Does it not seem strange that men will put all their ability, their energy for a lifetime, into piling up the wealth which may be destroyed in an hour, while they make almost no effort to accumulate the wealth of character, the riches of a large, complete manhood, of unselfish service, of culture, riches which survive all disaster, which no fire can touch, no earthquake destroy?

Why He Lost His Friends.

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation-stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.—Success.

It Didn't work.

A man who had been out of work for a long time suddenly recollected reading a story of a clerk who applied for a situation. He was courteously told that there was not a vacancy, and, as he turned away, he stopped and picked up a pin from the floor. The employer, struck by the action, called him back and said: "You seem a careful sort of a man. Call back to-morrow and we will give you a job."

Our hero therefore determined to copy this man's example, and next day saw him standing before a large manufacturer, having previously dropped a pin on the floor.

Getting the usual reply that there was no vacancy, he turned away, and then, like the other man, stooped and picked up a pin. But the result was different.

"Here, Henry!" shouted the employer to his servant, "see this fellow off the premises! A man who steals a pin would steal anything!"

Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances.—Sidney Smith.

One of the joys of heaven, as we can readily believe, will be the clear and ready explanations that we shall receive there of many things that have puzzled us on earth. We shall know why God has, in His perfect wisdom, permitted many things that perplexed us here; we shall understand the holy fitness of many a dark and weary hour against which human nature was often tempted to rebel on earth. So, too, with our Lord's earthly life—we shall find eternal joy.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ODD ONE.

"But, mother, there won't be a single girl of my special friends in school after this year!" Lucie cried to allow her mother to grasp the full significance of this fact. "Not one!" she repeated, impressively.

Mrs. Campbell did not seem as overwhelmed as Lucie had expected. "Indeed, dear," she said quietly, "that is unfortunate. But does that necessarily make a difference as to your plans?"

"No difference, mother?" Lucie cried. "Why, I don't want to be the odd one! Grace and Elise are going to finish at Miss Partridge's school," she added, suggestively.

"Yes, dear. But the yearly tuition of that school amounts to two-thirds of your father's salary. It would be out of the question, even if we felt certain that the influence there would be best for you."

"And the others are going to drop school," continued Lucie. "Caroline's father says that there are plenty of things a girl can learn right at home."

"That is true, Lucie. But at the same time, the demand for trained brains is constantly increasing. A girl can learn the arts of homemaking without neglecting her education, and that is something I am not willing you should do."

That should have settled the question. But as a matter of fact, it did not. When the school year opened and Lucie was the only representative of a little circle of girls who had been fast friends since their kindergarten days, her interest in her kindergarten days, her interest in her work seemed to vanish. She had not learned that numbers do not decide questions of right or even of expediency. And she was foolishly ambitious to be on the side of the majority. Her listlessness and indifference showed in her class standings. She welcomed every excuse for absenting herself from the sessions of school. Her father and mother began to realize that the situation was more serious than they had supposed.

It isn't merely that she is missing her chance for an education," Mr. Campbell said to his wife, "but she is getting the wrong education. She is learning half-hearted methods. She is becoming a shirk."

But his expostulations and her mother's remonstrances had strangely little effect on Lucie. She wanted to do as the other girls had done, and felt ill-used and unhappy when the opportunity was denied her.

Discontent has an unfortunate effect on the health. Lucie was taken sick, and the doctor advised her parents not to send her back to school that year.

When the question was broached the following fall she pleaded so pitifully to stay at home that, almost against their better judgment, the perplexed parents yielded. At fifteen Lucie's school life had come to an end, and she was perfectly satisfied, because she was no longer "the odd one" of her little circle.

Three years passed before anything happened to make her doubt the wisdom of her choice. Then came the financial panic, which affected the business of the entire country, and worked havoc in the little city of Bruxton. Failure followed failure. One afternoon Lucie came in from a walk to find her father at home. He was leaning back in the big chair looking very white, and his eyes were closed. His wife sat beside him, passing her hand gently over his contracted brows. Lucie uttered a startled exclamation. "Is father sick?"

"Not sick, only tired," Mrs. Campbell answered, and she made a gesture which Lucie understood to mean that no more questions were to be asked. It was a full hour before she found a chance to give Lucie the explanation she wanted. "Westcott & Clark have failed. Your father is without a position."

"But of course he can get another!" Lucie cried with the buoyant optimism of inexperience.

Her mother checked a sigh. "We will hope so," she said. "But it is a bad time for that just now. Firms are discharging their men instead of taking on new ones." For a moment her anxiety betrayed itself in her face. Then, by a resolute effort she regained control of herself and went smilingly back to her husband, as if her heart were light.

But Lucie, who had seen the momentary betrayal, thrilled with sudden womanliness. She would help. She was young and strong, and there must be a chance for her. An unspeakable tenderness for the father who had worked for his home so unrelentingly since her first recollections, welled up in her heart. Now it was her time to work for him.

The next day, without speaking of her purpose to anyone, she went to the office of the chairman of the school board. He was a friend of her father's and had known her since her babyhood, and she felt sure of his sympathetic interest. "Yes, that's right," he said, when she had told her errand. "You feel as if you wanted to be a help in this crisis. I think perhaps we can do something for you. Let me see, what year did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate," explained Lucie. "I left the high school the first term of the second year."

"Indeed!" The hope in Lucie's heart dropped like the mercury in a thermometer at a blast of a chilling north wind. "I'm sorry to hear that," said the gentleman, gravely. "That makes a difference. We're particular about our teachers nowadays, Miss Lucie. A high school course is the least we can possibly accept."

A sudden dryness of Lucie's throat made it impossible for her to reply. She pushed back her chair and made an effort to rise. But the chairman of the school board was knitting his brows over some mental problem. "Wait a moment," he exclaimed. "I know of a position of bookkeeper which will be vacant in about two weeks. Possibly I could get you in there."

The girl moistened her dry lips and answered with an effort. "But I don't know anything about bookkeeping. It came later in the course."

"I see," said the chairman of the school board with kindly regret. "Well,

my dear young lady, this is one of the times when even experienced workers are likely to be without positions. And I need not tell you that one who had no definite training for any special work may expect a hard time."

He did not need to tell her, indeed! But though she went out from his office with a sense of humiliation and discouragement, new to her experience, that was but the beginning. For weeks she continued her search for employment. She inserted advertisements in the daily papers. She studied the column, "Help Wanted, Female," at first eagerly, later with the dogged persistence that would not give up. Her father was at work again, though in a position inferior to that he had formerly held, before Lucie was engaged to read three hours a day to an invalid. She was paid for this service the sum of \$3 a week. "I wouldn't mind paying more to the right person," the old lady told her frankly, "but you read so badly my dear."

It is a long lane that has no turning. The reaction from the business depression came at last. Industries which had lain dormant for months, woke up and pushed ahead. Lucie's father secured a position at a better salary, and Lucie's \$3 a week was no longer necessary to eke out the family income. The invalid parted with Lucie reluctantly. "You're a nice, amiable girl," she said. "And you've improved in your reading. I wouldn't mind paying a dollar more to keep you."

"I shant be able to do it any longer," Lucie explained, the color rising in her cheeks. "I'm going back to school."

Her mother looked at her hard when Lucie announced that determination. "It will be a trying place for you, Lucie," she said. "Your old acquaintances will have graduated. You will be much older than the majority of your classmates. You will seem the odd one."

She had a purpose in answering as she did. She was anxious to see what her daughter had really learned from the experiences of those trying months.

Lucie smiled. Her eyes met her mother's frankly. "Yes, I know," she said. "But that doesn't worry me now. I've learned that doing as others do is less important than choosing what is best for one's self."—Catholic News.

PIOUS IRISH FISHERMEN.

It is interesting to read in the Dublin Leader how the good Catholics of the famous fishing village of Cladagh, Galway, inaugurate every year the festival of their traditional industry. The fishing season opens about the 15th of August, and on that day, if it happens to be fine, all the fishing boats, in the trimmest condition and fully manned, form in a long line. One of the Friars from the neighboring Dominican convent enters the leading boat, and in procession order they all sail out to the lighthouse, where the sails are lowered. The reverend father then recites the Rosary, and the responses are given by over a hundred fishermen while the boats are swayed from side to side by the waves. When the prayers are finished, holy water is sprinkled on the sea, and the boats return home in the same order. This ceremony, which has been continued from time immemorial, they never fail to carry out, and if by any chance the 15th of August is too rough for the boats to go out the ceremony is deferred till the following Sunday. The Dominican Fathers assist in their turn, and when a good year follows, the fishermen do not forget the Father who officiated at the ceremony of the opening.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Under this caption the Springfield Mass., Daily Republican in a recent issue devotes a lengthy and careful editorial to the question indicated. Therein it holds that the Anglican Church has but lately given a demonstration that it would not take the field as an active enemy of socialism. The pan-Anglican conference, it says, in which Episcopal bishops from the United States participated, declared, in effect, that socialism had become a question of politics, and it virtually placed the Anglican and Episcopal churches alongside the general body of Protestants in declining to declare open war on the socialist movement.

Contrasting this attitude with that of the Catholic Church, it concludes that "the Roman Catholic Church is the only one of the Christian sects (!) that conducts an active campaign on anti-socialist lines. In so far as socialism is in politics, the Roman

Church determinedly follows it into the political field, and thereby makes itself a political force. And not only in Europe, but in this country, it appears. It was in strict harmony with the papal decrees of the past century that the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Boston last week resolved upon the formation of Catholic workingmen's societies to counteract the socialist propaganda.

Commenting on the hope expressed by one of the speakers at this convention that the Catholic Church's attitude of uncompromising opposition to socialism would soon afford a rallying point for conservative Protestants, as well as Catholics, in defense of the social system, was not, the editor claims, without some justification, in view of the Lambeth conference. Socialists themselves, he says, appear to be settling into the final belief that in Rome they are to have an uncompromising and everlasting foe.

And well does he conclude that "the Roman Church would need to revolutionize itself in order to adapt itself to socialism's main ideas. Not only is the theory of economic determinism contrary to its views of divine oversight and guidance in human affairs; not only is the idea of collectivism as applied to land and other forms of property in antagonism to the Church's claim to a divine right to possess property, whether real or personal; but socialism's attitude toward the family and the control of children is so far contrary to the Church's own claims in that direction that no harmonious adjustment of the two systems seems in the least possible."—Church Progress.

Ministerial "Calls."

Appropos of the unintelligible subject of Protestant ministerial "calls," the Catholic Standard and Times says: "A Presbyterian clergyman of this city has 'accepted a call' to a fashionable church in Washington, D. C. In breaking the painful fact of the separation to his late congregation he expressed the belief that it was God's will that another should carry on the work he had been doing, although the choice lay with himself. This is carrying the predestination idea out to the bitter end with a golden finish."



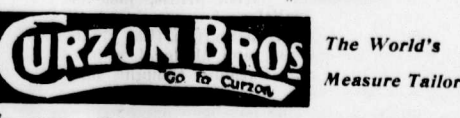
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