

Senate R. Room.

Northwest Review.

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CURRENT COMMENT

We begin this week the publication of a Pastoral Letter from His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Although the French original was printed three months ago, the English printed translation did not reach us till lately. This weighty document sets forth, in a practical form, the reasonableness and importance of united prayer for our dear departed ones.

The dry weather of the last few weeks is playing havoc with the prospects of this year's harvest. Prayer for rain would be most opportune.

President Roosevelt, after all, was present at Father Villalonga's Grand Act; but as he came in at the end of the disputation, he heard nothing but Cardinal Gibbons' Latin speech of congratulation to the defender of 800 theological propositions, and Father Villalonga's apt reply. The President himself was welcomed in a well worded address by the Rev. W. Banks Rogers, S.J., President of the St. Louis University. The Chief Executive of the United States replied with his usual heartiness, directness and force. He said: "Father, Cardinal Gibbons, Gentlemen: It is indeed a pleasure to be received here as a guest of the first and oldest University founded in our country west of the Mississippi River in this Louisiana Purchase. (Applause.) I know your work; I have myself been much in the West and I have come across the traces of your work both among the communities of our own people and among the Indian tribes; and it is indeed a pleasure to be here to-day in this historic University and to greet you, and to listen as I shall to the quite unique ceremony in this part of the country. I thank you personally for your kind allusion to me. I would hold myself recreant to the principles upon which this Government is founded did I not strive as Chief Executive to do fair and equal justice to all men without regard to the way in which any man chooses to worship his Maker. (Loud and continued applause.) I thank you for your greeting, and appreciate it and I can assure you, you are not as glad to have me as I am to be here."

Father Rogers, in his address, informed President Roosevelt that Father Villalonga was born in Spain, had had a long residence and apostleship in the Philippines, and, after learning to esteem the United States and her institutions, is now preparing to return to Manila. Easterners express their surprise that so learned and ready a theologian should be relegated to the Orient; why should not his theological lore be treasured up for consultation and professional teaching in one of the great seminaries of the more civilized world? But this is not the reasoning of true apostles. Nowhere is deep and wide learning more necessary than on the confines of civilization, where the most intricate problems arise and have to be solved on the spot, and where all the restless spirits of the globe do congregate.

The Grand Act supposes a combination of gifts and acquirements which few men can present. First, there must be thorough familiarity with the Latin tongue and fluency in its use. Secondly, the defender must have a quick and retentive memory in order to retain the entire sequence of each objection and remember its exact wording, not to speak of the vast range of reading which seven or more years of pre-

paration must cover. Thirdly, he must have a bright and at the same time a well balanced intellect to be able to seize the point and drift of everything, detect immediately the slightest flaw in an argument and marshal his own forces of counter-argument in the most effective order. Finally, he has to do all this, not in the silence and slowness of a written examination, but offhand in the presence of an audience trained to all the thrust and parry of the most learned schools in the world, and watching for every possible slip. How Father Villalonga stood this ordeal is thus described in the "Western Watchman" of St. Louis!

One could not resist the feeling of admiration for the calm, gracious figure at the central table, meeting every objection with dauntless ease and courtesy, pouring forth into the discussion, from memory and without reference to books, vast streams of erudition from the Scriptures, the Fathers, the Councils of the Church and the treatises of famous theologians. He seemed to find the time too short for even the mere mention of the various stores of learning at his disposal for casting light on the questions under discussion. Father Villalonga was easily master of his difficult situation, and when the session closed he was surrounded immediately by congratulating friends and strangers.

Dr. Croke, the Roman correspondent of many American Catholic papers, writes under date of April 15th: "During about three months, His Holiness has been less well than usual, and also enfeebled. He has suffered from slight digestive and intestinal troubles, which, however, have not given alarm, and he has had a persistent cold with cough. To these troubles and to the moral depression not unnaturally produced on his sensitive and generous soul by the troubles of the Church in France, the country of his predilection and most loving care, must be ascribed the comparative infrequency of his audiences and public appearances, and the suspension of the pilgrimages arranged to come to Rome for April 28, the day on which he will reach 'the years of Peter.' He has, however, during the present week been as active as ever, and Rome is full of hope."

Father Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, thus sums up the recent case of Father Walser at Lorain, Ohio:—

A Protestant mob came near lynching a priest on Saturday last for the brutal murder of a girl. On Tuesday his Reverence's arm was nearly pulled out of its socket by the same people anxious to congratulate him on his acquittal. The strange part of the proceeding was, there was never a spark of evidence to connect the clergyman with the crime. The very dogs refused to give evidence against him, and he came forth from his dungeon like a Daniel from his lions' den.

THREE DEGREES.

Several professors were talking over the proposed change in the diplomas of the University of Manitoba, according to which four qualifications are to be added to the time-honored formula: "rite" (duly) to the pass degree; "cum laude" (with praise) to the 2nd class degree; "magna cum laude" (with great praise) to the 1st class; and "maxima cum laude" to 1st class A. One who had travelled much remarked: "In California they have only three degrees: 'cum laude, cum scratchy, and come again.'"

Persons and Facts

The appeal of Infanta Eulalie to the Pope for the annulment of her marriage with the Duke of Galliera has been refused. Not only is it impossible to annul the marriage except on canonical grounds, but the Spanish Government has made strong representations to the Vatican against Eulalie's position. She is very angry at the failure of her mission, as she wants to marry a French nobleman.

An electric device invented by Rev. Louis Gabriel, of St. Joseph's church, Hoboken, N.J., to protect the poorboxes from robbery bagged its second man recently. The alarm is connected with the rectory, and when it sounded Father Gabriel hastened to the church and locked the doors. He then notified the police, who found a man hiding under one of the pews.

The priests of late years appointed to the U.S. navy have so raised the morals of the service that the Secretary of the Navy has condescended to the notion of raising the order to induce some more men of the calibre and fibre of the priests to enter the service.

In Carney hospital, South Boston, recently, Sister Neri, one of the forty Sisters of Charity who comprised the nursing staff of the Satterlee Military hospital, established in this city during the Civil War, passed to her reward. Sister Neri was 79 years old, having been born in New York City in 1824, and was Miss Mary Matthews before joining the Sisterhood. She entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Md., in 1846, and had passed fifty-seven years as a member of the order.

During his recent visit to Rome the Duke of Norfolk left in the hands of Mgr. Stonor, of the English college there a sum of money to be distributed as follows: Peter's Pence, \$5,000; hospital of the English Nursing Sisters, \$400; Catholic night schools, \$200; San Silvestro, \$100; fund for the restoration of the church of San Giorgio in Velabro, \$100.

From a special Washington correspondent we learn that the official documents relating to the Father Augustin murder are very voluminous. This is advanced as an argument in favor of the Government's energetic investigation of that unfortunate incident. So long as Father Augustin's remains fill a dishonored grave in a base ball field, while Captain Brownell enjoys fullest immunity from punishment for his act, the quality and bulk of the official correspondence does not signify.—Exchange.

Most Rev. Archbishop Farley has consented to serve on the New York City local of the National Civic Federation, which is to arbitrate between capital and labor. There are three sections—on the part of the employers, on the part of the public, and on the part of the wage-earners. The Most Rev. Archbishop is one of the 24 representing the public.

Father Chase, of St. Mary's church, Moorfields, London, himself a convert, gives the following particulars of the converts who lately belonged to St. Michael's church, Shoreditch: "About ninety-two who attended at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, are under special instruction. New comers are steadily presenting themselves, many of them heads of families. Counting the members of the different families, there are altogether one hundred and ten receiving instruction." He believes the movement will produce two hundred conversions.

Another church taken from the Catholics and given to the Alt-Catholics has been restored. The fine church of Biel was for thirty years under the jurisdiction of Bishop Herzog, but it was falling to decay for want of funds to keep it in repair, and the Protestant government of the canton decided to give it back to its rightful owners.

The Benedictines have been forced to abandon their historic college at Douai. The foundation and early life of this interesting school have more than a passing interest for the English-speaking Catholic world. The gospel and epistles which were read every Sunday in our churches were there clothed in their quaint but matchless English.

Mrs. McIntyre and Jim returned from Europe last week. Mrs. Monchamp and Miss Monchamp will probably remain abroad in Germany and France till September.

The Medical examinations began last Monday. The presiding officer is Rev. Dr. Hart. About one hundred candidates are writing.

Father McLaughlin's "Reminiscences of the Late Thomas Nevins" has now appeared in book form. The Bishop of Newport has read it with deep interest, and feels that "this sketch of a great employer of labor and an excellent Catholic should be in the hands of all our young men."

Sir Francis Bertie, who received the King at the British Embassy in Rome on Monday, has been only a few months abroad. The whole of his official life was spent, until his appointment to Rome, in the Foreign Office, where he has charge of the Far Eastern Department. "Mr. Bertie," the late Queen is said to have remarked to him one day after dinner, "I must ask you to be good enough not to sign your telegrams announcing your arrival 'Bertie,' as it makes me expect my son, and causes me disappointment."—Catholic Times (England) May 1.

A telegram received in Edinburgh on Tuesday afternoon from Rome states that the Scottish Pilgrims, in number about one hundred, were that day granted an audience by His Holiness the Pope. The Archbishops of St. Andrews and Edinburgh and Glasgow and the Bishops of Aberdeen and Dunkeld, representing the Scottish Hierarchy, presented handsome donations of Peter's Pence from Scotland.—Ibid.

The King, says the "Daily Chronicle," finds "a friend at Court" even in the Vatican. This is the Archbishop of Trebizond, an ecclesiastic better known in this country as Mgr. Stonor, the younger son of a Lord Camoys, and therefore the member of a family renowned for its service to the Royal House of England. For the arrangement of details he has an ingrained aptitude; and though the episcopal purple of his robes (they are likely enough to be red before long) is set off by an ample crown of the whitest hair, he is young enough to bear without fatigue frequent comings and goings between London and Rome.

Colonel Plunkett, who has lost his life in Somaliland, belonged to one of the oldest of Irish families. The Plunketts were settled in the County Meath long before the Norman invasion of Ireland. In Meath and the adjoining counties the family has maintained a leading position for ten centuries. There are no fewer than five peers in the family, all claiming descent from the same ancestry. They are the Earl of Fingall, and Lords Dunsany, Louth, Plunket, and Rathmore.

Quite a large gathering assembled at Haddo House on Saturday, April 25, for the presentation of a silver wedding gift to Lord and Lady Aberdeen from their tenantry. The gift took the form of a silver centre-piece, and a leading feature of the design consists of silver models of cattle bred on the estate which have attained celebrity as champion prize winners.

On the decision of the Havre Courts against the Dominicans and Franciscans, who have refused to leave their monasteries, being given against the monks, vast crowds escorted the Fathers, cheering them all the way to their convents.

The Manchester Catholic Collegiate Institute, conducted by the Xaverian Brothers, has been officially recognized as a secondary school "for the purposes of Regulations 3 and 4 of the Schedule to the Order in Council of the 6th March, 1902."

Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, has replied to M. Combes' letter, informing him of the withdrawal of his salary, as follows: "I have never cared for honors or money, but I care for my duty and my honor. You threaten me with other measures. Carry them out; I have never been afraid of anyone."

The venerable missionary, Father Lacombe, O.M.I., has been relieved of parish work and will now, for the fourth or fifth final time, retire to Pincher Creek. Father Fitzpatrick succeeds him as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Calgary.

A sacristy or vestry has lately been added to the Catholic church at Moosomin, where Mass is celebrated now with great regularity.

Mrs. Currie, daughter of Mrs. McLorg, has lately come from Superior, Wis., to stay at Moosomin with her brother, Mr. McLorg.

Last week we hoped the genial President of the Catholic Club would send us some report of the Brunswick Balk billiard competition, but, as he was himself the winner of the beautiful cue, his modesty deprived our readers of a special account of what most of them already knew.

THE CATHOLIC PAPER AND THE ADVERTISER.

From the Boston Republic.

The revenue, of course, comes from the advertising. Advertising comes from the belief of the merchant that the paper has readers who form a purchasing class. * * * Catholic influence, religious and social, makes and keeps homes. That is what it is here for. Homes are what produce consumers.

Marriage and the bringing up of children cause more shopping than any other incident of human life. and both marriage and child-rearing are the special functions which are deliberately, perennially and successfully fostered and promoted among Catholics. The merchants know this from happy experience; they testify to their understanding of it by advertising in the paper which goes into the Catholic homes that are and that shall be.

It should be a matter of more than mere curiosity for our readers to note what merchants do and what do not show at once their shrewdness and their good feeling in this way. It should be a matter of pride and of graciousness with Catholics to make a point of giving such merchants the preference. They have the best stores in the city; just notice which they are and govern yourself accordingly.

Young Woman's Corner

DIVINE ORDER.

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful and then the glad;
Tears for a day; for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright and after that the dark,
But first the dark and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud and then the rainbow arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war,
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies,
Then the far sparkle of the morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.
—Horatius Bonar.
Ever onward must thy soul;—
'Tis the progress gains the goal.
—Schiller.

PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right,
Pray, if thou canst with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light,
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite,
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material heaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
—Hartley Coleridge.

"Bring flowers of the rarest,
Bring flowers of the fairest,
From garden and woodland, and hillside and dale,
Our full hearts are swelling,
Our glad voices telling,
The praise of the loveliest Rose of the vale.

Chorus—
O, Mary we crown thee with blossoms to-day,
The Queen of the Angels is Queen of the May.
In cool shaded alley,
In bloom-laden valley,
The warblers of spring time in chorus unite,
The portals of Heaven
By seraphs are riven,
Down sweeping through pathways of music and light.

Chorus—
Sweet maid! blessed mother!
Dear titles!—another
Is thine and the cherubim chant it above.
Their Lady they name thee,
Their mistress proclaim thee,
Oh, grant that we mortals inherit their love!"
Chorus—

The Queen of the Angels! Sweet maid! Blessed mother! Our Lady! dear titles indeed. Every woman worthy of the name is proud of those titles—as applied to the Mother of God and our dear mother.

The very thought of the Blessed Virgin makes every good woman happy; makes her tingle with delight; makes her bow in reverence in the presence of perfection. Oh, the sanctity that her being has brought to womanhood and to motherhood. What she suffered for us should make her dear to us. But it is more likely that what she suffered for us has made us dear to her. It is always the one who makes us suffer most that we most love. She patiently and willingly endured the pain of the tragic death of her dear son and Lord for our redemption. Her life was a continual "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." She is a blessing to every Catholic woman. She is an inspiration, a model and a mediation. Just to think of her should make one better. It is hard to conceive of a good Catholic woman, or indeed a good woman of any denomination, who isn't devoted to the Blessed Virgin. To mothers in trouble she is a perpetual resource, for who can better sympathize with them than the one whose heart was pierced with the sword of sorrow. To young girls she is a perpetual model, for she is the "Virgin most prudent."

There is no surer way to earn the title of lady than by emulation of the Blessed Lady. Her grace and dignity of person were unbounded. Religious habits of thought and action make any woman more graceful and dignified. When a girl or woman is doubtful about doing or saying something let her ask herself would the Blessed Lady, the Catholic woman's model, do it. If the answer is no, let her hesitate. Mostly the woman who hesitates is saved.

It is a great wonder that any mother would have a family without one Mary in it. There is a good Catholic Irishman in St. Paul who has given the name of Mary for one of the names of every member of his family—boys and girls. This shows a laudatory spirit of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in the way he praises her name. It is a pretty name and its significance—full of grace—is enough to recommend it to any mother. It is a weakness too to allow it to be perverted into any of the senseless, nicknames that are so often heard. The month of Mary is here and it would be a pretty wholesome thought for every woman to resolve to become more like the one perfect woman the world has known.

Ask her help to become good women—women that will make the world better—women whose presence will be a benediction in the home and abroad. Women who are glorified in the halo of glory that surrounds the head of one of their sex, and women who are an honor to their sex and to the one who made womanhood a glorious state.
AMICA.

Chats with Young Men

Why have I not before this time written to young men on the subject of temperance? I cannot answer. I thought of it many times, but I feared that any observations I should make would be so commonplace as not to have any interest to my readers. Again I cannot answer; for there is no excuse for my listening to such puerile fears. They are the promptings of the Arch-enemy of souls. We are men—let us reason like men; we are Christians—let us be plain on matters of salvation.

It is not my purpose to give a temperance lecture. Every drunken man, every human wreck that whisky has tossed up on the shores of life, every home that has been converted by intemperance into a haunt of distress and misery, every one of these is a temperance lecture to a man with a head and heart. But I have a few observations to make to young men who wish to succeed in the world, but who, at the same time, think that temperance is not essential to success.

Let us suppose the case of a young man who is in the habit of taking a few drinks every day or who goes on a "drunk" periodically. He must spend a fair portion of his wages in this way on him-

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self and, to be sure, he will spend as much more on associates. This will prevent him from saving his margins above the cost of living. The fact that a young man has the drinking habit at all makes him less desirable as an employee and almost totally debar him from positions of great trust. He fails to rise in the confidence of his employers and sees men who stood below him pass him in the race of merit. A reaction sets in. He loses ambition, takes solace in the exhilarating bowl, and henceforth lines up with those whose ambition is existence.

A young man addicted to intemperance cannot succeed. This is why. A sober young man has all he can do to live respectably, pay his debts, at intervals secure a better position at higher wages, all the time saving a little capital with which to begin business for himself. Ask any youth of good habits and he will corroborate what I say. He will express wonder to you how certain lads addicted to drink manage to meet their obligations. A great many of them do not. They acquire dishonest habits and that tells the secret of their apparent smooth sailing. Therefore if a young man who is sober and honest finds life a continuous struggle what must it be to him who cripples his chances by squandering money, time, talents and opportunities? It must be and is most discouraging. He tries to forget his struggles by sacrificing his reason for a time to the sweet oblivion of the wine cup, but on its return he feels less capable of facing the battle. Thus the man who depends on liquor to solve his troubles is merely burying his head in the sand, like the ostrich.

What then, shall I say by way of solving the temperance problem for young men? I can give one advice that I know is good—leave intoxicants alone altogether; be a total abstainer. That is the only absolutely good advice I can give. For so many men have endeavored to indulge lightly and have over-esti-

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mated their strength that I would not take the chance myself or advise any one else to take it. For this I know, that the habit of drinking will overpower the strong mind besieged by a craving appetite that is stronger. And I know too that where whisky stands between a man and success the man will always delay too long at the whisky. When business is prosperous he feels that he can afford his whisky and time; when business lags he will tide over the dull period with associates who will quaff off troubles with him, and when business is fast becoming a bad venture the proprietor will hasten the wreck by yielding completely to the helpmate of all his failures—whisky.

FINEM RESPICE.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
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Pastor, REV. A. A. CHERRIER.

SUNDAYS—Low Mass, with short instruction, 8.30 a.m.
High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Mass at 7.30 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A. for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

The Northwest Review is the official organ for Manitoba and the Northwest, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

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Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Sts., every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

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ST. MARY'S COURT, No. 276

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PASTORAL LETTER

Of His Grace L. P. A. Langevin,
O. M. I.

Canonically Instituting in His Diocese the Pious Association of Union of Prayers for the Departed.

Archbishopric of St. Boniface,
2 February, 1903.

Louis Philippe-Adelard Langevin by the Grace of God and Favor of Apostolic See, Archbishop of St. Boniface.

To the Regular and Secular Clergy, to the Religious Communities, and to all the faithful of our Diocese, health and benediction in the Lord.

To Our Well Beloved Brethren,—

The Church of Jesus-Christ, which cannot err, since her Divine Master, has promised to remain with her and to teach her all truth until the consummation of the world, reminds us, by the Holy Council of Trent, Sess. VI. C. 31, that sinful man must suffer temporal pain in this life, or in the life to come, in order to obtain full remission of his sins, before entering into the kingdom of Heaven, she declares in Sess. XXII. that Purgatory exists and that the souls detained there are helped by the suffrages of the faithful; above all, by the precious sacrifice of the mass; bishops are commanded to preach this holy doctrine transmitted to them by the Fathers and Councils of the Church.

It is in order to obey this grave and wise injunction that we come, dearly beloved brethren, to speak to you on devotion to the Holy Souls of Purgatory.

Belief in expiation after death has always existed in humanity, even among pagans and that ancient philosopher who has been called the Divine Plato teaches that those who have been guilty of curable offences suffer after death pains proportioned to their faults, until purified from their sins, they are judged worthy to receive recompense for the good actions they have done.—Gorgias, 171.

The views of the Pagans of old, and of those of our Indians who are still plunged in idolatry, touching the migration and laborious journeys of souls after death, the offerings of food and materials for hunting and fishing, deposited still in our day, on these pagan tombs, alongside our lakes and rivers, are they not so many proofs of the unshaken belief of humanity in a state of expiation after death? Can this constant and universal belief be falsehood and error? The Jews believed in Purgatory, and we have a striking proof of this in the fact that Judas Machabeus sent to the temple at Jerusalem, a sum of money destined for the offering of sacrifices, to expiate the sins of the soldiers who had fallen in battle, and who had concealed objects of superstition underneath their garments. Holy writ clearly affirms this belief in these words: "For it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."—2 Mach. XII. 23-46.

Also when our Lord spoke of sins which might be forgiven in the other world and of the prisons, where one may not be delivered, until the last farthing of his debt be paid, he evidently made allusion to a place of expiation in the next world, and the Jews well understood this.

It is in vain, says St. Augustine in the "City of God" Bk. XXI. C. 24, that Jesus Christ has spoken to them of sins, which could not be forgiven either in this world or in the next, if there were no sins in the next, remission is received not in this life but the life to come.

"Why should Our Lord have spoken this," cries out St. Bernard, "if there is no remission in the other world by cleansing from sin?"—Serm. LVI. in Canticum No. 11.

St. Cyprian speaks of a long purgation by fire after death (Lib. 4, Epist. 2). Also St. John Chrysostom exclaims with reason: "It is not with tears, but with prayers, with supplications, with alms, with offerings, that we help the dead. Let us not weary of helping them by our prayers," and in his third

homily on the Epistle to the Philipians, the same holy doctor speaks of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the dead and calls to mind apostolic authority. "It is not in vain," says he, "that the Apostles themselves decreed to make commemoration of the dead during the redoubtable mysteries, because they knew the departed drew thence profit and immense advantage."

But hear, dearly beloved Brethren, how the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, explains the doctrine of the Church, in regard to the state of the souls after death: "Enlightened by the judgment of God on her merits and demerits, the soul, says he, goes away of herself to the place of her eternity, like those light or heavy bodies which mount or descend to that place, where their moving should terminate. Nothing stops the soul which is crushed under the weight of sin, fixed by impotence; it falls heavily into the abyss of eternal suffering; but the penitent soul to whom God has shown heaven, and who feels herself drawn towards the region of eternal happiness may not be sufficiently pure to bear the sight of Him, who suffers nothing impure in His presence. Hence the necessity of a middle state where grace is obliged to await glory and to continue in pain the purification that repentance has not had time to finish on earth. This middle state the Church calls Purgatory."

The authority of Sacred Scripture and the testimony of the Fathers establish this truth so well that to deny it would be heresy.—Sum. Theo., Supp. quaes. 69, a. 2.

You see, dearly beloved brethren, there is nothing better proved than the dogma of Purgatory, and if the Church has defined nothing on the nature of the pains that souls suffer therein, and on the place itself of their expiation, she teaches, however, that these souls suffer very much, not only on account of the temporal pain due to sins that have not been satisfied for in this world, but also on account of the cruel privation of the sight of God.

St. Augustine declares that the mysterious fire of Purgatory is so hard to bear that it surpasses all that one can endure, see, or imagine here below, in the way of suffering.—Ser. IV. "De igne purgatorii."

"The greatest pains and sufferings of this life, says St. Thomas, are less than the smallest sufferings of Purgatory.—IV. Dist., 9, 1, a. 1.

It is in vain, dearly beloved brethren, that heresy has pretended to destroy the truth of the existence of Purgatory by denying it, in spite of Holy Writ and Tradition. Common sense and the human heart reply: "What you say is false, you vainly seek to deceive us." In fact, common sense revolts at the idea that very great sinners who have found grace before God at their last hour by an act of contrition, a cry of repentance should be immediately received into heaven, just like innocent souls who had never committed grievous sin or like repentant sinners, who have passed their lives in the practice of most rigorous penance.

Now-a-days, we are often asked with painful anxiety what we think of the state of such and such a one who has lived a life of disorder or of religious indifference, for whom death came unexpectedly, and who quitted this world without any sign of repentance.

Assuredly their salvation is very uncertain, and there is little hope for them; above all, with the heretical teaching that there is no longer expiation after death, that there remains now but heaven or hell. All or nothing.

But the doctrine of Purgatory authorizes us to entertain some hope for the salvation of these sinners so dearly loved, since the wisdom and mercy of God have prepared a place of expiation after death.

This is how a modern preacher, the learned Father Montsabre, speaks of these unfortunate souls:

"But those who are surprised by death in their sins, those who have hardly time to shed a tear, and to make one sign in reply to the supreme appeal, which we address to their conscience, must we believe they are eternally lost to us? Alas! we know but too well what they owe to divine justice, and we can-



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not conceive what the mercy of God could do for them, if beyond the tomb, there were nothing but this terrible "All or Nothing." "All is finished," and since we have loved these unhappy ones, it only remains for us to mourn their fate and drown their memory with inconsolable tears. My God! how barbarous is the doctrine which forces me to this despair! But it is not yours, O Lord!"

The author continues to say with justice that a single movement of the heart imperceptible to men but perceptible to God suffices to obtain pardon for the sinner, and that often, according to the expression of the mystical poet, Dante, the demon sees his prey escape him, because of one poor little tear. Yes, for one poor little tear, because there is a Purgatory. And then what happiness for us to think that our dear dead are not completely separated from us, and that there is a bond of love which unites us, and that there is a means of communing with them.

But, dearly beloved brethren, when we speak to you of the infinite mercy of God in saving sinners at their last hour, we have no intention of encouraging slothfulness in the divine service, but we desire to reassure timid minds and repress the excessive severity which would deprive the souls of Purgatory of the prayers they need. We desire to encourage you to succor, to relieve them, and to prove your unalterable fidelity even beyond the tomb. We desire to vivify your faith by appealing to your hearts. What more consoling than the dogma of the communion of saints! "Credo Sanctorum Communionem."

We believe that the Church Militant on earth forms with the Church triumphant in Heaven, and the Church suffering in Purgatory, one and the same body, under one and the same head, Jesus Christ, who animates and vivifies all the parts of the grand whole. We believe, with St. Paul, that in the same way as the human body, composed of divers members, receives one and the same life, by the circulation of the same blood, and forms one only body, animated by one only soul; in the same way also, the faithful who are the members of the same body of Jesus Christ, participate in the same divine life, and can consequently mutually aid one another, although they live in different places and states. Yes, we can solace our suffering brethren in Purgatory, because we believe in the communion of saints. What sweet consolation for loving and faithful hearts!

(To be continued.)



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POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MAY.

- 17—Fifth Sunday after Easter. St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.
- 18—Monday—Rogation Day. Our Lady of Mercy.
- 19—Tuesday—Rogation Day. St. Peter Celestine, Pope.
- 20—Wednesday—Rogation Day and Vigil. St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor.
- 21—Thursday—Feast of the Ascension.
- 22—Friday—St. John Baptist de la Salle, Founder of the Christian Brothers.
- 23—Saturday—Office of the second day within the octave of the Ascension.

OUR NEW CURATE.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we welcome into our midst the Rev. Father Frigon, O. M. I., as an assistant priest in St. Mary's parish. Father Frigon combines with a healthy possession of Catholic devotion and earnest piety the energy of youth, and that progressiveness of spirit which aims at presenting Catholicity in its most pleasing light to those who do not understand it. One of the many things that recommend Father Frigon to the Catholics of Winnipeg is his neat and gentlemanly appearance on the street. It may be of interest to the readers of the Northwest Review to get a glimpse into Father Frigon's history. He was born in St. Maurice, P. Q. His early education was obtained at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at Three Rivers College. After graduating from the latter college he joined the Oblate Order and entered Ottawa University. Graduating in the theology from this University he was sent to Brownsville, Texas, to occupy the position of Rector of St. Mary's College of that place. At the end of three years he was called to Montreal, where, until his appointment as assistant at St. Mary's Church, he has been engaged in missionary work, preaching missions in English, French and Spanish.

Let us hope for the pleasure of listening to many missionary sermons from this energetic young priest.

Last Sunday at High Mass he preached a powerful sermon on Faith. Taking his text from Rom. i, 17: "The just man liveth by faith." He said in part:

Faith is a particular gift from Heaven, which enables us to believe without the least doubt or hesitation all that has been revealed by God, and that upon the strength of his own word and testimony.

Faith is the foundation, the spirit, the very essence of Christianity, of that divine religion we profess, and which has converted and sanctified the whole world by its teaching of duty and virtue.

Faith is a gift and therefore no man can have it by himself. A mere act of the will is not sufficient for any one to believe in mysteries and doctrines which he cannot understand. So true is this that when endeavoring to implant the true faith in the heart of a friend we must not have recourse to arguments so much as to prayer; yes, prayer that will obtain from divine mercy the necessary light and strength.

Unfortunately though, this great blessing is not appreciated as it should be by a good many who have had the happiness of receiving it. It seems as if the spirit of the age had a deleterious influence on faith, leading many of our people away from the practice of their religion, and the high principles it inculcates. The chilling atmosphere of worldliness and mundane ambition threatens to wilt the beautiful flowers of faith and piety.

Beware also of the ideas of religious independence which more than ever perhaps present themselves now-a-days under most delusive forms. We must not try and reason on religious matters as we do in politics and other questions. Let us be satisfied that Almighty God, the truth itself, who can neither deceive us nor be himself deceived, has told us what we must believe and practice. This does not mean, however, that reason and intelligence are discarded in the Catholic Church. Far from it; our intelligence is placed and protected within its proper sphere, because if it were abandoned to itself, the pride of the human heart would have soon led it into darkness and ignorance. Faith is not the negation of human intellect. Faith is the illuminating sun of Christian life, a spark from divine wisdom revealing to us the things of Heaven. We believe, because God has spoken. We know that He has spoken because reason must admit the fact, and we come to the knowledge of truths revealed, through the infallible teaching of the Church. Our faith, however, must not be idle and merely speculative. It must be practical, manifesting itself exteriorly, whenever the glory of God and our neighbor's good require it. "Faith without work is dead."

"What shall it profit," says St. John, "if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works."

We can lose faith, and that is the greatest curse that can befall a man in this world. We can lose faith by the reading of immoral books, by idle discussions in dogmatic matters, the negligence of our religious duties, by contempt of the authority and laws of the Church. "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me."

Every day of your life ask Almighty God to strengthen your faith, to increase it in your heart and in that of your children.

Be true to the faith of your baptism. Practice what you believe. Be true to your faith in all circumstances of life, but particularly in days of gloom, of misfortune and sorrow. No matter what happens it will cheer you up; it will encourage and comfort you. Let faith be the motive of all your actions; let it inspire all your thoughts and sentiments, because faith, and faith alone, can call down upon you the blessings of God during life, because faith will be the key to open before you some day the gates of Heaven.

FOR THE ORPHANAGE.

Sacred Concert in St. Mary's Church Last Evening.
Free Press.

There was a large attendance at St. Mary's Church last night at the sacred concert given in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage. The programme was of a most enjoyable nature throughout and showed the effect of careful preparation. The chorus was very well balanced and under Mr. James Perkins' management acquitted themselves with especial accuracy in harmony and

shading. Mr. Albert Evans accompanied with his usual skill. Although it would be invidious to mention special numbers in a programme of such individual excellence, Miss Mawhinney's solo was most enjoyable, as was Mr. Ditchmont's violin solo. Mr. A. A. Codd was absent and Mr. Norman Douglas was also unable to be present. The programme was:

- Organ Solo—Batiste's Offertoire in C minor
- Mr. J. W. Matthews.
- Chorus—"Praise Ye the Father"..... Gounod
- The Choir.
- Soprano Solo—"Hear Ye Israel"..... Mendelssohn
- Miss L. May Mawhinney.
- Contralto Solo—"The Heavenly Song"..... Hamilton Gray
- Miss Mabel Holroyde.
- Solo and Chorus—"With Sheathed Swords"..... Costa
- Miss Norah Cronn and Choir.
- Violin Solo—"Cavatina"..... Raff
- Mr. Ditchmont.
- Solo and Chorus—"Inflammatus"..... Rossini
- Miss Bonnie Simpson and Choir.
- Contralto Solo—"Ave Maria"..... Bach-Gounod
- Miss L. May Mawhinney.
- (Violin obligato by Mr. Ditchmont)
- Chorus—"Gloria in Excelsis"..... Mozart

Clerical News.

The Very Rev. A. Dugas, Vicar General, returned on Tuesday from eastern Assiniboia. He had been to St. Antoine to introduce there as parish priest Rev. Father Ferland, who had been for the last three months assistant priest to Rev. Father Campeau at St. Eustache. Rev. Father Lorieau becomes the new assistant there.

The Very Rev. Father Socquet, Visitor to the Fathers of La Salle, left for Montreal last Monday.

Rev. Father Poirier was here last week and returned to St. Adelard on Saturday last.

The parish priests of the diocese of Clonfert assembled in the pro-Cathedral, Loughrea, the other day for the purpose of selecting three names to be forwarded to the Holy See, one of whom may be appointed Bishop of the vacant diocese. The result of the voting was as follows: Rev. John Boews, P. P. Woodford, dignissimus; Very Rev. Thomas Gilmartin, dean, Maynooth college, dignior; Very Rev. John Cunningham, vicar capitular, dignus.

Monsignore Sales Soto, Bishop of Huaraz, Peru, died recently. He was one of the most distinguished of the Peruvian clergy.

The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment in Annapolis of the Redemptorist Order was celebrated at St. Mary's Catholic church recently with imposing ceremonies.

Sister Mary Xavier Reed of the Presentation convent, Galway, a very brilliant woman, died, recently. Sister Mary was the compiler of "The Little Treasury of Leaflets," so widely read by Catholics.

Rev. Fathers Viens, Jutras and Jolys were here this week.

Rev. Adelard Bellavance, Eccl., though still very ill, improved somewhat this week.

PALM BRANCHES AND SUNDAY PAPERS.

From the Lutheran.

A scene on one of the streets of Philadelphia on Palm Sunday is full of suggestion. Multitudes of Roman Catholics with Palm leaves in their hands were on their way to Mass. Here and there some Protestant churchman, fresh from the news stand, could be seen wedging his way between them with the Sunday newspaper in hand and away from the church in which he holds a sort of membership. This is not saying that Roman Catholics do not read Sunday newspapers and that all Protestants do, but it does suggest that between a reverent and devout Romanist and an indifferent lapsed Protestant it would not at all be difficult to choose.



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Bill's Best Beloved.

By Hilda B. Morris.

It was on the opening day of the little girls' kindergarten that Bill Lawrence first met his Best Beloved. That was not her real name, of course. Her real name was Dorothy Lucretia Patterson, but it was the name that Bill's uncle, Thomas Lawrence, bestowed upon her when he first heard of Bill's devotion.

Bill's younger sister, Althea Antoinette Lawrence, went to the kindergarten class, and when in the spring they had their annual Prize Day, Bill was forced into a despised best suit and a red necktie to go and hear his sister recite a poem about "Rover and I."

It is needless to tell how Bill fought against going. His mother was unconquerable. She insisted. It was necessary for the honor of the family that he be there. It did not matter that Bill had heard "Rover and I" at home every day for the last three weeks. It did not matter that the other fellows scoffed at him for going to the girls' school. It did not matter that his time was valuable; that he had promised to help "Pirate Pete" build a den that very afternoon. It did not matter that his best knickerbockers were prickly and that red neckties were disgraceful for men of his age, when tied in enormous bows that completely concealed the shirt front. Nothing mattered. Bill must go for the honor of the family, and Bill went.

He displayed but little interest when the curtain went up, disclosing a broad stage, and he felt positive disgust when three pig-tailed maidens appeared and chanted a song about "Little Birdies." He turned his face away when another little girl lisped through a piece about "Old Mother Hubbard," and he began to make desperate plans for escape when Althea appeared with a captivating grin that displayed all the places where teeth should have been, and recited her idiocy.

Bill whispered a few pleading words in his mother's ear. She shook her head. Then Bill settled down into despondency, and the red kindergarten chair on which he sat, also into the prickly knickerbockers and the realisation of the red tie.

But with the next performer his mood changed. She was entirely different from the rest. She did not have absurd pig-tails, nor a grin and vacant jaws. Neither did she recite a poem which had flowed from an idiot's pen. Her hair was curled in beautiful auburn curls; she looked earnestly at the audience instead of grinning. Her jaws were filled with little white teeth. Her recitation was not nonsensical.

Bill was charmed. It charmed him the more that she lisped a little, a very little. That was her only flaw in Bill's eyes, and it proved that she was human. She looked at him once or twice without a smile or pause. One other little girl had grinned idiotically at him.

Bill felt a thrill of genuine pleasure. He watched her bow gracefully and depart, with a feeling of regret. He resolved to see her again. All through the rest of that intolerable programme the thought that he had not come altogether in vain sustained him.

Tim Jones and Bobby Brown, alias "Pirate Pete," had lately become enamoured of certain fair young ladies, and boasted in Bill's presence. Bill allowed hopes to arise in his heart that perhaps he, too, might one day boast.

He saw the fair object of his desires trot down the aisle, and be met by her mother and a nursemaid. Her mother patted her and smiled. The maid began to clothe her in a lawn-colored coat and a pale green hood.

Bill watched his chance. The lady walked away and began to talk with some other ladies. Bill approached with a manly air.

"What's your name?" he demanded of the little girl in rather a patronizing air, his hands in his pockets and his feet spread far apart.

The little girl looked up in surprise. Even then she did not grin or blush. She simply replied: "Dorothy Lucretia Patterson." Then

she smiled a charming little smile that revealed two little dimples, one in each cheek.

"Mine's William Preston Lawrence," he volunteered.

She smiled again, and said: "Do you like sweets, William?"

Bill thrilled all over with delight. How fine to hear her call him William!

"Yes," he said. She thrust a piece of sticky peppermint into his hand and smiled again, as her nurse led her off.

Bill yelled "Thanks!" after her, and stood looking rather rueful. He had meant to carry his courtship further than that.

Bill's devotion was all absorbing. On his way home he could think of nothing else. Dorothy Lucretia Patterson! It was a very long name. Bill thought it an important sounding name, and, of course, a beautiful name. Bill wondered why he had never fallen in love before. He had seen many other girls, more or less charming, but that strange devotion had never thrilled his heart till now.

Life holds many problems, for both young and old; but the young ponder most upon them, and so it was that Bill, pondered and thrilled with delight at the new joy which had come to him.

At the supper table Bill's mother asked him a question. Bill, roused from his absent mood, replied in confusion: "Dorothy Lucretia Patterson."

Uncle Thomas roared. He thundered.

For Bill this was another problem. Uncle Thomas, who had flushed red and angry when Bill's mother had asked him a question about "those flowers he sent to Christine Elliott." Why, then, if it was a rage provoking matter, should he laugh at mention of Bill's Beloved name? Bill, too, flushed red and angry as he put the question by to ponder on.

"Where does your fair one live, Willy?" asked Uncle Thomas cruelly.

Bill thought a moment. Uncle Thomas's words hurt him. He knew, now, how to hurt Uncle Thomas.

SPRING IS COMING

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"Where does yours live? In Green Street?" he inquired politely.

Uncle Thomas saw that the tables were turned. Christine Elliott lived in Green Street.

Bill's father and mother championed him.

"That's right, Bill," his father said, "give him tit for tat."

But Uncle Thomas was on his feet again.

"Willy-boy," he said, "she does. I know how it feels to fall in love. Unburden your sad, love-stricken, heart to me perhaps I can assist you."

"Don't tease him, Tom," said Bill's mother. But Uncle Thomas did not heed.

"Stop calling me Willy-boy and I will," Bill caught himself. He had not meant to say he would.

"William, then. William, tell me the history of your love for Dorothy Lucretia Patterson."

Bill was fairly caught. He had said he would. He did not see the

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twinkle in Uncle Thomas's eye. Perhaps after all, this one, who had had experience, might tell him how to act.

"Why," he began with some hesitation, "she recited this afternoon at the kindergarten. An' she didn't grin and she told me her name, an' she game me a sweet. An' then her nurse took her home. What should I do next, Uncle Tom?"

"That's Dotty Patterson, Bill," said Althea. She's coming to play with me to-morrow."

Bill silenced his sister with a look of unutterable scorn. Dotty indeed! Thomas appeared to be pondering deeply.

"Well," he said, "I should escort her home to-morrow when she comes to call upon Althea. Then in about two days I should call, and present her with a box of flowers. I would call regularly every Wednesday and Saturday evening for about three weeks. Then I should ask her for her hand. First, of course, you must see her father about it. Gain his permission, then hers."

"Don't tease him, Tom," said Bill's mother again. Tom was silenced. But Bill remembered it all. He resolved to carry out this plan of action to the letter.

The next day Dorothy came. Bill twisted out of an engagement with "Pirate Pete," and stayed in the nursery, much to Althea's wonderment. He played horse with them. He even taught them how to play pirates. He played doctor to their dolls. Never before had Bill spent so dull an afternoon, but the pleasure of escorting Dorothy home repaid him for it. To be sure, her nurse was there, but she walked behind. She was a well-behaved nurse. She did not interfere. William took great pleasure in giving Dorothy a stick of chocolate and watching her little mouth slowly darken to copper brown.

"Come again to see Althea?" he said, as he left her at the gate.

"You come yourself to thee me, William," she said to him, and smiled.

"I will," he shouted back. Uncle Thomas had told him to call with the flowers in about two days. It was hard to wait so long. It was harder still to hear the remarks of Uncle Thomas about his Best Beloved. For one dreadful moment Bill actually feared that Uncle Thomas was deceiving him, but his fears were soon dispelled.

Bill was uncertain what kind of flowers to take her. There were dandelions in the orchard, but Bill did not like them. In his mother's conservatory there were lovely roses. Bill decided that they would do. He never thought to ask his mother's permission. He picked a bunch of pale Marechal Niels. He placed them lovingly in a tin soldier box, tied up with a beautiful white ribbon he had found in Althea's drawer. He neither knew nor cared that it was her best sash.

He went up the wide front walk of Dorothy's home with a rather scared feeling. Yet Bill was happy. For the first time in his life he really felt like a grown up man.

He rang the bell with a flourish, and waited. Presently a man with a solemn face and a great many brass buttons swung the door open. "Please, please" (Bill felt a little awed before this august personage) "I've come to call on Dorothy."

The man's stern face relaxed a little, and Bill heard a funny little noise. He wondered if this great man were really giggling.

"This way, please," said the man, and Bill followed him up the broad stairs and into the nursery. He was surprised to see two little boys on the floor by Dorothy's side. He had not known that she had brothers.

"Oh, William," she cried, "I'm glad you came. We're having thuch fun. We're building high houtheth out of theth blockth."

William removed his hat upon invitation.

"I brought you some flowers," he said, and he uncovered the box. "Flowerth? How nithe!"

The other little boys glared jealously at Bill.

"They're lovely, William," she said. "Thank you. I will tell Philth to put them in water."

Dorothy danced out of the room. The little boys stared fixedly and suspiciously at Bill.

Bill grew exceedingly uncomfort-

able. Finally he spoke. He said to the largest boy:

"What's your name?"

"Teddy Cartwright. What's yours?"

Bill was stunned. Then one boy at least was not her brother. "William Preston Lawrence," he said. The boys stared with renewed vigor at the possessor of so dignified a name.

Bill grew desperate. "Are you Dorothy's brother?" he inquired of the youngest boy.

The boy grinned an insipid grin. "No," he said. "I'm her sweetheart."

"You aren't!" said the older boy. "I am!"

"You're a story teller!"

Dorothy entered the room and smiled at William. "I want William for my sweetheart now, she said. William cast a look of evil triumph at the other boys.

"I'll lick you after we get out," said the oldest boy to Bill in a whisper.

"I'll lick you!" growled Bill, and he did. In the garden behind the house Teddy Cartwright met his downfall.

Bill crept home with a bloody fist and torn clothes. He was sent directly to bed for taking the roses and Althea's sash. But Bill was happy. Nothing mattered when Cupid smiled at him. Every time he went Dorothy had two or three other boys there. But she preferred Bill. He had met no fewer than six of her followers in battle—and conquered.

Two weeks passed by, and Bill finally decided to ask her father at once. It would be a rather awesome proceeding, but—well, Billy would ask Dorothy first.

On this most eventful day Bill set out with many beatings of heart. He did hope that for once she would be alone; but no, there were three boys and two girls in the nursery. Dorothy knew such a lot of children.

Bill wriggled uncomfortably. How hard is that particular task that mankind must endure! Finally, he approached Dorothy and whispered it in her ear.

"Dorothy, will you marry me?"

He had expected instant acquiescence. But alas! she looked at him coldly. "No, I won't. Algy White 'th my thweethart now."

Bill crept back, stung to the quick. How could Dorothy be so cruel? Oh, he had been foolish ever to care for a girl, anyway. He took up his hat. "I'm going home," he said.

"I don't care," she said cruelly. Bill crept downstairs and went home.

She didn't care. He went to the barn and flung himself into the odorous hay in the barn-loft. He cried—cried as though his heart would break.

Bill went into the house and ate his supper silently. Far into the night he lay awake. His mother came in softly and kissed him—she thought he was asleep.

Bill started up.

"Mamma," he said.

"Why, Billy dear, are you crying?"

"Yes." Bill poured out the whole wretched story to his mother. It did not matter now. Mothers were nice to have. It was comfortable to be a little boy.

She listened sympathetically; she did not laugh. Perhaps she was one who understands that childish sorrows, though brief, are more severe, and bite deeper into the tender, childish hearts than older people's misfortunes do into their hardened ones.

She stroked his forehead gently, and soothed him. She told him not to mind. She smoothed away the sorrow. She sat by his bed until he was almost asleep. Then:

"Mamma," he said sleepily, "can I be your sweetheart?"

"Yes dear," she said, and stroked his hair until he fell asleep.

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