



TERENCE AND DENIS.

BY "SISTER."

"No, no, child; I won't hear another word about it for six months at least! I have lived long enough to know that sorrow and loneliness do not necessarily constitute a vocation to the religious life, and I will not write you any recommendation to the Sisters of Charity till I see some signs in you of the stuff they are made of."

The speaker was a typical Irish parish priest. Tall, though somewhat bowed with the weight of years, his massive head whiteened by the cares and sorrows of the whole parish of Ballyferna, Father Mike Rooney was greeted with joyful reverence wherever he went except by a few black sheep, and even those who eked out of eight till a day of grace brought them back to the Father's warm heart. He had lost much of the brogue years ago at the Irish College, Rome, but there was still the ghost of it remaining, which came out rolling and sliding with a delightfully musical note of interrogation at the end of each phrase.

Now, as he walked down the path that led to the presbytery gate and opened it to his young companion, there was a twinkle in his eye as well as firmness and compassion on his face. The Kerry hills were bathed in the sunshine of a fine spring morning and the emerald tone of trees and fields in their fresh verdure made a striking contrast to the girl by his side, clad in deep mourning. She looked so sadly, her deep grey eyes swimming in unshed tears.

"But, dear Father, just think! Why should I stay here when all my hopes are buried in South Africa? Isn't Terence's death a sure sign that our Lord wants me in a different state to that which we had planned, and calls me from the world? He has made a wilderness for me? The only happiness I can ever again know upon earth will be tending those who are fighting and suffering as Terence has done."

the Empire will be moving us for their own benefit. Are you for a drop first?"

"Denis, you're risking Aileen's happiness for aught. I can't move hand or foot. Make your way to the camp and leave me."

"Would you Honor have the kindness to show me the way?—for 'tisn't myself I know it, nor ever will, till I take you along with me! I should like to see you on his face immovable."

"Some Boers came on the ground. One gave Denis a push with his foot as he passed. 'All dead here' was what master and man would have heard if they could have understood. 'Denis, you're restricted' as soon as they were out of sight. 'Bad manners to ye kickin' a boy that never harmed you nor was going to begin now! Now, Master Terence, listen here: Whilst you were lying without your senses I went about and got a mighty queer collection of victuals and drink from the day's rations the poor boys had with them. God forgive me for robbing the dead!—but they'd no further use for it themselves. 'Thou found one of those 'dog-ones,' as they call them, near by and hid my stolen goods, and now, if ye'll drink this'—and the faithful fellow almost poured a glass of liquid down his captain's throat—'and keep quiet a while, this here ambulance party 'ere 'ere 'ere'—as they call them, and I'll be back with the orders from Dr. Denis Managhan."

"There was a good dose of morphine which Denis had found in a portable case, probably dropped by some medical officer in a hurried flight, and he had put it in a draught of cognac taken by Terence. When a later dawn awoke he found the light of a new day was shining outside the kind of cave in which he lay, stretched on rugs and blankets stripped from the fallen cavalry horses. Denis had strapped up the broken bones and bandaged the arm and was watching anxiously for his waking to give him a draught of fresh, cool water from a tiny spring near."

ance's wasted form and bright eyes won over the victory. She brought food and Kaffir beer, and continued to supply them as long as they were there.

Sir Alan's story was much like Terence's. His regiment had been scattered, he had lost his way among the mountains and come upon a wounded Boer, with whom he had shared his last morsel, and then he had assisted his friend the enemy to a small farm deserted by all but a woman and her boy. She had sheltered them, and the poor fellow had died of his wounds, but he had begged Alan to wear his clothes while in the neighborhood, and gave him some of the most unfrequented way to the Portuguese territory.

Sir Alan had been out reconnoitering, but found too many of the enemy in the neighborhood to make any attempt at flight safe for the present. In another week it was possible for Terence to sit on horseback and Sir Alan might help nurse the army, you know. A shout of laughter from Terence and Father Mike made Nora take refuge in gathering up violets and primroses, tearing down craps and immortelles from the portrait, and replacing them with the sweet fresh flowers.

"Father, big order to lid, darling," said Terence. "No, our little Irish dove must stay in the nest, mustn't she, mother?" And he followed her with loving, reverent eyes as she moved about in conscious, maidenly shyness under their eyes.

"And now," pursued Father Mike, "relentlessly," I suppose you'll have no further difficulty in saying 'Welcome be the holy will of God!'—will you, Nora? But I must be going; it's time for the Rosary in church, and the people will be gathering in."

A tall figure, thin but broad, and vigorous as ever, sprang across the lawn and in at the window to his mother's embrace, while Father Mike came on more slowly, and stopped outside to brush away a tear.

Mother and son were locked in each other's arms for an instant, and then the mother drew one arm away to encircle Nora, and of course Terence was not slow in following her example.

"Gone, now, Terry, my boy!" Father Mike called out from the window-sill. "You are after spoiling the best vacation I ever had in my parish. Norrie, I suppose I had better write to Nazareth House or Carlisle Place this evening, and packing you off by the morning train—eh?"

Terence drew back aghast. "What does he mean? Nora, my darling, surely you haven't changed your mind, or made any foolish promise?" His face whitened as he spoke.

"Sore 'tis teasing he is! Don't mind him, Terry!" said Nora, blushing and hanging her pretty head. "You see, it was this way; I thought perhaps if I couldn't do anything more in life for you, I might help nurse the army, you know."

wealth and poverty. We do not say that these contrasts are altogether absent in Catholic countries, but they are less frequent there than amongst Protestants because they are entirely opposed to the spirit of the Catholic religion.

It is Mr. Frederic Harrison who tells us that in Great Britain 90 per cent of the actual producers of wealth have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except as much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barrel in and out by side with the evidences of these strained circumstances are accounts of individuals amassing great sums of money and becoming millionaires. It seems to us that Protestantism, which practically puts hardly any restraint on the exercise of men's natural qualities, good and bad, will never succeed in producing that quality of condition, or at least that approach to it which social justice demands. It is the aim of the Socialists to do so. Their schemes are, however, chimerical.

The true secret of general prosperity lies in the Catholic principle which, whilst encouraging individual efforts, prescribes that so long as people are in want of the necessities of life no man may enjoy superfluities. Mr. Samuel Smith's theory fails to recognize that the increase of wealth and luxury in England has led to lower standards of life and duty. To the members of the Christian Endeavor Union he expressed his regret at the disappearance of the prophets who struck the keynote of righteousness, and the pain he felt in finding that they have left no successors. They have been followed by mere politicians and opportunists, and the dominant note of the publications of the press is favorable to materialism. This is the keynote of the Protestant theory of prosperity as it actually works out.

The spread of infidelity is one of the fruits which Mr. Smith assigns to 'priests and sacraments.' Mr. Smith's prejudices have been carrying him away. The extent to which infidelity prevails at the present day is no doubt deplorable, but surely in that matter Protestants are not entitled to cast reproaches at the Catholic Church. Let him go to Italy or Spain or Ireland and visit some of the churches and then come to England and do likewise, and we venture to predict he will be forced to admit that the Catholic Church has a far better hold of the men in the Catholic countries than Protestantism has of them in England. If he prefers, let him visit the Catholic and Protestant churches in Germany or the United States, and he will, we are perfectly confident, return with the same conviction. Priests and sacraments are the means which Christ provided for establishing and maintaining His Kingdom on earth, and common sense as well as experience teaches us that without such dogmatic instruction as priests give Christianity goes to the wall.

When in the interpretation of Scripture authority is recognized, the intelligence or whims of the individual can be deemed strange that anything like unity of doctrine is impossible, that the Old Testament is subjected to destructive criticism, that 'the plainest statements of the four Evangelists are questioned,' and that 'multitudes of untrained minds imagine that books like 'Robert E. Smith's' dispose of all miracle.' If Mr. Smith were able to judge impartially and to discover how small the number of Protestants who would, according to his own standards, find a place within the limits of orthodoxy, he would, we are sure, admit that Christianity would be in a hopeless condition if its success depended upon Protestantism.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

purify our hearts by the light of the Holy Ghost; and the sequence is that exquisite hymn said to have been composed by Pope Innocent III., beginning

"Holy Spirit, Lord of Light, From Thy clear, celestial height Thy pure, beaming radiance give. Come, Thou Father of the poor, Come, with treasures that endure, Come, Thou Light of all that live!"

The hymn at Vespers speaks of Him again as Life and Love, and cries out to Him: "O, guide our minds with Thy blest light, With love our hearts illumine!"

The thought of the Holy Ghost seems to be, for liturgical and Christian poet both, a subject of special inspiration. King Robert of France begs Him to dispel from the soul the horrid darkness that enfolds it, and to so purify the eye of the inward man that he may be enabled to see the Sovereign Father whom none can see, save them that are clean of heart. Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, speaks of Him as the Love of the Father and the Son, "their Beguninity, Sweetness, Joy," Him who gives light and knowledge to His faithful servants when in doubt; strengthens them when suddenly surprised by temptation or trial; guides them in doing what is right. Adam of St. Victor, halls nobly the glad and glorious light, wherewith the heaven-stem fire filled the hearts of Jesus' disciples. He calls Him sweet Fire, living Fire, divine Fire, and yet divine Dew, a heavenly Dew, a life giving Stream, whereof the more we drink the more we thirst to drink. "O living Fire! O life-giving Stream!" he cries, "make our hearts clean, and inflame us with the fire of charity. O truth-bearing Light! grant to us all brightness eternal!" And Hildegard, the holy German abbess, thus speaks to the divine Spirit, whose inspiration, so we are told, had almost uninterruptedly enjoyed: "O Sacred Fire! Thou art the Life of every creature's life. Pralse be to Thee, Thou Joy of life, our Hope, our highest Honor, the Giver of the reward of Light!"

An Armenian hymn is very touching in its repeated exclamation: "O all ye spirits, bless the Spirit of God!" And another, from the Liturgy of that same now afflicted land, exclaims: "Thou that sittest on the swift wings of the fire-darting seraphim,—Thou that takest all creatures under the care of Thy providence,—O Holy Spirit, Thou art blessed by Thy creatures!" Another is longer and still more beautiful, reaching sublimity in its eloquent word pictures: "Thou that sittest on the fiery and winged cherubim, midst this day, with ineffable love, descend from heaven upon a choir of men. Blessed art Thou, O Holy Spirit, our God!"

"OURSELVES AS OT"

An Irishman writes speaking Catholicism in the States, who are mostly Irish, was not a priest of and parentage was that seem strangely for who think America means freedom vs. all quite sure we know are of this present war.

"American priests and said this Canadian School manager, "an pitying us, who, alas, under England, and Orange intolerance. live far away; the off; but they live their northern neighbors home wiser, and For what is a short That in Ontario the them they have not of. The American their flocks paying taxing themselves tarian and therefore their own schools, w at not letting the ashamed of God and is a greater matter Well, under Englan Ontario, as in a limited itself, you give your get government pay your own taxes as pay not at all for So that in Ireland education is practical, the parish pger of the school, an with the system. Catholics have not their schools, having case the conditions of from Her Majesty's our American pr a Republic—alas! out for their schools, excellent in secular in country that claims equal. Then from the ocean, from libfraternity, comes th French parents inc who to save their godly and more vicid ally withdraw them bers from the non Christian school, w the grants, all the

As he takes up a paper our priest w nunciation of Engla the grant from the successful schools of their books not Board of Education religious emblems ture and statue, w the Brothers have sary to put away l all the week. But together with Jesu share largely, acc success, in the ex given by the Engli the higher education. But the protest of against the govern intolerance, in o swelled into pro government in An system of secondar Facts are fact' are; and their co what they are qnored already b clergy of Irish de more and more blism. Who will should they wish double taxed for test, naturally, ag in Manitoba, and injustice done to That injustice the leave the Englis American. We n land's influence perial strength; men and French and more cheerfu menting and to Mantoba, and h anti-English it m they thus submit. Take French C incident of last y a religious fun an article in La calling upon his observe the great England—as if just awakened fr dred and fifty y England fought —to observe how menting and to Mantoba, and h must watch their for the day of ance; and must of England as Church. And monk, a monk laws worthy of laws have been tion, whence a monks poured or to find there fr monasteries how and to educate C out paying for Catholic in Hea Irish-Americans your fathers were Protestant misl you could not grow old church drals. That was but what they d ic minister und mended her w now under Am

A PROTESTANT FABLE.

Wealth and Power Not Tests of True Christianity.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., in a noteworthy address which was read at a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society in Liverpool, recently, spoke of priests and sacraments as being detrimental to the sense of individual responsibility. This is a true Protestant argument, and it has been used in every mood and tense. Upon it is founded the contention that Protestantism spells prosperity, which is dimmed into the ears of Protestant flocks by so many of their pastors. The subject is ably dealt with by Mr. John S. Vaughan in the course of a work from his pen just published by Messrs. Burns and Oates. Mr. Vaughan, going back to the earliest days of Christianity, asks if we could imagine or conceive the prosperity argument on the lips of the Apostles. In plain truth, nowhere has God promised any kind of temporal reward to those who follow the teaching and the example of His crucified Son. It is not the rich, but the poor, who are declared blessed. If Job suffered affliction it was because he was pleasing to God, and all his wealth did not secure for him the happiness in Heaven, won by the ostentatious Lazarus. The men who appeal to wealth and power as proofs of true Christianity can scarcely be conversant with the language of the New Testament.

But whilst the piling up of wealth is condemned by the Sacred Writings as likely to lead to perdition, and whilst in that respect pagan nations have reached as high a pinnacle as Christian countries, we willingly grant that even from the religious point of view the provision of the ordinary means and comforts of life for the people is a question of the utmost importance. Mr. Vaughan rightly states that England's great commercial advance dates from the invention and introduction of machinery and the application of steam as a motive power. By these two discoveries the entire conditions of nations were revolutionized, the countries which possessed iron and coal were at a very considerable advantage. And England began to play a winning game, not because she rejected the Pope, but because her hands were full of tramp carriages. As a matter of fact, one of the more striking social phenomena is the fact that wherever Protestantism prevails to any large extent there are remarkable contrasts of

THE SUNDAY OF THE LIVING FIRE.

Christmas and Easter are come and gone. The third grand feast of the Christian year is at hand, the feast of the Holy Ghost. We have met Him before, for He came upon Mary at the Annunciation, and upon Jesus at His baptism; but in the one case His coming was in the silence of the midnight and of the lonely room in Nazareth; in the other case. He came under the guise of a meek dove at the Jordan, and perhaps none but the Baptist knew what Divine Visitant hovered over the Master there. On Pentecost there was a sound as of a mighty wind, filling all the house where the disciples were gathered together, and they saw parted tongues, as it were of fire; and those cloven tongues sat not upon one but all; and all were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in various languages "according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."

What memories through our souls! The mind travels far back to the creations of the universe, when Scripture tells us: "The earth was void and empty, and darkness upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved over the waters. And God said: 'Be light made. And light was made.' From the creation onward, has not the Holy Spirit always given light and love? The Church seems to cry yes to this question on Pentecost, so repeats as her sacred offices with this idea.

"The Spirit of the Lord," she says in the Introit, "hath filled the whole world. Alleluia. Let God arise, and His enemies be dispersed,"—even as darkness flies before light. "Send forth Thy Spirit," cries the Introit, "and they shall be created; and Thou wilt renew the face of the earth. Alleluia! Come, O Holy Spirit! fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle within them the fire of Thy love." In the gospel, our Blessed Lord's promise is repeated: "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, He will teach you all things. The collect pray that He Who, by the light of the Holy Ghost, did, on this great feast, instruct the hearts of the faithful, will grant that by that same Spirit we may relish what is right, and evermore rejoice in His consolations. The secret asks that God will

GOLDWIN SMITH vs. TRUTH.

Goldwin Smith, in his review of the religions of the last century, published in the New York Sun, of April 14, has this to say of Cardinal Newman: "Henry Newman was a man of genius, a writer with a most charming and persuasive style, great personal fascination, and a profound knowledge of the world. What he lacked was the love of truth; system, not truth, was his aspiration; and as a reasoner he was extremely sophistical, however honest he might be as a man."

James Anthony Froude was at one time a disciple of Newman's; but in 1881 he was as little in sympathy with the religious ideas of his former master as Prof. Smith is now. Yet this is what he writes in his essay on "The Oxford Counter-Reformation," published in that year: "Newman's whole life has been a struggle for truth. He had neglected his own interests; he had never thought of them at all. He had brought to bear a most powerful and subtle intellect to support the convictions of a conscience, which was superlatively sensitive. His single object had been to discover what were the real relations between man and his Maker, and to shape his own conduct by the conclusions at which he arrived. To represent such a person as careless of truth was neither generous nor even sensible."

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"OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US." American Catholic Quarterly Review, April 1901. An Irishman writes this for English-speaking Catholics in the United States...

day, for the non-Catholic schoolmaster? It is true England still has rascally laws on the statute book against the religious and their holy habit...

has affected poetry and turned histories inside out, and has suggested, if not consciously, a return to many good things in the ideal of Catholic society...

We talk much of converts, but let us not scandalize them. The other day an American Catholic paper had a word as to the model church choir of the world—in Glasgow...

atmosphere of subservience to what even Emerson called "the inconceivable levity of local opinion?" Perhaps he would not be offended were we to apply his words to a whole country...

Eczema It is also called Salt Rheum. Sometimes Scrofula. It comes in patches that burn, itch, ooze, dry and scale, over and over again.

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THE SEVENTH MYSTERY.

On Corpus Christi let us recall what Father Faber wrote when he tells us that "the seventh mystery of the Blessed Sacrament is its Procession, the highest culminating point of ecclesiastical worship and Catholic ceremony."

Disentangle yourself from the snares of Protestantism, doctor, and hasten to join that marvellous institution you so justly admire. There alone will you find satisfaction and rest.—Boston Republic.

THE "ANTI-CHRISTIAN CONSPIRACY."

Free Masons all over Europe uniting in an effort to destroy the Power of the Catholic Church. To feel the exultation of the Church on the Feast of the Resurrection, writes Vox Urbis in the Freeman's Journal, one has to be in Rome at the close of Lent.

work of the Church in the hands of Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State. As a matter of fact, His Eminence finds the Pope as hard a taskmaster as ever, and as mentally active as he has been at any time during the last dozen years.

St. Peter. I will conduct myself with due respect to any Legate of the Apostolic See in going and returning, and I will assist him in his needs. I will be careful to preserve, defend, advance and promote the rights, honours, privileges and authority of the Holy Roman Church, and I will engage in any design, act, or conduct in which, contrary to the rules, decrees, ordinances or directions, I am obliged to take part.

formation about their fellow-countrymen of French extraction. The price is to be 10 cents a copy—postage free. But, for educational institutions (seminaries, colleges, convents, academies, and all other schools) the price will be reduced to 5 cents, if not less than 25 copies are ordered, and to 86 a hundred.

seek to depreciate its good work simply because it is Catholic. The Catholic schools of Ontario should receive no aid, but encouragement, and this encouragement should be translated into a hearty support on the part of the government, whose duty it is to look after the interests of every class of our people.

LORD SALISBURY.

In the issue of the Catholic Record of the 23rd March last, reference was made to an alleged utterance of Lord Salisbury that the people of Ireland should be governed as a nation of heathens, and, further, that his panacea for Ireland was "twenty years of coercion."

THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

The Story of the Recovery of the Instrument of the World's Redemption. May 3rd should be a day of great devotion among Catholics, for on it is commemorated the discovery of "the invention" of the True Cross which had been lost sight of for many years.

THE MISERERE IN ST. PETER'S.

One of the most eloquent passages in modern Spanish literature is the description of the intoning of the "Miserere" during Holy Week at St. Peter's, Rome, from the pen of the celebrated Castilian.

FORMULA PROFESSIONIS QUATOR VOTUM.

Formula of profession for the four vows. I, N., make profession and promise to Almighty God, in the presence of His Holy Father and the Holy Synod of Bishops, and before these present, and to your Reverend Fathers, in the place of God, and to your co-religionists, to observe and keep inviolably the four vows of chastity, poverty, obedience, and stability, and to keep them as long as I shall live.

LETTER FROM THOS. O'HAGAN.

Mr. Editor: I have read with interest the article in your issue of the 19th inst. regarding the proposed legislation for the training of Catholic teachers in Ontario.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN CANADA.

A Lecture Delivered by Mr. F. P. Tarde on the 10th of March, 1901, before the Catholic Union of Montreal. (Translated from the Montreal Semaine Religieuse of May 6, 1901.)

OATH OF THE BISHOPS.

Archbishop Bruchési Gives the Latin Words used.—Translated by Professor George Murray.—Rev. Father James Also Gives the Latin of the Jesuits' Oath With Translations and Explanations.

A CRITIC OF HIS OWN FAITH.

We extend an invitation to Rev. Dr. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' Church in Chicago, to seek for admission into the Catholic fold. He seems to have discovered the unsound character of the belief he now professes.

AN ARCHBISHOP ON DANCING.

Speaking from the pulpit of his Cathedral, Archbishop Bruchési, Montreal, once more pointed comments relative to dancing, its attending dangers and the vanity of ball costumes.

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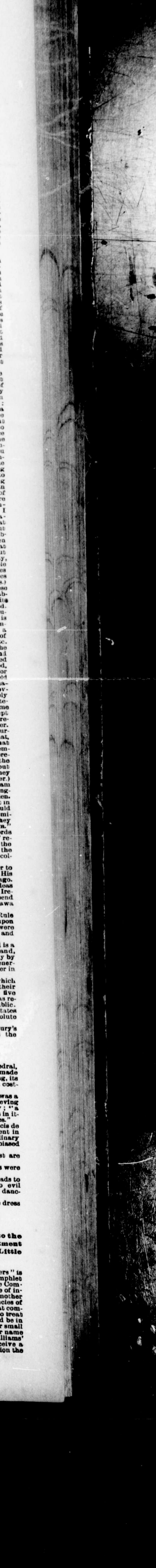
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. FORGIVEN.

RAYMOND CONNOLDS.

Clear and loud the silvery tinkle of the little Sacred Heart Chapel on the summit of Mt. St. Andrew pealed forth the Angelus and the beautiful sound was echoed and re-echoed through hill and dale.

The view was indeed picturesque. The chapel was a little ivy-covered stone structure which had probably adorned that lovely spot for almost a half century.

The inner appearance of the little chapel was even more pleasing than the outward view. The altar was a white Italian marble. Above it was a large stained glass window representing the Sacred Heart showing blessings upon mankind.

The only visitor within, on the mild evening was a young girl of about twenty summers. A stray sunbeam entering one of the windows threw a crimson glow over her fair features.

She was Mary Noland, the daughter of a wealthy resident of the village, who had been killed in a railroad accident about a year before.

Up to the time of his father's death Edward had never left the path of the just. But when the former died he was placed under the protection of an uncle, who, being wealthy and unmarried, led a wayward life.

Soon his uncle refused to supply him with money, and Edward contracted the awful habit of stealing.

For his first offense, however, he was arrested, and disgraced he left the country after he had served his sentence.

A year or more passed without any tidings of Edward. Often Mary, now known as Sister Margaret of the Sacred Heart, would kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and implore her Divine Spouse to bring her erring brother back to the right path.

The beautiful month of May with its devotions to the Blessed Virgin had almost passed, and she determined to pray with redoubled energy during the month of June for the one she loved so well.

Edward had, in the meanwhile, worked his way south and at last reached Mexico. Many weary days and nights had he traveled on freight cars and such conveyances as he could secure, and now that he had reached his goal, all did not appear as rosy as he had pictured them before.

He therefore hired out to an orange grower as a farm hand. But he soon tired of this, for not only were his fellow-workmen but breeds and Mexicans of the lowest type, but the wages he received were so small that he could hardly keep body and soul together.

It was not long therefore before he left the service of his employer, and started for the mining camps on the Rio Grande. His associates here were even worse, but the thought of wealth predominated and he cast his lot with them.

Everything went well for a year or more, but their gain was small for the profits were soon spent on gambling. Then suddenly the mine failed to yield even the poorest ore.

They held a council, and one, a dark, evil-eyed fellow proposed that they rob a little chapel situated about four miles south of the camp. Some did not like this suggestion, but, as it was the best they could do, they agreed to try it.

The night of the fourth of October was selected as the time when the robbery should take place.

Fortune favored them for it was a dark, moonless night, when six of their number started for the little village. Edward being chosen by lot, was among them. It was close upon 11 o'clock when they sallied forth on their scurrilous errand, and it was midnight when they arrived at their destination.

It was an easy matter for them to force the lock for the nearest house was more than one hundred yards away. Once they had the lock off, they quickly entered and began to ransack the place.

Candles and whatever appeared to be of any value were thrust into bags, and, after a half hour's work, they were ready to depart with their plunder. All the necessary light had been furnished by the little red sanctuary lamp, and one bolder than the rest determined that it should not remain.

But at this moment, ere he had time to place the lamp in his bag, they heard a slight bustle at the door. They looked up, frightened and beheld the light of a dark lantern glaring in their faces together with the gleam of muskets.

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After serving six months Edward was pardoned for an act which called down the wrath of his fellow prisoners upon his head. They had planned an escape which, however, involved the killing of the guard.

When he saw that his companions were determined to carry out this plan, he concluded to acquiesce in the ward with it. The plot was accordingly nipped in the bud, and an extra penalty imposed on those who were engaged in it.

It was on a dark day in the latter part of April when Edward heard the great iron gate clang behind him, and he found himself once more a free man. Standing there before the great portal in a drizzling rain he promised faithfully to amend the past.

He wandered about aimlessly for some time, when on turning a corner he suddenly came upon the Cathedral. Entering he threw himself upon his knees and humbly craved pardon of our Lord for desecrating the chapel built for His honor and glory.

He had hardly left the building when a hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder and a cheery voice exclaimed "how are you, my friend?" Edward turned in surprise and found that the one who accosted him was a stranger.

Without a moment's hesitation Edward told his story. His newly found friend proved to be a railroad official, and he promised to assist him in getting back to the States. He gave Edward a pass across the border and a letter to a friend at Detroit, Mich., hoping that he would thereby secure employment.

The following day Edward found himself once more in United States territory. He then started to work his way to Detroit, where he arrived about three weeks later. Luckily he found the one to whom the letter was addressed and a few days later was installed as porter in a large dry goods house.

He then attempted to find his sister, but the search was unsuccessful. He had reached Detroit during the first days of May, and he began to show his love for the Blessed Virgin as he had done when a boy at his mother's knee.

The month of May faded into the mist of time, and June came in its turn. The last day of May Edward decided to go to confession that he might receive Communion on the following day and thus begin the nine first Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Accordingly when he arrived at his lodging-house he partook of a frugal repast, and, after arraying himself in his best clothes, quietly repaired to the neighboring church. Here he found quite a number of good people, and it was some time before he could enter the confessional.

It was getting late when he left, and the streets were already deserted. Edward walked along rapidly. He was within less than a hundred feet of St. Mary's hospital when a man suddenly stepped out from the shadow of a building and hissing between his teeth, "At last I have got you,"—fired point blank at Edward. One glance told the latter that his assailant was one of his former Mexican companions.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Great souls are brave souls, and the wise understand that it is better to find fault with one's self than with one's country or one's age.

Weakness is the true opposite of virtue, which, if it be not strength, loses its name and essence. If we would influence and improve men; if we would ourselves grow better, we should cherish brave thoughts, speak brave words, do brave deeds.

The tendencies to make our own tastes the standards and our own characters the normal types of soundness and strength is both general and deep. Most of us are probably unaware of the extent to which we unconsciously flatter ourselves by giving prominence to our particular way of meeting events and dealing with them.

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Business Training is not "Education." The tendency of the higher institutions of learning to yield to the public pressure for what is popularly known as a "business education" is a natural one. It is a concession to the spirit of commercialism that appears to be dominant in all the activities of men.

The colleges cannot depart from the high calling of making citizens in order to make bookkeepers without lowering the standards of education. The business college belongs in the class of "professional schools." The student of law or medicine is supposed to have a foundation of liberal culture upon which to build the structure of professional attainment.

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RICH, RED BLOOD. Absolutely Necessary to Health and Strength.

THROUGH THE BLOOD EVERY ORGAN, EVERY NERVE AND EVERY TISSUE IN THE BODY IS NOURISHED—IF THE BLOOD IS IMPURE DISEASE TAKES POSSESSION OF THE SYSTEM.

If you want to be well take care of the blood. The blood is aptly termed the vital fluid, and it is through it that every organ and every tissue of the body is nourished.

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