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It was a peaceful little village in the North of Ireland, for away from world; its inhabitants were simple Sunday." people, interested only in their daily

The summer sun shone on the village street, playing on the whitefaced houses, and creeping through the athic windows into the cool dark church, where a few of the little school children were paying a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament on their way home from school.

In this small village there were six different places for worships for besides the usual Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian churches, there were also Methodist and Unitarian meeting bouses, and one enterprising shopkeeper, not being able to satisfy himself with any of these creeds, had founded a religion of his own. He declared he "had found the Lord," and forthwith he built a meetinghouse, delivered termons, and soon had a goody number of disciples. Yet in spite of all this, there were two old women, who, every Sunday of their lives, trudged off two long Irish miles to divine service, not being sole to suit themselves out off all the religions in their own village. It certainly could not have been the desire of exercise which prompted them to go so far, for they were both very much beyond the age when one halks for pleasure.

Somewhat back from the village street, there stood a rose-covered cottage, in a trim little graden of its own. in which lived two old sisters, named Katty and Anne Byrne. They were about the oldest inhabitants of the village, and had lived in this little cottage for a great many years. Their parents were buried in the graveyard close by, and here also two of their sisters and finally their brother had been laid to rest; and they were the only representatives brother's son, Jim.

Jim had been brought up altogether by his sunt. He was a fine clever young fellow, the pride and lov of their lives. When he finished his schooling, and it was time for eyes. him to think of turning to some trade, they apprenticed him to the leading village carpenter. For some time he did very well, and was thought a great deal of by his neighbors. But at the end of a few months he began to get restless: he grew tired of the quiet, uneventful village life, and longed to see some thing of the world, and at last one day he disappeared, no one knew where, and from that day his aunts had heard nothing of him.

The aunts were heartbroken at his departure, yet they always believed be would return. At first the neighbors would drop in with the oftrepated inquiry: "Any word from Jim?" But the answer was always the same, and at last they gave up as she expressed it herself. asking.

Month after month passed by until a year had down, and still the old women expected him home; they kept his room ready for him, just as he had left it; all his little belongings were carefully dusted every day, nothing was moved. It was just as though he had gone out for a day and was returning home in the evening.

Yet he never came. Three years had now passed since he left. Anne's eyes were dim with the tears she rad shed each night as the prayed for his safe return; and every day Katty found the few rards they had to form beside because walk to reach the church grow longer and more difficult to accomplish. They were both growing very old and feeble, and they began at last to fear that they would not live to see their boy come home.

On the opposite side of the street lived snother old woman, Mary out Fagan, the saint of the village. Most of her days she spent in the church, kneeling in front of the Blessed Virgin's altar, and her prayers were considered to be most efficacious one day Appe told Katty she was going over to Mary to ask her to pray for the safe and speedy return of their boy. Putting on her bonnet and long black cloak, she crossed over the street and knocked at the door of Mary's house. A feeble roice bade her enter, and opening the door and found the old woman crouching

said Aune taking a chair bustle best.

able to put on me since Sunday."

"Sure: I never heard a word of it, how thin and worn he was

was to with me to-day, and says he home to die."

labor and the gossin and scandal of Mary was in the habit of saying her twilight he told them his story the immediate neighborhood. They prayers with great ferror and to her of faiture and disappointment—no had very little connection with the very loudest voice but not being uncommon one indeed; of how he outer world, and indeed they had able to keep pace with the little all worked his way out to America, full not much loss in being so far remark! tur boys she never not further in the of expectation and confident of sucdiligently throughout the Rosary.

> laughing Well, indeed Mary, that's health broke down, and he bad me a dozen times before that happened. Anyhow you usedn't be thinking of dving for these ten years '"

"Did he say that now. Mary?" Anne asked incredulously, "Sure I was thinking you were looking greatly failed this last twelvemouth."

"Oh, sure he's always making fun with me, and says he: Mary, what will you leave me when you die?" And the other day, as he was going out of the door, he turned round again, and says he, well, Mary, when you do die, it's the fire corpse him. you'll make." Mary sonounced this with a little touch of pride in her voice, and them, she continued: "But with all that, he's a good man, no he is, and he gave me the wee lamp over fonder, to keep hurming before the statue of St. Joseph."

Anne duly admired the lamp and statue, and then asked Mary II she would like her to make her a cup of

"Indeed, I would like a wee drop of tea, Anna, you'll and the kettle behind the wee creeple youder, and the ten is in that box before you."

Anne found all the necessary articles, and having made the old woman comfortable, with her teanot in front of her, she prepared to go.

"And now, Mary," she said slipping a few pence into ber hand. "I want you to pray for our Jim. that now of the family—they and their he'll come back to us soon, before we are dead and gone."

"I will, Anne, I will; and have you never heard no word of him yet?" "Novor a line since he left." said Anno, the team standing in her

"I'll pray for him. Anne. so I will for he was a nice boy, and I'm real

sorry for you." It was just a week later that Anne and Katty started down the aunny street for their daily visit to the church. Very slowly Katty walked, clinging to Anne's arm, and, when they reached the shady porch, she stopped for a minute to rest. Then they passed on into the silent church. There was no one there except Mary Fagan, who was once again in her scoustomed place, in front of the Blossed Virgin's altar, praying forvently with her beads its her hand. She said the fifteen decades of the Rosary every day of her life, and she was now "just giving it a last turn."

The two old sisters knelt down in front of the high altar, and prayed earnestly for their boy, with just as much hope and faith as they had when he left them three years ago. Then after a few minutes they rose and left the church, Mary Fagan still remaining rapt in her devotions.

As they got outside the church

door, Katty heaved a deep sigh. "I doubt it's not many more times I'll be going down there, Anne," she said. "It'll not be long before I'm carried there in my coffe. I'm near ly spent." And Anne could not deny it, as she gishoed at the bent, feeble

"Mayba you'll get stromger," she said cheerfully as she pushed open the garden gate and helped her sister up the little path.

To their surprise they found the house door half open, for they always carefully closed it when they went

"Why. Katty, there must be some one within." Anne exclaimed as the hurried into the house, but she stopped amazed on the threshold of the kitchen. Sested by the fire. crouched close to it. though it was a warm enumer's evening, was a tall. thin men, with long mustaches.

He turned his head as Anne entered, then rose to his feet, and the next minute both the sisters had rushed into his arms. -

It was Jim, come home at last. Oh, man alive where have you been, and what have they been doing "Well mary how are you to day?" to your You're terrible falled. You just look at to wait law rour come."

poorly; this is the first day I've been at length they released him from Dayoung of the most par their embraces and was able to see

or we'd have come in to see to you." So I am, just ut for it," Jim an Anne remarked sympathetically, = swored with a grim smile, as he sank "Ase, indeed, Father Mconville back into his chair again. "I've come

the noise and tumult of the busy never missed me from Rosary on Anne, being alarmed at his evident weakness, hurried off to get bim Which was indeed astonishing, for some food; and then in the deepening response than "Holy Mary, Mother cess. At first he got some odd jobs of God, pray-which she repeated to do, and then he was taken on at a livery stable where he did pretty "And I told him," continued Mary well for a time, but he got tired of it somewhat indignantly that I might and gave it up; and so he went on have been dead and buried before from one thing to another, never ever he'd hear of it. And says he, dolor my good, until at last his not likely: you would be sending for struggled home, weary and disappoluted, to die

Later on he went to hed in his own little room, which had always been kept ready for him, and he never got up again.

The old aunts nursed him day and night, but they could not save him: his constitution had been conspletely undermined, and he was sinking rapidly. Father M'Conville came to see him every day, and it was a great comfort to the poor old sisters that their boy was surrounded by all the being that the Church fould give

It was another lovely evening about six o'clock: the little children were still playing in the dusty struct. their thrill roless calling to each other breaking on the stillness. few men were standing idly at their doors, emjoying their pipes in the cool evening air, after their hard day's work. Two of them stood together opposite the cottage where the old sisters lived. Father M'Couville had lust-gone in. Anne had had thought that Jim-was getsing very weak, and sent one of the little boys who were playing about the street to ask the priest to come up.

"I doubt he'll not last look." one of the men remarked, nodding his head towards the little upstairs room where Jim lay dying. "He's greatly falled. I never saw anyone go so fast, and he a great strong young fellow when he went away." >

"It would be as well he wen replied the other,

The Northerns are not a demonstrative race: they feel sorry for their neighbors when they are in trouble but it is not in their nature to express their sympathy.

The two men stood alleutly watching the little window for a few minutes, and just as the Angelns bell was beginning to peals withered hand went up to the window and drew down the blind. "May God have mercy on his souli" they exclaimed together as they stood with uncovered heads, for then they knew that Jim was dead .- L. M. W. in Irish Monthly:

Bishop Donne, one of the State University regents, in an address to the graduating class at St. Agnes School. Albany, made some remarks very pertinent to the woman suffrage question He said: "One gets sick and tired of the way in which the talk of the woman's vocation fills the air; not merely in the wild vagaries of its blatant assump. tions, but in the parade and push of its claims for recognition of what is called Its rights. When constitutions shall have been altered to disturb the equipoise of the relation between man and woman; when motherhood shall be replaced by manuishness; when medeat ed homes shall furnish candidates for mismanaged offices; when money shall buy the votes of women, as it does now themselves, then the resped whirlwhid of some violent political reaction will be sathered in tears by those who are sowing the wind in the mad joy of the petroleuse of the French revolutions."

The caution uttered by a women the North American against the edu ting of our daughters out of their sinheres of life indicates one of the des zers of the new education. The h training is not to be despised, by great majority of women are to wives and mothers, and the konsukeeping is as important as of learning. If a woman is an au ity in Greek or Latin, and exanot make a load of bread or sweep a room, th is something wanting in the proportion of things, and there is just as much need of training for girls in the rudiments of housekeeping in the public schools as there is for the manual training of the home.

That was a very graceful act of Brown University at its recens done mencement-the conferring of the de gree of Doctor of Letters upon Julie Josephine Irvine, President of Welles ley College. The venerable Providence sent of learning is growing chivalrous in its old age. Forty years ago it would not let a woman across the college cam

ers on the lakes are invited to remen her that while there is no live

BLOOL

The Roy. Futbers of the congress tion of the Most Precions Bleed, are beginning to make praiseworthy Morts to propagate the devotion of the Most Precious Blocd throughout our glorious union. They came to the American shore under the guidance of the saintly Salesias Frances, who was delegated by the Pope for tina particular obranch of mission work. For fifty years they spent life of placure and humble mission work; but she beginning of the sec and half century marks a faudable public effort on their part to work for the greater glory of God. The beautiful St. Joseph's College at Pens sorises. Ind., bespeaks loudly the intention of the Reverend Fathern Gradually are their efforts being crowned with success by the intro duction of the devotion of the Most Precious Blood linto parishes and private families. Should the my gree confluere at the present rate there will not be many returns of the mouth of July, before we behold this most salutary devotion brosumbs home to over Catholie American beart

Our Mother the Church, show herself, in the working of her fulliful children a real mother. He wise and so kind-so thoughtful and so Indulgent op provident for the infinitely various needs of becomen children—so skilful in adapting bet ways and means noticely to that? notual needs, but also to that disting the the times was the ent bastes and feelings, to the fer trans time of the same with requirements of their tudividual dis 19 theirs. There positions, and to their chromatament. She traly makes bereelf will be all and the entration of nouse, but the France product the survey rocks also to make her children the beir finder million happy and hose three tributered in had no in out the apatusodio odsbrodiis to discussio administra correr, denominated revivals, but he sames in March substitution providing for them as almost safes footy well desireding which are suffable for every and Mill fit

notice along to connection with name

get weary of monotory even in plant, the shapeness. teoned by the Church are didn to. the special state of salvation of the soul. All size as riched with indulgences. These of others and, we may believe, milli tive of more abundant spiriters to som (food) truth to the coul. This is build sepecially the case with all there devotions which relate more imme ately to the person of our Divine and an Lord.

July brings us one of these de tions. The month opens by dedicating the first Sunday in a particular manner to the honor of the Most Mint at 12th Precious Blood, which was shed by I blood with the redemption of all manicing, and me without which shedding the Fred tells us. there is no remission to sins. This great feetival was an isohod in a opirit of the His Holiness, Four Prof 12. in exile in clasts upon the metales of the saintly general of the mo tion of the Most Precious Blook of Merica. Already satisfie in the Feet "Inc on the Friday after the fourth Boo day to Lout this develop her rien commemorated by a special Calles But in Lout the Chaoch is also to placing the aims of her children La before that eyes and properlies thing for the yearly representation of the street a wful tragedy of Calvary believe block

Blessed Lord are a to it. 500 can not the the home marked characteristic of the devotion which is, as we shall present that the ly see, not in everymethy with the Chinese state time of penitones and grist. For manual time of pennsers and the transferred Ship was a another festival in its honor and even Gedicated to it a whole mouth Court Read whole per plant & Blessed Sucrations, was also the source and togething of the Most stations Precious Blood. The stody and ligger bert to a of our Lord is insperable continued in such in the Kell August Carrents the Holy Bucharms (2 Called

White ship devotice had be Corpus Christi. The falthin sheeter Bridge movies around the table of the Less Japan to eat the Flori and differ the Blood of the God-man. In the St. Salah Shan St. these devotions, and is thebes the ones to the Fire Wounds, to the Price of these Holy Mame of Jesus, we und always with a the same adorable Lord and along their store dans graces for all our mode. But particular graces are ansered to in the particular devotions and are more largely gives in connection with the of the Man Press practice of that particular develop.

Wasknow also that apacial dovotions have an aptitude to form thous Catholin 250

souls to greater holiness for whom remersially withside diese these devotions have an attraction label for the field book at While all Catholic devesion bare & as well as to complete blased lacility for adouble there- water the selven in some degree to the charact Product River for the in ter and mede of sech ladividual Safeting Souls should be care note each devotion seems to have markings to become some particular States for apprentiant bracking mary of to make the some derials wast at the wal-water man reliebly the tax made certain need of the heart. It is good Departed Thing passed for us. therefore, to by the enter face bure the companionally votion. This mark is built the country of the sport Mod has her of the sout while property She seeks frot God's grory From water

for almost all occasions and Wiles the course of the year now and many