

TO MARY IMMACULATE.

[An allegory.]
Fond Mother, should my bark e'er stray
Far from the shores it once decreed...

SERVING AT MASS.

A SACRED PRIVILEGE THAT CARRIES SPECIAL BENEFITS.

You Can Gain More Grace and Merit by Serving Mass With Faith and Devotion Than by Merely Hearing It—A Royal Acolyte.

Theologians tell us, says Cardinal Vaughan in a beautiful little devotional work, "The Sacrifice of the Mass," that the more real part you take in offering the sacrifice of the mass the more largely you partake of its benefits.

You can gain more grace and merit by serving mass with faith and devotion than by merely hearing it.

He who serves mass kneels and moves among the angels. The angels look upon him with a kind of holy jealousy. He discharges an office in act which they discharge only in desire.

St. Thomas of Aquinas used to make his thanksgiving after mass by serving another mass. The great chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More, always took the greatest delight in serving mass, and when he was one day told that the king would be displeased if he heard that he lowered himself by serving a poor priest's mass he replied: "My lord the king cannot be offended if I render service to his Lord, who is King of kings and Lord of lords."

St. Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia used to serve mass with the greatest devotion. He knew no royal privilege equal to that of serving the mass of the humblest priest in his kingdom. He would kneel without a cushion and so highly did he esteem everything connected with the altar that he actually with his own royal hands used to cultivate a field, saw the seed and then gather and grind the wheat in order with his own hands to prepare the host for the holy sacrifice.

But the spirit of faith is not dead among us. At the present day many of the highest Catholic nobility in England esteem it a great honor to serve mass, and they often serve it with edifying faith and devotion.

St. Matilda had a vision of the soul of a poor, simple lay brother, and beheld him crowned with the utmost effulgence of glory, and she was given to understand that this was his reward for having served all the masses he could with the greatest possible faith and devotion.

Morning and Evening Prayers. Parents should exercise the utmost care in seeing that their children say their morning and evening prayers. A child is very apt after running about all day long to forget his prayers at night or to neglect them in the morning in his hurry to be up and doing.

Intelligence Corrupted. You can regulate the warm tide of wild passion, you can light into virtue the dark errors of ignorance, but where the force of the brain does but clog the free action of the heart—where you have to deal not with ignorance misled, but with intelligence corrupted—small hope of reform, for reform here will need reorganization.

An Aged Pilgrim. A picturesque incident of the holy year was the recent reception by Leo XIII of Donna Carolina Tanturelli, an aged woman from Perugia, who attained her hundred and first year early in January last.

The Lord's Prayer. The sublimest hymn that was ever poured forth from the lips of man in prayer and the praise of his Creator is the "Our Father." In its grandeur it rises from the lowest depths of man's nothingness to the throne of infinite majesty, in its pathos it searches the heart, touches its feebleness and exposes its wants with the simplicity and tenderness of a child leaning upon a fond and merciful mother. It is at once supplication, exhortation, instruction, praise and worship.

ACHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring, All the birds of heaven may sing, All the winds of earth may bring, All sweet sounds together.

One thing yet there is that none, Hearing ere his chime he do, Knows not well the sweetest one, Heard of men beneath the sun.

Deliver Us From Evil.

The operating theatre was fitted with lookers-on.

Mr. Menzies' operations were far-famed. Pending the arrival of the patient from the anæsthetic room on the other side of the passage, the great surgeon stood washing his hands and talking to his dressers.

An enthusiast himself, he always inspired his subordinates with enthusiasm, and his daring success as an operator made him the envy and admiration of all his juniors.

His fine but stern face relaxed into a smile over the naive remarks of one of the students and a little laugh even broke from his lips. It was unusual for Mr. Menzies to laugh; he was known as a grave silent man and the man, who had been the greatest surgeon there was a great kindness in his keen gray eyes, and his rare smile was particularly charming.

The world had been loud in its commendation a year before when Mr. Menzies' wife had left him and their three-year-old daughter for another man, who had been the greatest surgeon friend. Equally loud in its expressed sympathy, but the surgeon had made all such expressions an impossibility.

To no living soul had he ever spoken of the blow which had ruined his happiness and no living soul had even ventured to touch upon the subject to him.

He faced life sternly now, instead of smiling as before that was all, and he flung himself heart and mind into his profession, giving apparently no thought to anything beyond it, except to his small daughter.

The child went with him everywhere, and was even now sitting in the carriage in the hospital court yard, grave and intent, scanning the people who passed to and fro in the full sunshine.

There was a sudden hushing of the busy talk in the operating theatre, as the patient was wheeled in and lifted upon the table, and the surgeon moved forward.

"Patient quite ready, sir," said the house surgeon, respectfully.

The surgeon did not even glance at the face of the man upon the table, but proceeded to examine the seat of the injury, asking a few terse questions as he did so.

"Come in early this morning, you say."

"Yes, sir, only just conscious enough to tell us he was run over."

"Poor fellow! Well it is quite obvious what must be done. It is a case of life or death. The only chance of saving him is to operate at once."

The clear, decided voice could be heard all over the theatre, the strong, steady hands were watched eagerly from every corner as they began their work with no hesitation, with no uncertainty of result.

For a quarter of an hour Mr. Menzies worked on in silence, broken only by an occasional short word to the dresser beside him.

As usual, he was absorbed in the task before him, every other thought for the moment relegated to the back of his mind. Outside, in the courtyard his little daughter sat in the carriage, watching the pigeons strutting to and fro in the sunshine, and the people who passed in and out of the great doors, washed over herself by the coachman, who adored every hair of the curly head, and worshipped the ground that was walked upon by her tiny feet.

It gave her a delightful sensation of being grown up, added to the delight of the long drive sitting beside father, and holding his hand and chatting to him upon the many and varied incidents on the road.

She glanced up at the windows and wondered where father was just that very minute, and whether he would come soon. Then she turned her eyes back again to the pigeons in the sunshine, strutting boldly up and down underneath the feet of the passers-by.

The most critical moment of the operation had been reached when the surgeon paused for a moment to glance up at the table at the face of the patient, and to ask a question of the house surgeon.

But the question was only half uttered, his words broke off suddenly, and a student, more observant than his fellows, noticed what a curious grayness overspread his face.

"Something gone wrong over the anæsthetic," the thought flashed through the student's brain, but even a flash of thought came, he saw Dr. Menzies pull himself together with a strange, jerky movement, and heard him say, quietly:

"Patient all right, Lettsdale?"

"Quite right, sir." The house surgeon's voice was brisk and confident. The student wondered idly what had made the usually calm Mr. Menzies break off in that sudden, irrelevant manner, then his wonderings were forgotten in the absorbing interest of the operation.

The surgeon had turned quietly back to his work, and with steady fingers that never faltered or wavered, was going on with his task. But his soul was in a tumult; his brain was on fire. The helpless man lying before him—the man whose life lay in his hands—was the friend who one short year before had stolen from him his wife and

his happiness, the friend who had been worse than an open enemy. Some long-forgotten words swung through his brain as his fingers moved mechanically in their work.

"If it had been an open enemy that had done me this dishonor, I could have borne it. But it was even thou, mine old familiar friend."

"Mine own familiar friend!" A queer look flashed into the gray eyes; he raised them suddenly and glanced again at the patient's white face. It was so very white that except for the faint breathing that was just audible you might have supposed that the one lying upon the table was dead.

Dead—well, if the patient were dead, there would be one villain less in the world, the wrong would have been avenged. If the patient who lay so still and white were still forever in death.

The surgeon's eyes went back to their work; his steady fingers never relaxed their task, there was no outward sign of the tumult within his soul save a certain tightening of his lips.

"Dead!" The word surged to and fro in his brain until he could see it actually dancing before his eyes. The man whom he had cursed so bitterly the man who had vanished from his life a year ago was helpless in his hands, absolutely at his mercy, and if he left unattended ever so little by the fraction of a hair's breadth, the faint breathing would cease and the life would be blown into silence.

The surgeon was so absorbedly away in his work that he did not know that the operation was one of extreme delicacy. If it failed, no one would ever blame the surgeon. Few men ever understood how much more would have been done for a patient if it had been a successful termination.

To do that meant such a tiny, tiny shift of the instrument he handled with his skill and care. The most critical part of the whole operation was now being done. There was a breathless hush in the theatre and across it the voice of one student to another was clearly audible.

"My love, he has got a tough job to do."

As though it had been yesterday, instead of a year ago, there rose before Mr. Menzies' eyes a sudden vision of the last day on which he and the patient had met. He saw his wife's drawing room flooded with the sunshine, and his wife smiling up into his face with laughing eyes. The fragrance of roses pervaded everything, she had all those loved roses, and a vivid recollection came to him of great roses upon the tables.

A mass of gorgeous red ones had caught the flashing sunlight, and stood red in the red light. She had had a big pink one at her belt, and she had held out to him a dainty orange-colored bird. "For your button hole, dear," she had said softly.

Beside her stood the man who now lay unconscious under his hands, and their two laughing faces rose up and looked him with their falseness.

Such a little slip of the hand, so easily compassed and the life of the man before him would slip forever into silence and revenge was sweet.

His lips tightened, his eyes grew hard.

"Wrong! absurd!" There was no more in avenging your honor. Heaven had thrown this man in his way, the vengeance was meant to be his, was childish, ridiculous, to draw back now when the game was in his hands.

His lips had tightened till they looked like a thin band of steel, his eyes were for the moment devilish.

For what seemed to him like a century, but what was in reality a quarter of a second, his hand stayed its work and the patient's life hung in the balance. Then all at once the tense look on his face relaxed, his hand moved on steadily, firmly, surely and only that again one student, more observant than the rest, noticed that he was white to the very lips.

"Strain too much for him," was the thought in the young man's mind; "no wonder he feels bad; that was a nasty moment, a slip of a hair's breadth, and good-bye to the patient!"

"Never saw anything like it," another student murmured, "the finest bit of operating anybody could wish to see. That fellow ought to be grateful to Menzies."

Perhaps there was a little surprise in the minds of all those in the theatre that day, that Mr. Menzies did not improve the occasion by a lecture upon the case. Indeed, he uttered no syllable during the remainder of the operation, and never once again did he raise his eyes to the face of the patient.

"Get Mr. Stiles to see the case now," he said briefly, "I shall not be able to come down tomorrow."

Outside in the June sunshine, his little daughter awaited him as he came down the hospital steps, and as he stepped into his carriage she slipped her hands in his.

"Are you tired, daddy dear?" she said, "you are ever so white."

"Very tired, my darling," he said, mechanically, and his voice shook.

"And you're cold," the child went on, "I felt you shiver though the sun is as hot as hot!"

Another shiver ran through the surgeon's frame.

"Yes, I think I am cold," he said. Perhaps—

He broke off abruptly, "I have had a hard time, he finished after a pause.

"Poor daddy," the child whispered. Her soft hand held his more closely, and her little forehead puckered itself into anxious lines as she looked into her father's white face and tired eyes.

"Loving little soul! all the way home she wondered what could have made her father so terribly unlike himself that afternoon; all the evening she watched him with tender, anxious eyes, pondering the problem still. But perhaps she wondered most of all when, as was her wont, she said her prayers beside him, and at the end of the Lord's Prayer he whispered, in a strangely broken voice—

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PRINCESS CLEMENTINE.

The King of Belgium's Youngest Daughter to Take the Veil.

Princess Clementine of Belgium, who will soon enter a convent and take the veil against the protests of her father, has desired to retire into a religious life for the past two years and has been thus far restrained by parental authority.

The princess is the third and youngest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium. She was born on July 30, 1872. One of her sisters is married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and the other,



Princess Clementine, who is eight years older than Clementine, is the widowed crown princess of Austria. The mother of these women, Queen Marie Henrietta, is the daughter of the late Archduke Joseph of Austria.

Belgium's fair candidate for the veil is one of the most charming of royal girls. She is noted for her humane disposition and for her fondness for animals.

Clementine not long ago was said to have been betrothed to Prince Albert of Flanders, who paid a visit to America not long since. She was also said to have been engaged to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, but all of these stories now turn out to have been mere gossip. It is said that the young woman has irrevocably made up her mind to become a nun.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Alms deeds comprise every kind of service rendered to our neighbor who needs such assistance. He who supports a lame man bestows an alms, on him with his feet; he who guides a blind man does him a charity with his eyes; he who carries an invalid or an old man upon his shoulders imparts to him an alms of his strength; hence none are so poor but they may bestow an alms on the wealthiest man in the world.—St. Augustine.

"Father, Forgive Them." "Father, forgive them." This prayer was not offered for those alone who were present on Calvary, but for all sinners. Instead of showing indignation at their sins he only feels pity for them, knowing, as he does, the terrors of the anger of God. What a lesson for us! When we are offended, our prayer too often is, "Father, punish them as they deserve." What a contrast to the prayer of the sacred heart!—Selected.

A Touchstone of Catholicity. The Catholic paper is, as has been well said, a touchstone of Catholicity. It brings with it into the home an atmosphere of faith and love for the church, admiration for her heroes and devotion to her interests.—Catholic Mirror.

SHORT SERMONS.

Study always to have a conscience without offense toward God and toward men.

One of the reasons the church has for moving forward with the world is to get away from the corpses of heresies that stink by the roadside.

We seek happiness in self indulgence, which is sensual and exhausting, whereas it is in self denial, which is spiritual and strengthening.

Mary, thou art the book in which the rule of our life is written, or, rather, thou art the book which contains the wisdom of the Eternal Father.

The fruit of happiness comes only of that which dies to itself. Set happiness before you as an end, no matter what guise of wealth or fame or oblation you will not attain it. Happiness is the pleasure of God, and that is the birth of your own.