SING TO ME OF GLADNESS

Ming to me never of loss or of pain; Hymn me no measure of andness. Sing me a song with a sweet refrain Brimming with love and with gladness Wake not the echo of human woe, Sharp in its accent of sorrow; Sing of the joy that today we know,

Hearts have their agonies, keen and deep; Some there are sated with pleasure. Sad and alone some lives ever keep; Others are wealthy in treasure. Each has allotment of thorns and flowers; Nothing is gained by repirzing. Sing me a song of the joy that is ours, Sing of love's sun always shining!

-Amadeus in Catholic Transcript.

ST. MALACHI'S PROPHECIES Predictions About the Papacy Made

by Armagh's Archbishop. One of the English magazines has been explaining once more the oft quoted prophecies of St. Malachi, which have found astonishing backing in history. St. Malachi was archbishop of feet in length, more than four and Armagh in the twelfth century. He a half times as long as our mile. went to Rome and received high honors, going back to Ireland as the pope's legate. On a second pilgrimage to Rome he died in the arms of Bernard of Clairvaux

His prophecies all concerned the fucorroborated these sayings of the Irish saint.

Clement XIII was indicated by the phrase, "Rosa Umbria." He came from Venetia, which is the home of this flower. The place of Plus VI in the prophesied line was filled by the deman who was driven from Rome and borne from prison to prison until he died in exile.

Next after Pius VI, said Malachi, would come a pope whose fate lay in the words, "Aquila Rapax." Pius VII certainly fulfilled the prophecy, being is one and one-fourth times as long but wax in the hands of Napoleon of as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio the emperial eagle.

Pius IX, who saw the white cross of the house of Savoy wave above the crossed keys of the papal flag in Rome, was described in the prophecies as he who would "bear the cross from the cross," and the present pope was to come "as light in the heavens." The pope bears the arms of his family, a silver star on an azure field.

Six more popes are foretold by Malachi's prophecy, their mottoes being, "A Burning Fire," "Religion Laid Waste," "Intrepid Faith," "Pastor and Pilot," "From the Work of the Sun" and "The Fame of the Olive," and those who believe in the Irish saint's, foresight trust that the six popes will be long lived, for, said the archbishop, in the last persecution the poptist Rome shall feed his flock amid sore persecution, and at the appointed time the City of the Seven Hills shall fall, and the Judge shall judge the nations."

St. Peter's Chair.

The actual material chair of St. Peter is now venerated in his basilica in Rome and enshrined in the splendid bronze throne supported by colossal figures of four doctors of the church, Sts. Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius in a deep voice. "This is the docand Chrosostom, the whole weighing tor." 219,000 Roman pounds. The actual seat is a simple oak chair which only in the ninth century was adorned in front with ivory plates. Until the time of Alexander VIII the position of the relic frequently changed. In the oldest church of St. Peter, built by Constantine between 320 and 350, the chair had a place of honor at one of the sides in the baptismal chapel erected by Pope Damasus. In those days the Roman pontiffs used to seat themselves upon this chair in order to administer confirmation to the neophytes just baptized. In the eighth century contemporary pictures represented the chair as kept in the oratory of St. Leo. Archæologists like De Rossi and Marucchi have proved the existence of this venerable relic as far back as the second century. Even at that time it was looked upon with the highest veneration as a material proof of the apostolic succession. In the sixth century the Abbot John is recorded as having carried some of the oil from the lamp ever burning before the apostolic throne to the Lombard queen Theodolinda.—London Tablet.

Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland. The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland consists of 4 archbishops and 27 bishops. There are 32 counties in Ireland. Every county in Ireland has not a bishop. Ireland was laid out into ecclesiastical provinces and sees and dioceses many centuries before it was laid out into counties. Ireland was divided into shires or counties by the English robbers about 1562. Thirty of the peers of the "United Kingdom" of Great Britain and Ireland are Catholica-Irish sufficiently attended to. The doc-

SHORT SERMONS.

There is energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of an orator's genius.

A man's nature runs to either herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the

Fear to speak ill of another or to blame any one in trivial matters, or you may have to do it yourself in a more serious one

Were there but one virtuous man in the world he would hold up his head with confidence and honor. He would shame the world and not the world

As Christians we must believe that the ideal of manhood is in Christ and that a development which does not make us men according to that ideal will not satisfy our Christian con-

MILES OF VARYING LENGTHS.

Seventeen Countries That Have Special Measurements of Their Own.

English speaking countries, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about oneseventh between the two: then there is the Scotch mile of 5.928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet -four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Caesar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,318

The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and one-half times the length of ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking ture of the papacy and were handed one of their miles than we get in down orally until the sixteenth cen-walking five miles, for their mile is tury, when they were written. The 9,153 yards long, while ours is only papal succession has in many instances 1.760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long and the Vienna post mile is 8,796 yards in scription, "An Apostolic Pilgrim." No length. So here is a list of 12 difwords could better have described the ferent miles, and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds

of a mile. The Brazilians have a milia that is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian verst is fiveeighths as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a fesakh, four to be equal to the parasang so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's "Anabasis." The distance indicated by the league also varies in different countries.—Ledger Monthly.

Imitative Tots at Play.

Wordsworth's lines of a child at play, "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation." were recently rein the children's ward at a provin- happened. He had fallen alone in

A little girl whose role was that phone on the wall to talk to her and day after day for many weeks, room, who played the part of doc- them, they continued to say to me in

"Hello!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion

"This lady is very ill," he was informed.

"Well, what seems to be the mat-

"She has swallowed a whole bottle

of ink," said the nurse. The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient, but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

pads of blotting paper!"

Queer Eating. ~ In 1632 it is recorded that a man named Claudius, a native of Lorraine, a very short, thin individual, used frequently to swallow with impunity pieces of glass, stones, pieces of wood, hay, straw, hares' feet. pieces of linen, cloth and small living animals, including on one occasion a couple of mice. Every one is familiar with the magic lantern slide of a man swallowing live mice, but there are few that are aware that such a thing has actually been done. Another man is mentioned who, finding himself hungry, ate a sack of charcoal, including the sack.

Flogging Was His Strong Point. Some one suggested during the reign of Dr. Keate at Eton that Christianity was not so much cultivated in his establishment as the classics, and especially that the endeavor to be "pure in heart" was not tor accordingly addressed his boys upon this point, "Be pure in heart, or (with sudden energy) I'll flog you!" As he once flogged a whole class of examinees for confirmation. thinking they had come up for punishment, there is no doubt that he refrain of each "verse." came back to meant to keep his word.

The Sandwich.

How many persons who daily eat sandwiches are aware that it is to an ancestor of the Earl of Sandwich that that popular form of food owes its name? The story runs that the earl in question was very fond of playing cards, and in order to pre- a bandit by circumstances. vent having to stop to eat he used | Inquiry developed these facts as to to have a slice of meat put between his kittenhood: His mother, who was two slices of bread and eat these as owned by the family of a colored man he played. This got to be called a having charge of one of the placapple "sandwich," but gradually the in-ed by the adoption into the family of verted commas were dropped as the an indiscreet young dog and had carscience. Our manhood calls for the word became an accepted one in the ried her young kits of to the woods

The Story of Deedie and the

Robber Cat

No only child belonging to a devoted human couple was ever more indulged-more "spoiled"-than was Deedie, the only kitten of Catsle and Roi, When they were fed, the two parent cats habitually stood back until they were sure that there was more than Deedie could eat, and in every way she was made to understand that they considered nothing too good for her. As this state of things is very apt to make human children willful and selfish it had to a certain degree this effect on Deedle. As far as affection for her parents went she was a model daughter—unhappy if either were long absent, basking in the affection of her big father and uniting with him in bestowing a matchless devotion on the little mother. But when food was given them, if it was something that needed to be divided into morsels, Deedie had a naughty habit of gathering them into a heap so she could crouch over the bits, drawing them singly from under her body to devour, while t'atsig and Roi sat looking on, happy in her enjoyment. This used to put me in such rages with the little beast that I once caught her up, meaning to give her a good shaking, but she disarmed my wrath by beginning to purr as soon as she felt my grasp.

Rio often went a little way into the woods and came back bringing some choice tidbit for Deedle-sometimes a katydid or a big grasshopper, more often a chameleon, a kind of small lizard which in catdom seems to rank as the daintiest of morsels. One never to be forgotten day after he had gone on one of these little bunting excursions we heard firing in the woods, which was not an unusual occurrence, but when I went out later to feed my cat family I found Catsle and Deedle in apparent agitation which increased when I began to call Roi. They paid no attention to the food I offered them. but stood looking anxiously up the and a half miles long, which is said path in the direction he always came when returning from the woods. When paused after calling, they looked up at me mewing and then up the woods path and again at me, evidently trying

to say:

"Call again. Don't stop." I continued calling for a long time. my uneasiness growing as I realized theirs, but Rol did not answer, nor did we see his large, graceful form come bounding up the path as always hereto-Satan. But Catsic and Deedle uttercompanion at the farther end of the ench time I went out to feed or pet their own wny:

"Call him again. He must come back to us."

I always called, just to satisfy them, while they looked off up the path, craning their necks and waving meditative tails as they listened for the longed for response. They followed us with evident understanding of our quest in the search we instituted on the chance of finding him lying wounded somewhere unable to return home. but no trace of him was ever found. If he was shot, as we have always believed, the hunter realized his error and concealed all traces of the tragedy.

Thus left, the fatherless daughter of an overindulgent mother, it is not with-She answered, "I gave her two out precedent that when the time came for Deedle to choose for herself she should have formed an undesirable attachment.

In my nursery days I delighted in a tragic rhyme story called "The Robber Kitten," beginning:

A kitten once to his mother said: 'T'll never more be good.
I'll go and be a robber fierce And live in the dreary wood, Wood, wood, and live in the dreary wood!

This "poem," with its lurid pictures and the dismal echoes that were the



"CALL AGAIN! DON'T STOP." me from the limbo of forgotten nursery delights when I found what sort of admirer Deedle had picked up and brought in for our approval. Naturally I investigated his past and was rather aghast to learn that he was a genuine robber cat. But, unlike the robber kitten of nursery lore, he was not so from a determination to "never more be good," He had been forced to become

gers had been encountered there that Deedle's friend was the sole survivor of this car family. He was not a beauty, but he had a wicked eye and a rakish awagger calculated to enamers the fancy of the illogical young per-

son. Catale repudiated him with the utmost scorn and gave me to understand that she wished me to refuse him the privileges of the screened porch with its little swinging door which we call the cat room. So I reasoned with Deedle until I my that if he were ariven away she would go with him then I succumbed to the ineritable and concluded it would be a better plan to reconcile Catale to his presence and to try to reform the poor robber cat whom we knew to be the rictin of an unfortunate early environments is

To begin in this plan of adoption, w formally christened him Johnny Bull. prefer not to tell why this name was chosen for him lest the reader should be led to imagine that I am averse to the typical Briton. I should regret to convey such an impression. By going back only a very few generations ! find myself wandering over ancestral acres under English skies. So my attitude toward any unpleasant characteristics that are admittedly typical of the



TIME FOR A GRAND RECONCILIATION. mother country is that of the affectionate toleration one feels for the shortcomings one sees in the members of one's own family circle.

Johnny Bull recognized and accepted his name with an encouraging intelligence and soon learned to adapt himself to the cooked food which he at first found to be so puzzling. Catale's scorn of him went to the extreme of refusing to recognize Deedle when he was with her. I found it was necescalled by a conversation overheard fore. I knew instinctively what had sary to feed her separately as she would not touch even the most temptfate that had overtaken poor little | was to share it. He hung around with a guilty air watching his chance to head which toward from side to of nurse rang an imaginary tele- ly refused to accept this conclusion, make friendly overtures to me when Catsle's back was turned, and soon showed he understood that my good will to him depended on his keeping to the rule we made that he was to kill no more birds. This is always the first thing our cats are taught and they are fed with such unfalling regularity that temptation is reduced to a minimum. So matter stood when Deedle's four

kits appeared on the acene. "Now," said I, "is the time for a

grand reconciliation! But instead of welcoming the little grandbaby kits Catale's bristles all the subject.

Her meals had to be served to her on sleeted to return the purse." another porch.

Deedle was very happy with her young family. The only fly in the olutment was her mother's disapproval I often reasoned with Catale about it and she showed that she felt herself to be in the wrong. She tried to overcome her dislike for the little creatures, going tentatively to look at them from time to time; but as soon as they would begin to aquirm or to atretch their little mouths open, her distaste for them would conquer. Then spitting at them In disgust and shaking a disdainful

paw, away she would fly! I knew she was surprised and distressed to find herself in this state of mind: One often hears masculing statements as to the puzzles of the woman is because she does not understand herself. She is constantly surprising unexplored corners in her own nature which cause her to stand against, exclaiming with the old woman in Mother Goose's Melodies-

"Lawk a many, or my soul, this is none of li" Poor Catale was passing through one of these spiritual crises, and she made It plain to me that she knew I understood and sympathized with the diffculties of her position.

Deedle's happiness in her little family was of short duration. Three of her kits fell asleep and refused to be uwak ened. The fourth was found on examfuntion to be reduced from his original rolly poly shape to a mere skeleton, I divined that there was something wrong with the food family by usture and took the little fellow in limit myself. He soon showed that my dlagnosis of his case and been correct, and responded to an unlimited diet of cov's milk by resuming his round shape. In the meantime John Bull, neglected by Deedle and utterly scorned by Catale, had found himself to be so unmistakably in the way that he had disappeared; his absence, together with Dec-

die's bereavements, brought about the longed for reconciliation. One morning I came down stairs ear lier than usual, and there was Catalo sleeping in the nursery box with Des die, the grandbaby kit cuddled up be tween them, all three purring happly tegether just as we used to find Catala Bol and Deadle for the pappy days some

The Sou of God the Briefle! The The client as its election of he factor in the control of the cont

Was now laid in a manager

What counter by Him 30 we win.
Whe made Filmself he price of size
To make us being of glory!
To see this bake all inancemous.
Adapty born in our instance:
Can man organ tale story?

The wind was whistling through the trees drearly and the waves on the lake were wild and moley and as the early autumn dust settled down the girls drow nearer the bright fire and watched the fitzul blane in quier companionship. There was an air of an pectanon surrounding them. The younger one tapped her toe restlessly from time to time and occasionally glanced out of the low cotture windows.

The elder one, a quiet girl, with soft brown heir and eyes of steadtast blue. reached up from her west on the floor and took the others hand.

"Never maind, Amy; don't fret dear; he is sure to come soon."
"But, True, that in what you said all day yesterday, and still he dosen't

come. I am so tired of waiting! Amy threw back her glorious golden head impatiently, but left her hand in the curesting group of her young aunt. For they were munt and plece, and so nearly of an age that the relationship was the subject of many jokes between

Amy was the beauty of the two her wonderful hair, pure gold in color and soft as finest silk, topping of a pharm. ing face. Her eyes were a deep change. mble gray. A fine figure and proud carriage less to her an air of distinction which her little aunt did not pos-

True was proud of A my's beauty and thought little of her own appearance. which, though mot near as striking, simultaneously with was to a careful observer just as at-traction. There was a post tenderness about her eyes and mouth, and her gen-tic speech and winning ways made her many friends. She rose from her lowly. seat and threw a few scloks of wood of the fire, which blased up merrity. "West, that makes it meen more them.

ful, doesn't it Amy!". Yes, some, but nothing our make it were not so behyish I'd like to one "Don't, dear' I soulded thank it. We many be brack answered free as the paced slowly back and forth before the and again to veroke the fall

chair. me, True, about the men you met the day you were robbed last winter; that's the only smolting topic we have not work out these kwo dressy days to shall I say i impressed with your born maid Amy mischievessy

"On, you sally soul a well you know I was furt leaving the matines when a man brushed up rudely against me and Lalipped and fell. I was derrying my pures and handsteephast in my hand. and the man, after assisting me to my feet, handed me my handkerchief. turned the wrong way and she spat at and begging my pardon, passed on them in a manner that left not a Just as he was lost among the growd t shadow of doubt as to her feelings on made the startling discovery that when the subject. You poor young one! I know what you did then. You stood perfectly still, and oried, you old goosy!" laterposed

Arny.

Ten, that I what I did, and then to heard some one batting in these that water it is could be or any special in me, and, drying any oyas and leading up, I have only any the best from the all the world. I do believe?" Except Dada! "Always excepting Dad's I with great protection of shipt replies that it would like a place lor expert. Did you ever hear anything so ship! Bad there was presenting so ship! Bad in his firm game (Ma) only though

snewering directly. You seem quite nervous, he said. Please let me take you to the car, Are getting dark and you look so white, Take my arm. I obeyed him unbedisthat the reason no man can understand think of it but he inspired confidence.

Woman is because the door not will be inspired confidence. at once and we walked on he talking by pleasantly that I soon forget my disagreeable experience." And only thought of your agreement companion. What a wedden cane was laughed Army ''' a would

The he via Bit suppose we the never find out for after the careful watch you tesp all visites. "Hum. Amy I fide!

"Ten you did and you always matine was suggested."

"Stop toward or I will be suggested or a well-the space or a well-the spa my hero le nothing more than a morth with

where is Dad't DAd you run old doggy to ease our minds?

Strick Property Was about the Duck board wa their country home, and th had lingered on late into golie to meet some friends shooting. He had been a days, till the print, left atsute me (asts, left), but because the cold with auxiliary. They not by the sound of wheels rever visit and Dad returns wounded friend Go stranger to the