

IN A WAYSIDE SANCTUARY.

Rev. M. J. Locke, O. S. A., Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Out on a Roman wayside
One day as I idly strayed,
I chanced on a little chapel,

Lifting the faded curtain
That swung in the open space
Of the doorway grey and olden.

Over the rude stone altar
A picture face was hung—
The face of a sweet Madonna,

At length, when their task was ended,
They knelt on the sanded floor
And asked for their Mother's blessing.

For a voice more potent answered,
"The children's prayer is heard!"

What folly in them to pray!"
One glance at the lowly altar,
And my soul to its depths was stirred.

The Light Before the Altar.

"I will now tell you a little story,"
said the missionary, who, during the
five days he had been preaching to
the simple congregation that hung
upon his words, had endeavored himself
to them in a wonderful manner.

"A group of children were playing
in the school yard adjacent to the new
church in a thriving little Western
town, where, until recently, the Cath-
olics had been obliged to hold ser-
vices only once a month, and then in
a large room over a grocery store.

"The teacher, observing him from
the porch of the school room, thought
she would go and have a little chat
with him. He did not see her until
she stood beside him. 'Well, Herbert,'
she said, 'are you trying to read the
inscription over the door?' The gold
letters are confusing in this strong
sunlight.'

"No, ma'am," he responded. "I was
trying to peep inside. What do the
letters say?"

"Church of the Blessed Sacra-
ment."
"How pretty! I wish I might go
in!"

"And so you may, dear," answered
the teacher. "Come, let us go togeth-
er."

"Do they allow Protestants to go
inside?" he asked.

"Certainly, Herbert, provided they
are respectful and do not talk aloud."

"Taking his hand, she led him up
the steps and into the clean, new
church, with its dainty, flower-decor-
ated altar, for the previous day had
been the Feast of the Assumption.
She knelt on the lowest step of the
sanctuary; the boy did the same.

"How very still and beautiful it
is!" thought the child. "How lovely
that light before the altar, twinkling
and smiling there to honor God!
They believe He is in that little room
they call the tabernacle, and that is
why the lamp is always burning."

"He would like to have lingered,
but the teacher arose, and they passed
out."

a good place. I worked for Catholics
when I was a boy and know some-
thing about their belief. If my moth-
er hadn't been a Presbyterian and
made me promise to stay in her
church, those people would have made
me a Catholic years ago. Not through
any persuasion, my boy; just by their
example."

"Many a time I've gone in myself
when I felt sad and lonely," said the
mother. "That was in Newark, long
ago, when I was an orphan—before I
met your father."

"Ah," sighed Herbert—but it was
a happy sigh—"I'm so glad you don't
care if I go!" And he went to bed
with a joyful heart.

"Many thoughts had that little boy
as he knelt evening after evening be-
fore the ever-burning light upon the
altar. Nearly always he was alone—
entirely alone; and he would say to
himself: 'The Catholics believe that
here in the tabernacle is Jesus Christ
Himself, always present; and the light
is the sign that He is here. Why,
then, do they come so seldom to pray
before it? And why do they leave
withered flowers on the altar if they
believe that God is there?'

"The boy listened attentively to all
the teacher's instructions, and had
gradually come to know a great deal
about the doctrines of the Church.

"They are taught," he would fur-
ther soliloquize, "that if they come to
Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with
all their troubles and trials, He will
help them and comfort them and show
them what to do. If they are glad
He will rejoice with them; if they
are sad, He will console them. Why,
then, do they remain away?"

"Again, looking at the crucifix
above the altar, the wounded body of
our Lord but faintly visible in the
half darkness, he would think: 'He
died for me, too—He died for all men.
And what a lovely thing it is to feel
that He is here day and night in the
tabernacle, as Catholics do! But, oh,
how can they leave Him all alone!'

"And at length there came a day
when the plenitude of faith descended
upon the child, and he cried out in
the joy of his heart: 'Truly our Lord
said: 'Behold I am with you all
days, even to the consummation of the
world.' And this is what He meant.
And again: 'This is My Body, this
is My Blood; do this in commemora-
tion of Me.' O my Lord and Savior,
I, too, believe as the Catholics be-
lieve!"

"After that it was not difficult for
the boy to obtain the permission of
his parents to be instructed and bap-
tized. In the providence of God he
afterwards became a priest—a Father
of the Blessed Sacrament, as I am,—
forever preaching devotion to the
Blessed Sacrament, as is his mission-
and my own.

"Our Divine Lord asks for so little
from us, and yet that little we deny
Him. Five minutes every day before
the altar—yet how few of us can spare
it from the occupations of this world!
One half hour a week to kneel, alone
and pray to the God who waits silent-
ly for us in the halo of the undying
sanctuary lamp—yet how many among
us can declare: 'I give to Him that
short half hour?' I once heard a Pro-
testant say: 'Could I believe that
Christ is in the Sacrament, it seems
to me I would never leave the spot
where our Catholics are sure He is
concealed. O my brethren how thus
are we not often put to shame!'

The delicate-featured, fair-haired
priest descended from the pulpit, and
presently his beautifully modulated
voice could be heard, as kneeling in
front of the tabernacle, he recited the
devotional ejaculatory prayers to Jes-
us in the Blessed Sacrament with
which he was accustomed to end his
discourse. As the congregation joined
 fervently in the responses, there were
few present who were not convinced,
and justly, too, that he was the same
child of predilection who, in the days
of his innocent boyhood, had loved to
kneel and watch and pray near the
light before the altar.—Ave Maria.

HONORABLE WILLIAM GIBSON.

One of the greatest enthusiasts
about the restoration of the Irish lan-
guage is the Hon. William Gibson,
the eldest son of Lord Ashbourne
(Lord Chancellor of Ireland). Mr.
Gibson lives near Ascot (England)
and constantly invites parties of the
Gaelic League to spend weeks at his
house. Mr. Gibson is, as every one
knows, a convert to Catholicism, and
he has a private chapel attached to
his house and in this during Lent he
had the usual Lenten devotions, the
rosary, litanies and all other prayers
said in Irish. Many English attend-
ed these devotions, and some learned to
join in the Irish responses. Mr. Gib-
son, at all Gaelic gatherings wears
the distinctive Gaelic dress—a very
picturesque costume, resembling the
"garb of the old Gael" worn by the
Highlanders.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S AUNT A
CATHOLIC CONVERT.

Princess Ann of Prussia, widow of
the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse, has
abjured Lutheranism and become a
convert to the Catholic Church. She
was received into the Church last week
at Fulda, the Princess of Isenburg-
Bierstein, who is by birth an Austrian
Archduchess, having officiated as her
sponsor. The Landgrave is the moth-
er of Prince Frederick Charles of
Hesse, who married the youngest sis-
ter of the Kaiser, and is a daughter of
that Prince Charles of Prussia who
was a younger brother of old Emperor
William.

POWER OF THE BLESSED SACRA-
MENT.

The experience of twenty-five years
in the care of souls has convinced me
how powerful is the virtue of the
Blessed Sacrament to confirm the soul
in all good, to preserve it from evil,
to console it, and in one word, to de-
fy it as it were even in this world, if
it be received with faith, with purity
and with devotion.—St. Francis

FOR BOHEMIANS.

ST. PROCOPIUS COLLEGE AT LISLE,
ILL. DEDICATED.

The First College For Bohemians Erected
in the United States—His Rev. Bishop Mul-
doon of Chicago Officiates at the Cere-
monies and Delivers an Able Address.

Monday of last week was a red-let-
ter day for the Bohemian Catholics of
the United States. The occasion was
the dedication of the first Bohemian
College in this country. A poor man
that has been laboring in the sweat of
his brow to support his numerous
family more fully appreciates the pos-
session of a small cottage that he may
call his own than will appreciate a
millionaire the possession of a palace.
Thus it is with the Bohemians. They
have indeed all over the country flour-
ishing parochial schools which are at-
tended by thousands of children, but
they did not have up to this date,
their distinctive institution for higher
learning—that is, a college. They
were fully aware that the world is to
be conquered only by thorough Chris-
tian education, and if they were to be
respected and pressed to the fore-
ground their needs must have men of
higher intelligence and higher cul-
ture. It is but natural then that
enthusiasm at the completion of this
work and the realization of their
dream was unbounded and that they
flocked from all over the United States
to be present at this solemn occasion.

Hundreds of congratulatory letters
and telegrams from all over the United
States were received and those that
could not be present in body were at
least present in spirit. The dedica-
tory exercises took place at 11.30 a. m.
and were performed by His Rev. Bis-
hop Muldoon, auxiliary Bishop of Chi-
cago. He was assisted by Rev. Au-
gustine Wenker, of Naperville, and T.
Meyer, of Somonauk, Ill., as deacon
and sub-deacon respectively. Besides
these there were present all the Bo-
hemian clergymen of Chicago, many
prominent members of the clergy from
outside dioceses, besides a goodly
number of clergy of different nation-
alities. The Bohemian addresses were
given by Rev. Mat. Farnik, of Chi-
cago, and Rev. John Rynda, of St. Paul,
Minn. They chiefly dwelt on the nec-
essity of higher Christian education
and conclusively proved from history,
as well as from reason that the only
true education is that which educa-
tes the mind and elevates the heart and
produces perfect men and women.

The English sermon was delivered
by Bishop P. J. Muldoon. His address
was a powerful effort and made a lasting
impression on all of those that
were present. He congratulated the
Bohemian people on the possession of
such a grand and noble institution and
urged all who had the means to
give their sons a better education to
send them to this college.

Before, during and after the dedica-
tion, the choir of St. Procopius and
St. Vitus church rendered very beau-
tifully "Ecce sacerdos magnus," "Veni
Creator Spiritus," and other sacred
music. A special train from Chicago
on the Chicago, Burlington and Rock
Island to Lisle. Many of the Bo-
hemian organizations marched in a body
and all the others were represented by
large delegations. All and all there
were 325 organizations represented
with the membership of 15,000. From
the station to the college they moved
in two divisions. The first division
comprised of all the unformed or-
ganizations and were headed by a
band. The second division consisted
of those piously disposed who formed
a religious pilgrimage, singing relig-
ious hymns and reciting the holy ros-
ary.

The dedicatory service being per-
formed the band played the Bohemian
national hymn which was followed
by the American national hymn, and
the uniformed cadets, 80 members,
fired a triple salute. After this the
college was thrown open for inspection.
All admired the beauty of the
location, the practicability of arrange-
ments, the architectural beauty of the
building and perfection of detail. In
the afternoon there was a visit to the
Bohemian orphanage, which is dis-
tant a mile from the college, where
solemn vespers were sung. This was
followed by an open air concert in a
beautiful grove near the orphanage.
The train left for Chicago at 6 o'clock.
Amongst the prominent guests were
His Rev. Innocent Wolf of Atchison,
Kan., and His Rev. Bernard Menges of
St. Bernard's College, Alabama.

FORGIVENESS.

When having sinned we very humbly
kneel
In faith to seek forgiveness then how
low
How insignificant, how weak we feel,
But when absolved we rise, our faces
glow
With heaven-sent happiness; then all
below
Seems strangely beautiful, soft graces
steal
Around our hearts, and make us long
to heal
Another's wounds and stop the tear-
drops' flow.
Oh! could our hearts be ever thus in-
clined
To call each suffering human being
friend—
To pluck one thorn from out another's
way
How much more sweetness in this life,
we'd find;
What blessings would upon our heads
descend,
And light the portal to Eternal day.

—Wm. Livingston.

In Scotland the Earl of London has
directed that his estates in Ayrshire,
including Kowallan Castle, shall be
sold this month. The Earl, by the
way, is a Catholic, a convert to the
faith, being a brother of the late
Duchess of Norfolk! Until 50 years
ago, his ancestors were Catholics for

A SWEET SINGER.

(Adelaide Anne Proctor.)

She sang of love—the love whose fires
Burn with a pure and gentle flame;
No passion lights of wild desires,
Red with the lurid glow of shame.

She sang of angels, and their wings
Seemed rustling through each soul
refrain;
Gladness and sorrow, kindred things,
She wove in many a tender strain.

She sang of heaven and of God,
Of Bethlehem's star and Calvary's
way,
Gethsemane, the bloody sod,
Death, darkness, resurrection day.

She sang of Mary, Mother blest
Her sweetest carols of thee;
Close folded to thy loving breast,
How fair her home in heaven must
be.

—Mary Mannix.

When the Pope Was a Boy.

(By Father Cheerheart.)

It was springtime in Italy, seventy-
nine years ago. The Southern sun
beamed radiantly from a sky whose
charming blue was broken by never a
cloud; its golden rays played bright-
ly on the rolling waves of the Medi-
terranean, and shrouded in a luminous
haze the jagged summits of the Apen-
nines.

A light and elegant carriage, drawn
by a span of beautiful horses, rolled
swiftly along the route from Anagni
to Carpineto. Ensnared in the car-
riage alongside of his tutor was a boy
seven years of age. Vincent Joachim
Pecci, whose ardent glances drank in
the whole magnificent landscape. The
little fellow looked fragile and almost
too tall for his years. Graceful brown
curls fell upon his neck, and played
about a face that was interesting,
though not especially handsome.
From the marked pallor of his coun-
tenance it was easy to guess that he
had just recovered from a severe ill-
ness, that must have confined him to
his room for many weeks.

"How beautiful it all is!" exclaimed
the boy, clasping his hands together;
and in inhaled long draughts of the
perfumed morning air. "How wise
and good of the great God to make
everything so splendid and so charm-
ing—mountains and valleys, forests
and rivers, and the blue sky above
us!"

It was indeed a delicious garden
spot of earth through which the car-
riage bore them, and the grand pan-
orama unrolling before the ravished
eyes of Joachim was well calculated to
affect his delicate and sensitive na-
ture.

The tutor smilingly observed his
young companion, whose enthusiasm
had brought a tinge of color to his
cheek, and said to him:

"My dear Joachim, we should recog-
nize the Creator in His works. This
all-powerful God, who is goodness it-
self, has spread open before us the
great book of nature, in order that by
reading it we may learn to love and
admire the Author of so many mar-
vels. The little blade of grass that
springs up in the meadow and the
most invisible flower that blooms in
the wayside reveal to us the infinite
Being as truly as does the furious
roaring of the thunder or the furious
clamor of the ocean. We should feast
our eyes upon the beauties of nature
merely to let them afterward impress
our souls. Indeed, those who know
how to appreciate the beauty of this
vast universe, masterpiece of God's
handicraft, have, as a general rule,
good and tender hearts. Only such
souls as are cloyed and dulled by sin
and vice can gaze on nature's beauty
with careless, inattentive eyes."

Suddenly the harmonious tranquil-
lity of the morning was broken by a
discordant note—a cry as of one in
pain. The travelers looked out, and
saw, just a few rods ahead, a poor
child in rags tying on the roadside,
exposed to the fierce rays of the sun.
He was sobbing bitterly; and as the
carriage approached he endeavored to
rise and walk on, but sank back again
upon the ground, for his right ankle
was all swollen.

The carriage stopped; and the
young traveler, jumping out, asked
the little sufferer what the matter was.
The boy, a poor young goatherd, re-
plied:

"About ten minutes ago a milk-cart
came down the hill here at full speed.
I hurried to get out of the way; but be-
fore I got across the road I was
thrown over my ankle. Without stop-
ping to help me or paying any at-
tention to my cries, the milkman drove
on. And oh, how my ankle hurts!"

Another spell of sobbing followed
this explanation.
Joachim immediately pushed his way
through the hedge that bordered the
road, and, hurrying down a sloping
bank, dipped his cap in a brook, bring-
ing back to the little goatherd enough
water to quench his thirst; then tak-
ing his white linen handkerchief, he
brought it around the inflamed ankle.
The little foot, brown as a berry, peep-
ed out of this unusual wrapper like a
weather-beaten stump out of a field
of snow.

"Where do you live?" asked Joa-
chim.
The lad mentioned a village several
miles away in the mountains.
"Will you have to come with us to Car-
pineto. Your ankle will be attended
to there."

The goatherd smiled his thanks;
and assisted by his young benefactor,
rose to his feet and hobbled toward
the carriage.

We leave this poor little sufferer here
all alone? Wouldn't anybody else do
as I am doing?"

So saying he helped the lad into
the carriage; and, getting in himself,
arranged one of the cushions under
the swollen ankle. The tutor gave his
pupil an encouraging tap on the cheek,
and the horses set off with redoubled
speed to Carpineto.

Joachim's mother at first opened
her eyes pretty wide at sight of the
unexpected guest, whose exterior was
not very attractive; but as soon as
she heard the sad story she at once
sent for the family physician, who in
a short time was able to relieve the
suffering lad.

Joachim was jubilant, and in his
large beautiful eyes there twinkled
tears of tenderness and joy.

"Did I not do right, mamma?" he
asked, eagerly.

"Yes, my dear boy; you acted
nobly," was the reply, as the proud
and nappy mother brushed back the
brown curls and kissed him fondly.

We don't know whether or not the
young goatherd of 1817 is still alive;
but as mountaineers are a hardy race,
he possibly is; and, in that case, we
are sure he often tells his little grand-
children how tenderly he was aided
long ago by the gentle young
Joachim Pecci, whom the world knows
to-day as Pope Leo XIII.

THE CHURCH ABROAD.

Four Sisters of the Order of the
Holy Ghost, a branch of which was
recently organized in New York, ar-
rived in that city last week from Ger-
many. From there they went to Chi-
cago to open a school.

Mgr. Tylee has been attracting
great crowds by a series of powerful
sermons delivered during the sum-
mer at the Church of St. Michael,
Simla, India. It is understood that
he will spend the winter in that
country.

Catholic Italy evidently is not slow
to honor her men of genius. Now it is
stated that Verdi is to be commemo-
rated by means of a bust on Monte
Pincio in Rome. A prize has been
offered by the city for the best de-
sign.

Bishop Bagshawe, Archbishop-elect
of Heliopolis, will on the appointment
of his successor in the administration
of Nottingham diocese, take up his
residence at the Convent of the Little
Company of Mary at Gunnersbury
house, Isleworth.

At Rome last Sunday week the de-
cree of the Sacred Congregation of
Rites was read declaring the canoniza-
tion of Claudio de lo Colombero,
professed priest of the Society of Jes-
us. The decree was read by Most
Rev. Msgr. Panice, Titular Archbishop
of Laodicea.

The work of persecution apparently
is going on quietly in Spain. The
Liberal municipality of Corunna has
expelled the Sisters of Mercy from the
hospital of that city. A number of
Catholic ladies have offered to attend
the patients until lay nurses can be
procured.

According to a Spanish contempo-
rary the Catholic women of Saragozza
to the number of 20,000 have address-
ed a letter to the Queen Regent, Ma-
ria Christina, protesting against dis-
creditable notoriety which the secret
lodges are bringing upon Spain, and
the injury which is being done to the
faith and to their children.

The great French annual pilgrim-
age to Lourdes took place on Satur-
day. Twelve trains went from Paris
alone, and many more from the rest
of France. The pilgrimage ends on
Saturday 25th inst.

The Catholic workmen's socie-
ties of epayac, Mexico, recently went
on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our
Lady of Guadalupe. Hundreds took
part in the procession.

The grand Liama of Thibet has
posted a proclamation throughout his
country to the effect that the Chris-
tian powers having successfully over-
come China, the lives of Christian
converts and missionaries must be re-
spected within his territory. Hereaf-
ter anyone killing a missionary or
convert in Thibet is to be decapitated.

The will of ex-Mayor O'Mullin, of
Halifax, N. S., makes residuary be-
quests of \$15,000 to the Missionary So-
ciety of St. Paul the Apostle, New
York; \$15,000 to the Library Society
of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, and
the residue, after other bequests have
been fulfilled, to the Society of Jesus.

A PROTESTANT PLEA FOR PAPAL
INDEPENDENCE.

'A COSTLY EDIFICE

ERECTED AT LORETTO, PA. IN MEM-
ORY OF FATHER GALLITZEN

Millionaire Charles M. Schwab the Donor
of the Beautiful Memorial—The Dedication
Ceremonies to Take Place October 2—Bis-
hop Garvey is Officiate.

The new church of St. Michael,
erected at Loretto, Pa., in memory of
Father Gallitzen, by Mr. Charles M.
Schwab, will be dedicated October 2.
Bishop Garvey, first ordinary of the
Altoona diocese, will officiate. Mgr.
Loughlin, of Philadelphia, will preach
the dedicatory sermon. On the evening
before the dedication Mr. Schwab
will make an address, formally pre-
sents the completed church to the
parish.

The noble edifice is the most con-
spicuous building in the little moun-
tain town, commanding attention from
every approach by its size, its beauty,
its gray-stone walls and its red-tile
roof.

The ground plan is in the form of a
Latin cross. The extreme dimensions
over the transepts are ninety-two feet
and the total length of the building is
one hundred and thirty-four feet.
The height from the ground to the
ridge of the roof is fifty feet and to
the top of the cross on the tower is
ninety-two feet.

The style of architecture is that of
the round-arch Gothic period. The
walls are of Berean sandstone and the
roof of tile. The chief feature of the
exterior is a massive tower at the cen-
ter of the front which marks the main
entrance to the church and terminates
in a belfry that is arched on its four
sides. The belfry is surmounted by a
bronze cross. On the side next to the
pastoral residence there is a winter
chapel.

The church will seat one thousand
persons, the organ loft two hundred
and the winter chapel three hundred.
There are three sacristies which con-
nect with a closed arcade, joining the
church to the pastoral residence. The
general impression given by the build-
ing is of strength and grandeur, as be-
comes a temple in the mountains and
a mausoleum for such a character as
was the Apostle of the Alleghenies.

The interior is without columns.
The color scheme is light green which
shades into a brownish red in the
walls of the sanctuary. The altars
and sanctuary steps are of white mar-
ble, the altar railing of onyx and brass.
The furniture is of solid quarter red
oak. The whole will cost about \$150,-
000.

Loretto is situated on a ridge of the
Allegheny mountains. The parish
covers an area of about seventy square
miles of rough mountain territory.
Its Catholic population numbers about
thirteen hundred. The little town it-
self has a transient population of two
hundred and nine, all of whom are
Catholics.

WILL GO TO MOLOKAI.

Father Conrardy Will Be Placed in
Charge of the Lepers in Hawaii.

The announcement is made that Fa-
ther L. L. Conrardy, of Belgium, the
Belgian-American priest who admin-
istered the last rites to Father Dama-
sien on the island of Molokai, will
probably be placed in charge of the
lepers of that island by the United
States Government.

The statement recalls the fact that
several weeks ago Father Conrardy
wrote to a gentleman in Philadelphia
offering his services. In Liege, Bel-
gium, he had heard that the govern-
ment intended collecting the one hun-
dred and forty-seven thousand lepers in
Porto Rico and the five hundred in Cu-
ba with purpose of transporting them
to the melancholy island. At once he
wrote, saying:

"Should it prove true that the United
States Government intends to
transport the lepers of those islands
to Molokai, you may offer my ser-
vices, as I should be very glad indeed
to do some good to the unfortunates,
no matter where."

Father Conrardy is also a physician,
having taken a degree some years ago
in Oregon. Before the outbreak of the
Chinese war it was his intention to
engage in caring for the several thou-
sand lepers of China. The Boxer up-
rising, however, made this temporarily
impossible, and now it appears a nob-
ler work has fallen into his hands.
Familiar with leprosy in India, China,
Japan, the Philippines and Molokai,
certainly his appointment would ap-
pear highly desirable.

When one reflects, however, that the
appointment inevitably equivalent to
a death sentence, he begins to per-
ceive the sacrifice in its fullness. It
is the going forth of another martyr,
one who shall lose his life healing the
wounds of the most afflicted of God's
creatures. Verily, "Greater love than
this no man hath, that he lay down
his life for his friend," believing that
"he who loseth his life shall find it."

FIVE SONS PRIESTS.

Rev. Paul E. Roy, who was former-
ly pastor of St. Ann's French Catholic
church, Hartford, Conn., has been ap-
pointed pastor of the newly created
parish of St. Roch of the city of Que-
bec, Canada. His new parish has a
population of 4,000 souls. Father
Roy's parents celebrated recently the
fiftieth anniversary of their marriage,
and on the same day the youngest
brother, Alexander, was ordained to
the priesthood. The ordination of
Rev. Alexander Roy makes the fifth
son in the family who has become a
priest. One sister is a nun.

It is stated that the Abbot Barbieri,
O. S. B., from Perugia, is to become
Vicar-Apostolic of Gibraltar in suc-
cession to Bishop Bellord, who returns
to England.

The Petit Messages du Coeur de Ma-
rie chronicles the presence of an An-
glican minister at Faray le Moulais re-
cently during a procession composed
wholly of 25,000 men.