

MY LOVERS TWIN.

My lovers twin—my lovers twin,
I pray you let me be
To wed you both I would be fain,
Only that may not be.

One lover is like music sweet,
That steals my heart away;
And one is like the trumpet blast,
Which calls me to the fray.

One is of gentle, courteous mind,
To low and high degree;
And one is stern and harsh of mood,
And methinks but to me.

One is so strangely lovable,
That but to touch his hand
Do women kneel—before the one
Do men unconquered stand.

And if I this one do not wile,
He never will see me;
And if that one I do not wile,
He sorroweth a week.

My lovers twin—my lovers twin,
I should have let me be,
I love the one with all my heart—
The other loveth me.

—New York Tribune.

OUR HIRED HELP.

Mother must have hired help, but the question arose, were to find a girl to suit her? The colored people she could not tolerate, at least not the class that went into service in our neighborhood, which was only an hour's ride by rail from Washington, where all the best girls went to work. A white servant girl was an unknown quantity in Virginia. At last we decided to advertise, so we put in the following advertisement:

"Wanted, a neat, strong, white woman, to do the housework in a family of four adults. A good home and fair wages to the right party."

We waited some time and then received only one reply. After a long family consultation, weighing all the pros and cons, we decided to try the applicant for a week, although she stated she could only give references to people in New York, being a recent arrival and a stranger in Washington. When she came our first verdict was "She will never do."

She looked like a lady, born and bred. She was slender and handsome, and her tones and enunciation were those of a cultured woman. She looked as if she had never done a day's work in her life. We had decided to follow the Virginia rule of not letting the hired girl sit at the table with us, but we just could not help laying a plate for her. But she calmly said she was not used to eating with the family, and she waited on the table so deftly that our misgivings began to waver, and by the time she had washed the tea things and straightened up the kitchen, we began to hope that in spite of appearances she might be able to do some work. But the washing! How could such a regal creature ever do a family wash?

She arrived Saturday evening. On Sunday our meals were deliciously cooked and served on a table from Leesburg, in which a young man expatiated upon the charms of his mother's hired girl, her intelligence and all-round talents.

Oh! Harry, Harry! But for your long tongue we might still have been living at ease instead of cooking and dishwashing. For mother has never been suited since, and I know we'll never again find such a treasure as "Lady Frances." A woman who has the ingenuity to fold such pieces as sheets, towels and stockings and run them through the wringer, instead of ironing, should have turned her talents to better account than copying Uncle Sam's legal tenders.

Whenever mother talks of hiring a new girl Harry always says, "A servant for an ex-counterfeiter and you'll sure be suited."—Constance Beall, in American Agriculturist.

lovely blue. To sum matters up, our beautiful hired girl was a success; brains were better than ignorance and strength, and we all settled down for an easy, pleasant summer. Mother went to visit a sister she had not seen in years. Ida found time for the longed-for painting lessons and I was able to give four or five hours daily to the piano. Alas, what ordinary mortals could hope to long retain so ideal a hired girl!

Our "Lady Frances," as Harry called her, had been with us just two months when, one morning soon after the train came out, I noticed a strange man coming up the walk. I was just going to call the girl when I saw her with Harry's big hat tied down close to her face going down toward the spring. I ran to my room to smooth my hair and don a clean apron. This delayed me somewhat, and once, twice, came an impatient rap. The moment I opened the door, the stranger stepped in and put his finger on his lips, asked if a woman by the name of Laura Onell lived there.

"No," said I, "never heard of such a person."

"Strange," he muttered, "we certainly tracked her to the village, and I thought I saw her not five minutes ago at one of these windows."

"There is no one here at present besides my sister, myself and our hired girl."

"The hired girl is colored, I suppose?"

"No, on the contrary she is a very handsome white girl."

"Could I see her?"

"Certainly, she has just gone to the spring, but will return in a moment."

TRUE PATRIOTISM

CATHOLIC LOYALTY MADE MANIFEST DURING THE LATE WAR.

A Writer in the American Advocate Rebukes the Foolish Accusation of Protestants Concerning Catholic Disloyalty—A Significant Circumstance in Evidence.

From time immemorial one of the supreme tests of a man's devotion to a country or a cause has been his willingness to fight, and if need be, die, for it. Judged by this test, the love and loyalty of the Catholic citizens of the United States must be of the soundest, since historical statistics show them to have been ever in the forefront when war threatened the integrity of the republic. Despite this, however, there are to be found in almost every community men belonging to dark-lantern organizations, who assail Catholics on every occasion with accusations of a lack of patriotism. These same men, be it said, are not so willing to put their own patriotism to the supreme test of going to war for their country. When war begins, they enroll themselves, generally, among the patriots whom Martin Dooly humorously calls "Defenders of the Hearth."

Proof of this we find in an article in the American Advocate, which we take to be the organ of the Order of United American Mechanics—a society which somehow or other affects to monopolize all the "Americanism" in the United States. This article is signed J. B. Howell, and the writer, whoever he may be, shows a great deal more sense than most of his fellow members. He rebukes the foolish accusations of Protestants concerning Catholic disloyalty, and says:

"There is a circumstance which is worthy of note in this connection. At the beginning of the Spanish war there were three councils of our order in the writer's own city, each averaging not less than fifty members on its rolls. Two men from the writer's own council went to the front, one from another council, and none from the third. The Emmett Guard, an independent Irish organization, composed presumably of Roman Catholics mostly, sent to the front a number of its members which we have never heard stated, but which can be estimated as follows. At the funeral of a member of the writer's council who died before Santiago, the Emmett Guard paraded with forty-two men, and the captain apologized to the writer for his thin ranks, on the ground that every man was present except those who were in the army—the total strength of the company being sixty-one men."

"This is significant circumstance. The American mechanics who did not enlist had, probably, like the writer, excellent reasons for remaining at home. We do not blame a man for sticking to the duties of civil life in time of war, nor do we consider this fact necessarily an impeachment of his patriotism. But when an organization composed of men who are assumed to be hostile in sentiment to our country sends out a larger number than three organizations which exist for the promulgation of patriotic principles, we can hardly refuse that organization credit for at least an equal degree of patriotism with the others."—Sacred Heart Review.

ALL IN EACH.

I touched the beads that softly slid
Between her palms at Compline's close,
For well I knew the care she hid,
The need more sacred than repose.

"Why lavish thus the prayer, the tear,
On those by heart or blood allied,
Since all to God alike are dear,
Since Jesus, too, for all has died?"

She read the wish beneath the word
To help her care, to soothe her pain,
"Who knows," she said, "what hour
I heard

"Our cry for souls we hope to gain?"

NEW ANGLICAN ORDER.

Recognizes the Supremacy of the Pope—Reunion With Rome.

Father Paul James Francis, minister, general of the Society of the Atonement (a Protestant Episcopal High Church order), who dresses in the habit of a Franciscan friar and preaches in the open air, has electrified Brooklyn by his sermons in favor of Christian unity. He expresses hope for concessions from the Old Church which will make the return of the Anglicans as a body easy. The striking feature of his sermons is his advocacy of the supremacy of the Pope, which seems to have met with approval from many High Churchmen. He says in part that "There is scarce a band or company of creatures in God's universe, from the denizens of a beehive to the choirs of angels in heaven itself who do not possess one of their number to act as leader and preserve unity. In legislative bodies not so much as a committee of three can discharge its functions unless one of the three presides in the chair of unity. It is a madman's dream to contemplate a united church on earth without a visible head. If every parish must have its rector and every diocese its bishop and every province its archbishop, how could the whole Catholic Church throughout the world exist as one fold without having one supreme chief shepherd over all? Did, then, the divine Founder of the Catholic Church in its original constitution provide for a permanent head and universal shepherd over His flock, to feed the sheep with sound doctrine and protect them from the wolves of heresy? The Society of the Atonement believes that He did when He said to Simon Peter, the 'Primate' (St. Matt. x, 2) of the Apostles, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven (i. e., the Catholic Church), and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' (St. Matt. xvii, 18). I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' (St. Luke xxii, 31). 'Feed my sheep—feed my lambs—feed my sheep.' (St. John xxi, 15.)"

"The society further believes that the See of Peter is to this very day the city of Rome, and that Leo XIII., the Roman Pontiff, sitting in the chair of Peter, is the vicar of Jesus Christ and by Divine right the universal shepherd over the flock of Christ."

"This being so, church unity can only be realized by all the bishops of the world acknowledging the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome as the successor of St. Peter and being reconciled with him."

Seemingly paradoxical to Catholics is the vow taken by the members of Father Paul's order. He says that in order to emphasize the society's mission of church unity and at the same time to protect her from containing in her membership any who do not love and are ready to give their life for the Anglican Communion, the following subscription is required of all who shall be professed:

"Relying alone upon the help of God, I desire to make my profession in the Society of the Atonement, also to confess my love, loyalty and belief in the orders and worship of the Anglican Church, of which I am an unworthy member further to offer my life in her service and the cause of church unity. The centre of which unity I believe to be the Chair of Peter, and I pray and believe that this happy consummation will be wrought by the power of God without danger to the life or polity of that part of the body of Christ known as the Anglican Communion."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN IN A PREDICAMENT.

We do not vouch for the truth of the story of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, one of the most genial and wisest members of the American hierarchy. A Philadelphiaian tells that one day a small boy was trying to ring the doorbell of a house on Eighth street above Arch. He was too short to reach it. The kindly Archbishop, who was taking one of his afternoon constitutional, happened to be passing by and noticing the boy's futile efforts, went to his assistance. "Let me ring the bell for you, my little man," he said, thinking the boy had some business with the people in the house. "Give it a good pull," said the boy, and the Archbishop gave a vigorous pull that made the clanging of the bell quite audible to both. "It's ringing, now let's run like blazes!" cried the little fellow with glee, as he jumped from the steps and fled around a corner, leaving the astonished prelate to perform the embarrassing task of explaining to the person who answered the bell.

WHEN SCHOOL-BELLS RING.

Now the summer's play is over,
And the daisies and the clover,
With the grasses tall and slim,
Drop their faded heads in grieving;
For the children, by their leaving,
Make the meadow strangely dim.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE LIFE WORK OF THIS SERVANT OF GOD BRIEFLY TOLD.

Founder of the Congregations of the Fathers of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity—The Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

An organization in the Church that is doing an inestimable good in a quiet and unostentatious manner is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which has its conferences in almost every part throughout the country, where there is to be found any of the human family in need or distress. The establishing of this grand organization was inspired by the glorious deeds of the illustrious servant of God, St. Vincent de Paul. Under his patronage men and women band together for the noble purpose of assisting God's poor, and many a tear of sorrow is wiped away through the ministrations of the members of this admirable society.

"To many it may be of interest to learn something of St. Vincent de Paul, the noble servant of God's poor, whose glorious works and deeds have inspired thousands of devoted men and women to go forth in the performance of deeds of charity and mercy, towards the needy and afflicted."

St. Vincent de Paul was the son of a small farmer in Gascony and was born in the little village of Pouy, in the neighborhood of Dax, and not far from the Pyrenean mountains. In his childhood he tended his father's sheep, but was afterwards placed for his education under the care of the Franciscan Friars at Dax, with whom he remained for four years, making rapid progress in learning and piety.

After seven years spent in the study of the sacred sciences at the seminary at Toulouse, he was ordained priest. Soon afterwards he undertook a journey to Marseilles to receive a legacy, but on his return was captured at sea by a Moorish corsair and was sold as a slave in the market of Tunis. After passing through the hands of various masters he became the property of a renegade Christian, whom he converted from his apostasy. Having persuaded his master to fly from the dominion of the Mohammedans, Vincent embarked with him in an open boat, which, after crossing the Mediterranean, arrived safely on the shores of France.

Returning to Paris after visiting the tombs of the Apostles, Vincent was inspired with the design of founding a congregation of secular priests for the purpose of evangelizing the inhabitants of the country districts by means of missions and retreats and also of training young ecclesiastics in sacred learning and the duties of the ministry. This institution, which is widely spread throughout the world, has been the happy means of establishing the kingdom of Christ in many pagan nations. Its members received the appellation of "Fathers of the Mission," but are generally known by the name of Lazarists, from their head house of St. Lazarus in Paris.

But among all his foundations there is none perhaps of greater utility or more universally esteemed than that of the Sisters of Charity, who devote themselves to the relief of all the various wants of weak, ignorant and suffering humanity. This admirable institution, being established in the form of a religious congregation, preserves to the present day its pristine fervor, and in every part of the world its members are to be found, pursuing with constant fidelity their sublime mission of charity and self sacrifice.

Worn out by his unweary labors and continual austerities, Vincent, in the eighteenth year of his age, was attacked by an intermittent fever and other grievous infirmities. Though reduced to an extreme degree of weakness and though his nights were passed almost without sleep and in agony of pain, he never failed to rise at 4 in the morning, and after spending three hours in prayer and celebrating the Holy Sacrifice to devote himself with his accustomed zeal to works of piety, and charity.

Having received the last Sacraments and given his parting instructions to his spiritual children, he calmly expired in his chair on September 27, A. D. 1660, at the age of 85.

A CHILD'S PETITION.

She stole into the church alone
With shy and timid grace,
A little child with wondrous eyes,
And smiling, dimpled face.

"I come to see you, dearest Lord,
Sweet Jesus, are you here?
Ah! yes, the light is burning bright,
I know that you are near.

WHEN DEATH CALLS.

Cardinal Manning's Explanation of Why Fear Then Leaves Us.

Leo Grindon when lecturer at the Royal School of Medicine, in Manchester, wrote: "When death is actually about to happen, the fear of it is in a great measure lost. At all events, it is not common, as is well known to those whose professions lead them to the pillows of the dying."

My own experience, now extending over many years, is entirely in harmony with the above authority. To tell the truth, I have always been puzzled at the extraordinary calm, peace and freedom from anxiety that I have observed in the dying, even in those who have not been models of virtue, and since it is a subject which has always possessed a certain fascination for me I have again and again questioned other priests regarding their experience, which has in no case differed from my own.

Well do I remember proposing this fact as a difficulty to the late Cardinal Manning. Seated one winter's evening in his room, almost roasted by the huge fire before which he was wont to toast his meager and wasted form and chatting upon all kinds of engrossing topics, he began to refer to his declining strength and advancing years. This turn in the conversation soon gave the opportunity I sought for.

"How," I asked him, "do you account for the strange circumstance that when death really comes people seem to fear it so little? It seems to me that, however good a man may be, the mere notion of falling into the great unknown and of meeting God face to face and of having one's fate definitely and irrevocably settled for all eternity ought to cause any one on the brink of the grave the most indescribable apprehension and the most acute anguish."

"Well, dear fellow," replied the cardinal, "the vast majority of persons do undoubtedly die calmly enough, and my explanation is briefly this: So long as God intends a man to live he wisely infuses into his soul a certain natural dread and horror of death in order that he may be induced to take ordinary care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends a man to die there is no longer any object for such fear. It can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it, God then simply withdraws it."

This explanation of the old cardinal pleased me well and seemed not only to account for the singular phenomenon, but to set God in a peculiarly amiable and tender light.—Father John S. Vaughan in London Spectator.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. McGowan.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. McGowan of Pittsburg, who was re-elected supreme president of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent association at the recent session of the organization in Detroit, was elected president of the association at its first convention, held in Titusville, Pa., in 1890, and has been re-elected at every convention since. At the close of the convention Mrs. McGowan made the announcement that she took the position for the last time and that in no circumstances would she be a candidate again. The association was organized at Titusville, Pa., and to Mrs. McGowan belongs the credit of creating the first order of this kind among women. At each of the conventions rival candidates for the presidency have been put in the field, but the first president has come out of the contest with flying colors. She has remained in office to see every suggestion she offered adopted by the association and to behold the organization grow rapidly. Mrs. McGowan was for many years connected with the Buffalo department of instruction, but resigned her position there to give her entire attention to the benevolent association. She is identified with a number of other societies and is a member of the board of women managers of the Pan-American exposition.

A Remedy For All.

Love is most powerful. Love conquers all. The love of the Sacred Heart will melt the most obdurate heart, will convert the most hardened sinner, will bring confidence to the most despairing, will ease the misery of the suffering—in a word, will make one forget all the sorrows of this life and install a new and better life into them. Why wait any longer? Accept at once, now, this remedy for all your ills and live henceforth in and with the Sacred Heart. It matters not how poor you are or with how many afflictions you are borne down the Sacred Heart will be a most efficacious remedy for all.

Religions.

An exchange truly remarks, "All who leave the Catholic church do so because there is too much religion for them therein, while those who become Catholics do so because there is not enough religion in Protestantism."

SHORT SERMONS.

The heart of Jesus is the throne of mercy, of inexhaustible goodness. True and complete life is found only in the eternal Son of God, who is life itself and the author of all created life. To bear patiently the many crosses and trials which are the portion of the followers of Christ is one of the most profitable ways of imitating the virtue of the heart of Jesus. Virtue and truth, the desire of heaven and loving labor for others' souls, for Christ's sake are the only clear cut and vivid things in this world. All else is cold and gray, vague, shadowy, and insecure. Since God is love, love is the supreme law of the universe, and man's first duty and highest perfection is to love God and all men. This is the gospel, the glad tidings arousing millions from sleep in the shadow of death.