

'Why, has Father Nelson returned, Mr Mc-Bride?' exclaimed the widow, in a tremble.

'He have this morning, ma'am, his reverence an' another strange priest. They come by the night train, an' a deal of a hurry he must have been in to come by that same. But I mustn't be standin', ma'am. Tom Dorrey run over for me with a message from his reverence as I was settin' down to breakfast, an' I told Tom to run on with the keys, for there'll be two Masses, an' him an' his brother will serve, and we'll be steppin' out lively, ma'am, if we won't be late.'

The church was but a short distance off, and, as the widow hurried after the sexton, she made up her mind to wait in the churchyard for Father Nelson after Mass. She did not wish to detain him—in all probability he had no news. In that case a nod from him would suffice. But should there be news! Then she would ask him to appoint an hour for her to come to hear it.

The Church of the Holy Name is a simple, rustic structure framed in the shape of a cross, and is not without beauty. Each arm of the cross forms a chapel, the right arm being the Chapel of the Sacred Heart.

The widow knelt before the high altar to offer the homage of her humbled heart to the ever-living presence of the King, and then proceeded to the chapel on the right. There were to be simultaneous Masses, probably one would be offered there. 'Come to Me all you who are weary and heavy laden,' gleamed in golden and rubricated letters on the stained-glass window behind the altar of the Sacred Heart. She was weary and heavy laden with the burden of repeated sin.

Soft footfalls entered the chapel. The priest, attended by his server, came to offer the Holy Sacrifice. She did not raise her head, but presently she was attracted by the quality of the priest's voice as he made that announcement of mighty import.

She remained bent, her face hidden in her hands, till the 'Gloria' was reached. Then when it rang forth, buoyant jubilation of praise in the voice of the young priest, she raised her head and gazed with all her might. 'The Lord be with you,' he turned to pray and bless.

She knelt in the shadow of the wall, hid from his view, but she could see him well, and her heart cried out to her son.

This, then, was the goal he wished to reach, and she, in her love of mastery, her pride of self-will, her turbulence of temper, would not listen to him. She had been very blind, very foolish, very wicked, and now she felt herself to be very old and humbled and penitent, and she wept sorrowfully.

There was an inner and an outer sacristy, and to the latter she crept when the Mass was ended, and stood trembling in a corner to await his coming forth.

She had long to wait till his thanksgiving was made, and when he appeared, tall and slender, and walking swiftly, she had only strength left to put out her hands and gaze at him with straining eyes.

He called her 'mother,' and, sobbing, caught her to him. She slipped from him down on her knees, and said in a quivering voice, 'God has been very good to me, a miserable sinner!'—*Calendar of the Sacred Heart.*

'You don't know what I suffer' is a remark often made by those tortured by Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago or Sciatica. Yet, strange to say, many continue to endure these complaints, when they can be easily cured. Year in, year out, some continue to use plasters and liniments that can bring but temporary relief, when RHEUMO would in a few weeks cure them permanently. RHEUMO drives the uric acid from the blood and cures the disease by removing the cause. Thousands have testified to the wonderful efficacy of RHEUMO. Of all chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/6.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF MELBOURNE

RECEPTION OF ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Melbourne, arrived on Easter Sunday morning in Melbourne by express train from Adelaide, and received a most enthusiastic welcome at Spencer street, where he was met by his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne and a very large concourse of priests and laity. Amongst the crowd at Spencer street was the Prime Minister (Mr. Fisher), who cordially welcomed the distinguished ecclesiastic to Australia. His Grace was accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Shiel, Bishop of Rockhampton. Every available foot of standing and sitting room in St. Patrick's Cathedral was availed of on Sunday evening by the vast congregation which assembled to formally welcome the new Archbishop.

At the welcoming ceremony addresses were read to Dr. Mannix, who sat on a dais, accompanied by Archbishop Carr and Bishop Shiel.

The address by the priests was read by Dean Hegarty, who, in the course of a few prefatory remarks, said the endowments and works of Archbishop Mannix placed him in a conspicuous position among the distinguished ecclesiastics of Christendom. The event, he added, was one which must be considered of the highest importance, not only to the priests, but also to the people of that great archdiocese, and, indeed, to the Catholics of the Commonwealth. The address welcomed Archbishop Mannix with joy and gratitude. After referring to the way in which Archbishop Carr had maintained the traditions of the Irish Church, with power, dignity, and Christ-like charity, the clergy stated that his Grace came to them with the highest seal which the Church could set on the scholarship of her clergy, and the highest reputation for wisdom and experience which merit could win or confidence bestow.

Dr. Leo Kenny, who wore the decoration of a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, read the address prepared on behalf of the laity, who expressed the belief that Archbishop Mannix would, by the exercise of a similar wisdom, prudence, and devotion as had been exercised by Archbishop Carr, contribute largely to the increase of the expansion of the Church, and they fervently hoped for an increase in the days of their great Archbishop.

There were 32 signatures attached to the address, including Augustus Leo Kenny, John Gavan Duffy, Frank Gavan Duffy, Benjamin Hoare, D. G. Cullen, M. Mornane, T. J. O'Brien, and twelve societies connected with the Church.

Archbishop Mannix in Reply.

Archbishop Mannix, upon rising, was received with prolonged applause. Standing well up towards six feet in height, with a clean-cut, even-featured face, and strong, searching eyes, the Coadjutor-Archbishop made a commanding and striking figure. He speaks with clear enunciation and ready eloquence, and uses his clear, pleasant-toned voice with practised effect. The Archbishop expressed himself as deeply touched by the cordial welcome of the congregation upon his arrival at his new home. It was a long way from Ireland to Australia, from Maynooth to Melbourne, and, if he might confess the truth, it was a great sorrow and a great wrench to turn his face away from his own dear country and kindred. With congenial work and kind friends around him in the cloisters of Maynooth, he might have hoped to look out for many years to come from a peaceful and happy seclusion, to the increasing prosperity of Ireland, which would soon, he hoped, be mistress of her own destiny. If that was not to be, and if the burden of the episcopal office was to be laid upon him, then he was bound to confess, with equal sincerity and candor, that the Holy Father could have laid upon him no more pleasing and acceptable command than to join the priests of the archdiocese of Melbourne in their loyal and devoted services to their revered Archbishop. He knew, in coming to Australia, that he would be associated with the youngest, the fairest, and the most promising daughter of the Church. He came among them as a stranger, and all untried, and he recognised,

R. V. C. Harris

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