

an imaginary speck of dust from the altar-cloth his elbow came in contact with something—and down crashed a vase of roses to the marble of the sanctuary floor. The ruse worked admirably, for even as he stooped to pick up the fragments, the girl stood at the railing.

'Wait just a moment, Father,' she said, 'I will get a broom and sweep them up,' and an instant later she disappeared in a dim recess near the choir stairway, emerging with broom and dust-pan. Very carefully Father Grey picked up the fallen roses and brought them into the Baptistry, where Marian, carrying the debris, joined him presently.

'I hope it was not a very valuable vase,' said Father Grey, with a qualm of uneasiness at thought of a wrathful altar society he might have to reckon with.

'Oh, no,' Marian reassured him; 'and there are more like it. I will place the flowers in one, as they are not injured in the least.'

'You are surely a friend in need,' said Father Grey as he watched her artistic arrangement of the roses. 'Whenever I can be of any service to you, please let me, will you? Do you know,' he continued gravely, 'I think we often make mistakes in that way—we do not let our friends help us enough. Trials come—perhaps they are new to us, and we do not quite understand how to meet and bear them; but the more we keep them to ourselves the more heavily they press upon us and the more unable we are to cope with them. If only we could trust some friend with our trouble, it might be that he has had experience in just such a trial as we are undergoing, and therefore could show us how to triumph over it, though it might be that he himself had failed.'

The girl glanced at Father Grey suspiciously. Was it possible that he had guessed something of her trouble? But he surely was speaking of merely abstract things, for on his face was a far-away look and he seemed to have forgotten that she was with him. She could not know that his thoughts were with the Presence in the sanctuary—that a command, clear and sweet, as when given long ago on the shores of Galilee, seemed to issue from the Tabernacle to him who held its key: 'Feed My lambs.'

'But surely,' the girl responded doubtfully, 'it is best to keep our troubles to ourselves. We should not thrust them on others.'

'In my opinion,' he assured her calmly, 'it is good for people to hear about the troubles of others. It keeps them from brooding too much over their own. As for me, I have met a great many people in my life, but I count those only my friends who have helped me in sorrow, or who have allowed me to help them.'

She had finished her task now, but she made no move to go, and her face was very troubled and wistful. She spoke at last haltingly: 'But sometimes there is no way we can be helped; sometimes, through no fault of ours, we get tangled up in things, and there is no way to free us.' She paused—'No, she would not go on.' Passionate and pleading a voice called to her: 'Marian, my Marian!'

Father Grey nodded encouragingly. 'I understand just what you mean,' he said. 'At least it seems that way occasionally, for we know, always we know, there is some way to free us when it is a question of right.'

'But is there?' she questioned doubtfully; then went on recklessly. 'You see it is like this: There is something I have tried to put out of my life because I found (only lately) that it is wrong. I thought I had succeeded, but to-day an event occurred which showed me that I have not—indeed, that I can not, even if I want to.'

'Are you quite sure, my child,' he answered gravely, 'that you want to? To say you can not means you have thought of compromise with this evil, claiming it necessary to your weakness. Ah! One there is Who knows our weakness as we can never know it, and therefore does He give himself to us to be our strength, and He it is Who bids us to be perfect. On earth we learn His lesson of perfection slowly, with lips that often falter and pronounce the words but poorly. Only

in Heaven shall we recite it swiftly, gladly, as the language of our native country.'

He paused, and as something that held no interest for her now Marian heard the clock in the church-tower strike five. 'There is a prayer in the Mass,' he continued earnestly, 'most beautiful to me because of the high sweet hope of holiness it offers to human nature; it comes when the priest pours the water and wine into the chalice: "O God, Who in creating human nature hast wonderfully dignified it, and still more wonderfully reformed it, grant that by the mystery of this water and wine, we may be made partakers of His Divine Nature Who became partaker of our human nature, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord?" Do you see what the Church claims? That human nature in its reformation is more wonderful than in its creation; yet created, it was perfect. Ah! my child, there is no sin we dare to claim we can not triumph over, no matter how or when it comes into our lives. There is no height of holiness to which we may not, at last, attain—trusting in our Divine and Human Christ; and no depth to which we may not fall relying on our own strength which is weakness. Take your roses now to our Lady, and pray a little while before her altar, that your will may be strengthened to do God's Will completely.'

In silence she lifted the vase and went to do as Father Grey advised, while he had busied himself preparing the main altar for his early Mass to-morrow; and presently when he was in the sacristy taking out the vestments, she came to him there: 'I would like to go to confession, if you have time, Father,' she said. 'Very well,' he answered, and he did not tell her that was what he had been waiting for.

When it was over it was Father Grey who knelt before the altar of our Lady; and he noted that now her outstretched hands seemed to bless the roses there; then overhead the 'Angelus' rang out, and peace was in the heart of the girl as she whispered the prayer, and the eyes that turned to the Tabernacle were like those of some little child, that has awakened to life and happiness from an evil dream of death.—*Le Couteur's Leader*.

Though only inaugurated a little while ago by the late Cardinal Moran, Australia Day has come to be recognised with most people as the only truly Australian national festival that this country has throughout the year (says the *Catholic Press*). His Grace the present Archbishop of Sydney took up the reins when his Eminence laid them down, and he has stimulated all under his care to the greatest enthusiasm with regard to the celebration. On Saturday, May 24, the festival, which is also the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Patroness of the Church in Australia, was celebrated with the utmost joy by the children of the Catholic schools in New South Wales.

#### WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT RHEUMO CURES.

So overwhelming has been the evidence in favor of RHEUMO as a cure for Rheumatism and Gouty troubles generally that even the most sceptical cannot be convinced of the genuine worth of this remarkable remedy. From one end of New Zealand to the other one-time sufferers from the misery of Rheumatism send their testimony telling of their heartfelt gratitude for cures effected by RHEUMO. Others afflicted with Gout, Sciatica, and Lumbago have also written in similar strain. Here is one letter from amongst the many written in praise of RHEUMO. Mr. John Stevens, of Bulls, was well-known throughout the Dominion. In a letter to the Rheumo Proprietary he wrote:—"I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and was advised to try RHEUMO. I did so with most satisfactory results. After taking two bottles it practically cured me. I have no hesitation in saying that your remedy is the best I have ever used." RHEUMO is not a "cure all," but a scientific remedy that has proved its efficacy over and over again. It removes the cause of the trouble and improves the health generally. Why suffer when RHEUMO will cure you? Get a bottle from your chemist or store.

**Ken. Mayo**

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