

heart.

Lately the Father happened to call at her house to speak her in a gentle tone on perseverance, the love of Jesus, and of Heaven which will one day be her palace and her reward, and as he was giving his parting

blessing she took hold of his hand saying with a trembling voice: "A-po Padi, I have only one desire . . . take me once to Baguio, to the grand church, that I may feel that I am for once in our dear Lord's house."

Who Found America ?

While Columbus is usually credited with the discovery of America, it is certain that Cabot, sailing out of Bristol, beat him to the mainland, and it has also been claimed that the Norsemen, sailing via Greenland, had reached the American coast some centuries before that.

A new theory, to the effect that it was the Irish who discovered America, has now, however, been advanced by Father Divine, a Canadian antiquarian, and Monsignor Evers of New York.

According to Father Divine, maps recently discovered in the Vatican show that the whole coast of North Ameri-

ca, from Nova Scotia to Florida, was known as Ireland the Great in the year 1000.

Monsignor Evers, also basing himself on Vatican records, ascribes the discovery of the New World to Saint Brendan, the navigator, an Irish Bishop of the ninth century, who, he says, passed down the New England Coast as far as Delaware in the course of a missionary voyage.

Supporters of the new theory also point to the similarity of the famous Round Tower at Newport to the ancient towers in Ireland.

My Good Right Hand

I fell into grief and began to complain ;
I looked for a friend, but I sought him in vain :
Companions were shy and acquaintances were cold,
They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.

"Let them go"! I exclaimed. "I've a friend at my side
To lift me and aid me whatever betide ;
To trust to the world is to build on the sand ;—
I'll trust but in Heaven and my good right hand.

My courage revived in my fortune's despite,
And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light ;
It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain,
It fed me and clad me again and again.

The friends who had left me came back every one,
And darkest advisers looked bright as the sun :
I need them no more, as they all understand,—
I thank thee, I trust thee ; my good right hand.