

ANI... song; as belong; to's name; Mary de Liders' fame; Doctor. (Touze slain, Assumptionist the Professor. M. M. Overthrown and to crown in State, uel fate. ad away; arm could

THE HARD HEART SOFTENED.

The "January thaw" had set in some weeks earlier than people had expected it, and bits of black brown pasture land peeped out here and there from beneath the snowy steeps of Uplands Farm, as its owner, Joshua Simmons, went grating past in his old-fashioned red and blue cart. The fences and walls were also visible once more, and the old man eyed them keenly as he drove towards the house, muttering to himself— "Yes, that's it. Just as I expected. Not a stone put up, not a board nailed in its place, not a post straightened, since I was here last June. That is doing autumn work up shipshape, and no mistake. I suppose he calculated on my rheumatism to keep me at home till next June. Well, he will see. Mary may say what she likes about it. Joe shall go."

The farm is running down in his hands; the fences are tumbling down, and the walls too; the house needs doing up generally; and I must have a tenant here who will keep things snug and nice as I like to see them. "But Joe has been ill, Joshua, as you know. That fever kept him down nearly all the summer, and then he cut his foot, and had to lay by nearly the whole autumn. But he is well now, and he is working out to get the money for you, and in the spring he will do everything—he will, indeed!" "In the spring he will break his arm or his leg, or set the house on fire, or do something worse," prophesied the farmer. "It's no use talking, Mary! Joe Sylvester is an unlucky man, and you were a fool to marry him, when you might have been John Harding's wife, and seen your husband rich by this time, instead of out at common day work!" "I see my husband a good husband and father, and an honest man, and that is more than Mrs. Harding can say about hers!" replied Mrs. Sylvester, with spirit. "I would not change Joe for a king, Joshua! I love him now, poor and unlucky as you call him, better than I did on our wedding-day, when he was reckoned the handsomest young man in all the country round! There isn't a wrinkle on his face, nor a gray hair on his head that isn't dear to me, for I know they are there before their time, through fretting about me and the children, because he can't give us such a home as he would like to. He has been happier here at the old homestead, Joshua, than I have ever seen him for years past. If you say we must go, of course we must; but I know it will break poor Joe's heart, for he has been planning how to work and save so as to buy this place for me—the house where our dear father and mother lived and died, and where you and I were born."

"Buy it!" exclaimed the farmer, scornfully. "Why have you waited three years already, and last year's interest isn't paid yet. But that is Joe Sylvester all over. He can plan fast enough, I'll allow, but the cash to carry out his plans is never ready." "He took care of the old folks, Joshua," said Mary, wiping her eyes. "You know his mother was blind and helpless for more than ten years, and Joe paid the nurse. And when his father became deranged, at the last, it took all the money he had laid by to get him taken care of at home." "Why didn't he send him to the asylum?" grunted the farmer. "He said he would starve first." "Well, I'm afraid it may come to that in the end; and I'm sorry you married him, Mary, but that cannot be helped now. Anyway I want the farm. I have a good tenant, ready to come in, in the spring. You know I only told you that Joe might try it, and if he made it do, we would talk about the bargain. He has tried it, and from all I can see, he will never make it do—never. And so, Mary, I hope you will give it up quietly and reasonably, and not stand in my light about a better bargain."

CHARITY'S WORK. The Little Sisters of the Poor—An Eloquent Tribute. BY JUDGE E. D. WHITE. From a purely human point of view the annals of society present no more remarkable and significant fact than the birth, development and perennial life of Christian charity. From the day of the origin of Christianity to the present time, in every age, in every condition of life, it has existed, vivifying and blessing society, and presenting itself as the living type of the system upon which its existence depends, and without which it would pass away forever. Its works have exceeded the possibility of reason to explain, and it stands out in bold relief, challenging the admiration of the world and accomplishing the subjection of the hearts of men. To those who believe in the divinity of its origin, its more than human accomplishments are easily understood, representing as they do the continuing and ineffable tenderness of the divine Teacher. To those who see nothing in the world but the laws of matter, and who determine human life and explain human society by those laws alone, the existence of charity, and the means by which its marvelous wonders are accomplished, is unexplained and inexplicable. Even in the hearts and minds trained in those thoughts which accept the mighty mysteries of faith, there is often wanting a vivid conviction of how constantly and manifestly the unseen power of things spiritual is developing around us—developing not alone by teaching, but by work. Looking back in the history of civilization built upon the fall of paganism, manifold are the examples of these truisms, manifold are the illustrations which they afford of the power of charity, founded on faith, to accomplish results which seem beyond all possible explanation. Among them all, however, none more potentially emphasize these views than does the life and work of the order whose new foundation we assemble to inaugurate to-day—an order more remarkable from the fact that its being takes its rise in the midst of modern civilization, where materialism, utilitarianism and the doctrines which are their offshoots, seek to engraft themselves upon society and dominate the reason and destroy the hearts of mankind. In this view it has struck me that I could not more aptly perform the duty assigned me to-day than by briefly reviewing the birth and development of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in order to elucidate the truth of the great principles which underlie their being and from which their gentle heroism draws its life. In the year 1868 there came to this city nine women. Their coming was at the request of the archbishop of the diocese. They came without means, without resources, without power and without preparation, their sole available fund on arriving being the piteous sum of ten cents. In a remote quarter in the lower part of the city they rented on credit a small house. In a few days they had gathered with them one or two infirm and aged people, to whom they began to devote their lives. Their only means of subsistence were alms which they invoked, not so much in the shape of moneyed contributions as the shape of food wherewith to sustain themselves and the aged whom they had gathered about them. Gradually their household increased; one aged person after another was taken under their care, until their number swelled to large proportions. For four years they remained in the house which they had entered on their arrival. In a few months the people of this city had become familiar with their presence. The work which they were doing gradually made itself known, and from all sides they were called upon to assist the aged who, until their coming, had been utterly without efficient means of help. So many were the calls on their benevolence, so numerous the applicants for refuge within their home, that their temporary establishment became wholly inadequate. By an opportune donation the means to buy the land required for a larger establishment was afforded, and the foundation of a new house was commenced. In 1873 it was completed, but so rapid was the increase of the demand on their charity, that soon the house was full to overflowing, and day by day the good Sisters were compelled to refuse applicants, because room was not for them. A new wing was projected and completed, and was occupied in 1878. In the building then erected, there are, at this day, two hundred and twenty-five aged people, afflicted with every infirmity, who enjoy the protecting care of the Sisters, and are saved the miseries of old age, of want and starvation, under the roof of the asylum where they find rest and peace, awaiting the end of life with a tranquility begotten by the sense of kindness bestowed and benevolence afforded. But the capacity of their building was not to be the limit of the power of good which they exemplified. The demands for help grew more strenuous. In order to meet them it was determined to found another establishment in this portion of the city. In 1883 a small house was rented on Magazine street in which was begun anew the development which had been so wonderfully successful in another part of the city. The house now protects fifty or sixty old and infirm. There, as elsewhere, the call for assistance exceeded the possibility of the establishment; hence, the determination to erect another and suitable building which would enable the Sisters to make the resources of their charity commensurate with the demands on it. It is the foundation of this new establishment which we meet to inaugurate to-day. Looking back upon the wonderful results accomplished by the Sisters who came in 1868, how can we explain them by purely human phenomena? Not by their fortune was their work fruitful, for they were without means. Not by their power of intellect, or their aptitude for combination. Ah! their intellect was simple faith—their combination the burning links of an insatiable charity! Contemplate the means—a few poor, simple-hearted Sisters—and behold the results realized—the aged they have assisted, the miseries they have assuaged, the deathbeds they have attended! How, then, can it be explained save by the ever-living potentiality of that tender voice, yes—

day, to-day and forever saying, "Love ye one another?" My friends, the work already accomplished here by the good Sisters is but a foreshadowing of the great and necessary work which lies before them; is but a type of the work which they and their co-laborers have carried on throughout the whole world. The lesson which it teaches stands out, if possible, in bolder relief from the history of the birth and development of the order to which the Little Sisters of the Poor belong. On the coast of Brittany, in France, is the small village of St. Servan. For generations its inhabitants have scarcely known any other industry but fishing. They are a rude and hardy race, born, as it were, on the ocean's bosom, and passing their lives upon its rough expanse. The coast is wild and rugged, and it is no unrequited occurrence that sudden storms decimate the fishing fleets before they reach a haven, carrying away in one relentless disaster father and son, the stay and hope of many a home. For these reasons the population of St. Servan has always contained a large proportion of women, who have lost those upon whom they relied for support. Their condition, from the nature of their surroundings, became particularly painful, and ultimately abject. Without avocation, without support, degree by degree they sank in the scale of being, until old age found the three of a relentless poverty too often associated with intemperance and many other degradations. In this simple village community there lived some forty years ago a priest of the Catholic Church. As he went about among his poor parishioners, in the discharge of his sacred duty, his heart was moved with the appalling sufferings produced by the poverty and the debasement of its inhabitants. His zeal was aroused. Touched by the flame of charity, plans of all kinds took being in his mind, by which he hoped to palliate the evils, the sin and the misery which constantly passed before him. Whilst he was dominated by these thoughts, a young peasant orphan girl came under his spiritual direction. She, too, had become imbued with the longing to do something in alleviation of the misery of which she was the spectator. He stimulated her zeal, and held out to her the possibility of accomplishing the good work under God's blessing. Shortly after, a servant woman, living upon a bare pittance, also came under his direction and became a co-laborer in the work which had been projected. Brought together by his advice, the orphan girl and the servant woman at once began to do all they could to mitigate the sufferings around them. At first they acted without any definite plan, but in order to give practical direction to their aspirations, an infirm and blind old woman became the object of their charitable solicitude. From their scanty earnings they found her decent shelter, provided her with proper food, and when the time was found, from their meager work, visited her, in order to do all in their power to assuage her declining days. Thus, they continued for several months, until, by accident, the orphan girl took lodging with two elderly women of devout and simple life, who, by frugality, had amassed a pittance. The fire of charity which burned in the heart of one, soon developed in those of the others. It was proposed that the object of the orphan girl's benevolence should be allowed to live with them. Her coming was but the initial step. Another and yet another decrepit and helpless one was added to the simple household. Its means of support was so limited that barely the wherewith to sustain life was afforded. As the numbers grew, the attic in which they lived became too small and the four determined to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness. A cellar was rented, and into it the household was removed. It soon became the home not only for its original occupants, but of twelve aged and helpless people. Food and clothing could only be obtained by allowing the aged inmates to beg, but grave objection to this at once manifested itself. It was impossible to do anything for reformation, and but little for the bodily comfort of the mendicants, who, by daily contact with the misery from which they had been removed, were hourly tempted to sink back into the vice from which they had been saved. Upon the advice and under the direction of the holy priest who guided, it was determined that since the entire household must depend on charity, the Sisters, and not the aged, should solicit it. To this end a religious organization was at once established, and the Sisters formed themselves into a community, dedicated to the love of the suffering, aged and infirm. They took vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and hospitality, and began the loving work to which, with sublime self-abnegation, they had dedicated their lives. The constitution of their order was simple. The vow of poverty provided that the sustenance of the aged should be obtained by the daily solicitation of the Sisters themselves. It imposed upon them the entire duty of furnishing, with their own hands, every needed ministrations, and of themselves subsisting on the remnants of the food contributed for the use of their aged poor. It forbade the accumulation of property yielding revenues and consecrated its members to a life of mendicancy—a mendicancy whose privations were to be welcomed as blessings from the Most High. Thus entering on its career of self-sacrifice, the beginning was full of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, but the spirit of that charity "which overcometh the world" subdued them all. In a short time the number of those for whom they had undertaken to provide was so increased that it became necessary to buy a building. In the face of the fact that they were without means—without resources of any kind—it seemed a rash resolve to determine to do so, and yet they reached that determination. Trusting in the ineffable tenderness and mercy of that Providence which had hitherto supplied their wants, they made the purchase. Before the lapse of a year, so much did their efforts touch the hearts of those around them, that they had paid, through contributions, the entire price—about twenty-two thousand francs. A few years more go by and the Sisters find that they have not room enough for all their inmates. Adjoining the house which they had bought, through contributions, the entire price—about twenty-two thousand francs. A few years more go by and the Sisters find that they have not room enough for all their inmates. Adjoining the house which they had bought, through contributions, the entire price—about twenty-two thousand francs.

day to day they subsisted on charity, and had never laid aside anything, nor, indeed, had they received more than was required for their daily sustenance. Without doubt or hesitation, they set to work, with their own feeble hands, to dig and lay the foundation of the building which they had projected. The sight of their labor touched the sympathy and admiration of those around them. Four or five laborers and artisans furnished their assistance; those of larger means gave money or materials, and those who could give no money gave time, and thus, in a few months, the desired buildings were completed. By these means was originated and gradually developed into its present form the first community of the Little Sisters of the Poor. At first the apparent object was merely to remedy the evil which existed in an aggravated form from local causes at St. Servan, but which also existed wherever humanity is found. The first house was on a small scale. Gradually led on by their zeal, their efforts came to have a wider scope. Sustained by the blessing of God, the work extended and new members were added to the order. They soon established foundations in neighboring places, first at Rennes, then at Denan, then at Tours, finally at Paris. The history of every house, of every establishment, is essentially like unto that of the original foundation. The Sisters came without money or resources of any kind. They began, not by interesting the wealthy, not by soliciting subscriptions, but by unostentatiously seeking out the aged and poor. These they brought at once to some humble place which they had secured, and then from charitable persons, day by day, they sought by alms, to obtain the wherewith to clothe and feed them. In the course of time, as the marvelous efficacy of their work developed, they built house after house until the accommodations sufficed for the requirements of the locality in which they were. From these humble beginnings, the Little Sisters of the Poor have established over two hundred houses throughout the world. France, Germany, Italy, England, Ireland, Scotland, Asia, Africa and America are blessed by their tender missions. The number of the community itself has swollen to four thousand, who, in all parts of the world, dedicate themselves with unremitting zeal to carrying out the high and holy purposes to which the order is committed. Within the walls of the two hundred houses which have been established since the foundation, over sixty-five thousand old and infirm have lived and died. Such is the story. Ah, where, except along the paths which are lustrated by the light of faith, hope and charity, could its steps be traced! Let us put in juxtaposition the scanty means and the mighty results which they have accomplished. Let us turn back to forty years ago and direct our steps along the simple way of the Breton village. How rude its streets! How rough its surroundings! Yes, here is the spot; let us bow our heads to enter beneath the earth. How dark and dank the atmosphere! See through the gloom twelve old, infirm and helpless women stretched upon beds of pain. Watch the ministrations of the four who serve them, their simplicity, their singleness of purpose, their poverty. Look abroad now, into the world, and behold the wonderful scene. Two hundred noble foundations laid; four thousand brave women dedicated to a charity without limit. Ah! as you look upon this scene, hear not only the benediction of the twenty thousand whose miseries are presently assuaged, but the unseen blessing of the thousands who have gone before, consoled in life and fortified in death! Oh wonderful working! Oh, sublime result! My friends, the drift of human thought during the period in which this work was accomplished brings out with singular significance the divine forces which brought it about. The intellectual movement of the period was full of charity without religion. Statesmen, philosophers, thinkers, rejecting the corner-stone, sought to rear an edifice which should preserve and perpetuate the tenderness of the law of love without the restraints of religion. Books were written, communities devised, plans projected; where are they now? Some have gone out, quenched by the tears and blood of humanity; all have passed away and perished forever. Lo! there remains but the poor peasant girl and the mighty fruits of her divinely ordained work. Remarkable as is the disproportion from a human point of view between the cause and effect in the retrospect which we have taken, the existence of the cause is equally inexplicable. Why should the peasant girl and her four thousand followers have given up all that material life holds dear? Why should they have consecrated their lives to the old, the abject, and the infirm? Can the question be answered by the law of nature alone? Ah! no; its answer comes borne upon the tide of ages, echoing the accents of those words of infinite tenderness: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; whatever you do unto the least of these is done unto Me." There is normally a tinge of sadness suggested by the ceremony of laying a corner-stone. However glorious the monument to be erected, or auspicious the plan to be carried out, the mutability of all things human comes unbidden to the mind. For this reason a corner-stone has long been used as the depository of memorials of the works undertaken with the hope that in the bosom of the earth they may be preserved long after the work itself has passed away. But no such phantom may arise to disturb our joy to-day, for the work which is to-day established will rest upon no material corner-stone, but upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone. It Never Fails. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; a few doses cure when other remedies fail. Never trifle with sacred subjects. Always speak of God with seriousness and reverence. Never ridicule the devotions of a simple mind. DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP is a safe and reliable worm remedy for all worms afflicting children or adults.

ALWAYS REQUIRED—A good cathartic medicine. National Pills will not disappoint you.