r arm could the Post call war's grim erday mo ven of life,

ect story of patriot strife. s and their soul recoil. account, deal blow for inverquered, passing the

oue Roman host. ty Cæsar's awful face, Rome. This their sore diswheenquest, who came and Inquered, and in time gave and. Not thus, nor for such

whroes' noblest victory.

Lyer as a tution free shall live,
companies of this meed of praise will give
that tacked, nought could re venstat Edme vouth; they suffered, toiled, amain.

And brayely 'gainst the bravest dauntless Thus was glorious Freedom's victory bought."

Æ McD. DAWSON.

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 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 mis-take. 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.

Farmer Simmons was a little thin, wiry, stooping man of seventy, with a face that might easily have been hand. some since the features were regular, and the eyes of a clear, bright blue, while the complexion was like that of a sound and healthy winter apple, rosy and wholesome to behold. But there was an expression in the old man's face that seemed entirely to mar his good looks-an anxious small expression, which is only visible where the soul beneath it has learned to value money far above the actual rate of money's worth. two words the farmer was a 'forehanded' and also a 'near' man, and his only sister, Mary, looking out of the garret window as the sound of the cart attracted her attention, felt her spirit quail within her, noting the severity of his aspect, and guessing only too well on what errand he had come.

'What shall I do?' moaned the blue eyed woman of sixty-three, sinking down on a dusty box of rags which she had been sorting, and hiding her kindly but careworn face behind a pair of hands that had toiled for many a year for Joe Sylvester and Joe Sylvester's children. 'Oh, if Joshua would not be so hard upon us! I don't know what poor Joe will say when he comes home to night!

'Mother!' called out a bold young voice at the foot of the garret stairs, uncle Joshua has come, and he is blanketing the old mare, but he won't put her in the barn, 'cause he isn't going to stay but just five minutes. And he frightened pussy when she went meet him at the door, and he tried to hit Rover, only Rover got out of the way of the whip; and he says we are a pack of lazy good for-nothings; and won't you come down, mother? for he is most awful cross, and we are all going to run

away to play.'
'Yes, Joshua, dear,' said his mother, sighing, 'I will come. Ask your uncle in, and set a chair for him politely, and tell him where your father has gone, and

'No need to tell me!' said a barsh voice below. 'Here youngster, you be off, and if you go near the mare I'll let you know what a whip is when I come down stairs. Start now.

Young Joshua clattered noisily down the uncarpeted stairs. Old Joshua came climbing slowly up, grumbling to himself in an undertone. Poor Mrs. Sylvester laid her hand upon her beating heart, and glanced upward in her

'Oh, God! make my brother kinder. Move him to show some mercy to us this day, or we are lost,' she breathed.

Joshua Simmons appeared, emerging out of the square hole cut in the floor for the garret stairs.
'What in this world are you up here

for, Mary?' he growled as she hastened 'I am so sorry you took the trouble to

come after me, Joshua,' she answered deprecatingly. 'I should have been deprecatingly. down directly 'Very likely, but I am in a hurry. What are you doing up here?'

She pointed to the rags. 'The pedler comes along to morrow, Joshua, and he always takes my rags. So

I am sorting them over.' 'And you are likely to have rags rt while Joe Sylvester is

dorled her brother. at as been rather un-ade as is so good and kind have, on t all for his sake, rthat frabout the children. gage have better clothes and many other 1 to crave for. But abi well and happy, so

am looked her full in alregreome to say that

> erying! It will do any one else.

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 vou 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 every-thing—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 un lucky 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

'Buy it!' exclaimed the farmer, scornfully. 'Why you have stayed here 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

you and I were born.'

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 sylum?' 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 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.'

'No,' said Mary dejectedly. 'We will go, Joshua, if you insist upon it. But I am not sorry I married Joe, not even if I have to give up this dear old place.

She looked around the garret, familiar

even to her childish days. I hoped I should live and die under this roof, as mother did,' she began, and then her voice changed and broke. 'Almost the first thing I can remember is playing up here with you. There was a swing out by the west window, and you swung me too high, and hit my head; you kissed me and begged me not to cry. You were a dear, kind brother to me Joshua,' said she, lifting her then, checked apron to her face, and bursting into an agony of tears.

He stood by the western window. Sure enough, there were the very pegs that he had driven into the stout beams for the swing she spoke of, and there was the higher beam where she had hit her head. A pretty little thing she was then, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and yellow curls, always toddling after 'brother Joshy,' wherever he went, and thinking him the handsomest and most mar-

vellous of boys. How natural those sloping meadow lands looked, seen from the western window. In summer when the days were long' and when the windows were wide open, his mother's spinning wheel had stood here, and backwards and forwards, with the motes dancing in the long columns of sunny air beside her, he had seen her tall slender figure pass and repass, singing the 'old songs,' in tones so sweet and low as not to disturb the mother robin brooding in the maple-tops outside, and looking with blue eyes ful of love at the boy and girl conning over their fat speckled-covered 'Book of

Fairy Tales' on a cushion at her feet. And as he stood there, a gray haired care-wrinkled man, older by thirty years than his mother was then, a sudden vision rose up between him and those meadow-lands—a vision of that dying hour—that dying saint. White was her cheek as the pillow on which it rested, and the bright blue eyes were dimmed and failing, so far as the sights of earth were concerned. 'Love God, and keep His commandments,' he seemed to hear the weak, sweet voice breathing in his ear once more; 'and oh, my boy, be kind and gentle to your little sister! Love her—take care of her—let me meet

you both in heaven!' The farmer's keen blue eyes suddenly filled and brimmed over. With a tear on his wrinkled cheek, and a choking ball at his throat, he turned and looked at

Mary.
His "little sister" then, but now the dear mother of many children older than they had been when they had stood with their arms clasped round each other to see their mother die.

Mary had followed her life path against his warnings and advice, and this was the end. A little, worn, and gray. haired woman of sixty-three, sitting on the chest of assorted rags, and crying her heart out because her only home was soon to be taken from her, yet clinging just as fondly as ever to the brokendown and unlucky farmer whose failing Comade up. I have fortunes had dragged her and her seven ur sake, longer | children down so low.

"Be kind and gentle to your little

The farm is running down in his sister. Love her-take care of her-let me meet you both in heaven?" the words seemed to come floating through the air, and with them the breath of the old child-life, when money and position were words unknown, and things undesired passed over the farmer's indurated heart. He forgot Joe Sylvester—his ill-luck and his failings badly hung gates and dilapidated walls no longer troubled his mental vision; but in their place came the friendly buzz and whirl of the spinning wheel, the light step keeping time to its music; the kind, dear face smiling down at him, and Mary's yellow curls lying like a golden shower on the breast of his homespun jacket; while listening to the story of the dear White Cat, the child sank

away to sleep.

Poor little Mary! How fond she used to be of that story! And how his mother used to make the white hands for them, appearing in all kinds of mysterious places around the garret eaves! No wonder Mary longed to live her own life out under this old homestead roof! Why should he not give up the idea of that better tenant, and let her stay there for his mother's sake?

Mary saw him coming towards her, but in the depth of her despair it never occurred to her to watch for any soften. ing of his purpose. She got off the rag-chest and wiped her eyes, and tried to speak kindly and cheerfully, with the sob and quiver still in her voice.

'Don't be angry at my crying, Joshua, she said, meekly, "I have been letting myself hope that Joe would have some good luck at last, and be able to buy the place, so that we could enjoy it a little vhile, and then leave it to the children. But, as you say, we ought not to stand in your light, brother, if you have a better chance to sell the farm. I'll tell Joe when he comes home to night. How soon do you want us to go, Joshua?'
'Well, you see, Mary,' mumbled the
farmer, 'if Joe would turn over a new

leaf, as it were, and get the place to be looking nice, between now and spring-He paused, and Mary watched him eagerly, with her heart in her blue eyes. don't know, seeing as you feel so bad about giving up the homestead-I don't know but what I might make up

'Oh, brother Joshua! The blue eyes looked upward with a brief, glad thanksgiving. Surely, this was the answer to her prayer.

my mind to let you stay.

'Joe will try his best, indeed he will, said she, earnestly. And I will help him, and all the children. The two boys could do a great deal, you know. If we have our usual health, Joshua, you shall see the dear old place blooming like a rose by June, if you only let us stay.'

'Yes,' said the farmer, coughing, 'You see, Mary, I haven't been up into this old garret for years before. It has put me so in mind of mother and the old times,' he went on slowly. 'I remembered, as I stood there just now, what she said to me about you when she was dying. I—I'm afraid I haven't done as I promised, Mary. I have been too fond of making money and laying it up, and I haven't given you a penny toward your housekeeping—but that was because you married Joe Sylvester against my

'But Joe has been such a good husband to me, such a kind father to the poor children,' pleaded Mary. 'You think he is lazy, Joshua; and yet he works hard all the time when he is well, and he is willing and glad to work to make a pleasant home for us. If we can only stay here he will be encouraged to go on, and I believe we shall see better days yet through your kindness, brother; I do

'I hope so, Mary,' said the farmer, in a kinder tone than usual. 'I shall do my part anyway. As soon as I get to the The farmer walked across the garret, aiting for her to recover herself.

The farmer walked across the garret, aiting for her to recover herself.

The farmer walked across the garret, willage this day, I'll have a deed made out, and the homestead shall be yours.'

The farmer walked across the garret, out, and the homestead shall be yours.'

The farmer walked across the garret, aiting for her to recover herself. 'Mine!' cried Mrs. Sylvester, not daring to believe her ears.

'I'll make it over to you, house, land, stock and all. I am rich. I have a good home, and no family except my wife, and I don't need this place, nor yet the money it will bring in rent. I'll tell the tenant to find another farm this afternoon, and you shall have a home, too, my poor girl-a home that no one can turn you out of, and your children shall own it after you-there! I came to turn you out,' he added, 'but I saw how bad you felt about leaving the farm, and that deathbed of our mother's came up before me as plain as I ever saw anything in my life. I could hear the very words she said to me there, when she was almost too weak to speak, I haven't done what she asked me to do for you, Mary, so far. But forget and forgive, and I'll be a better brother to you in tuture, my poor little woman.'

Tears were rolling down the farmer's face again, but it was Mary's hand that wiped them away now, and Mary's arms went around his neck, and Mary's cheek was laid against his, as in the days when it was the fresh, fair cheek of a little

So they stood, embracing in silence, and every tear that fell from the brother's eyes washed away some unkind look or hard or grudging word that had

defiled the past. It was but a poor old garret, cobwebbed and dusty, and crowded with worthless lumber, yet to the long separated and suddenly reunited brother and sister it seemed as if a dear, familiar angel figure was bending over them in blessing, filling the homely chamber with the white radiance of its wings.

MORE TELEPHONE FACILITIES.—The Bell Company is still pushing on with its new lines at the rate of about thirty miles a day, and has completed within the last few days the line from Trenton to Picton, taking in also Bloomfield, Wellington, and the Lake Shore Hotel at West Point. Welland has been connected with Thorold and St. Catharines, and the line is now being rapidly finished to Hamilton. Buffalo, Port Golborne, Niagara Falls and other connections in that neighborhood will also be complete in a few weeks; Montreal will be in communication with Kingston and all Towns on the way in a few days, and several other lines are in course of construc-

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

CHARITY'S WORK.

The Little Sisters of the Poor-An Eleguent Tribute.

BY JUDGE E. D. WHITE.

From a purely human point of view the annals of society present no more remark. able and significant fact than the birth development and perennial life of Chris tian charity. From the day of the origin of Christianity to the present time, in every age, in every condition of life, it has ever 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, man-ifold 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 potently 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 off-shoots, 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 shelter, provided her with proper food, without preparation, their sole availant when the time was found, from their able fund on arriving being the pitiful menial work, visited her, in order to do 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

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 hold was removed. It soon became the made itself known, and from all sides 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 estab lishment 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 occupled 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 exempli-

The demands for help grew more stren-uous. 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 death-

My friends, the work already accomplished here by the good Sisters is but a for their daily sustenance. foreshadowing of the great and necessary work which lies before them; is but a teaches stands out, if possible, in bolder admiration of those around them. Little Sisters of the Poor belong.

erations 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 unfrequent 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 they sank in the scale of being, until old age found the of the original foundation. The Sisters throe of a relentless poverty too often associated with intemperance and many As he went about among his poor par-

ishioners, 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, H's 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 mis-ery 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 menial 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 char-ity 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 decrepid 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 house home not only for its original occupants, by allowing the aged inmates to beg, but grave objection to this at once manifested

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 yows of poverty, chastity, obedience and hospitality, and began the loving work to which, with sublime selfabnegation, 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 ministration, 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 conse-crated its members to a life of mendicancy -a mendicancy whose privations were to be welcomed as blessings from the Most

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 thou sand francs.

A few years more go by and the Sisters find that they have not room enough for all their inmates. Adjoining the beds they have attended! How, then, can it be explained save by the ever-living potentiality of that tender voice, yester—which would meet their wants. From worms afflicting children or adults.

day, to day and forever saying, "Love ye day to day they subsisted on charity, and had never laid aside anything, nor, indeed had they received more than was required

Without doubt or hesitation, they set to work, with their own feeble hands, to type of the work which they and their dig and lay the foundation of the building co-laborers have carried on throughout which they had projected. The sight of the whole world. The lesson which it their labor touched the sympathy and relief from the history of the birth and or five laborers and artisans furnished development of the order to which the their assistance; those of larger means their assistance; those of larger means gave money or materials, and those who On the coast of Britany, in France, is could give no money gave time, and thus, the small village of St. Servan. For genin 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 exist 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 bles-sing 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.

came without money or resources of any other degradations. In this simple village community there lived some forty years ago a priest of the Catholic Church. 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 Sis-ters 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 com-mitted. 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 lustred 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 per-petuate the tenderness of the law of love without the restraints of religion. Books were written, communities devised, plans projected; where are they now? 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 Cor-

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