Sister Scraphine's Farewell to Fatherland.

The following lines were composeed by a Sister of Charity previous to her expulsion from her convent home in Munster, West-halla, under the present tyrannical administration of Bismarck. The Local Government were so much exercised over the appearance of this little print, that both the printer and the vendor were prosecuted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Such is the freedom of the Press in the glorious Germanic Empire—such are the fruits of the Kultur Kampf. In this imperfect translation I have adhered as closely as possible to the naive simplicity of the touching original.

St. Thomas, May 11, 1876.

W. F. What news is this? Do I hear aright?

St. Thomas, May 11, 1876. W.
What news is this? Do I hear aright?
Must all my lov'd eares cease to-night?
And by laws, signed with implous hand,
Must I leave home and Fatherland?
Forbid it Heaven! did not my sires,
With all that zeal which God inspires,
Forever foremost in the van
Stand 'gainst the foe, and man to man,
With never wavering loyalty,
Strike home for German liberty?
Why then pursue with vengeful cry
A weakling, timid Nun as 1?

A ye true indeed! news stranger still Our panting hearts with horror fill. They say: how in the great High Courts Each orator in turn reports Frogressive changes, eras bright With better times and greater light; New laws for all the people made— All checked by me, a helpless maid. That I their mightly efforts cramp, Obstruct their works of 'Kultur Kampf. But Lord' 'gainst ourposes so high But Lord! 'gainst purposes so high What could a weak, poor Nun as I?

In works of mercy and of love;
In calling blessings from above,
In checking sighs and drying tears,
We've spent our youthful, guileless years
Oh! fellow-countrymen, whose poor
We ne'er turned hungry from our door;
Whose outcasts at our hearth we warmed
Whose children's minds and hearts
formed. formed,
Go, ask the homeless, young and old,
If our hearts e'er to them grew cold;
Go ask the poor, the small, the great,
Could we bring danger to the State!

And yet the Empire ne'er can thrive,
Unless us from our homes they drive.
Thus they fancy—so let it be—
Away from our loved Germany
We'll go at our great King's command;
To wander in some foreign land
And shelter seek. But there's a Lord
High in the Heavens, who keeps His word,
And stretches out His mighty arm
To shield the timid Nun from harm,
And comfort—potent though he be—
Such weak, poor, trembling Nuns as we.

Such weak, poor, tremoning Nuns as we.

So farewell, parents, mother mild;
A blessing on your banished child
They force me from thy fond embrace;
But we'll meet in a better place.
Oh, Father, grieve not thus; 'tis God,
And not our King who plies the rod;
From distant lands my prayers and tears
Shall win for thy decilning years
A heavenly peace. Oh fare ye well,
My little orphans. Hark, 'tis the knell
Of our departure. Love God well,
Nor grieve that woe the lot should be
Of one poor Nun s; weak as me.

But where, outside of German land, Shall we find rest, a homeless band? Nine thousand little Nuns all doom'd To perish: yet by faith illum'd, We'll lourney on where heaven.

*Irreligious science. We clip the above from an old fyle of the reprint, and not at all inferior to other metri' cal compositions of the pastor of St. Shome

THE SPOLIATION OF THE CHURCH.

tifical Government, who, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the King of Italy, have since 1870 been pensioners of the Vatican, to whom he delivered an address on the wrongs which the Church and Sovereign Pontiff have suffered, and are still suffering, at the hands of the Italian Government. The address has produced a profound sensation amongst non-Catholies. Lee XIII, has declared in plain and less. Lee XIII, has declared in point and power points and the country? Italy, and the said I to him.

"oBEDAD IT'S A QUARE COUNTRY!" said he: "nothing struck me more than immense proportion of English Nonconformity would never have existed, and John Wesley ard his companions would never have seceded from the Church of and over again, heard on a Saturday evenweet the real founders of dissent, and laughter). A man came home from Amburghtering and laughter). A man came home from Amburghtering and laughter) which is the land. I declare my own firm conviction that if the bishops and clergy of the last century had done their duty, and unsupport that there's hardly any donkeys at all in it. And when they shouted or brayed it wasn't like the Irish jackass; there was no music in it' (loud laughter.) I have over more than the land. I declare my own firm conviction that if the bishops and clergy of the last century had done their duty, and unsupport that there's hardly any donkeys at all in it. And when they shouted or brayed it wasn't like the Irish jackass; there was no music in it' (loud laughter.) I have over more than the country?" hes. Lee XIII, has declared in plain and unmistakable terms that no compromise, conciliation, or modus vivendi can ever be possible between the Vatican and the Quirinal unless the latter yields all that that the former asks and holds to be its

right.

Replying to the address presented by them, the Pope commenced by expressing the consolation their presence gave him. In these times, when so few have the courage to fulfil their proper duties, the constancy of those before him was not only a standard or the constancy of these before him was not only a good action, but a splendid example of the splendid example of the honour of which this age has great need. He lamented those better days, when they, like faithful subjects, could each in his office render honourable service to their legitimate Prince, who on his part was able to show vices rendered. But now all that was changed. The designs of Providence, which had

ASSIGNED TO THE ROMAN PONTIFF TEMPORAL

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DOMINION, that he might enjoy a secure liberty, the true independence in the exercise of his supreme religious power, had been frus-trated through the series of crimes which nad been successfully consummated, to the injury of the Apostolic See, and through which the Pontiff had been despoiled of all liberty and independence. His Holiness continued: had been successfully consummated, to the

"True it is that to hide the odious char-"True it is that to hide the oddous char-acter of the fact they never cease from saying We are free because not subjected to visible coercion; but true liberty is not that which depends on the will of others, nor independance can that be esteemed which is subject in all to the control of others. They also persist in saying that freedom of speech has been left. Us as if freedom of speech has been left Us, as if so many of Our glorious predecessors had not spoken freely even in the depths of the catacombs, in the squalor of prisons, in the face of fierce tyrants, in the midst of torments and under threats of cruel death. and they, nevertheless, were certainly neither free nor independent in that state. We know also that they cease not from saying and writing that

OUR APOSTOLIC AUTHORITY IS REVERENCED AND RESPECTED
in Rome. But the truth of this assertion may be easily known by slightly bending the ear and listening to the insults which in this same city are with impunity aimed at Us, at religion, and at the Catholic Church, of which, though unworthy, We are the head, and supreme pastor. Only a very eyes they celebrated, with clamorous rejoicing, the anniversary of the violent occupation of Rome—that ever sorrowful day for Us, which obliged the Pontiff to shut himself within the narrow circuit of Sample 10 cents, regular size \$1.00.

these walls. Finally, they go about saying and repeating that nothing interferes with Our doing all that is required for the government of the Church. But, on the conernment of the Church. But, on the con-trary, it is well-known that they place manifold obstacles in Our way—whether, for example, by depriving Us of the valid help of the religious families who are dispersed in the hopes of annihilating them, or by advancing pretended rights to the exequatur on the Pontifical bulls and to the patronage of the various episcopal sees in Italy. What shall We say also regarding THE OCCUPATION OF CHURCHES OF ROME, which, closed to public worship, are destined to public uses, the property and dominion of the ecclesiastical authorities in dominion of the ecclesiastical authorities in them not only being contested, but even the means of defending their rights at law being denied? What shall We say regard-ing the door left open to impiety and heresy in this city of Rome, Our see and the centre of Catholicity, without its being possible for us to oppose any sufficient and efficacious remedy? And further, when, impelled by love for the Roman people, to efficacious remedy? And further, when, impelled by love for the Roman people, to Our special care confided. We have endeavored, at sacrifices beyond Our resources, to counterpoise against the Protestant schools, perilous to the faith, other schools which would give parents every security for the Christian education of security for the Christian education of their children, We could not do so by employing the Pontifical authority, but solely by using those means which are conceded to any private person whomsoever. From Our words you can fully understand, beloved children, how difficult and hard is the condition in which

THE REVOLUTION, and how vain are the flattering hopes of those who talk of the possibility of its being accepted on our part. Mindful al-ways of Our duties, and knowing what is required for the good of the Church and the dignity of the Roman Pontificate, We shall never acquiesce in the present condition of things, nor shall We cease, as We have never yet ceased, from calling for the restitution of all which by fraud and deceit has been taken from the Apostolic See. For the rest we shall wait with confidence and tranquility until God, in whose hands is Our cause, matures for the Church that day on which He will render justice

THE ROMAN PONTIFF HAS BEEN PLACED BY

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

Dr. Ryle, the Episcopalian Bishop of Liverpool, at the Church Congress in Eng-land, held last month, made an address on Nonconformists, in which he spoke of the cause of dissent in these words: "My own solution of the problem is short and simple. I believe that the first seeds of dissent were sown by the narrow intolerance of the Church in the days of the Stuarts. The wretched attempt to produce uniformity fines and penalties and imprisonment, drove wise men almost mad, and made of a Church which sanctions such things? I believe, secondly, that the utter deadness and apathy of the Church in the last century did even more to drive men and On Sunday, surrounded by fourteen Cardinals, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Tecevived in the Ducal Hall of the Vatican some 700 former civil officials of the Poptifical Government, who, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the King of Italy, have since 1870 been pensioners of the never have seceded from the Church of England."

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY.

ism is infidelity in the bud, and infidelity is Protestantism in full bloom." ** *

The Catholic Segur is correct, however, in saving that "Infidelity is Protestantism in full bloom," simply because infidelity protests against both forms of superstition, the Catholic and the Protestant. It carries out squarely, fully, and logically, the great doctrine of the right of private undement as far as it will go so that judgment as far as it will go, so that Infidelity may be properly characterized as Protestantism run to seed .- The In-

HOLY COMMUNION GIVEN TO CHILDREN.

For a long time it was customary to communicate children, under the species of wine, immediatly after their baptism. This used to be done by the priest dipping his finger in the Precious Blood and then putting it into the child's mouth to su The custom is still kept up in the East, where Baptism, Holy Eucharist, and Con-firmation are administered on the same occasion. Romsee says (iv. p. 329) that this casion. Romsee says (IV. p. 329) that this custom prevailed, at least in some churches of the West, up to the eleventh century. According to the practice of the modern Greek Church, infants are now generally given the Precious Blood in a spoon.-Father (PBrien's History of the Mass.

WE BELIEVE

That if everyone would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it.—U. & A., Rochester, New York.

Yellow Oil is unsurpassed for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Frost Bites and Chilblains. No other medicine required in the household. It is for internal as well as external use. is guaranteed to give satisfaction. All medicine dealers sell it.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula and all humors of the Blood, Liver, Kil-neys and the Bowels at the same time, while it allays nervous irritation and tones

FATHER BURKE,

HIS SERMON IN LIVERPOOL. Humorous Reference to Irish Love for

Music.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The new extension to the already large elementary school building attached to St. Francis Xavier's Church, Salislury Monday evening (as recorded in our last) by Father Burke, O. P. There were 900 children of the day schools present, besides 300 of the college boys. Benediction was given in the church, and afterwards the children were treated to a concert in the arge hall of the college.

Father Burke, during an interval in the concert, ascended the stage amidst warm cheers, and delivered an address. He said: My dear friends, I have first of all to apoogise to you for appearing before you at all, or presuming to raise my voice and speak here this evening, for in truth the voice should be far sweeter than mine that should dare to fill up the gap between two such splendid parts of a concert as that which you have heard and that which you are about to hear. The assemblage, the hall in which we assemble, the entertainment which has been provided for us, the men who have provided that entertainment, and the purpose for which we meet are all eminently suggestive, calculated to inspire the heart of every Catholic presen lawful pride, and calculated to offer a deep and instructive lesson to those amongst us who may not be of the same heart and mind with us. I feel that I must be a trifle serious. And yet I would not wish to be serious. This is a musical festival. It is a feast of music that those Jesuit fathers have provided for us this evening;

and they put
ME, A RED-HOT IRISHMAN,
up here (laughter and applause) to amuse and entertain you in the interval, whilst the singers are resting those sweet voices to her rights."

And with that the Pope imparted his of them wetting their whistle (oud laughter). And still, my dear friends, I do not feel out of place here, for two reasons—first of all on account of that tolerable fund of impudence which belongs to the Irish naturally, and which, thanks be to God my mamma gave me (laughter and aplause); and secondly because I came from such a musical country (applause). It is worthy of remark that Ireland alone, amongst all the nations, has for her nationalbanner a musical instrument—a harp of gold upon a field of green (applause). need not tell you of our ancient Irish bards. They were the judges, they were egislators, and, in the pre-Christian times They were the highest princes when the great St. Patrick first announced to the assembled royalty of the land the old, but to them new, doctrine of Catho licity, and the chief bard lifting up his

and over again, heard on a Saturday evenover—and when, perhaps, the evening was wet—the poor man returning, walking along by the side of the little cart, whilst the miserable horse drawing that cart was Monsieur Segur, once said: "Protestantism is Infidelity in the bud, and Infidelity is Protestantism in full bloom?" *** animal going along with its ears hanging down (laughter). When the country gir goes out to be employed as a farm servant she is asked if she knows how to milk the She says she does; and then they put her to the test. What do you think that test is? They ask her to sing a song (laughter.) If she sings well—with a fine, clear roll of voice—the sympathetic farmer's wife engages her at once as milk-maid, because the cows in Ireland will not give because the cows in Ireland will not give the milk unless the person who is milking them is singing a song. Don't you remember—for some of you must have heard—the Coleen das Cruth na bo? The poet

As I roved out one summer's morning, A-thinking of myself no-how, I heard a fair maid sing most charming As she sat down milking her cow.

As sne sat down mitking her cow.

(laughter). And if she did not sing that
cow would keep her milk for herself.

Now, I ask you, coming from a country
where the cows won't be milked except to music, where the donkeys have a fifth tenor note that no other donkeys in the world have, and where history was re-corded to musical notes by the ancient bards, have I not a right to be impudent when I stand upon the stage where you have heard such beautiful music? But although we may take this light, cheerful view, and have a laugh on the subject, still I must return to what I said. The evening's gathering is very suggestive, very instructive, very inspiriting. First of all

we are called together to witness the bless-ing of schools in which by the hundred the children of our poor will be received, and will obtain the highest blessing, next to Divine faith that man can get from God, that is the blessing of a thorough education (applause.) No criminals, no education (applause.) No criminals, no foolish, useless members of society will ever come forth from these schools; no children of Irish parents ever to BRING A BLUSH TO THEIR FATHER'S OR

MOTHERS'S FACE, or ever to make an Irishman hang down his head in shame for his religion or his country. The children will be brought up in the knowledge and the love and the fear of God, fitted for every requirement of this world, and fitted also for the world to come. They will be a credit, an honor, a happiness not only to their own domestic circle, but to the society in the midst of which they dwell, and they will stand up

have been crowned by the high super-natural gift of the true and Divine faith. Thus the occasion for which we assemble is a joyful, instructive and suggestive one. And who are they who have called us to-gether? Who are they who have built this magnificent hall and the splendid collegiate buildings that surgurant it? Who are they buildings that surround it? Who are they buildings that surround it? Who are they who provide, day after day, for more than a thousand little ones who are receiving from them every element of human and divine knowledge? Who are they represented by the Jesuit who is able to do anything you like-equal to everything? Go to the farthest ends of the earth, and

you will find him evangelizing the savage in a language which no other civilized man in this world has spoken—go to the northern snows of America, and there, amid the rugged ice, there where the foot of civilized man had rarely trod, the child of the desert, the savage Indian, wrapt in his buffalo robe and with his savage paint

upon him, will take you to
A MOUND OF SNOW WITH A CROSS OVER IT, and will tell you that there lies the great "black robe," the Jesuit who lived and died in the midst of his savage children, and raised them up to civilization, to so-ciety, and to God (applause.) Go and walk through the intricate halls of the imwank through the intricate halls of the imperial palace at Perkin, and you will be astonished to find there traces of the highest knowledge and civilization—maps sketched out by man's hands, globes and astronomical instruments most precisely and scientifically made. The barbarian has these things to-day, but in strange re-cords you will find it written that they were made and left there by the wonderful Jesuit missionaries who, century after century, went into that barbarous and cruel people, and lived, labored, shed their blood, and died for civilization and for olood, and died for civilization and for God (applause.) And coming nearer home, who are the men who have brought us here this evening? Who are the men who are able to do everything, from describing the control of th cribing the motion of the heavenly bodie from that wonderful observatory in the Roman College to taking the baton and conducting a choir here this evening, the parently so easy, the men who, beyond al are ready at a moment's notice, heart and life in their open hands, to go to the ends of the earth on their ngelic mission?

who are these men? They are the Jesuit fathers (loud applause) the sons of St. Ignatius; the vanguard of the Holy Church of God; the men who fling the first darts at the enemy, and upon whose shield the first blows fall thickly plage here. Finally, they have prepared for us a most interesting and innocent feast of music. There is a certain appro oriateness in this also that these so should be opened with a concert—a feast of music. My friends, when man was first created by the hand of Almighty God, as he rose from under that creative hand h was like a musical instrument, beautifully attuned, harmoniously chorded, and whose office it would be to sing all the days of by a painless death he should pass from this choir on earth to the eternal choir of angels. But sin came in; the serpent crossed the path of our first mother;

THE FIRST JARRING SOUND OF DISCORD that was heard on this earth was the his of that serpant as he tempted the woman, and when she answered him her voice was toned down. By the sin that she committed, the harmony of our language was lost; discord came in; the beautiful instru-ment was spoilt; the chords were loosened; ordained as the principal means for this, hat the little children should be educated; that every chord in their nature, every fibre of their moral, intellectual and physical nature should be at once developed, set into accord by Divine grace and by Divine knowledge, so that the praise which ascended from their lips should be perfect s the very harmony of the angels of God

work, comes that g'orious choir of praise, the motive of which sings through all the phases of Catholic worship. Is it not, therefore, I say, an eminently suggestive and instructive occasion! I could go on the theme is a very inviting one. I could tell you of music as a science the most beautiful of all; the one that goes most us when we are disturbed, raises us up when we are dejected, subdues us in our very highest emotions of joy, and seems to signify all. I might speak to you of that spirit which went forth from the that spirit which went forth from the deft, cunning fingers of David, and fell like the breathings of an angel of peace upon Saul, and let in a ray of light upon his darkened soul. But time would not permit me, and all of you would not saying, "Well, the lord be praised, when a man has the gift of the gab and goes it he dosen't know where to stop" (laughter). So I think I'll stop now (laughter and ap-

ause.) Father Clare, who was received with applause, said he must ask them to join with him in returning thanks to the good father who had put himself to serious inconvenience to appear amongst them in Liverpool. Father Burke had spoken of Liverpool. Father Burke had spoken of music, he (Father Clare) had heard music most sweet and beautiful, but he never heard music that struck him so deeply as that which had come from Father Burke's

Do not buy cheap medicines on the score of economy. The best are none too good for the sick, and are the cheapest. Such are the Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla,

A PROTESTANT CRITIC ON FATHER BURKE, O. P.

On Sunday, though it was known to On Sanday, though it was known to few, one of the first of living English orators was speaking in Liverpool. Father Tom Burke, as he is commonly called, has a great reputation in his own church, and he deserves it. There are few who can declaim as he can declaim rew who can acciaim as he can declaim— so gracefully, so calmly, so deliberately, with such noble gesture, or whose minds in suppleness and creativeness are as well able as his to meet the demands of such elocutionary powers. He would be a great man even if he were only reciting the thoughts of others. But his own thought provides, and seems to provide extemporaneously, the material which his

extemporaneously, the material which his voice and action so nobly employ. In appearance Father Burke is essentially the Dominican friar, Most people have some notion of this type. The preaching Dominicans have stamped them selves on the graphic literature of all age fashion of their order have abstracted fashion of their order have abstracted everything that in appearance makes for gentleness and refinement. Open Dore, "Drolatiques" and in a page or two you will stumble on a likeness of a friar which allowing for exaggeration, might be the likeness of Father Tom Burke himself. In a crowd and in a common costume you might perhaps pass him by, for the gran-deur of his head is very rude, and the prominent, rather rubicund nose, and the full protruding under lip, though the tell of latent power, tell of it in unattrac tive symbols. Standing in the pulpit in the habit of his order, Father Burke' aspect needs no interpreter. He is a grea Dominicau preacher, and you feel it be-fore he opens his lips. In broad deep characters there are inscribed upon his

countenance unction and power.

Many people identify oratory with great speed of speech and much flourish of gesture. Yet, of the great orators of our time, replace of all the counterparts. great speed of speech and much flourish of gesture. Yet, of the great orators of our time—perhaps of all time—there have been few who answer to the popular idea. Father Burke is never in a hurry, and never imagines his audience can be. pauses easily, and resumes at leisure his oration, which seems to need this regal calmness to do justice to its nobility of conception and expression. We of this conception and expression. We of this latter generation must suppose it was somewhat thus that O'Connell spoke. If so it is not difficult to understand his mastery over his susceptible and imaginative

countrymen.

Passing to the interesting border region wherein all natural orators the qualities of physique and manner co-operate with those of mind, we notice in Father Burke as one of his essential peculiarities a glid-ing sequence of connection. It were as alien from his style to exhibit a close and explicit logical scheme as to indulge in mere unconnected bursts of emotional exuberance. There is a reason for everything Father Burke says, and for its being said when he says it; but he trusts for the feeling of sequence somewhat to the imagination of his hearers and to his own suc-

cess in feeding that imagination.

Thus in his sermon Sunday morning, which was preached to aid in freeing St. Joseph's church from debt, the text and the leading idea were skillfully used to associate the houselessness and shelterles associate the houselessness and shelterlessness of our Saviour with the Catholic
duty of building and sustaining houses for
His worship. With this the preacher began; with this he ended; and the whole
sermon kept alive the practical and affecting analogy. "That our Lord may dwell
in a house and on an altar that He may
really call His own." A beautiful and
daring idea; and it was beautifully and
daringly carried out. From many sources ment was spoilt; the chords were loosened; the body rebelied against the soul and the soul against the body. There was no more harmony, and the grand notes of united, concordant praise, no longer came from the lips of man. Now when the Son of God came down to restore to this world that harmony which was lost, to bring back again to man and to put upon human voices the melodies of the past, He ordained as the principal means for this. equal sweetness and beauty. And then, in a succession of cloquent, mellow word-pictures, was told the story of churchbuilding in every age, and of how, even where faith had vanished and civilization had disappeared in her train, the sacred edifices erected by early Christians still remained to tell of their love and devo-

This sketch must not be lengthened by THIS IS THE JESUIT'S TASK.
He takes the young soul, he trains it, educates it, he accords it to every want of human and Divine society; and forth from under his hands, and as the fruit of his ing in such ripeness as only great and well restrained oratorical power can produce, and to dignify the purport of what is said

by grace and majesty in delivering it.
Under this description must come the vivid picture of the Virgin holding the Saviour dead upon her knees while she drew from his brow the thorns and washed away the blood. So also the description of the Church emerging from her cataof the Church emerging from her cata-combs to build up again laboriously the civilization of the Pagan world which the barbarians had just destroyed. So again the magnificent patriotic description of Ireland, and the contrasted duration of church buildings with the hill in the heart of Mid-Meath once crowned with the glory of Ireland's kings. So again a fine picture, painted with a sweeping but lum-inous brush, of the rise and fall of civili-zation, where the slopes of the Andes sweep down to the sweet Pacific. In these sweep down to the sweet Pacific. and many other passages—notably a fine and unexaggerated eulogy of the solemn, sweet stateliness of the church itself in which the sermon was delivered—the great orator exemplified that wealth of chaste description which denotes and expands, imaginatively and almost though not quite creatively some of the highest intellectual powers that can be illustrated

And almost always, without passing that which had come from Father Burke's heart (applause.) In conclusion, Father Clare asked his hearers to raise a cheer in honour of the great Dominican. The request was heartily responded to.

mime, the action of the preacher's name and arms appropriately heightened the effect. Sometimes the varieties of gesture were exceedingly significant, as when Father Burke said he could never banish the large from his mind or from his into the dangerous region of panto-mime, the action of the preacher's hands for a single day from his mind or from his eyes (with a delicate variation of the movement of the hand to the forchead at each of the two words) the horrors of the which they dwell, and they will stand up and assert themselves as true sons of an intellectual people whose natural gifts and should be in every house.

Such are the Cherry Pectoral, sarsaparilla, and other standard remedies of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. They are worth all they cost, and should be in every house.

Such are the Cherry Pectoral, sarsaparilla, and other standard remedies of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. They are worth all they cost, when a picture of the Catholic Church by all dealers in melicine.

springing up into prosperity was accom-panied by a curiously weak and fluttering motion of the hands.

The eloquent friar, it must be owned,

lives in a simple world. He calls the nine-teenth a contemptible century; and it must teenth a contemptible century; and it must have almost provoked a smile even among his own countrymen to hear him say and prove that Irishmen are the people most after God's own heart. Probably the reflections and speculations of a preaching monk, however great he may be, are seldom very profound. But it is not by profundity that oratory must be judged. Oratory is great when we can attribute to it strength, grace, unction, supple accuracy of expression, chastened splendor of diction. And when to these characters are added charms of voice, power of presence, simple charms of voice, power of presence, simple majesty of delivery and conscious elegan of action, we have to admit that this is oratory.—Liverpool Journal.

A SUGGESTIVE CONTRAST.

The New York Ledger contains the following remarks from the pen of Fanny

Fern:
"How often have I seen a face loitering to the at the church threshold, listening to the swelling notes of the organ, and longing to go in, were it not for the wide social gulf between ifself and those assembled—I will not say worshipping—there. And I know if the clergyman inside that church spoke as his Master spoke when on earth, that he would soon preach to empty walls. They want husks, and they get them. I say in my vexation, as the door swings on its my vexation, as the door swings on its hinges in some poor creature's face, and he wanders forth to struggle, unaided, as best he may with a poor man's temptations. Our Roman Catholic brethren are wiser. Their creed is not my creed, save this part of it: "That the rich and poor meet to-gether, and the Lord is the maker of them all." I often go there to see it. I am glad when a servant drops on her knees in the aisle, and makes the sign of the cross, that nobody bids her to rise, to make way for a silken robe that may be waiting behind. I am glad the mothers of many little chil-dren may drop in for a brief moment before the altar, to recognize her spiritual wants and then pass out to the cares she may no longer lose sight of. I do not be-lieve as they do, but it gladdens my heart neve as they do, but it gladdens my heart all the same that one man is as good as his neighbor, at least there—before God. I breathe freer at the thought. I can sit in a corner, and watch them pass in and out, and rejoice that every one, however humble soever, feels that he or she is in that church, just as much as the richest foreigner from the cathedral of the old world whom they may jostle in going out."

GENERAL ROSECRANS' FAMILY.

Of the three daughters of Gen. Rose of the three daughters of Gen. Rose crans, Marv, the eldest, lies in the church-yard of the Convent of the Ursulines, St. Martin's, Brown Co., Ohio, where she was educated, where she re-entered as a novice, being known in religion as Sister St. Charles, and whence she early went, a pro-fessed nun, to her rest. The second, Lillie, is with her father on the Pacific Slope. The third and youngest, Anne, left the Ursuline school early and went into society, but on her sister's death, and society, but on her sister's death, sought the same convent, and asked to be put upon probation for the honors of the novitiate, into which she was received two years ago. One of Gen. Rosecrans' sons, now deceased, was a Paulist Father. The other, the youngest child, is with the Gen-

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

Because you are poor, boys, it need couragement. Rich boys are often spoiled, and their energies sapped and undermined by luxurious habits, the too free use of money, and the lack of that discipline money, and the lack of that discipline which comes from indigence. As an element of success, great stress must be laid upon incorruptible integrity, which of late years is unfortunately too lately found. A business man once said to the writer, "I can find plenty of smart young men to work for me. What I want is an honest clerk, whom I can implicitly trust." Let our young friend resolve that he will live on bread and water rather than appropri-ate a single penny that is not his own. A boy or man that establishes a reputation for strict housesty will not remain long out of employment, for such clerks are invalu-

Cure that Cough! You can do it speedily safely and surely with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Now is the season to guard, against colds. If you would prevent Con-Balsam. sumption neglect not the most triling symptoms. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will never fail you. It cures Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough and all Pulmonary complaints. Obtain it of your druggist.

No means have been taken by the man-No means have been taken by the manufacturers to push the sale of their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco except giving from time to time a simple statement of the facts connected with it in the public press. The large and rapidly increasing demand for it has been the result of the experience of smokers which these state-ments suggested. Their advice to busi-ness men is to advertise largely if they have the right artists to have the right article to back up the ad vertisement with.

Yellow Oil is the most deservedly popular remedy in the market for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Sore Throat, Lame Back, Contraction of the Muscles, Croup, Quinsey, and every variety of Pain, Lameness, or Inflammation. For internal as well as external use. Yellow Oil will never fail you. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the only medicine that acts upon the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and the Bowels at the same time, while it allays nervous irritation, and tones up the debilitated system. It cures all humors from an ordinary pimple to the worst form of Scrofula. For sale by all dealers. Sample bottle 10 cents, regular size \$1.00.

One dose Hagyard's Pectoral Balsalm will relieve a Cough so promply as to convince the most sceptical of its merits as a Throat and Lung healer; it is the great specific for all Pulmonary complaints tending towards Consumption. The safest, most pleasant, best