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(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM
(PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

Ritchie's

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 Plug, 20c.

THE RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

"Mungo"
"Kicker"
"Cable."

Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brand in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwithstanding an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty-five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

D. DAVIS AND SONS,
Montreal,
Largest and Highest Grade Cigar Manufacturers in Canada.

DR. NEY'S

ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

A sovereign remedy for Bilious Affections: Torpidity of the liver, Excess of bile and other indispositions arising from it: Constipation, Loss of appetite, Headache, Etc.

Dr. D. Marsolais, a renowned physician of many years' practice, writes as follows:

"I have been using DR. NEY'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS for several years past and I am quite satisfied with their use."

"I cannot do otherwise than praise the composition of these pills which you have made known to me. Containing no mercury, they can be taken without danger in many cases where mercurial pills would be quite dangerous."

"Not only do I make considerable use of these pills in my practice, but I have used them many times for myself with the most gratifying results."

"It is therefore a pleasure for me to recommend DR. NEY'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS to those who require a MILD, EFFECTIVE AND HARMLESS Purgative."

Lavallee May 1st 1887. Dr. D. MARSOLAIS.

SOLE PROPRIETOR
L. ROBTAILLE, Chemist
Joliette, P. Q.

STAINED GLASS
BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED,
SILVERED, BENT, PLATE &c.

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Manufacturers of
CHURCH,
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Write for Illustrated Catalogue and prices.

BENNET FURNISHING COY.,
London, Ont., Can.

At Night.
"Why linger to-night in the shadow?
Has the cross of to-day weighed you down?
Have the hands, once so gentle and tender,
Pressed deeper the thorns in your crown?
Come hither; hot tear drops are falling;
Come, child, like a bird to its nest;
For I've promised the heavily laden,
Shall find in My Presence, sweet rest."
"Thou knowest the sorrow, my Jesus,
The cross and the weariness—all
Obscuring its light, like a pall.
O my beautiful, suffering Saviour,
I am nothing but weakness and sin,
Yet I knock at Thy Heart's Sacred portal
And cry 'dearest Lord, let me in!'"
"Would you open wide the door
That the lance unloosed of you?
O my raw martyr, you shall find
In My Heart, a shelter kind;
Chain your burden at My feet,
Here My yoke is light and sweet.
Let My footstep be your pride
Cast your haughty will aside.
And the friendship, once your own,
That has cold and careless grown—
(Hardest cross of all to bear)
Place it calmly in My care.
Now I'll bless you, sweetest, those
Over all the day should close.
You have felt the thorns—now rest
In the Heart that loves you best!"

GRAPES AND THORNS.
By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.
CRICHTON, AND THE CRICHTONIANS.

The delicate exuberance of a New England spring was making amends for the rigor of a New England winter, and for its own tardy coming. Up through the faded sward pushed multitudinously all the little budding progeny of nature; up through rough bark burst the tender foliage; and all the green was golden-green. Light winds blew hither and thither; light clouds chased each other over the sky, now and then massing their forces to send a shower down, the drops so entangled with sunshine as to look like a rain of diamonds. Birds soared joyously, singing as they flew; and the channels of the brooks could scarcely contain their frolicsome streams. Sometimes a scattered sisterhood of snowflakes came down to see their ancestors, and, finding them changed into snowdrops, immediately melted into an ecstasy, and so exhaled.

This vernal freshness made the beautiful city of Crichton fairer yet, with curtains waving from open windows, vines budding over the walls, and all the many trees growing alive. It set a fringe of grass nodding over the edges of these yellow paths revealed out from a new road that, when it had travelled about a mile westward from the city, gave up being a road for the present. One of these paths started off southward, and sank into a swamp. In summer, this swamp was as purple as a ripe plum with flower-de-luce, and those who loved nature well enough to search for her treasures could find there also an occasional cardinal flower, a pink arethusa, or a pitcher-blossom full to the brim with the last shower, or the last dew-fall. The second path ran northward to the bank of the Cocheoc River, and broke of the top of a cliff. If you should have nerve enough to scramble down the face of this cliff, you would find there the most romantic little cave imaginable, moss-lined, and furnished with moss cushions to its rock divans. A wild cherry-tree had in some way managed to find footing just below the cave, and at this season it would push up a spray of bloom, in emulation of the watery spray beneath. Fine green vines threaded all the moss; and, if one of them were lifted, it would show a line of honey-sweet bell flowers, strung under its round leaves.

The third path kept on westward to a dusty tract of pine-woods about two miles from the town. No newly-sprouting verdure was visible amid this sombre foliage; but there was a glistening through it all like the smile on a dark face, and the neighboring air was embalmed with its fine resinous perfume.

Out from this wood came sounds of laughter and many voices, some shrill and childish, others deeper voices of men, or softer voices of women. Occasionally might be heard a fitful song that broke off and began again, only to break and begin once more, as though the singer's hands were busy. Yet so dense was the border of the wood with thick, low-growing branches that, had you gone even so near as to step on their shadows, and slip on the smooth hollows full of cones and needles they had left fall, not a person would you have seen.

A girlish voice burst out singing:
"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Mornin' at the morn,
The hillside dew-dropt,
The lark's on the wing,
The swail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

"Only day is not at the morn," the voice added correctly; "for it is near sunset. But," singing again,
"The year's at the spring;
The lark's on the wing,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

—which may be called making a pose out of a poem.

A young man's voice spoke: "All will soon be wrong in a part of the world. Pippa, if I do not call the sheep to fold." And immediately a loud bugle-call sounded through the forest, and died away in receding echoes.

Presently a Maying-party came trooping forth into sight.

First, stooping low under the boughs, a score of boys and girls appeared, their cheeks bright with exercise and pure air, their silken hair dishevelled. After them followed, more sedately, a group of youths and maidens, "Pippa," otherwise Lily Carthusen, and the bugler, among them. All these young people were decked with wreaths of ground pine around their hats, waists, and arms, and they carried hands full of May-flowers.

Lastly, two gentlemen, one at either hands, held back the branches, and Miss Honora Pembroke stepped from under the dark-green arch.

If you are a literal sort of person, and make a point of calling things by their everyday names, you would have described her as a noble-looking young woman, dressed in a graceful brown gown, belted at the waist, after a Grecian fashion, and some sort of cloudy blue drapery that was slipping from her head to her shoulders. You would have said that her hair was a yellowish brown that looked bright in the sun, her eyes about the same color, her features very good, but not so classical in shape as her robe. You might have added that there was an expression that, really—well, you did not know just how to name it, but you should judge that the young man was romantic, though not without sense. If you should have guessed her age to be twenty-eight, you would have been right.

I, on the other hand, you are poeticaly Christian, ever crowning with the golden thorns of sacrifice whatever is most beautiful on earth, you would have liked to take the Mayflower wreath from this woman's maiden's hand, place the palm-branch in its stead, and to send her to heaven by the way of the lions. Her face need hardly have changed to go that road, so lofty and delicate was the joy that shone under her quiet exterior, so full of light the eyes that, looking straight before her into space, seemed to behold all the glory of the skies.

The girl who came next was very different, not at all likely to suggest poetical fancies, though when you looked closely you could see much fineness of outline in the features and form. But she was spoli in coloring—a sallow skin, "sandy" hair, and light eyes giving a dingy look to her face. She was not stir more by the expression, which was superficial, and by being overdressed for her size and the occasion, and a little ragged from the bushes. This is Miss, or, as she likes to be called, Mademoiselle, Annette Ferrier. If at some moment, unawares, you should take the liberty to call her Ninon, with an emphatic nasal, she would forgive you beamingly, and consider you a very charming person. Mademoiselle, who, like three generations of her ancestors, was born in America, and who had spent but three months of her life in France, had no greater ambition than to be taken for a French lady. But do not set her down as a simpleton. Her follies are not malicious, and may wear off. Have you never seen the young birds, when they are learning to fly, how clumsily they tumble about? yet afterward they cleave the air like arrows with their strong pointed wings. And have you not seen some bud, pushing out at first in a dull, rude sheath that mars the beauty of the plant, open at last to disclose petals of such rare beauty that the sole glory of the plant was in up-bearing it? Some souls have to work off a good deal of clinging foolishness before they come to themselves. Therefore, let us not classify Miss Ferrier just yet.

She had scarcely appeared, when one branch was released with a discourteous haste that sent it against her dress, and a gentleman quickly followed her, and, with a somewhat impatient air, took his place at her side. Mr. Lawrence Gerald had that style of beauty which suggests the pedestal—an opaque whiteness of tint as pure as the petals of a camellia, clustering locks of dark hair, and an exquisite perfection of form and feature. He and Miss Ferrier were engaged to be married, which was some excuse for the profuse smiles and blushes she expended on him, and which he received with the utmost composure.

The second branch swung softly back from the hand that carefully released it, and Mr. Max Schoningger came into sight, brushing the brown pine scales from his gloves. He was the last in order, but not least in consequence, of the party, as more than one backward glance that watched for his appearance testified. This was a tall, fair-haired German, with powerful shoulders, and strong arms that sloped to the finest of sensitive hands. He had a grave countenance, which sometimes lit up beautifully with animated expression, and sometimes also veiled itself in a singular manner. Let anything be said that excited his instinct of reserve or self-defence, and he could at once banish all expression from his face. The broad lids would droop over those changeful eyes of his, and one saw only a blank where the moment before had shone a cordial and vivid soul.

When we say that Mr. Schoningger was a Jew who had all his life been associated more with Christians than with his own people, this guarded manner will not seem unnatural. He glanced over the company, and was hesitatingly about to join Miss Pembroke, when one of the children left her playmates, and ran to take his hand. Mr. Schoningger was never on his guard with children, and those he petted were devotedly fond of him. He smiled in the upturned face of this little girl, held the small hand closely, and led her on.

The order of march changed as the party advanced. Those who had been last to leave the wood were made to take precedence; the youths and maidens dropped behind them, and, as both walked slowly forward, the younger ones played about them, now here, now there. It was like an air with variations.

The elders of the company were very quiet. Miss Carthusen, a little annoyed. She need not have wasted her eloquence in persuading Mr. Schoningger to come with them, if he was going to devote himself to that baby.

Miss Carthusen was clever, and rather pretty, and she liked to talk. What was the use of having ideas and fancies, if one was not to express them? Why should one go into company, if one was to remain silent? She considered Mr. Schoningger too superb by half.

The sun was setting, and it flooded all the scene with a light so rich as to seem tangible. Whatever it fell upon was not merely illuminated, it was gilded. The sky was hazy with that radiance, the many windows on the twin hills of Crichton blazed like beacons, and the short eared turf glistened with a yellow lustre. Those level rays threw the long shadows of the flower-bearers before them as they walked, dazzled the faces turned aside to speak, turned the green wreaths on their heads into golden wreaths, and sparkled in their hair. When Miss Pembroke put her hand up to shade her eyes in looking backward, the unglowed fingers shone as if transparent. She had been drinking in the beauty of the evening till it was ready to burst from her lips, and there seemed to be on one who perceived that beauty but herself. She would have liked to be alone, with no human witness, and to give vent to the delight that was tingling in her veins. A strong impulse was working in her to lift a fold of her dress at either side, slide out that pretty foot of hers now hidden under the hem, and go floating round in a dance, advancing as she turned, like a planet in its path. It would have been a relief if she could have sung at the very top of her voice. She had looked backward involuntarily at Mr. Schoningger, expecting some sympathy from him; but, seeing him engrossed in his little charge, had dropped her hand, and walked on, feeling rather disappointed.

"I supposed he believed in the creation, at least," she thought.

Miss Pembroke was usually a very dignified and quiet young woman, who said what she meant, who never effervesced on small occasions, and sometimes found herself unmoved on occasions which many considered great ones. But when, now and then, the real affluence came, it was hard to have her lips sealed and her hands shackled. As she dropped her hand, faintly, fairly like in the distance she heard all the bells of Crichton ringing for sunset.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, she sang softly, clasping her hands, still walking forward; and so went on with the rest of the hymn, not minding where the others of the party were, or if there were any others, till she felt a little pull at her dress, and became aware that Mr. Schoningger's young friend had urged him forward to hear the singing, and was holding up her hand to the singer. But the Jew's visor was down.

Miss Pembroke took the child's hand, which thus formed a link between the two, and continued her singing: *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.* She felt almost as if the man, thus linked to her by that transparent, innocent nature of the little girl between them, were spiritually joining her in the Hosanna. How deep or bitter his prejudices might be she knew not. Their acquaintance had been short, and they had never spoken of their theological differences. That his unbelief could be profound, yet gentle and tolerant toward her belief, had never occurred to her mind. She would have been scarcely more shocked than astonished could she have known the thought that almost escaped his lips. "She is too noble to be a worshipper of strange gods," he thought. "When will this miserable delusion be swept away!"

A slim, slight hand stole into Miss Pembroke's arm on the other side, and Miss Carthusen's cheek pressed close to her shoulder. Miss Carthusen was a founding, and had been adopted by her wealthy and childless couple. Nothing whatever was known of her parentage.

"Lady Honora," she whispered, "this scene reminds me of something. I am like Mignon, with my recollections gathering fast into a picture; only my past is further away than hers was. I almost know who I am, and where I came from. It flashes back now. We were dancing on the green, a ring of us. It was not in this land. The air was warm, the sward like rose-leaves; there were palms and temples not far away. I had this hand stretched forward to one who held it, and the other backward to one who held it, and so we danced, and there were wreaths on our heads, vine-leaves tangled in our hair. Suddenly something swept over and through us, like a cold wind, or a sharp cry, or both, and we all became fixed in a breath, the smile, the wreath, the tiptoe foot, and we hardened and grew less, and the air inside the ring died with our breaths in it, and the joy froze out of us, and the recollection of all we were faded. We were like flames that have gone out. There was nothing left but an antique vase with Bacchantes dancing round it in a petrified circle. Have you ever seen such a vase, with one figure missing?"

"Silly child!" said Honora, smiling but shrinking a little. The girl was too clinging, her imagination too pagan. "It is said that, at the birth of Christ, that was heard through all the hosts of pagan demons. 'Pan is dead!' they cried, and fled like dry leaves before a November wind. Pan is dead, Lily Carthusen, and if you would kindle his altars again, you must go down into the depths of perdition for the spark."

She spoke with seriousness, even with energy, and a light blush fluttered into her cheeks, and faded out again.

Miss Carthusen, still clinging to the arm she had clasped, leaned forward to cast a laughing glance into the face beyond. "To Mr. Schoningger," she said, "we are both talking mythology."

Miss Pembroke freed her arm decidedly, and stepped backward, so as to bring herself between Miss Ferrier and Lawrence Gerald. She took an arm of each, and held them a moment as if she were afraid. "Annette, Lily Carthusen must not help us to trim the altar," she said. "It is not fitting. We will do it ourselves, with Mother Chevreuse."

"But Lily has such taste," was the reluctant answer. "And she may be displeased if we do not ask her."

"Our Lady thinks more of devotion than of taste, Annette," Miss Pembroke said earnestly. "It seems to me that every flower ought to be placed there by the hand of faith and love."

The other yielded. People always do yield when Miss Pembroke urged. And Miss Carthusen, fortunately, saved them the embarrassment of declining her assistance by walking on, engrossed in a gay conversation with the German. When she recollected, they were already far apart. She and her companion were close to the town, and the others had stopped where the three paths met.

The children gathered about Miss Ferrier, and began piling their May-flowers and green wreaths into her arms; for the flowers were all to decorate the altar of Mary in the beautiful church of St. John the Evangelist. These children were not half the time Catholic; but that made no difference in Crichton, where the people prided themselves on being liberal. Moreover, Miss Ferrier was a person of influence, and could reward those who obliged her.

Then they scattered, dropping into the different roads, one by one, and two by two, till only three, heavily laden with their fragrant spoil, were left walking slowly up South Avenue, into which the unfinished road expanded when it reached the city. They were to take tea at Mrs. Ferrier's, and afterward go to the church; for this was the last day of a warm and forward April, and on the next morning the exercises of the Month of Mary were to begin. At the most commanding spot on the crown of the hill stood Mrs. Ferrier's house; and one has but to glance at it to understand at once why mademoiselle is a person of influence.

Seventeen years before, those who knew them would have imagined almost any change of fortune sooner than that the Ferriers should become people of wealth. There was Mr. Ferrier, a stout, dull, uneducated, hard-working man, who had not talent nor ambition enough to learn any trade, but passed his life in dragging for any one who would give him a day's work. A man of obtuse intelligence, and utterly unutilized talents, but for the spark of faith left in that poor soul of his, he would have been a clod. But there the spark was, like a lamp in a tomb, showing, with its faint but steady light, the wreck of the beautiful, and the noble, and the sublime that was man as God made him; showing the dust of lost powers and possibilities, and the dust of much accumulated dishonor; showing the crumbling skeleton of a purpose for any one who would give him a day's work. A man of obtuse intelligence, and utterly unutilized talents, but for the spark of faith left in that poor soul of his, he would have been a clod. But there the spark was, like a lamp in a tomb, showing, with its faint but steady light, the wreck of the beautiful, and the noble, and the sublime that was man as God made him; showing the dust of lost powers and possibilities, and the dust of much accumulated dishonor; showing the crumbling skeleton of a purpose for any one who would give him a day's work.

Those human problems meet us often, staggering under the primal cause, ground down to pitiless labor from the cradle to the grave, losing in their sordid lives, little by little, first, the strength and courage to look abroad, then the wish, and, at last, the power, the soul in them shining with only an occasional flicker through the debris of their degraded natures. But if faith be there buried with the soul in that earthy darkness, the word of hope is still for them *Resurgam!*

There was Mrs. Ferrier, a very different sort of person, healthy, thrifty, cheerful, with a narrow vein of stubborn good sense that was excellent as far as it went, and with a kind heart and a warm temper. The chief fault in her was a common fault—she wished to shape and measure the world by her own compasses; and, since those were noticeably small, the impertinence was very apparent. She was religiously obedient to her husband when he raised his fist; but, in most matters, she ruled the household, Mr. Ferrier being authoritative only on the subject of his three meals, his pipe and beer, and his occasional drop of something stronger.

And there were five or six young ones, new little souls in very soiled bodies, the doors of life still open for them, their eyes open also to see, and their wills free to choose. These little ones, happy in their rags, baked mud pies, squabbled and made up twenty times a day, ate and slept like the healthy animals they were, their greatest trial being when their faces were washed and their hair combed, on which occasion there was an uproar in the family. These occasions were not frequent.

The Ferrier mansion had but one room, and the Ferrier plenshing was simple. The wardrobe also was simple. For state days, monsieur had a state costume, the salient points of which were an ample white waist-coat and an ancient and well-preserved silk hat which he wore very far back on his head, both these articles being part of his wedding gear. Madame had also her gale attire, with which she always assumed an expression of complete solemnity. This toilet was composed of a dark-red merino gown, a dingy broche shawl, and a large

straw bonnet, most unconsciously to the arm she had clasped, leaned forward to cast a laughing glance into the face beyond. "To Mr. Schoningger," she said, "we are both talking mythology."

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ANGLICAN CLAIMS

London University

On Sunday night Grosch, preaching at Michael's, Commercial for his subject "The Church." He said C universalism in time, trine; for the Catholic mouth-piece of God, a her doctrine could change. The holy placed in the Church Pentecost, was not to teach from, for the H teach not partial truth doctrine, but the who the apostles realized their trust, that they doctrine they were Christ's doctrine alone stood the importance of and maintaining its by the words of St. P ing to the Galatians. if I or an angel for preach a gospel to which have presc anathema." There v sound in these word men attribute their fiery ardent spirit of Gentiles, for St. John gentleness and forbosom of Him who humble of heart, be lute, and unbending

WHAT THE WORLD WOULD BE—when there was a maintenance of the p of his Master. "Loo you lose not the thing wrought, but that y ward; whoever re tinueh not in the hath not God, but hath both the Father a man come to you a doctrine other than not into your house speed, for he who speed communicated ness." Therefore un doctrine—universalis dogma—must be Church. And this f found in any Church upon the rock—Pe asked, however, wh from time to time ha trines of faith, and innovations and no the Church had from down principles wh children to know truth. But a decla was no more an in position of Euclid v definition. And th given in the day of tude, when the fou swept over the land to carry away the bosom. No doctri pounded different f placed in the Chu Pentecost. Referrin Catholicity in time Grosch said the trinity admitted Churches, and that Catholic Church v Christianity. And Tertullian there which the true Chur guished from the later than we," s your religion is f years ago and ma those present that same truth which blessed Patrick in lies in England b their forefathers y years ago; they doctrine which St. whom first the Ken sacred feet. Yet doctrine from the MEN AND WOMEN

LIC might say that C very good, but C ion on matters of room for it when voice declared it ing with the Chu her Orders and Father Grosch said in Catholicity cou Divine Founder o priests. He gav Father had give dms, and He inv which were neces ment of the king's office upon them, the fulfilment of a might die, but th mission were to while He impart given Him by Hi as He must have issue of His work ordain priests as person. And an alone an intere be pointed to wit disputable succ of Christ. Many about God's Chu yet to see the m ficient audacity world and say th the orders she re tolic College. Grosch said as written, when was founded sh world; she had nor kinsman, ar who were her le in a direct line, lateral branches and from that s all apostolity, appealing to a

Mr. Ferrer, poor man! was like a great clumsy beetle that blunders out of the familiar darkness of night into a brilliantly lighted room. Perhaps something aspiring and only half dead in him cried out through his dulness with a voice he could not comprehend; perhaps the sudden brightness put out what little sight he had: who knows? He drank. He was in a dream; and he drank again. The dream became a nightmare; and still he drank—drank desperately—till at last nature gave way under the strain, and there came to him an hour of such utter silence as he had not known since he lay, an infant, in his mother's lap. During that silence, light broke in at last, and the imprisoned light shone out with a strange and bewildered surprise. The priest, that visible angel of God, was by his side, instructing his ignorance, calming his fears, calling up in his swooning soul the saving contrition, leaving him only when the last breath had gone.

After the husband went child after child, till but two were left, Annette and Louis. These, the eldest, the mother saved alive.

We laugh at the preposterous extravagance and display of the newly enriched. But is there not something pitiful in it, after all? How it tells of wants long denied, of common pleasures that were so distant from those hopeless eyes as to look like shining stars! They flutter and run foolishly about, those suddenly prosperous ones, like birds released from the cage, like insects when the stone is lifted from them; but those who have always been free to practise their smooth flight through a sunny space, or to crawl at ease over the fruits of the world, would do well not to scorn them.

The house Mrs. Ferrier had built for himself in the newest and finest avenue of Crichton was, it must be confessed, too highly ornamented. Ultra-Corinthian columns; cornerstones piled to the very roof at each angle, and so laboriously vermiculated that they gave one an impression of wriggling; cornices laden with carvings, festoons, fancy finials wherever they could perch; oriels, bay-windows, arched windows with craven faces over them—all these fretted the sight. But the view from the place was superb.

When our three flower-bearers reached the gate, they turned to contemplate the scene.

All found, a circle of purple hills stood bathed in the sunset. From these hills the Orichtonians had borrowed the graceful Athenian title, and called their fair city "the city of the violet crown." Forming the eastern boundary of the city, the Cocheoc, that had but lately carried its last float of ice out to sea, almost carrying a bridge with it. Swollen with dissolving snows, it glided past, a moving mirror, nearly to the tops of the wharves. Northward was the Cocheoc, an untamed little river born and brought up amid crags and rocks. It cleft the city in twain, to cast itself headlong into the Sapanac, a line of bubbles showing its course for half a mile down the smoother tide.

The Cocheoc was in high feather this spring, having succeeded at last in dissolving an unsightly mill that had been built at one of its most picturesque turns. Let trade go to the Sarnac, and bind its gentler waters to grind wheat and corn, and saw logs, and act as sewer; the Cocheoc reserved itself for the beautiful and the contemplative. It liked that lovers should walk the winding roads along its banks; that children should come at intervals, wondering, half afraid, as if in fairy-land; that troubled souls, longing for solitude, should find it in some almost inaccessible nook among its crags; but, best of all, it liked that some child of grace, divinely gifted to see everything in God, should walk rejoicingly by its side. "O my God! how sweet are those little thoughts of Thine, the violets! How Thy songs flow down the waters, and roll out from the clouds! How tender is the shadow of Thy hand when at night it presses our heavy eyelids down, and folds us to sleep in Thy bosom, or when it awakens us silently to commune with Thee!" For such a soul, the river had an articulate voice, and answered song for song.

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