Back Where They Used o Be. JAMES WRITCOMB RILEY.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all creation: But where's the peace and comfort that we Let's go a visitin' back to Griggsby Station— Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the hitchen and the And the pump right in the kitchen, and the city! city! city!
And nothing but the city all around us everywheres:

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple, And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum trae: tree! And right here in earshot of at least a thousand people,
And none that neighbors with us or we
want to go and see!

Let's go visitin' back to Grigraby Station—
Back where the latch string's a hangin'
from the door.
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear
as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so

pore!
want to see the Wiggenses—the whole kit
and bilin'
A drivin' up from the Shallow Ford, to
stay the Sanday through,
And I wans to see 'em hitchin' at their sonin-law's and pilin'
Out there at Lizy Ellen's like they used to
do!

I want to see the plece quilts that Jones girl is makin'. And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled, hired hand, And joke about the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin'. Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Let's go a visitin' back to Griggsby Station— Back where's nothin' aggervatin' any She's away safe in the wood around the old Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Merindy and help her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man
that's dead and gone.
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me
how he's growin'
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put
her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower Eighty, Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried—for
His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry
with Katy.
As she reads all his letters over, writ from
the war.

What's in this grand life and high situation.
And nary pink nor hollyhock bloomin' at
the door?
Let's go visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Each where we used to be so happy and so
pore.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review.

TEIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Gospel St. Luke, xvii, 11-19: "As He entered into a certain town there met Him ten lepere, who stood afar off and lifted up their voice, saying "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

One of the comparisons we most frequently meet in Holy Scripture is to cali

quenty meet in noty scripture is to can sin—mortal sin—the leproty of the soul, because sin, in its effects on the soul, very much resembles the devastation and blight-

Leprosy in olden times, and to day where it exists, is one of the most loath-some of all diseases. It is contracted by contact with persons infected by it, and once one is infected by it, it gradually poisons the whole system. The various members of the body, as the touch of poison comes to them, slowly fester, rot, and son comes to them, slowly fester, rot, and then shrink away. Eternally the skin preserves its white, healthful appearance, but it is but a covering to a mass of corruption, and in the latter steges of the dreadful disease the hair drops from the evelids and head, the nails loosen and fall off one by one, then, joint by joint the fingers disappear, then the eyes and nose and torgue are consumed, until finally the disease attacks the vital spark, and the poor wretch sinks into the earth and disappears. There is no power in medicine to cure or even to alleviate this tercine to cure or even to alleviate this ter rible disease. Once the disease attacks its victim he is beyond the skill of man. It devours him in one long, slow, remores spreading to healthful persons, the lepers were cast out from human society. They were relegated to stop by themselves, and by law were not allowed to come near to

anyone.
So the lepers in the Gospel "stood afar off and cried out." They did not dare to come in contact with anyone, and did others approach them unawares, they were obliged to cry out that they were unclean. So that they were exiled from society, home and all the joys of life to exist in a living death. What a horrible sight it must have been to be with our Lord and see these ten lepers - living sepulchers that they were sfar off raising their handless arms in attitude of supplication and crying out with tongues that were nearly devoured and lips that were polluted with the terrible disease, "Jesus, have mercy

what leprosy is to the body so sin is to the soul. Like the leprosy sin is con-tracted by contact with sinners or by going into temptation. It is by touching the pitch the sinner becomes defiled. Once the poison of sin enters into the soul it steals away all its beauty and inno-

The innocent soul in health is mistress of her own energies. She claims the risings of rebellious nature. She keeps in check the inclinations to evil. tranquility and peace of conscience that one enjoys are but the vigor and strength that comes in the possesssion of health But the contamination of leprory enters in and she who was mistress of the fairest kindom on earth becomes a salve to the passions degraded, destitute und powerless in the midst of a thousand foes. She loses the peace that comes from union with God. She is deprived of her relish for prayer. There is taken from her that sense of the awful judgments of God. This is but the beginning of the terrible horror sin makes on the

There are secondary stages in the dis-case when the sinner becomes so possessed with his defilements, he no longer finds with his defilement, he no longer finds a latences. Years passed away in the meantime, pleasure among the innocent. He has made himself an cuttast from God, he now thuns all that is good. The cor-

ruption seizes on all his faculties and powers. His mind can think of naught but sin—his desires are for lower and still lower sensual gratifications—his imagination becomes filled with all foulness and the heaven of the that ation becomes filled with all foulness and one by one the heaven-born gifts that were his in the bealth of innocence fester and rot away so that he takes on corruption and it enters like water into his flesh and oil into his bones.

Externally he goes about his daily routine of duties, but this external show covers but a mass of rotteness.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

UNVANQUISHED ZOUAVES.

BY CARLOS.

BY CARLOS.

A feeling of most intense love for his holy religion is one which often manifests itself on the part of the Irish Catholic. Never, perhaps, in the history of Ireland did the peeple of that country show more fully how they were animated by this spirit of effection for all that concerns the Church than when Victor Emmanuel the "Robber King," as he was properly called, had the daring insolence and effrontery to march his armed bands of brigands against the Pope and plunder him of his pessessions.

against the Pope and plunder him of his pessessions.

Pius IX., of holy memory, would never surrender one iots of the Temporal Power which he held in trust for the Church; but the "Robber King," with his bands of free-booters and brigands and a host of infidel adventurers from all parts of Europe, sacrilegiously invaded the States of the Church, quenched the lamp of the sanctuary, banished priests and monks and nuns, consecrated to God, from their convents and monasteries, and raised the standard of revolt against the Pope, till the latter in self-defense, and to preserve the trust confided to his care, allowed the Papal army to resist the nirelings whose hands were already red with innowhose hands were already red with innocent blood.

cent blood.

At this critical period of the history of the Church, the young blood of Ireland was stirred up. The Irish people remembered how in Penal times the eggsath aroon waded ankle deep in blood to protect his flock, regardless of personal danger, and at the risk of life and liberty. And now were they going to see their Holy Father—the supreme head of priests and Bishops, the Vicar of Christ—were they going to see him insulted, spat upon and plundered without lifting a hand in his defence?

his defence? Oh, no.

To prove their fidelity then, they set to work and quietly, but quickly, organized the famous Papal Brigade, which subsequently did such desperate fighting against the Carbonari and the red shirted rene gades at the front, as to elicit the praise of

even British journalists.

There was numerous instances of deathless herolem recorded from day to day. On one occasion a young Zousve named Pierce Prendergast, finding himself cut off from his command, tried to fight his way back against desperate odds; but before he got through, he found himself covered all over with blood. Worse even yet, he was also covered with chains in a dungoon where he was thrown, together with an-other prisoner of war named Alfred Mone-verdi.

Bread and water, and but little of that, was all the food allowed them. However, the severer their punishment the more auxious were they to secure their freedom. Poor Prendergast had been toodom. Poor Prendergast had been tooseverly wounded to make any effort at
escape, but Monteverdi burrowed and dug
with persevering energy when the guards
were not on the alert, till at length, with
no other implement than a broken bayonet, he succeeded in making a passage
large enought to creep through.

It was midnight. There was not a star
in the sky. Alfred told his partner in
sorrow that their hour to make a bold
strike for freedom had arrived. Pierce

sorrow that their hour to make a bold strike for freedom had arrived. Pierce Prendergast worked successfully with a file on his irons, while Alfred Monteverdi had been doing the burrowing. So that they stood a pretty fair chance to make good their eccape.

Cautiously they crawled through the aperture, Monteverdi leading the way. Presently they heard a noise like the tramp of armed men. They hesitated.

"Go ahead," whispered Prendergast, "let us take our chances. If we wait in this hole we will be discovered, for the night watch may walk into our dungeon night watch may walk into our dunger at any moment." So out they go, and to their terror, they notice troops march-

ing through the darkness. Nearer and nearer they approach. Suddenly a shot breaks the stillness of the night. Then, in a broad Irlsh broque, they hear the word of command "Halt!' It was a detachment of the Papal Brigade Up to the main body the two prisoners at once rushed. On being halted, Prendergast, in his Irish brogue, gave an old coungast, in his friend origine, gave an old countersign. The voice was emough. "Tis Prendergast and 'Verdi!" cried out several of the man. It is needless to say they were received with open arms. In an instant the starm was given that the prisoners had made their escape. At the the enemies' pickets, and a hot skirmish took place, in which the Zouaves of the Brigade were victorious. Prendergast and Monteverdi remained

close friends for the rest of the campaign, at the close of which the Irishman was invited to partake of Monteverdi's hospitality at his own residence on the outskirts

of the Eternal City. He had been here only a short time when he learned of the death of his mother in Ireland. His father died when he was a mere child, so now there was no particular attraction for him in the land of his birth. Therefore, he informed his kind friend Monteverdi that it was his in-

ention to sail for the land of the free. Having made all necessary prepara-tions, he bade his comrade a heartfelt "good-bye," and took his departure. The latter, however, before he allowed him to go, made him a present of a hand-some gold medal of the Sacrad Heart of Jesus, which he over afterwards preserved

as a souvenir of their friendship.

In the course of time, Pierce Prendergast reached the Empire City, where he prospered by his sobriety and force of character, till he finally got married and settled down in comfortable circum-

paper of an accident that took place in a

paper of an accident that took place in a Carrara marble quarry, where a number of people were blown into the elements by a premature blasting of the rock, and, among others, Plerce's old friend Alfred. Pierce told his wife how grieved he feit at the calamity that befell his old friend, and again, for the hundredth time, recounted the many acts of kindness he received at the basds of his dear friend in Italy, where both had shared the hardships of war together at a time when death and danger stared them in the face. The terrors of the tented field are often indiscribable. But who will say that the terrors to be confronted in the actual battle of life are not sometimes fully as severe? With all the contrivances of civilization, what a gigantic failure it seems to be in some instances after all! The gailty mixture in the highest circles; the innocent drinking the dregs of sorrow. The gailty mixture in the highest circles; the innocent drinking the dregs of sorrow. The coward and sneak mingling with the perfumed, kid-gloved throng; the hero and type of ancient or modera chivalry eking out a miserable pittance, or dying of slow starvation in a loathsome garret! But there is a world beyond the grave! It will be the old story of Lezarus and Dives over agais. Let us hope so; it would be too bad to be compelled to suffer here and hereafter as well. But it de-

fer here and hereafter as wel!. But it depends on the poor man's own efforts to secure treasures, of which neither the grave nor our glorious nineteenth century

grave nor our glorious nineteenth century civilization can deprive him.

"O, mamma, listen to that tune. It is the one you like so much, 'St. Patrick's Day in the morning.'"

"Yes, dear, you and Annie can go down and give that quarter to the poor man playing it so weil."

And the two little girls ran with joy on their pleasing errand. Even the cat followed them, as though posted on the whole business. whole businees,

"Come, pussy, you must dance to the tune!" cried the two children in one voice. And dance it did! The old man's

voice. And dance it did! The old man's little girl smiled to see the fun.
"I declare, girls, but you have quite a picnic with this street organ."
It was their father's voice, Pierce Prendergast. He had just come in after a "What! Let me see. I know that face,

"Alfred Monteverdi!"
"Why, Alfred, my dear old friend!
Come up-stairs till I introduce you to my

wife, and bring your pretty little girl It is needless to say that Plerce Prender

gast and his wife did all in their power to make the Italian feel at home, to the de-O, Mr. Monteverdi, look at the nice medal papa gave me." cried out Annie, the elder of the two girls.

The poor man was accomished at this inight of the children.

cident. It was the same gold medal of the Szcred Heart which he had given Pierce as a souvenir when they parted in Rome.

When asked about the explosion, Alfred explained that it was true that while superintending the quarry men in Carrara he had been blown into the air; but falling into a pond of water, escaped with his life. A fire subsequently destroyed his home and he was forced to come out to

this country.

Pierce made him and his child members of his family, where they lived happily for two years, when, to his delight, Alfred learned that he was made helr to a large

On receipt of the good news, the latter one another's misfortunes in days gone by, so also they should share one another's good fortune in the days of their prosper ity. Both survived to share it for many a year, continuing in spirit to the last, the same heroic and Unvanquished Zousves.

VISITING HIS NATIVE LAND.

The Rev. Father Corcoran, the respected pastor of the Catholic community of this village, left here on Monday morning last on a visit to his native land. It was rumored around on Saturday of his intention of taking a well-earned vacation mission, and after Vespers on Sunday evening, when Father Corcoran had confirmed the report, a large number who had assembled from town and country heartly wished him "bon voyage" and Father Corcoran has labored hard and faithfully, building a church in Teeswater as also, we understand during his time, the church at Riversdale has been completely renovated, both of which are entirely clear of debt. During his stay here he has won hosts of friends by his genial disposition and unassuming character, and has contributed no small degree acter, and has contributed no small degree since his coming here to establish a friendly relationship amongst our people. Father Murray, Professor, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, replaces him during his temporary absence, aided by the neigh boring priest. He will spend some weeks altogether in Ireland. He is accompanied by his cousin, W. D. Cleary-Teeswater

" Five years ago I had a constant cough night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer' Cherry Pectoral, and after using two bottles of this medicine, was completely cared."—Auga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

Unbearable Agony.

For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me

WM. T. GLYNN, Wilfrid, Ont. Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S. writes: "I was completely prostrated with the astkma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another and before it was used, I was well. My son was cuted of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

The Sambro Lighthouse is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hartt, writes as follows:— "Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good, I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B. B. B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved. THE ONE FOLD.

If we only knew how much Our Lord loves those "other sheep" who are not in the one ture fold, we would think and act differently from what we do toward act differently from what we do toward them. As we look upon the sacred image of Our Divine Lard upon the cross, we behold His arms and hands stretched to their utmost extent to embrace the whole world. He is the second Adam, who came to undo the work of the first Adam;

to undo the work of the first Adam; and as the terrible consequences of the first transgression have extended to all men without exception, from this we may infer that God does not simply will that men should be saved, but He actually gives to every man that is born sufficient grace to accomplish this great

work.
But are those who stay outside of the But are those who stay outside of the one fold in the way to use this sufficient grace? Certainly they are not, or Our Lord would never have said: "Them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd." No one, therefore, can be said to be in the way of salvation who stays outside of the one true fold of the stays outside of the one true fold of the atays outside of the one true fold of the Caurch. We cannot, of course, know what extraordinary means God may use for those who are ignorant of the Church, yet we do know with perfect certainty that the Catholic Church with its doctrine,

that the Catholic Church with its doctrine, sacraments and other means of grece, is the only divinely established means of salvation for all men.

Knowing, then, that our divine Lord, inasmuch as He died for all men, wills to bring all men into the one true fold, where they may be under one Shepherd, we must feel it our duty, if we have the love of Christ in our hearts, by our prayers, words, and good example to prayers, words, and good example to bring the "other sheep" of whom Our Lord speaks so lovingly to a knowledge of this one fold. It is only a coldness of faith and charity which can make us look upon those who are outside of the Church as if they were already where they ought to be, or make us think it is a hopeless task to try to bring them into the true Church. Our Lord has promised that they shall hear His voice. We know, ther, that He will co-operate

by His all powerful grace with what we do for their salvation.

Our first duty is that of prayer for those "other sheep." Every prayer we offer for the conversion of infliels and heretics will be heard, and will bring down upon them additional grace. Prayer opened the hearts of the Irish people, when they were in the darkness of paganism, to receive the true faith of St. Patrick. In our own day, also, prayer has brought thousands of Protestants, of atheists and fofidels into the true Church. Father Ignatius Speness, of the Order of Passion-ists, was raised up by God to spread among the Catholics of Ireland and Eng-land the devotion of prayers for England, and we behold the results of these prayers in the great "Oxford movement." in the great "Oxford movement," which brought so many into the Church and has opened the way for so many more conversions. Can we ever by our words bring others into the Church? Yas. An explanation of some point of Catholic doctrine, an invitation to come and hear a sermon, the lending of a Catholic book, may be the means which God has chosen for the conversion of our Protestant neighbor. "Who knows," says St. neighbor. Who knows, says St. Alphonaus Liguori, "what God requires of me? Perhaps the predestination of certain souls may be attached to some of my

But, above all, by our good example we should lead others into the "one fold." "Actions speak louder than words," but woe to us if our actions belie the truth of our faith! What shall we answer is accused before the high tribunal of God by souls who would have known and have been saved by the truth but for our bad exemple? We must never forget, dear brethren, our duty towards those "other sheep" for whom Our Lord died just as much as he did for us —Paulist.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

"I hope that God will paralyz; me if ! took that \$10 gold piece," so swore De tective William Y. Lyons, of Reading, Pa. on the witness stand several weeks and Lyons was on trial charged with taking \$10 from a poor widow so that he would withdraw the charge he had made against her son. Lyons was acquitted. On Tuesday he appeared on the street, his power of speech entirely paralyzed. He was not able to articulate and he was even unable to talk in a whisper in order

Nothing Hunts out Corns Like tight boots. Nothing removes corns with such certainty as Putnam's Painless Com Extractor Beware of poisonous substitutes. Ask for and get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor at druggists.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stometh. I took Parmeleo's Pills according to directions ander the head of Dyspepsia or Indiges-tion." One box entirely cared me. I can now eat anything I choose, without dis-tressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

A Mosside Story.

I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills and find them everything to me. I had dyspepsia with bad breath and bad appetite, but after a few days use of B. B. B. I felt stronger, could eat a good meal and felt myself a different man.

W. H. Stork, Mosside, Ont.

Mr T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1831 I was much troubled with Bhiousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of Northean & Lympan's my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegstable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight." Stick to the Right.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhea, dysentery, ramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Minard's Liniment cares Colds, etc.

Catarrh

Sa blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathcome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerou

"I was troubled with catarrh for over "I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Earsaparilla was recommended to me for catarth, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became chuaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparılla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."

— Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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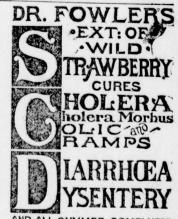
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