The Emigrant's Burial.

He stood on the steamer's polsy deck, Bowed down by a grief which he might no check.

For by him lay all bereft of life;

The shroueless corpse of his faithful wife.

Dark swept the Mississippi's tide,

While the pall of night came down to hide

From the careless are zee of strangers near

The pale, thin form on the pine plank bler They had gone from the lordly Shannon's

To the grand new world where the free stars gleam,
Seeking a nome they might not find,
In that hand of their love they lett behind.
And while the proud, fleet ship would toss
The spray from her wings like an albatross
Their shouting children sang with glee
Wild songs of their new born liberty.

But the mother's blinding tears would come of the haunted spring by the hawthorn Where fairles sang at the close of the day,
And while the fierce fever—sure though Quickened her life blood's ebb and flow, With a wasting grief as deep as vain, the pined for her own green land again.

So ere they reached the pampas high, Where the blooming prairie gardens ile, Like play-grounds by the God-head made, Where bright young angels might hav strayed,
While her trembling children round her
crept
And loosed in her dying face and wept.
She closed her sunken, faded eyes,
And went away to the peaceful skies.

They were far from the churchyard's holy ground,
And the unshorn woods before them
frowned;
But vagnant toolsteps would not press
The lone grave in the wilderness,
So, turning away from his cherished dead,
With white and quivering tips he said.
As he pointed towards the virgin sod,
"I'll bury her there, in the name of god,"

They dug her grave in the forest lone, While the night winds murmuicd a sobbing moan, And the long slant rays of the pale moon And the long stant reys of the paint light
light
Peopled the gloom with spectres bright,
Then laying her low in her silent bed,
Though no innersi rite was sung or read,
He buried her where wild the deer trod,
With a broken prayer in the name of God

O! thou, the dweller in lighted halls, Where joy is echoed from forty walls, where joy is echoed from forty walls, the lamb was a fired with a traitor's dark The inmost care of a trusting heart. Couldst thou, with an earnest, holy faith, Such as that Irish peasant hath, Fold thy faise sands above her soft Mand effer a prayer "in the name of God?"

O! cleanse thy dark heart's charnel damp, When, like a fittul funeral lamp, Lighting fly sin-four festering coise, Gleameth the ray of a deep remorse; 'here in thy purged soul secure Entomb her memory high and pure, And with a prayer o'er the spirit sod, Bury her there, 'in the name of God.''

(The above beautifully expressive lines are from the pen of D. B. Duffield, E.q., of Detroit, Mich. It appears that among the passengers on board the steamer E. W. Kendall were some I rish emigrants, and among the number a husband with his wife and children on their way to lows. The mother was brought from the rhip to the steamer at New Orleans, and after a few day's illness died. When the kind-hearted Capt. Thomas saked the stricken husband where he would bury her, he pointed to the shores of the Missouri, and said: "I'll bury her there in the name of G.d."—C thotic Union and Times.

## HEROD AND JOHN:

SERMON BY REV. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S J The text was taken from the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and rebeased the story of the murder of John the Baptist by Antipas Herod, the Tetrach of Galilee, at the request of Her-odias' daughter. After some introductory remarks, descriptive of the beauty and importance of the city of Tiberias, on the lake of Genesareth in Palestine, the rev. preacher proceeded to explain how at that time Herod had been living some years in time Herod had been living some years in a magnificent palace of his own construc-tion in that city, with the wife of his half-brother. Philip, his adultery being made more outrageous before God and scandal-ous to the people by a pretended marri-age, which gave to the partner of his sin, the position of queen. While this miser more outrageous before God and scandalous to the people by a pretended marriage, which gave to the partner of his sin, the position of queen. While this miser able unprincipled princeling was living in the midst of the splendid luxuries of his court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court, and satisfying his passion in a most court in the court of the came near costing medear. I had made my customary count of the desks, and returned to my private office. All was in perfect order; but when I began to foot up my cash court in the court of the court lawfully wedded wife, and turned them to himself—John the Baptist, clothed in a camel's skin, and with a leathern girdle about his loins, with locusts and wild honey for his food, was living in the desert honey for his food, was living in the desert about the Jordon, preaching those two cognate truths—the necessity of prance, and the near approach of the Kingdom of God. These were the two things most wanting to men's minds, then as now, for without them no real amendment of life can take place. To be pleasing to God we must first of all recognize that we were sincers and most cognize that we were sinners and mu cognize that we ware sinners and must bewail our sins, and, moreover, we must be penetrated with the thought of nearness to that day when we should have to give a most minute and exact account of the whole most minute and exact account of the whole atory of our life to the coming King. To the just and holy man, who called himself "The voice of one crying in a desert," men and women and even children went forth from cities, towns, and villages, as d God gave efficacy to the word of the austere anchorite, who found a ready echo in the hearts of his hearers, so that they confessed their sins with deep contrition, and from his hands received baptism as a mark of their profession of prances and in the hearts of his hearers, so that they confessed their sins with deep contrition, and from his hands received baptism as a mark of their profession of prinance and faith in his mission. "Then," said St. Luke, "there went forth to him all the country of Judea and all the recopie of Jerusalem, and all the region about the Jordan, confessing their sins." It must have been a strarge and most wonderful sight to have seen this just and holy man who described himself as the friend of the Bride groom and Our Lord, "Who takest away the sins of the world," standing up in the midat of the motley throng and lifting up his voice in language so clear and strong that it thrilled them through and through. "Ye brood of vipers, who hath showed ye to fire from the wrath to come? bring forth fruit worthy of penance," How great and simple, manly and straight was the teaching of this just and holy Baptist. He did not wait to reflect how he might please his hearers, but how he ahould please his fearers, but how he abould please his food: He knew what lessons he had to drive home into their hearts and, regardless of what the comsequences might be, he enforced them with all the powers of the rugged eloquence which he so well knew how to command. God was with him, and God was yith him, and God was preparing the hearts of his people, so that the word of the Baptist fell upon good soil which produced a rich harvest of souls. The fame of the Baptist fell upon good soil which produced a rich harvest of souls. The fame of the Baptist fell upon good soil which produced a rich harvest of souls. The fame of the Baptist soon reached the ears of Herod, and the Tetrarch invited him to his pelace. What did they suppose could have been his motive in asking a man so wholly opposed

to bim in life and manner to come to the Golden House. No doubt Herod thought it good policy to send the invitation. The Baptist was a man in f vor with the people, and the Tetrarch felt that by letting it be known that he thought well of the Baptist he might win popular applause, and pass for being a liberal-minded man. Basides, no doubt, he hoped by patronizing this bold and fearless preacher he might, if not win his friendship, at any rate purchase his silence, and that was worth much to the king just friendship, at any rate purchase his silence, and that was worth much to the king just then, for he felt sure that were the Baptist to arouse the popular feeling against him, the people, already disgusted with his criminal state of life, might rise up in rebellion against him, and drive him from the land. The Baptist did accept the invitation sent him; he was glad to have the opportunity to tell the Tetrarch to his face what he thought about him. The Baptist was not the sort of man to have one set of principles for the desert and another for the court; when he had told the Pharisees, the Sacduces, the publicans and the soldiers so plainly in the desert, and the soldiers so plainly in the desert, he would have an opportunity of putting before Herod in his own house. And accordingly, as soon as he came across the Tetrarch he drew him aside, and in language that could not be misunderstood he said to him, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." Observe the studied gentleness and yet the rigid firmness of the admonttion. Following his own advice to the publicans, to do nothing more than was appointed them, he does nothing more and nothing less than was appointed him. His duty was clear and and the soldiers so plainly in the desert, appointed him. His duty was clear and definite—to rebuke the Tetrarch for his hideous sin of injustice, and this he did in so straight and sincere and simple a way that the Tetrarch could not misunderstand what his duty was in the matter. There was no exaggeration of language, no extenuation of circumstances, no brow-beating, no weakness. The Baptist did not ing, no wearness. In the spens to me, or it is thought you should put her away." He went straight to the point, and said to him with a look and a gesture which conveyed more to the king even than the words, Nonlicit"—"it is not lawful, it is not to be tolerated." No doubt flash and blood whispered to John, "It is no use finding fault when the only result will be resentment; you had better keep silence if you cannot spprove; you will do no good, but only call forth the anger of the Tetrarch on your own head." Flesh and blood might, doubtless, have suggested these motives for non-interference to John, just as was their practice to suggest these motives to ourselves. Our interference was demanded when we knew God's laws were being violated. Fortunately John was not the style of man to be actuated by what flesh and blood had to say in such a matter—their place was to obey, not to dictate, to follow and not to obey, not to dictate, to follow and not to lead, and this lesson they had learned thoroughly by the discipline to which they had been subjected in the desert. His passions he knew well had not the ear of God, but his conscience had. He would be guided by conscience. John was accustomed to be guided by the voice of his conscience, and it told him that sin, and cance inly a sin of injustice, was more especially a sin of injustice, was more heinous in a ruler than in the ruled, and that as a creature of God man had nothing to do with toleration of it Accord-ingly, without any long winded speech by way of preface to his remark, the Baptist told the Tetrarch to his face "It is not lawful; nonlicet; it cannot be tolerated. How did the Tetrarch receive the rebuke Just as might have been expected in one who was not accustomed ever to be admonished or thwarted. The words, it was was another mob to be considered—the people; the Jews would resent the murder. What was Herod to do? He did what weak minded statesmen do under such weak minded statesmen do under such circumstances, he compromised matters, he put the just and holy man into prison. Accordingly John was hurried off from the Golden House to which he had been invited as a guest to be flung into a dungeon where for the remainder of his life he should be detained as a criminal. Was John's mis-sion then a failure? Had he made a mis take in admonishing the Tetrarch of his sin? Judged from the world's point of view the conduct of the Eaptist had been an egregious blunder, an irreparable mis-take, he had shown no small want of worldly wisdom and prudence. But judged from God's point of view the Baptist had done well; he had done that which conscience had pointed out to him to be the only manly course for him to have adopted. Man's duty was to obey the voice of conscience, to act mon its the voice of conscience, to act upon its practical dictates and then to leave the consequences of such conduct in the hands of God, Who judged the conscience He knew that the end of man's life upon

loose his passions and commanded that the girl's wish should be forthwith carried the girl's wish should be forthwith carried out. They saw wherever lay the chief difference between these two men, the murdered and murderer, John the Baptist and Antipas Herod. John was a man of high principle who had the courage of his convictions, a man who neither courted the smile nor feared the frown of the world, but did his duty in a manly, straight and simple way. Colsequently, when the hour of trial came, and it rested with him to stand up for justice and to with him to stand up for justice and to rebuke the King for ir justice, Go! was with him and gave him the courage to do bis duty and thus to merit the second grace of laying down his life in the cause of justice. On the other hand, what were we to think of Antipas Herod? He was not a man at all, but a tool, the victim of his passions one without any virtuals of his passions, one without any principle of manly conduct, a lover of show and splendor, a superstitious princeling, a miserable coward afraid of his conscience, afraid of his passions, afraid of the Bap-tist, afraid of his people, afraid of the courtiers, afraid of his mistress, afraid of his ballet dancer. Well might our Lord when in the hour of His trial He stood before the wretched judge, refuse to speak one single word to him. The more we studied the life and conduct of Antipas Herod, the less diffi culty we had in understanding how he treated Jesus as he did, reckoning Him no hetter than a fool. John the Baptist and Antipas Herod were made of flesh and blood as we were; like us they had each their lower and higher natures. Antipas
Herod followed his lower nature and it lower; and hi, her and lower sank below the level of the beasts that perish. Our Lord spoke of him as "that fox." John the Baptist, on the contrary, followed the lead of the higher nature and it made him more and more of a man, till at leat his the state of the Jesuits in Pekin. She told me more and more of a man, till at last his lower nature seemed almost absorbed into his higher, and he became more and more his bigner, and he became more and more of a man, so that the Holy Spirit spoke of Him as "The Angel." Let him be unprincipled and they, too, might sink as low as Herod; let them be principled and they might rise as high as John. CONFESSION AND RESTITUTION.

A vicar of one of the parishes in Paris A vicar of one of the parishes in Paris relates the following incident:

I frequently met a clerk of the Bank of France, who always saluted me with marked respect and politeness. One day I accosted him, and inquired whether he was acquainted with me, adding, "priests are commonly very poor patrons of banks,"

"Very true" he remerked "and not be added to the part of the parishes are commonly very poor patrons of banks."

"Very true," he remarked; "and yet the best business transaction I ever made was with a priest."

"How so?" I asked.
"Well, Father, the story can not be told in a minute."
"Be so kind as to relate it to me as we

continue our walk together."
"Certainly;" he replied; "and I do not ask your reverence to keep the matter a secret either. In my employment, as you can easily understand, we must guard against distractions. About five years ago I yielded to one that came near

francs were missing—neither more nor less. Well, I did not close my eyes that francs were missing less. Well, I did not close my eyes that night. The morrow brought no tidings of the missing money, so I was obliged to confess my delinquency to the cashier. He was very kind, and granted me a month's time to make up the deficit. Fortunately, I held some shares in the bank, but I intended them as a dowry daughter, and a resource in my bank, but I intended them as a dowry for my daughter, and a resource in my old age. To lose every thing was really very hard. Three weeks passed by, and, hearing no news of the missing money, I ordered my shares to be sold. "But I have not mentioned my daughther's affliction. Her betrothal with a most estimable young man was nearly concluded; but when his father learned that I was financially ruined, he opposed concluded; but when his father learned that I was financially ruined, he opposed the match. My daughter was both pious and dignified, but her father's penetrating eye could not fail to observe that she was sorely grieved. My wife showed greater courage (as a rule, though they appear weak, women bear trouble with more fortitude than men.) However, though she tried to conceal her sorrow, she went to consult a fortune teller."

"Excuse me, did your wife tell you what the mountebank said?" "The fellow said nothing but nonsence. The only real thing in the whole thing

The only real thing in the whole thing was the ten france fee."

"I disposed of my shares in the bank; and was going to pay up, when one evening a priest entered the office, and asked to speak to me. 'Have you not lost some money?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied, trembling nervously; 'on the fifth of last month, between twelve and four o'clock in the afternoon, I lost or rather forgot somewhere, ten banknotes, each a thousand francs.' 'Here they are,' said the priest, handing them to me. I threw my arms about the good father's neck, forgetting in my joy the impropriety of the act, and exclaimed: "O sir! if ever I can render you a service, command me by night or by day. I will do all in my power for you."

The priest gave me no explanation, and I hesitated to ask any. I comprehended at once that confession and restitution were at the bottom of the affair. I had my lost money, which was all I desired. Since that time I have felt convinced that none but the ignorant can attack the Catholic religion, that priests render great temporal as well as spiritual services, and that the tribunal of penance is very far from being injurious to morals."—Ave Maria.

The constant feeling of being "played was the ten france f

The constant feeling of being "played out" and "used up" can readily be removed by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

MISSIGNARIES IN CHINA.

FACTS OF INTEREST TO CONTRIBUTORS

A correspondent of Outing writing from Chee-Foo, has this to say about missionaries in China: At anchor in this beautiful harbor, of the province in missionaries in China: At anchor in this beautiful harbor, of the province in which Confucius was born just 2,427 years ago. But a famous Protestant mission at this place interested me on this occasion more than anything relating to the venerable sage. Some time ago, so the story runs, the head of this mission wrote home that he had purchased bricks, and had with them built a chapel in which his native converts could hold service. In a postscript to his letter it was stated that "with the few remaining bricks" a humbler abode had been erected for himself. Those that I met made a joke of this by informing me that the house was twice as large and as costly as the chapel. I determined to investigate, and so, calling a boat, rowed ashore and started up a long hill to the mission in regard to which this unkind story was told. Chee Foo is quike a summer resort for the European residents of Shanghai, and the men-of war are apt to make a pleasure station of it. There is a sumill celebrate. men-of war are apt to make a pleasure station of it. There is a small colony of merchants in the town, and between its prominence as a health resort and a trading station, about as agreeable an exile as can be imagined. I found the chapel at last, on a hill commanding arextensive and beautiful view of the water. The only visible furniture in thi house of worship was a row of wooden benches. The adjoining house was much larger than the chapel. I commenced inspecting the premises from the outside when we was the control of the con side, when my attention was arrested by a lady who could be none but a mission ary. You can never mistake them. I introduced myself as a stranger desirous of seeing her famous mission, whereupon she invited me in, gave me tea and o brought him down lower still, till at length his higher nature became the slave of the lower; and higher and lower sank below that she had lived here many years, and when I expressed my wonder at her for-titude, she admitted that it was a hard life, but that she was sustained by the grace of God. Her salary is about \$1,000, which enables her here in China to live on a scale that would be impossible at home under \$10,000. She has an excellent cook at \$6 a month. By the way, she pays her teachers, native "converts," the same wages as her cook. She told me she had fifteen pupils. These she calls "converts". She clothes and feeds them, and the cost of doing this for a year is \$400 for the whole lot. All her work shout the huma and carden is work about the house and garden is done by "converts" on a sort of Chris-tian co-operative plan. She employs none that do not become "converts." I asked her whether she had ever known of a Chinaman who had been converted strictly through his spiritual nature. She regretted that she did not recall an instance. It is necessary to beard and clothe your "converts" if you want them to stay converted out here, missionary reports notwithstanding. However, my missionary friend wished me to bear in mind that she never resorted to paying Chinamen in cash for becoming converts, as, she said, "many missionaries do out here." I came away from this mission somewhat depressed in mind regarding of the sufferings endured among the hea-then for the spread of the truth. I was told that millions of benighted souls were told that millions of benighted souls were yearning for the "light," and that we had but to raise the money and ship off a missionary in order to draw into the Christian fold thousands of lost heathens who spend their lives in sunning themselves under cocoanut trees and worshipping sticks and stones. I was distinctively given to understand that the natives lined the shore of every heathen country, and that the Christian emissary had but to address them in order to win their hearts to himself, and their souls to Christ. The faith in foreign missions I had once enterfaith in foreign missions I had once entertained was certainly not strengthened by this day's experience. This woman evi-dently supposed that she was about her Master's work. She undoubtedly believed nd families. I can not learn that their labors are very successful. I can not even hear of many bona fide converts, outside of the circles of immediate dependents. of the circles of immediate dependents. There are so many Protestant sects out here working at cross-purposes that they neutralize each other's influence. Then, again, Protestant missionaries usually have large families to drag about with them, and can not consequently act as freely as the Jesuits do. They rarely stay long enough in the country to make long enough in the country to make themselves familiar with the language or customs of the inhabitants. As active customs of the inhabitants. As active workers, they are babes in arms compared to the Jesuits. I am told of a missionary who spent much money of the church in distributing the gospel to Chinamen. He sent home periodical statements showing that the converts were increasing so rapidly in his neighborhood that he feared lest he should not have Bibles enough for them all. He was assisted in the distributing work by a Chinese "convert," who attended to the purchase of the sacred books from the Central Mission and their subsequent distribution. It transpired one fine day, however, that this Chinese convert was in the habit of taking these books to his own house, of storing these books to his own house, of storing them there for a few days, and in the meantime of writing an elaborate and touching report on the imaginary journey he had taken into the interior of the country, in which report he enlarged upon the grateful feelings of those in whose hands he had deposited the blessed gospel. He would then receive more money to buy more Bibles with. This money he would

pocket, and cart around to the mission the | taken a great fondness for Frank, and identical B-bies he had taken out the week before. And thus the good work went on for months and months, to the ed fica-tion of the congregation of some Yankee village and the pecuniary profit of the Chinese convert.

### MAMIE AND FRANK.

TOUCHING EPISODE AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL-SISTER ANTHONY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE OF GOOD WORK IN CINCIN

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette November 14. Sister Anthony celebrated the golden jubilee of her vows in religion last year On March 3 next she will keep the fif-On March 3 next she wil keep the fif-tieth anniversary of her entrance upon a life of charity in Cincinnati. She was ill during all the early fall, but lately has been up and about again as blithe and nearly as active as during the days when she earned the subriquet of "The Fiorence Nightingale of our Western Armies." She is making her home at present at the Hospital near the Read-ing road, which was endowed by the late ing road, which was endowed by the late Joseph C. Butler in these words, graven on the hearts of many a poor mother:

Mount Auburn, May 20, 1873. DEAR SISTER ANTHONY, OF THE SISTERS of Charity, Cincinnat:—I send you herewith a conveyance of the property you had purchased beyond Avondale, you had purchased beyond Avondale, and which you told me you wished to devote more especially to the care of the foundlings and the poor women soon to be come mothers whom the Good Samaritan can not always shelter.

The combination is a good one, and I have no doubt some of the grateful mothers will share with the little waifs the only wholesome founting of feat for

the only wholesome fountain of food for the new born child.

Your purse was too slender and family of invalids too large to pay for it, and so I send you the deed, subject to the same trusts and conditions as the conveyance of the Good Samaritan Hospital, of which it is to be a branch. That it may be of some service to the poor and afflicted, and soften the burdens of a few wounded hearts for generations, through the self-denying ministrations of your sisterhood,

the earnest hope of your sisterhood, is the earnest hope of your friend,
JOSEPH C. BUTLER.
P. S.—The deed needs the notary's seal. He had to come to Mr. Peachey's house to get him to sign for my wife. If you accept the trust, send it to me in the morning: I will have it sealed and recorded.

recorded.

J. C. B.

Mr. Butler—the readers of a generation sgo need not to be reminded of it had previously, in connection with Mr. Lewis Worthington, purchased from the Government and transferred in fee simple to the Sisters of Charity, condi-tioned only that no distinction should be ever made on account of creed, color or race, the magnificent property now the Good Samaritan Hospital. Like his friend and co-giver, Mr. Butler was a non-Catholic, but his philanthropy knew no prejudices. In his later gift he builded even better than he knew, for at the Foundling Hospital the good Sister whose work and fame inspired, not his benevolence, for that was inborn, but two of the directions which its manifestations took, finds such a home in her ever made on account of creed, color of tations took, finds such a home in her age as she would choose this side of heaven; where increasing feebleness does not deprive her of the joy of ministering to those still more helpless, and where she is surrounded by those needful little ones, whom, as she says: "Our dear Lord so loved." Mr. Butler deserved know it not, indebted that they exist in health, in virtue and in happiness to the results of the noble, unaffected letter which has been quoted, and it is the beautiful belief of the Sisters that the two thousand little graves to which as many sinless little bodies have been carried symbolize as many angels praying for him and others who prevented them -marked for early death even before their birth, as most of them were—from being born in the slums and deprived of

the priceless waters of regeneration.

It there is anything more touching to
the average human heart than a found ling hospital the writer can not conceive it. A little party who drove out early this month to pay their respects to Sister Anthony were witnesses of a particularly pathetic scene. The good Sister showed that she was doing good. But for the life of me I could not but think that in this delusion she was as much of a heathen as the benighted creatures around her. While at Pekin I took tea at the American Board's Mission, and met a number of other American missionaries and families. Lean not leave that the mothers, the long line of whose trunks indicated their presence, though they were not subjected to the intrusion of visitors. The guide opened several rooms in which were children ranging and families. rooms in which were children ranging from a week to three years in age. Some were playing, some asleep. Some had upon them heavily the hand of inherited disease. Many were strong. A few were beautiful—beautiful even to stranger eyes as the curled darlings of the brightest homes, and lacking only the dainty toilets devised by maternal love to be pictures such as enrich so

love to be pictures such as enrich so many blessed heartstones. Most of the children came readily for ward to speak to the callers—came with a confidence that said plainly that they had met with naught but kindness in had met with naught but kindness in their poor lives—came with the tottering step of one year or with the shyness of three. A few too weak to rise, and evi-dently not long for this world, sat still, pleased with any notice.

Perhaps no room visited had more of pathos in it than the children's dining

hall, with its long rows of eighteen inch high tables and tiny chairs, such as mor fortunate infants have as toys until they

break them.
"We have had to take their hammocks "We have had to take their hammocks in from among the trees," said Sister Anthony, "and as our new house has only the foundation up, as you see, we are compelled to put them in every building to prevent crowding. And by the by, I wish some good man would buy those woods next us for the children before the land becomes too high-priced." Here the Sister opened the door of an annexed cottage and discovered eight or ten children and a nurse in charge. in charge.
"See little Mamie there. She has

goes to his cradle every day after break-fast, never leaving it except for meals or

The cradle indicated was near the door. In it sat bolt upright a child who seemed about a year old. Pale and thin was Frank, and with a look that suggested that there might be clouds closing in upon the tiny mind such as would make merciful the death whose shedge make merciful the death whose shadows make merchal the death whose snadows seemed to hang over the frail body. The baby's poor little fingers rested upon the rail of the cradle and upon them was caressingly laid the hand of a golden haired girl of not more than three summers, who sat in a chair drawn close summers, who sat in a chair drawn close. summers, who sat in a chair drawn close to the boy's bed. Herself strong and pretty and evidently full minded, the devotion of the "little mother" to Frank would melt most hearts.

"Come, Mamie, the gentleman is goin; Come, mame, the gentleman is going to take Frank with him. May he not have Frank. He'll take good care of him," said Sister Anthony. The child hung her head and nestled more closely to the waif. She was evidently accustomed to obeditions the said state of the said ence, but there were tears gathering in the blue eyes, and no one had the courage to test her strange, touching affection further. The visitors withdrew in silence.

The tender light of an Indian summer sunset fell in through the open door upon sunset fell in through the open door upon the two orphans; upon the weak giving of her strength to the feebler; upon the child cherishing the less than a child. The picture had in it something of the wondrous grace and feeling that is born of the genius of a Raphael. Sorely there was also in it a holy less on that it does not take a mother's heart to read; surely it will teach men to remember that there is none so poor that he may not be of comfort at least to a less fortunate being, even, in the words of Christ, "to one of these."

L. O'S.

#### PREQUENT COMMUNION.

An esteemed and learned pastor, who An esteemed and learned pastor, who strongly advocates frequent and even daily communion, quoting the words of the Council of Trent, writes:

"We gather from the Acts of the Apostles that there was a time when the faithful received the Eucharist daily.
This was not a passing quatum confined.

This was not a passing custom, confined to a few fervent or privileged individuals. St. Alphonsus L'guori, a Doctor of the Church, speaks about it as follows: St. Alphoneus L'guori, a Doctor of the Church, speaks about it as follows: Cassalius states that during the entire of the sixth century the faithful we're accustomed to communicate every day or nearly every day. The same is stated by Cardinal Bona, and may be inferred from St. Augustine, from St. Jerome and from St. Isidore. That such was the ancient custom appears certain from a decree of the Sacred Congregation. decree of the Sacred Congregation, dated June, 1587. In that decree, which was made against a bishop who prohibited his subjects generally to communicate more than three times in the week, the words are used: "Because in ancient times all who were present used to receive the Eucharist after the Conseto receive the Eucharist after the Conse-cration.'" (Reply to D. Cyprian). So far St. Anphonsus. The decree here named by the Saint would show that the Caurch's mind is not altered, and that the frequent communion of the early Christians, could it be revived, would be still dear to her heart. But the Council of Trent tells us this more expressly of Trent tells us this more expressly, saying, 'The Holy Synod indeed would desire that in every Mass the faithful assisting should communicate, not only in spiritual affection, but by the sacramental reception of the Eucharist.' (Sess. xxii., chap 6).

"Upon these passages the holy Doctor St. Alphonsus remarks as follows: "The Roman Catechism itself, explaining the desire of the Sacred Council of Trent, that all who assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass should communicate, teaches that it is the duty of a parish priest diligently to exhort the faithful not only to the to export the fatthful not only to the practice of frequent, but even of daily Communion, with the obligation of instructing them that like the body, the soul also stands in need of daily food. The also stands in need of daily food. The Roman Catechism, we may remark, was published by the direction of the Council, and by the authority of the Holy See, as a guide to pastors of souls in their preaching. 'I omit to quote authorities from the Holy Fathers, and from spiritual writers, which are quite to the same effect, since they are to be found in so many books which treat of frequent communications. books which treat of frequent commun-ion. Let it suffice to learn from the Roman Catechism, and from a Decree of R man Catechism, and from a Decree of Innocent XI., that the frequent, and indeed the daily, use of Communion has always been approved by the Church and by all the Fathers, who, as a learned author shows, whenever they have observed the practice of daily Communion cooling down, have done their very least to restore it. And in the third best to restore it. And in the third Synod of Milan, held under St. Charles Borromeo, parish priests were ordered to exhort in their sermons the faithful to this frequency of Communion; and it this frequency of Communion; and it was enjoined upon the Bishops of the province that they should forbid to preach any who disseminated the opposite doctrine, and punish them very severly as sowers of scandal, and as men who opposed themselves to the mind of the whole Church. Moreover, in the abovementioned decree of Innocent XI, the Bishops are commanded to take the strict-Bishops are commanded to take the strict. est care that Communion, even daily Communion, be refused to no one, and to strive, as they ought, to nourish this devotion in their subjects. Prax's Confessarii, cap. ix, sec 4, 150."

# Unsafe.

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