THE ANGELUS.

high, that rose on benighted man and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat.

Who does not see and feel the clear analogy? And who will neglect, if it be

retresh the third, and cast lotward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night more than the thought that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever amongst us, our comforter and help?—
Cardinal Wiseman.

MARRIAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCE.

Marriage, being by divine institution a life-long union, by which two become, as it were, but one fiesh, dividing the cares of life, and sharing its joys, constitutes thus domestic society, the source alike of the family and the state. It is solled in its crisin hely by its secret

in the toils of life and on the road

AN AMERICAN SAINT.

STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL CAREER OF

BISHOP MEDMANN.

New York Heraid, January 23.

Heraid Bureau, No. 112 South Sixth st.
Philadelphia, Pa, January 21, 1888.

The news fis-hed under the sea from Reme to the Heraid hat Archbishop Byan, of this city, who is making his discennial visit to the Vatican, was collecting intelligence for the futherance of the appeal for the canonization of the saintly John Nepomucen Neumann, one of the predecessors of the Archbishop in this see, was read with great interest and delight in Philadelphia.

Bishop Neumann was a well known figure in this city in his day, and was be loved and respected by members of all creeds. Men who are still young remember him well, and many have felt the teuch of his hand upon their cheek in confirmation. His personality was one not soon to be forgotten. He was not handsome, by any means. He was not even commanding or stately looking. He was slight and so small that sitting down he might be mistaken for a boy. But there was an expression of benevol-ence in his face and a fire of roirituality. down he might be mistaken for a boy. But there was an expression of benevolence in his face and a fire of pirituality
in his eye that impressed every one.
His reputation for saintliness was wide
spread many years before he died, and if
the veneration of Catholics here would be
sufficient of itself he would be canonized
at once.

But the process of canonization is a clow, important and very expansive one and is entered upon by the Church only with great deliberation. In the first place, at least four miracles, performed through the intercession of the person name of or canonization, must be established before canonization can be declared, and every case put forth as a miracle must with-tand the test of a counter advocate. An almost invariable rule also requires hat there shall be a period of fifty years between the death and the canonization. The exceptions to this rule are very few.

The gift of Prophecy. But the process of canonization is a

The exceptions to this rule are very few.

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY.

The austere daily life of Bishop Neumann was one calculated in every way to prepare Catholics for an announcement of his canonization, and to awaken in people of every shade of belief and want of belief, admiration and veneration for one who led so venerable a career. So execut was his reputation for saintliness ene who led so venerable a career. So great was his reputation for eaintliness that many thought he even possessed the gift of prophecy. It is told of him here that he said many times that he should not live beyond the age of fity. When death came, suddenly and peacefully, he was not yet quite forty-nine years old.

They tell in this city of his forecasting the future of others. It is stated, with

the future of others. It is stated, with pathetic incidents, how a poor woman went to him with her sick child in her aims, and weeping said she feared the child would die.

"It is told to me," the woman sobbed,
"that my boy cannot live; that he must
die very, very soon."

die very, very scom."
"Dry your tears and fear not, my good
woman," the prelate replied. "The child
will not die, but he will live and grow to man bood, to be your prop and consola-

The bishop's words proved true, and the child lived to be the joy of his mother's

EPARING FOR HIS AMERICAN WORK PREPARING FOR HIS ASSAULT.

From his earliest youth be was very devout, and even while preparing for the priesthood he attracted notice at his semidevout, and even while preparing for the priesthood he attracted notice at his seem in sites not only for his zealous piety, but for his severe acceticism as well. He treated his body with a severity that often excited the actonishment of his c.m panions. Frequently he depied himself food and watched entire nights in the open air. As he subsequently told a friend, he was all the while preparing for the arduous work of a missionary in this country, where, he said, the apiritual harvest was great and the laborers few.

Although, if canonized, he will probably be considered as the first saint of the United States, he is really an American by adoption only.

by adoption only.

He was born in Bohemia, in the city of Prachattiz, on March 28, 1811, and in view of his hely and beautiful career there seems something touching in the circumstance that his birthday was Good

Having been educated at the seminaries Having been educated at the seminaries at Budwels and at Prague, he came out to this country in 1836. Circuma ances led him to New York, and there he was ordained by the late Bishop Du Bois. He was sent to Williamwille, in the western part of the State, and placed in charge of a parish extending over a territory of

tem-main

their

bulb.
sold as in it.
ifying more thing a tering acle of not say mir of ere are in one

day, tleman, Reach," a we do raphy. y," said after-dessert, we th

e yet. I care, ex-ping in and nose remedies en I saw e Boston ince the leeding—

8. David-srly with

with the particular view of making a special awaking of religious thought and feeling and of calling back to the Christian fold the lambs who may have strayed

This work, so laborious, so unceasing, yet appealed to the soul of a man so full of spirituality and fervor as was the new ecclest-stic and did long and valiant service. Afterward he was appointed to the work of a pastor in Baltimore and Pittahnre. He rose by degrees to directing burg. He rose by degrees to directing offices in his order, finally becoming the

Vice Provincial.

He was app. inted Bishop of this city by the R man See in 1802. Archbishop Keprick, his predecesor and the brother of the present Archbishop of St. Louis, with whom Archbishop Ryan was for twenty five years associated, having been promoted to the Archbishop promoted to the Archbishop rof Baltimore. Father Neumann's gentle soul shrank from the new responsibilities that he was asked to bear, but he received peremptory instructions to accept the bulls, and to he meekly assumed the effice.

The Zeal that he had manifested in Mrs Robert Williamson, of Glenila,

The zeal that he had manifested in other fields was brought into his new work also. He gave particular attention to the question of Catholic coucation, and was instrumental in having many pare-chial schools established. He also com-

pleted the present Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, on Eighteenth street, and in after years, with his coadjutor, then Bushop, afterward Archbishop Wood, efficiated at its dedication. His solicitude for the welfare of the clergy was such that he was regarded with lively affection by all his priests.

He was a profound scholar and had a great love for learning. Among other things he kept a diary containing the date of the foundation and other historical data of the various Roman Catholic Churches that he had visited in the course of his journeys as a missionary. The Churches that he had visited in the course of his journeys as a missionary. The diary, which doubtless will prove of interest and value to Catholic historians of the future, is now in the possession of Mr. F. X. Luce, No. 3 644 Market street, the secretary of the Catholic Historical Society.

HE ASPIRATION OF HIS SOUL.

He also kept during most of his life of

THE ASPIRATION OF his Social that he also kept during most of his life a diary of his spiritual progress and aspirations. The entries are made with a touching frankness. For example, here were some of the resolutions that he recorded:—

corded:—
"1. I will always say my office kneel ing and as devoutly as possible. I will also try to say it at the stated hours.

12 I will be very exact in making every preparation for Mass and my thanksgiving after it.

13 Every day after dinner I will make a visit to the most Blessed Sacrament.

ment.
"4. I will never eat out of meal time,
which will be at noon and in the even-

his means were limited enough even for extreme ascettcism. He writes:—"I have begun to offer a little resistance to the vice of avarice; by giving half a dollar to the servers at Holy Mass. I must repeat the donation in order to free myself entirely from such tempta tions, otherwise I cannot love Jesus with my whole heart."

He had erected a schoolhouse against the opinion of the Church trustees, and he was then brought into distavor with many Catholics. He had taken, of his own motion and suggestion, the vow of poverty, and he writes, "This schoolhouse will have to be my own work under Thee, O, my God; but for Thy love I will spare nothing."

He was the first to introduce into this country the service known as the "forty hears," darging," an office, which had

country the service known as the "forty hours" devotion," an office which had been well known throughout Europe for

HIS SWIFT AND PEACEFUL DEATH. His swift and Peaceful Dearn.

The good Bishop's death came indeed like a thief in the night—silently and suddenly. He had not been well for some days, though he had gone on with his work and had made no complaint. On the morning of the 5th of January, 1860, he seemed rather more taciturn than usual at breakfast, and some of his household expressed some fear for his then usual at breakfast, and some of his household expressed some fear for his health. He endeavored to reassure them, however, and to turn their solici tude aside by telling an amusing story of life in his quaint native town. Later in the day he went out to have a deed connected with some ecclesiastical upportry aloned property signed.

As he was coming back one of his

As he was coming back one of his parishioners, who met him about Tenth and Vine streets, observed that his gait was feeble and unsteady. Three blocks further up, about Thirteenth street, he staggered and fell upon the steps of the dwelling of a Mr. Mansfield, who was then employed in the Navy Yard. He was immediately carried into the house, restoratives applied and a physician sent for. But all in vain. A few moments more and the beautiful soul had winged its way from earth.

Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, who had consecrated him, delivered the funeral address. Bishop Neumann was laid to rest at St. Peter's, Fith street and Girard avenue, one of the principal churches of the Redemptorists in this

Thomas A Becket's Skull.

this country in 1836. Circums ances led him to New York, and there he was erdained by the late Bishop Du Bois. He was sent to Williamsville, in the western part of the State, and placed in charge of a parish extending over a territory of fifty miles.

By degrees he manifested a desire to join some order. At first he thought of joining the Jesuits, but that was not his vocation, and he ended, by becoming, with the consent of Bishop Hughea, a member of the Order of Redemptorists.

The order is one of the most zealous and secetic in the Remen Catholic Church in this day. It devotes itself largely to the work of giving missions; that is to say, of eonducting special services in whatever Catholic Churches they may be called to, with the particular view of making a special awsking of reliations thought and special awsking of reliations that is to say, of eonducting special awsking of reliations thought and special awsking of reliations that is to say, of eonducting special awsking of reliations thought and special awsking of reliations there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a wonderfully princes favors. He was a wonderfully princes favors. He was a wonderfully princes for the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a wonderfully princes for the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a fixed man, and there is no more interdays had experienced the fickleness of the was a fixed man, and th

Henry VIII., but recent reports and follows:

"Thomas a Becket's bones have at last been found in a rough hewn stone coffin under Canterbury cathedral, where heretofore their existence was only legendary. The skull is well preserved, and is said to be magnificent in size and proportions; in fact, one of the finest ever seen. Its crown bears uninstakable marks of a sword out, which the chroniclers relate took off the top of his scalp."

Dr. Pilibags' Diagnosis. Dr. Pilibags' Diagnosis.

To Dr. Filibags, Patrick came
With a most world face;
Sayshe, "Dear De other, phat's your name,
Willy you plaze trate my case."
The doctor looked him in the eye.
His tongus he made him show;
Said he. "My n sn. vou're going to die;
You've got tid douloureuz."
"My faith," san's Pat, "phat's that you say?
I've got citck dollar, 'oh!
Yez lyin' thate I always pay
Your bill before I go.
I'll have no more to do wid yez,
I'll doctor my own case"
He took a dase of P. P. P. P.,
And wears a brighter face.
Use Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pe.

they are properly discharging the awful duties of parents, namely, that of training souls for God. The bell, at the appointed hour, gives the signal, and upon it every occupation, be it of study or recreation, is suspended. The solitary student in his cell puts down his pen, and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture or crucifix, and joins his absent brethren in prayer. The professor pauses in his lecture, and kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their responses

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN. Halifax, N. S.

HEADLEY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE MISERERE AT ROME.

The night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died, is selected for this service. The Sistine chapel is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the srene shadowed forth.

The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing Christ, was put out. prayer. The professor pauses in his lecture, and kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their responses. The little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned disputation drop their mirth or their cunning instruments of fence, and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer. Nay, even the sport and play of youth and child hood are interrupted to give a few moments to more serious thoughts. Well might the Angelus bell have inscribed upon it, "At evening, morn, and noon I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation," for this is truly the order of the ecclesiastical day, and, in southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere, of the civil. With first vespers comes in the festival; and the Ave Maria, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it. We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in, "like a thief in the night," upon our unconscious being, at the hour when ghosts walk, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death.

We like the day even as a good Chris.

As they one by one slowly disappeared As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world disappeared the lament suddenly ceased Not a sound was heard amid the utter darkness.

darkness.

The catastrophe was too awful and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been lamenting in mournful notes the recent decease of good and great seemed struck utterly dumb at this bitterest wee. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment.

The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the the hour when gnosts walk, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death.

We like the day even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hues as its close approaches, with golden visions and loved shapes, however fantastically, floating in clouds around, with whispered prayer and a cheering passing bell, and the comfort that, when gloom has overspread all, a new, though unseen day has risen to the spirit; that the vigil only has expired, so that the festival day may break. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that mys tery which alone has made the day worth living; and greet, with the natural, the spiritual sun, the day spring from on high, that rose on benighted man and

mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, 'Christ is gone; we are orphans—all orphaus!'

The slence at length became too pain ful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail so done.

agony, when suddenly a low wall, so deso late and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child for sympathy.

It then died away, as if the grief were analogy? And who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the ample measure of this grace, against "the arrow flying in the day," in its sharp and well aimed temptations? All these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud,

child for sympathy.

It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away, as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast.

Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief slone were heard. Then all the choir joined in the piteous lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet melancholy voice mourned on alone. the day," in its sharp and well simed temptations? All these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful annunciation, speaking in angels' words and angels' tones to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart—gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve. Truly it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well with the first of those feelings and its season as the glorious news that "the Lord's angel" hath brought to earth such tidings as this? What can auit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words—"Behold thy servant or handmaid;" "Be it done unto me according to thy word?" What can refresh the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching

Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. On! how unlike the joy. ful, the triumphant anthem that swep through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the Resurrection!—Head.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

Goodness, says St. Thomas Aquinas, in diffuse of iteelf. It tends to expansion. Thus, the Maker of the World diffuses himself in his creation. Everywhere is seen the manifestation of his goodness. All that is, but reflects the goodness and the power of God. The whole refrain of creation, inanimate as well as animate, is to give; and revealed teaching is that it is more biessed to give than to receive. It may be asked, to give what? For those who have much, to give much; for those who have much, to give much; for those who have ittle, to give what they can. Let the gifts that come to man from the Giver of all Gifts be what they may, the holder of them is only a trustee. His beneficiary is the whole world of his brothers. He owes a duty to society, and it is discharged only by giving of what he has. If he has the wealth of intelligence, to his brother less favored he owes enlightenment by word and example. Here is the highest form of gift; for slike responsibility and reward come in largest measure to the teacher. If the riches of the world are entrusted to a man, then from his wealth is a debt due to the poor and needy. alike of the family and the state. It is noble in its origin, holy by its sacramental character, and full of grave responsibility. It is momentous in its consequence both to the individuals who contract it, to their off spring, and to givil society of which they form a part. contract it, to their on spining, and to civil society of which they form a part. A well-assorted union is fraught with blessings to all these; while an ill-advised or unhappy marriage is disastrous to all of them. When children are born of a marriage the consequences of that union, whether for good or evil, do not die with the parents; they will live on and be propagated, perhaps, to the end of time by their descendants. If these truths were taken to heart and exercised that influence which they ought on the conduct of Christians, many of the evils which we are called on to deplore would cease to exist. If we would know what husband and wife should be to one another, let us learn ward come in largest measures to teacher. If the riches of the world are entrusted to a man, then from his wealth is a debt due to the poor and needy. There is in creation an interdependence of creatures which suggests mutual help as the sphere of development; and in this work of doing good all can share. It is only necessary to give good example, and all have this to give. The benefits that flow from good example cannot be exaggerated. It is a most powerful instructor. For many it is almost impossible to receive instruction, unless would know what husband and wife abould be to one another, let us learn from God Himself. When this earth had become fit for the habitation of the human race, Adam, the first man, was created. Then God said: "Let us make him a helpmeet like unto himself." (Gen. in., 18). A helpmeet, an assistant, a partner—that is what husband should be to wife and wite to husband. A help aggerated. It is a most powerful further tructor. For many it is almost impossible to receive instruction, unless words are clinched by example. True reason can appreciate a truth, but in the composite nature of man to make a conclusion, especially in morals fruitful, the persuasiveness of good example is demanded by the pupil. How deep reaching it is every one knows. The blessings it brings to giver and receiver are priceless. It is, then, a wonderful dispensation of Providence that all may easily do what all are bound to do, and even e to wife and wite to husband. A help in the toils of life and on the road to heaven; each trying to lighten the lord of the other, to encourage and to raise up the soul of the other to God. This is the noble idea of marriage relation that God teaches us. But alsa! how often do we find this holy union degraded by unfaithfulness, and instead of being a partnership of loving, natural assistance, turned into a yoke which each endeavors to make unendurable for the other. Those who much to become a mutual help on the what all are bound to do, and even achieve a recompense for what there is a general tendency in nature to do.—Denver Catholic. to make unendurable for the other. Those who ought to become amutual help on the way to heaven become too often a suare and a stumbling block to each other's salvation by reason of unchecked anger, profanity of conduct, drunkenness or cruel neglect. And the children that have been given as a sacred charge to those parents, and for whose souls they will have to give an account, instead of being trained to virtue and bound to home by those innocent pleasures which

The election recently held by the clergy for the choice of a priest to be recommended to the Supreme Pontiff for the Bishopric of Achorry, in succession to the Most Rev. Dr. McCormick, having been declared void by the Holy See, a new election took place at swineford, under the presidency of Archbishop Mc Evilly. Canon Loftus was chosen as Dignissimus being trained to virtue and bound to home by those innocent pleasures which parents should seek to provide, are often scandalized in their teader years by the bad example of their parents, and are spiritually murdered by those who should rather die than give them an occasion of

Scott's Emuision of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

spiritually murgered by those was should rather die than give them an occasion of sin. Let those who are already joined in wedlock reflect seriously on these truths; let them examine their past, and For Children and Pulmonary Troubles. For Children and Pulmonary Troubles.

Dr W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in culmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size. truths; let them examine their past, and see if they have been a true help in earthly and spiritual things to their partners; let them consider how they have acted at home, and whether they have sought to make it as cheerful and as Christian as they could, and whether

JAMES COCHIN'S MIRACLE.

When the famous Father Cochin was When the famous Father Cochin was a a young cleric, studying at the Seminary of St. Salpice, he was distinguished among his companions for great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and tender charity to the poor. Every month his father gave him ten dollars for pocket money. He was careful not to spend this sum uselessly, nor did he hoard it up like a miser. On recreation days, before going to his home in the city, he filled his pockets with coins. Then as he came out of the Semin ary, and the poor people, who were coins. Then as he crime out of the Semin ary, and the poor people, who were always waiting for him, crowded around, it was his delight to distribute alms amongst them. How happy he felt as he went down the street, the people calling after him, "God bless you!" All day it seemed to him as if a little bird were singing in his heart.

But young Cachin was so generous that by the end of the month he seldom had a cent left. The poor people knew this, and yet every recreation day they waited for him to appear, weil pleased to receive a bow and a smile from "Master James" when he had nothing else to give them.

a bow and a smile from "Master James" when he had nothing else to give them.

One morning he left the Seminary, unusually gay and happy to think that he had a whole day to spend at home with his parents. It was the 28th of May; his money for that menth was all gone, so he could only how and smile to the crowd he could only bow and smile to the crowd that waited for him; he had given them his last penny the week before. How bis last penny the week before. How ever, one poor woman followed him down the street, and told him that she and her family had had nothing to eat for two days; that her husbend was out of work, and the children were suffering from the measles. Young Cochin listened to her sad story and told her he was very sorry to have nothing to give her. But she still followed him, and said, "Oh, feel in your pockets again, Master James! maybe God has put something there." To prove to her that he had nothing, the young seminarist was going to turn his pockets inside out, when he felt something hard in one of them, and, to his own great surprise, drew out three gold coins. Without a moment's hesitation, he gave them all to the poor woman, who, smilling the subling the surprise of the surprise of the south of the surprise of the surprise, drew out three gold coins. them all to the poor woman, who, smiling through her tears, exclaimed: "I told you

them all to the poor woman, who, smiling through her tears, exclaimed: "I told you so! A miracle!"

James Cochin thought he must be dreaming, and rubbed his eyes to make sure he was awake. Where had the money come from? And so be kept won dering, at last coming to the conclusion that a miracle had been wrought in favor of the poor woman. He was very silent for the rest of the day, and so abstracted as almost to forget his dinner.

In the evening when Cochin returned to the Seminary, his room mate came running up, and said: "Well, here you are at last! You played me a pretty trick. I had to stay at home all day, be cause you took my coat, and I couldn't find yours."

"Your coat!" gasped James.

"Yes; and my money is in the righthand pocket too."

The money was gone, so there was nothing for James to do but to tell the whole story. You may be sure he had to stand a good deal of teasing; but when his father heard about it he was so pleased to know of his son's charity to the poor, that he sent him three gold coins to give back to his companion, saying, in an affectionate letter: "After this I will doube your monthly allowance, so when you want to work miracles you can do it

affectionate letter: "After this I will double your monthly allowance, so when you want to work miracles you can do it with your own money"

Ling after, when James Cichin became a priest, he built a hospital—Hospice Cochin, it was called—for those same poor people. I don't know if he ever per formed any real miracles—I don't believe he did; but, after all, it is better to be charitable to the poor than to work woncharitable to the poor than to work won-ders; so says the Holy Scripture.

An Angel's Touch,

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which there is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and a ked for five cents worth of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her.
Awful sick, and ain't had anything to

eat all day." The boy was just then called on to wait The boy was just then called on to walt on some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding and in seven minutes she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against the barrel, while she held the poor old nickle in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men as w her as he came from the bar and, after asking who she was said:

asking who she was said :
"Say you drunkards, see here. Here we have been pouring down whisky when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got

"And I will give another"

"And I will give another"

They made up an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill be tween the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his companions:
"Just look there—the gal's dreaming"
So she was. A big tear rolled from her closed eye lids, but her face was covered with a smile. The men tiptoed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wan't sick any more and we had lots to eat and wear, and my head burns yet where an angel touched it!"

to eat and wear, and my head burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickle had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry she innocently said: "Well, now ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clark in your grocery."—Washington Chromicle

Good Wages-A Dollar an Hour.

Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

Enterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stin-on and Co, Portland, Maine, learning thereby by return mail, how they can make \$1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles, Riug-worm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

"LAYS OF TULLAMORE."

When a poet undertakes to sing the wrongs of an oppressed people the worst possible way tyranny can employ to silence him is to put him in prison. The silence him is to put him in prison. The solitude of a cell is very apt to make him sing all the more, and, unless his jailers are powerful enough to prevent his release afterwards, or if they cannot take away and destroy his manuscripts, they are very apt to hear from him when he has regained his liberty. Mr. Arthur J. Baltour, who is just now vainly endeavoring to coerce Ireland into silence and submission, and who, some weeks and submission, and who, some weeks ago, in furtherance of that foolish policy, put Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan, the poet laureate of the Irish National League, behind the bars of Tullamore jail, is the latest tyrant to become aware of these latest tyrant to become aware of these facts. Mr Sullivan, it seems, employed facts. Mr Sullivan, it seems, employed his leisure moments in jail in wooing the muse, who seldom resists his advances, and he brought out of prison with him the manuscripts of a number of poems, which are soon to make their appearance under the significant title of "Lays of Tollames".

Tullamore."

A sample of Mr. Sullivan's prison A sample of Mr. Sullivan's prison poems was sent over here the other day by the cable, and, judging from one entitled "A Vision," Mr. Balfour is not likely to enjoy the reading of the "Lays of Tullamore."

Parodying Poe's "Raven," Mr Sullivan describes the events that led up to his arrest, and anyone who has ever seen a portrait of Salisbury's nephew need not be told to whom the following lines re-

rien:

"Then a being, thia and shanky, white of visage, tail and lanky, Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor.

In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshy dinked and Jangled.

And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore.

When it fed he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before.

This he did, and nothing more."

It was Fletcher of Saltoun, we believe, who once said that, if he had the mak ing of a nation's songs, he did not care who made her laws. Mayor Sullivan who made her laws. Mayor Sultivan may entertain something of the same opinion, and, evidently, as long as he can lampoon Balfour in his verse, he does not mind spending a few weeks in a prison cell, since such confinement only affords him an opportunity to devote more time than he otherwise could to the composition of his satires.

Boston Republic.

THE ROSARY.

The Rosary is made up of fifteen decades, each of which comorless ten Ave Marias preceded by a Pater Nester. While reciting them, a person should plously meditate, according to his ability, on the principal mysteries of the Life, Death, and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Church regards the Paters and Avenues as on many roses, of which are and Aves as so many roses, of which are formed fifteen crowns that we present to the Queen of Heaven. Hence the name the Queen of Heaven. Hence the hands Rosary. The Church puts them into our hands, as a powerful autidate against vice and heresy. Need we wonder then that St. Charles Borromeo seemed to attribute the conversion and sanctification of the faithful of his dioc se to the devo-

of the faithful of his dicess to the devotion of the Rosary alone? Pope Gregory
XVI. has written, that the Rosary is a
wonderful instrument for the destruction
of sin, the recovery of God's grace and
the advancement of His glory.

A chaplet is a third part of the Rosary.
Should our daily avocations hinder us
from saying the entire Rosary, or a Chaplet, let us at least say some part of it; a
slight tribute presented to Mary in this
way will secure for us her benedictions.
St. Francis Xavier effected the cure of
diseases by the mere touch of his Chaplet.
By a brief Sauctissimus, 13th April, 1726,
Pope Benedict XIII. granted:

1 One hundred days' indulgence for
each Our Father and each Hati Mary, te
all the faithful who, with contrite hearts,

all the faithful who, with contrite hearts, recite either the whole Rosary or a third

rectte either the whole Rosary or a third part of it.

2 A Plenary indulgence once a year, on some day of their choosing, to those who shall have repeated every day of the year, at least the Chaplet or third part of the R sary. Pope Plus IX. (Decree May 12 h, 1851) confirmed those Indulgences and so added these others:

3 Ten years and ten Quarantines to all who, with at least contrice hearts, say conjointly with others, whether publicly, as in a Church, for example, or privately in their own houses or elsewhere, third part of the Rosary.

part of the Rosary.

Plenary Indulgence on the last

4 A Plenary Indulgence on the last Sunday in every mouth, on the condition of communicating, visiting a Church or public oratory, and there praying for the intentions of His Holiness.

Quite English.

There is a society of cranks in Ottawa known as the Lesgue of the Rose. It is unnecessary to state that it is largely com-posed of civil service officers of Euglish posed of civil service officers of English proclivities, and imbued with a desire to exhibit their "loyalty," yeou kneew. The lattest phase of lunacy on the part of this tuft-hunting brigade is the determination to prosecute all Canadian Irishmen who have been guilty of the henious crime of subscribing to the Irish National Defence Fund. The League of the Rose, yeou kneew, has undertaken a very large contract, yeou kneew, and it is quite yeou kneow, has undertaken a very large contract, yeou kneow, and it is quite possible, yeou kneow, they will discover what a set of fools they are, yeou kneow, before they have succeeded in filling many of our jails, yeou kneow, with Canadian criminals of the class named, seou kneow. We have no Tullamore jails here, yeou kneow, and the free air of Canada would be too arrong f r Balfour's lungs, yeou kneow.—Goderich Signal.

Consumption Surely Cured

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the abov-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P O. address.

Respectfully.