At Last. BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling And, in the wind from unsunned place I hear for voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou hast made my home of life so pleasar Leave not its tenants when its wal O love divine, O Helper ever present, Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drift run. kr. home's picture, days of shad and shine, And sincip faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit Be with me taen to comfort and uphold; No gate of pearl, no branch of paim I merit, No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill upreckoned, And both forgiving through Thy abound ing grace.

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many man Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green

The river of Thy peace. There from the music round about me stea I fain would learn the new and holy song. And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of heal-The life for which I long.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TOM HOGAN BOASTS THAT HE NEVER FIRED A SHOT. Mr. Isaac Pender and Attorney Hauly got over the attle and walked towards the place that Tom Hogan had just left. They looked into the deep drains as they went on, and by the time they got to the end of the field Tom Hogan had gone into his own house.

Attorney Hanly looked at his watch,

and seeing that the mail car would not pass the cross for some time, he though of returning home, but changed his mind on recollecting that if he did it would be necessary to show some civility to the visitors from whom he had just escaped. S) he walked with Mr. Isaac Pender and down by Tom Hogan's quick set hedge, talking about business. hat is that ?" the agent asked, start

ing and looking terrified.

"It was not a shot," replied the attorney.

"The report was not sherp enough for a shot from a gun or pistol. Yet it seemed to be an explosion of some kind. I'll get to be an explosion of some kind. I'll get up on the ditch and see."

"Better not," replied the sgent, catching hold of him. "Keep quiet, and don't

anything but pleasant if every sound half frightens it out of you at this rate. Lat us go on to the stile."

They walked by the quick set hedge till ched the stile that led into the What we have called the next field. quick set hedge was not merely a hedge planted on the ground. There was a tolerably high embankment of earth-a "ditch" in fact-and on the top of this the hedge. There were two or three long stone slabs fixed in the "ditch" as steps, and some two feet of wicker work wover between stakes on the top. Mr. Isaac Pender had one hand on the wicker-work and a foot on each of the two stone slabs, when he suddenly uttered a cry and fall back into the arms of the attorney. The attorney looked up, and he, too, was so startled that he let old Isaac fall to the ground; and, retreating a step backward, Attorney Hanly himself fell upon his back into one of Tom Hogan's newly-mad drains. The old sg nt had fallen upon his back too, but raising himself upon his hands he looked up at the stile, while every feature gave evidence of the most

The attorney had disappeared altogether present. in the drain, and seemed in no hurry to gat out of it.

It was only Tom Hogan, who had sud-denly popped his head over the stile, But his face was blackened; and a braver man than Mr. Isaac Pender might wel have been startled by such an apparition.

Attorney Hanly got upon his hands and nees in the drain, and waited for the not. He thought Tom Hogan must have overheard them plotting his ruin, and determined to wreak instant vengeance upon the plotters; and the thought was a natural one enough under the circum-

Mr. Hanly was not by any means coward. He would not have thrown him self designedly into the drain at the sight of Tom Hogan's blackened face. But, having fallen accidentally into it, he thought it wise to turn the accident to advantage. He was safe under cover; and resolved to keep quiet till Tom Hogan's gun or blunderbuss had exploded and riddled Mr. Isaac Pender. Then Mr. Hanly would start to his foot and run or fight for his life. He had no notion of staying where he was till Tom Hogan had guillotined him with his spade, perhaps. But why does he not fire?

The attorney's heart ceased to beat as he waited for the shot. Seconds seemed hours as he crouched there in the damp, marrow drain, which was so like a grave he ich his flesh creep as, on turning his head to listen, his cheek touched the cold And now the terrible thought oc red to him that the agent had been slain, not with a gun, but with a spade or pickaxe, and that the weapon, hot and bloody, was in the very act of crashing through his own brain. He felt, in that brief moment, the agony of dying a vio-lent death. It was only a moment; but ten death. It was only a moment; but to him it was an age. He tried to rise, but could not. He felt as if the heavy clay had been heaped upon him, and that he was buried slive!

The sound of voices fell upon his ear Some persons were speaking near him in a quiet, unexcited tone. The words

"I hope you are not injured?"

to discover that the face of Nature had undergone some wonderful transformation since last he looked upon it. But the trees, and the fields, and the mountains, as well as his own house, and the o'd castle, and Knocknagow—from Mat Donovan's to the cross; Phil Laby's pointed roof and thick chimineys, and the beech-tree inclusive—were precisely in their old places. And Mr. Isaac Pender was still in a half sitting position, propped up by his two arms, with his under-jaw hanging down, and his eyes as wide open as it was possible for such eyes to be. He was still staring up at the stile; but the black face was turned away, which seemed some little relief to him, for his mouth closed, and a slight movement about the eyes indicated that, in course of time, they, too, might recover the power of shutting. eyes indicated that, in course or they, too, might recover the power of shutting.

"Whe Mr. Hanly, what has happened?"

Hugh Kearney asked, locking at the attorney with unfelgned astonishment, as the emerged from the drain, like a grave-digger, Hugh thought, which idea was probably suggested by Mr. Isaac Pender, who in his suit of wester black looked. he emerged from the drain, like a grave-digger, Hugh thought, which idea was probably suggested by Mr. Isaac Pender, who, in his suit of rusty black, looked very like a withered old sexton.

"I merely stumbled, by accident, into this drain," replied the attorney, trying to remove the yellow clay from his shoul-ders and arms.

"And Mr. Pender ?" "I-I-I stumbled, too," that gentle-man replied, but showed no symptom of

any intention to rise.

Tom Hogan looked over his shoulder at the speakers, and his blackened face seemed to astonish them as much as at first. The surprise was mutual. Tom Hogan was quite as much puzzled to see his agent sitting upon the ground and staring at him as the agent was to account

for Tom Hogan's black face.

Tom Hogan's wife and daughter appeared upon the scene now.
"O Tom!" exclaimed his wife, "what

"Are you hurt, father?" Nancy asked, looking arxiously into his face.
"Tis nothin," 'Tis nothin," he replied. 'Twon't signify a pin."
"I think it would be as well if you run

up to Mr. Hanly's and tell the doctor to come and see him," said Hugh Kearney, turning to Nancy Hogan. "I will, sir," she replied eagerly, fling-ing back her auburn hair from her face,

and running with the fleetness of a fright-ened faan towards the house.

ened faan towards the house.

"I think, Mr. Pender, you had better get up," Hugh suggested.

"I think so; I think so; I think so," replied old Isaac, as he turned round upon his hands and knees and stroggled to get upon his feet. But his joints appeared to have become either too stiff or too weak, and Hugh, catching him by the collar with one hand, placed him on his legs, as if he were a rickety old chair.

if he were a rickety old chair.

The doctor and Mr. Lowe were soon "Why, what is it you are afraid of?"
e attorney asked. "Your life must be tything but pleasant if every sound half delicacy made her hold back and let them

pass.
"I don't think the eyes are injured," "I don't think the eyes are injured," said the doctor, as he examined Tom Hogan. "There is a slight burn on the left cheek, but it will not signify. Ha! yes; the hand must be looked to. But I'll have you all right in a day or two," added the doctor, as he laid his finger on Tom Hegan's wrist and felt his pulse. "The system seems to have sustained a shock," be continued gravely. "That is the serious feature in the case." And the doctor pulled out his watch and

the doctor pulled out his watch and counted Tom Hogan's pulse for a minute.

The two Miss Hanlys, with Mary and Grace, joined the group; and Mary, taking Hugh by the arm, questioned him about what had happened. But before he could reply they were startled on seeing Jemmy Hogan clearing the hedge at a bound close to where they stood. His eyes flashed fire, as he demanded breathlessly

what happened his father?" "Did anyone do anything to him?" he continued, almost choked with passion, as he looked from one to another of those

"No, Jemmy, no," his sister exclaimed, linging her arms round him, "No one did anything to him. It was an acci-His hands were clenched, and he looked

as if he would have sprung like a tiger upon anyone who would dare to hurt his father.
"No, Jemmy, no," Tom Hogan re-

peated—ind he laughed in a strange hysterical way. "No, Jemmy; no wan done anything to me."

His sister clung to him, and all present were struck with their extreme beauty,

and the resemblance they bore to each other, notwithstanding the pleading gentleness of her look, and the passionate defiance of his.

defiance of his.

"O Mary," Grace whispered, "did you ever imagine Jemmy Hogan had such fierceness in him? But what has happened to his father? The poor man is a perfect fright, with his hair singed and his face blackened. Perhaps he rushed into a fire to save some one—but then there is no sign of a fire anywhere."
"I was just asking Hugh," Mary re-

plied. Mr. Lowe came also to inquire of Hugh

what had happened.
"I think I understand the matter," replied Hugh. "I was on my way to the bottom of our farm, and on hearing a noise I turned round, and observed a thick puff of smoke in the middle of that wheatfield. I saw Tom Hogan stagger back with his hands to his face, and as it was evident an accident had occurred. I turned back. He hurried on in this direction, and was just getting over the stile when I came up to him. Those gentlemen," he continued, lowering his voice and laughing, as he nodded his head towards the agent and Attorney Hanly, "seem to have been rather startled, for a found Mr. Pender on the broad of his back on the field there, and Mr. Hanly emerging from that drain."

Grace laughed, and even Mr. Lowe could not help smiling as he turned quietly round and looked at old Isaac, who had only partially recovered from

his fright. "Hope you are not injured?"

"Begor, I don' know. Id tuck a start out uv me, et any rate. An' look at the way my hand is."

Mr. Hanly tried again to stand up, and succeeded. He had not been more than a minute in the drain; but he looked about him as if he expected "Frightenin' the crowa," replied Tom Hogan, turning to Mr. Lowe.

"How? I really don't understand."
"Wud a grain of quarry-powther sir,"
returned Tom Hogan. "I put id into a
hole, an' in the way 'twould make a report I was goin' to lay a fiat stone on id
before I'd set fire to the bit uv touch.
But some way my head way 't stadd." But some way my hand wasn't studdy an' a spark fell on id, an', begor, id blasted up into my face. An' that's the

way it happened, sir."
"And why would you not frighten the crows with a gun?"

Mr. Lowe looked in astonishment at

and men like Tom Hogan would not get license. So poor Tom has come to look upon never having fired a shot as a proof of his honesty and respectability."

"We met a man on the road," said Mr. Lowe, "who had pistels."

"That was Wat Corcoran the balliff,"

"That was Wat Corcoran the balliff,"
returned Hugh. "He is a great man on
the strength of his pistols. In such a case
as his, arms are the marks of the genticman, and the man in power."

"Tom H gan," put in Mr. Isaac Pender,
"was always a quiet decent man. He
never had anything to do with firearms."

"Nor never will, sir," said Tom Hogan.
But if Tom Hogan that very hour
provided himself with a good seaviceable
musket and bayonet, or a rifle or carbine
—or even an old duck gun like that with
which Dr. Richard Kearney so distinguished himself, it might have been lucky
for Tem Hogan, and lucky, too, for Mr.
Isaac Pender.

Isaac Pender.
"Tom Hogan never had anything to do "Tom Hogan never had anything to do with firearms," said Mc. Isaac Pender again. "Nor his son. Nor his son. Nor his son. Nor his son, who was now quite calm, except for a little flurry and confusion, which was perhaps less the result of his late excitement than of the presence of so many young ladies, all of whom were many young ladies, all of whom were one or two perhaps—whom, under favor

"A very well-conducted, industrious young man," said Mr. Isaac Pender, "A very well-conducted, industrious young man," said Mr. Isaac Pender, "A very well-conducted young man."

"Pender was right," he muttered to himself. "That young Hogan is a different sort of character from what I thought. There was a devil in his eye. That chap would do anything if driven to it. "Its with which his rambles did not interfere at all—was calculated to give a true for old Leave. The case to the difficult." true for old Isaac. The case is a difficult one. But that's his business. If his part was done I'd be able to manage the affall

was done I'd be able to manage the allair in such a way that it would not appear that I had anything to do it. Hallo!" The driver pulled up, and Mr. Hanly got upon the car; and was not seen or heard of in that part of the country till he jumped off the same car at the same place that day three weeks.
"Which way shall we go back?" Grace

"By the road," replied the doctor, who

hoped Kathleen would accompany them as far as the bridge.

"By the road," said Mary, who feared that Norah Laby might feel disappointed if she returned home without calling to

CHAPTER XLIV.

HUGH KEARNEY THINKS HE WILL GET HIS FISHING ROD REPAIRED.

Hugh Kearney changed his mind. He said to himself, instead of going to the lower part of the farm, he would go look at the hoggets on the bill above the fort. Somehow he found that white jacket which had so caught his fancy at the wedding running very much in his mind. had to pass close to the house on his way, he began to think of some excuse for running up to his sister's room and having a laugh and a few words of conversation laugh and a few words of conversation with his agreeable partner in the dance at at Ned Brophy's wedding. It required a good deal of reasoning to satisfy him that there was nothing objectionable in the step he was about taking; and the mere fact that it did take such an amount of argumentation to satisfy him ought of itself to have been enough to convince so steady a young man as Mr. Hugh Kearney that it might be just as well to go up the hill, and not mind that curious little room up in the pointed roof in the older room up in the pointed roof in the oldest portion of the old cottage, for the present. "She is a remarkably intelligent girl," cought Mr. Hugh Kearney. "If she thought Mr. Hugh Kearney. were a beauty, like Nancy Hogan, I shouldn't be surprised at the admiration she inspires. And surely intellect can have nothing to do with it; for what do those young fellows I saw crowding about her know about intellect? And sure she attracted my own notice before I spoke a word to her, or even knew who she was. It would be quite an interesting study to discover the secret of her attraction." And he got over the stile behind the laurels with the intention of commencing

the interesting study at once. He started on entering the garden, for He started on entering the garden, for while his eyes were turned to the window in the lvied gable, he found himself face to face with Bessy Morris, who was just passing the laurels with her head bent over her sewing. Possibly she had seen him coming, from the window.

Hugh Kesraey made a few commonnace remarks, and asked one or the starters and asked one or the starters.

place remarks, and asked one or two commonplace questions as he walked by Bessy Morris's side towards the house. But when she turned round at the end of the walk, somehow he could not bring himse f to turn round with her. Perhaps it was pride that prevented him, and he wanted an excuse. So far, he was merely on his way to the house. He found an excuse, however, for delaying her a minute at the little gate to inquire whether her grandfather ever went to fish now? There was a little trout stream not far

cast of files, when the contents of his own fishing-book failed to lure the trout to rise and get themselves hooked. Sometimes, too, the rain would drive him from the stream for shelter to the little house among the hawthorns; and he would listen for hours to the old "croppy's reminiscences of '98, while the shuttle was allowed to rest as he shouldered his crutch to show how fields were won. Mr. Hugh Kearney used not to be quite oblivious of the presence of old Phil allowed to rest as he shouldered his crutch to show how fields were won. Mr. Hugh Kearney used not to be quite oblivious of the presence of old Phil Morris's lively little grand daughter; yet now he wondered why he had not taken more notice of her at that time, and began to admire her retrospectivals as he moved about the house or the crows with a gun?"

"Is id me sir! No, sir," said Tom Hogan, looking repreachfully at Mr. Lowe, as if he had done him a great injustice. "I'm not that soart of a character, an' never was. I never fired a shot in my life, an' plase God I never will. No, sir," continued Tom Hogan proudly, "no wan could ever say a bad word uv me."

"In the presence of old Phil Morris's lively little grand daughter; yet now he wondered why he had not taken more notice of her at that time, and began to admire her retrospectively, as she moved about the house or sat reading or sewing near the window while the old man talked, and the rain poured down till the young ducks swam ne." while the old man talked, and the rain poured down till the young ducks swam up to the very threshold, and seemed to consult among themselves whether they would have long to wait before they could call into the kitchen and explore every mook and corner without setting foot on dry land. And the glances—for Beesy Morris was a coquette before ever she saw a bold drsgoon—that went for nothing at that time, strange to say, began now to produce the desired effect on Mr. Hugh Kearney's heart, as memory brought them back again, while he leant over the little gate to ask Bessy Morris whether her grandfather ever went to fish now.

She had seen him looking over his files and tackle a few days before, and Hugh

and tackle a few days before, and Hugh resolved to send his rod to Mat Donovan to be repaired, and said to himself that he would pay an occasional visit to the river during the spring and summer. It would be very pleasant. Old Pall was as enter taining as ever, and told him some capital

stories at Ned Brophy's wedding!
Hugh Kearney, as he walked alone up
the hill, scknowledged to himself that he would rather have remained in the garden with Beesy Morris than with any girl he

knew—if he had an excuse.

It was generally said and believed among his friends that Hugh had never been in love. Yet he had a tinge of romance in him, after a fashion. He was able circumstances, he might have loved. But he had got a habit of weighing pos-Attorney Hanly seeing the mail-car before him, which made him keep clear of actual danger, and content himself with castles in the cross roads. with castles in the air. His solitary rampractical business like turn to his mind. He found health and relaxation among the moors and mountains, and never th the time lost which was spent with his dogs and his gun, or upon horseback, clearing stone walls and double ditches, after the fexhounds or the harders. He read more, and derived more pleasure from books, than his acquaintances suspected, and was far better informed than he himself knew. He did not parade his knowledge, and con-sequently got credit for knowing nothing. No day passed that he did not add to his store. But he read solely for the sake of the pleasure it afforded him; and yet he almost shrank from opening a new volume unless he had some previous knowledge of the author or the subject. He felt no craving for novelty, and liked so well to return again and again to some cherished favorites that he often some cuerished favorities that he often thought it would scarcely be a matter for regret if the art of book—making were lost, and he were henceforth obliged to limit his reading to the contents of his own

> his pockets and looked about him. He could see two figures leaning over the little bridge; and supposing them to be the doctor and the beauty of Castleview, Hugh smiled. He considered Kathles too, singularly handsome; and he thought Rose an exceedingly pleasant girl to spend an hour with. Yet he turned to spend an hour with. Yet he turned back at Tom Hogan's boundary a while ago, and had determined to do so from the first—though Miss Grace was quite troubled to think that it was because he was "huffed" by the way she "treated him" that he left them so abruptly. In fact he felt inclined to keep aloof from the house on the hill; and there can scarcely be a doubt that the habit of looking before him had a good deal to do with producing this somewhat odd frame of mind for a this somewhat odd frame of mind for a young man who admired beauty and sympathized with lovers in general, and was so given to building castles in the air. Yet he never thought of looking before him in the case of the little house among the hawthorns. Was it because it was so humble a little house? or was it because there was more attactive metal in it? Perhaps both these considerations helped to make Mr. Hugh Kearney forget his usual habit of looking to possible consequences in this instance, And besides, he had an excuse. He would certainly send his fishing-rod to Mat Donovan to have it repaired. And poor Mat Donovan!—had he nothing to do with the affair? Was he in no way con cerned? Was it nothing to him who came or went to and from that little house in the whitethorns?

shelves, the greater part of which he owed

At the present moment, however, nothing sublunary seems to be troubling Mat Donovan but how best to convey, with the greatest certainty and expedition to Tom Caddeby, of the Rath, the im-portant intelligence that the long disputed hurling match could be decided to the satisfaction of all concerned in Maurice Kearney's kiln-field on the following

Sunday.
"Maybe," said Mat to himself, as he trudged homeward after finishing the seed-sowing, "maybe I might meet some wan from that side at the forge. If not There was a little trout stream not far from Phil Morrie's house, and the old man, not withstanding his lameness, was an expert angler Some years before Hugh cultivated the gentle craft, and the old that there had been a funeral in the little graveyard near the castle, for, besides the Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Frence. don' know how I'm best mauage; an

He hurried on and came out upon the main road before the horseman had

passed.
"A fine evenin', Mat," said old Paddy Laughlan; "what way are you afther the weddin'? The divil a betther bout uv dancin' I see these fifty years than that last bout ye danced. Have you any

ye're at ?"

"Tia," was the reply; "a son uv William Maher'a,"
"Wisha, now," exclaimed Mat in astonishment, "I didn't hear a word uv

Oh, 'tis on'y the yourgest little b'y. b'lieve he wasn't more than about fiteen months ould. Where are you comin' from?"
"Well, we wor finishin' the seed-sowin'

"Well, we wor nuishin' the seed-sowin' at Rabeen; and I'm goin' to give some directions to Jack Delany about the plough-irons, as we're goin' to break a field. An' now as I'm ofther meetin' you, maybe you'd—" Here Mat Donovan stopped short. The second horseman, who had lettered behind, rode up; and who had lottered behind, rode up; and as soon as Mat Donovan recognised him he ceased speaking, and looked as if he had made a mistake. The horseman was the young man from the mountain, who kept gadding after a certain white jacket at Ned Brophy's wedding, when his allegiance was lawfully due elsewhere. Was Mat Donovan jealous of the young man from the mountain? On the contrary, his discrimination in the matter of the white jacket made Mat Donovan feel the white jacket made Mat Donovan feel as if he were the sworn friend of the young man from the mountain. Yet young man from the mountain. Yet Mat Donovan looked grave, and stopped short in the middle of a sentence, the moment he recognised the young man from the mountain in the horseman who now rode up and resumed his place at old

mind id."

"I'll bith' a message, an' welcome, for you," returned the old farmer. "Maybe 'tis to Ned Brophy? If is is, I won't mind turnin' down an' tellin' him, if I don't happen to meet any wan on the road to send id by. He's a cousin up Ned Brophy'e," he added, turning to the young man who rode by his side, as if he thought it necessary to vallate when he thought it necessary to explain why he was so civil to a poor man like Mat Don.

The young man only locked at his spurs, which were very large and very bright—first at one and then at the other —and seemed to think that old Paddy Laughlan was on the whole too conde-tecanding—Ned Brophy's relationship to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I won't mind id now," returned Mat.

Good evenin' to ye."
"Bad luck to id for money," said Mat Donovan to himself when Paddy Laugh-lan and his intended son in-law had ridden forward, "'tis doin' harm here and there. Well she'll have her twenty cows milkin' well she'll have her twenty cows minking at any rate; ay, begor, an' a good lookin' young fellow, too, though he a gag itse'f. But if ever a woman was fond uv a man Judy Laughlin was fond of Tom Cuddehy. An' poor Tom 'd marry her if she hadn't a cross to bless herself wud in the mornin'; an' he tould me be would. An' all on account uv her four hundhred pounds fortune they're to be separated. I don' to that paragon of uncles, his mother's fortune they're to be separated. I don' uncle Dan. So that Mrs. Kearney could know; she might be a happier woman credit her uncle Dan with Hugh's taste wud Tom, though he has on'y a small which had so caught his fancy at the wedding running very much in his mind. But this, in some degree, might be accounted for by the fact that Grace had just been telling him the flattering things. Bessy Morris had said of him. And as he had to make loss to the house on his year, and the has only a small farm, and that tillings, than ever she'll be in her fine slate house wad her twenty cows comin' into her yard. Well, I was need felling him the flattering things. Bessy Morris had said of him. And as he had to make close to the house on his year, forever leaving the field. The not a wan uv me ever thought uv how id was betune 'em till the son in law reminded me uvid. An' sure I might 'asy know, whin Tom himse'f tould me she daren't look at him for the last twelve month. Now if Tom dhraws her down, as he always do, the next time I meet him, as he always do, the next time I meet him, I know the first word that'll come to my mouth is, that there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught. An' cowld comfort that same ould sayin' is. Well, he'll soon be out uv pain anyway. An' maybe 'twould be well for more of us if we had the same story." He looked up at the three poplar trees on the hill, and then at the little house among the hawthorns. "Well, I must see about the plough-irons," he added, rousing himself; "an' who knows but wan uv these cars at the church might be from Tom's side uv the coun-thry, an' I can send him word about the

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will core your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectually confortably then any other medicine you

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Poetic Sentiment.

To apply the poetic words "a medicine that's able to breath life into a stone" to B. B. B. savors of exaggeration, but considering its countless cures and wonderful work even exaggeration seems justifiable if it convinces those who hesitate to try B. B. B. and be cured.

Mr. R. A Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blool, Pimples on the Face, Billousness and Constipation—

CATHOLIC TRUTH.

THE NEW SOCIETY TELLS SOME THINGS CATHOLICS DO NOT BE-LIEVE.

The Catholic Truth Society, has published the following excellent letter in the Minneapolis Journal:
In view of the fact that there has been

so much discussion locally of late about doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants, we ask the privilege of enumerating some things Catholics do

not believe 1. They do not believe that there is any other mediator of redemption than Jesus Christ, "For there is no other name given to man whereby he must be saved." When they call the Mother of last bout ye danced. Have you any saved." When they call the Mother of God, or any saint, a mediator, it is not in whose a word strange. Is id a funeral ye're at?"

the sense of a mediator of redemption attributed to our Saviour, but in the sense of intercessor or pleader between God and his fellow-man, as Abraham, Moses and St. Paul praying to God for the people.

2. Catholics do not believe that the Virgin Mary is in any way equal or even comparable to God, for, being only a creature, although the most highly favored, she is infinitely less than God, who created her. Nor do they claim for her any power her. Nor do they claim for her any power beyond that she derives from God; for she is entirely depending on God for her privileges, her grace and her glory.

3. Catholics do not believe there is any

power on this earth or in heaven that can give permission to commit the least sin; or that a sin can be forgiven for money; or that a sin can be lorgiven for money; or an indulgence granted for the commission of sin, either past, present or future, or that a priest, Bishop, Cardinal or Pope can give valid absolution to a sinner who does not truly repent by sincere sorrow, and truly resolve to abandon sin for all time to come and anyead bis sin for all time to come, and amend his life and make reparation to God and his neighbor for the offence committed.

4 Catholics do not believe that any man 4 Catholics do not believe that any man can obtain salvation by his own good deeds, independently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and His grace, or that he can make any satisfaction for the

guilt of his sins, or acquire any merit ex-cept through the Saviour.

5. Catholic do not believe that it is old Paddy Lughlan seked.

"Nothin' uv any account," Mat replied.

"I was thinkin' uv sendia' a message to a friend up in that direction; but I won't mind id."

"I'll brin' a message." allowable to break a lawful oath or tell a

lie Church.
6. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, who avoid evil and do good, who are blamelessly

IGNORANT CF CATHOLIC TRUTH, and of the just claims of the Catholic Church to be the only true religion, are excluded from heaven, provided they believe there is one God in three divine persons (or unity in trinity or trinity in unity); that God will reward the good and punish the bad hereafter; that Jesus is the Son of God, made man, Who redeemed us, and in Whom we must trust for our salvation, and pro-vided they thoroughly repent of having ever by their sins offended God. 7. Catholics hold that Protestants

who have these dispositions, and who have no suspicion of their religion being false, and no means of discovoring, or fail in honest endeavors to discover the fall in honest endeavors to discover the true religion, and who are so disposed in their hearts that they would, at any cost, embrace the Roman Catholic religion if they knew it to be the true one, are Catholics in spirit, and in some sense within the Catholic Church, without themselves knowing it. Taese Christians belong and are without themselves knowing it. tians belong and are united to the "soul," as it is called, of the Catholic Church, although they are not united to the visible body of the Church by external communion with her, and by the outward profession of her faith. Many Protestants from early education and false teaching about Catholics were right-eously indignant at Catholics' belief, but ning the truth from Catholic sources became members of the much-maligned Church. Among such men may be reckoned Cardinal Newman, who believed and to the age of thirty-seven preached that the Pope is anti-Christ, and Earl Spencer (afterwards Father Ignatius), who attacked the Catholic Church so vigorously when he was a clergyman of the English Church that his arm father implemed him to specific his own father implored him to speak less violently of Catholics and exercise

religious toleration.

8. Catholics do not believe that it is in the power of their Church to add to the truths contained in the "deposit of faith;" that is to frame or enforce any doctrine which has not for its source the written or unwritten word of God, or authority from the same. Nor do they believe, when the Church makes a definition in matters of faith, as for instance the Immaculate Conception of Mary, or the Infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals, it is a new doctrine; it being only a solemn declaration and a clearer statement of what was believed, at least implicity (that is in an implied way, or inferentially) at the time of the apostles, though some private person might have doubted it.

Catholics do not believe many other things not here enumerated, and on examination of the Catholic doctrine as taught and promulgated by the Church, many things which aposay strange to many things are the strange to many th

reason and common sense.

many things which appear strange to non-Catholics can be readily ascertained to be founded on revealed religion, human

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