Once, years ago, I read in some old book A legend of a man who in exchange For riches, gave his heart to fiends and too A heart of stone, and I deemed the ta strange, dible, but now experienced grown, around and see, not one alone, housands, who have taken hearts of

I see poor, grey haired parents weep and pray To their own children, and their tears are

And broken-hearted they must pass away And be forgot, be their lot peace or pain. I see poor children, innocent and weak, The mother's milk scarce dry upon their By brutal parents tortured—hear them

I see sad wives, who but few years ago
Were bright with bridal bloom and loye's delight.
It may be alcohol hath caused their woe,
Or passion with its deadly seven-fold

blight.
The bridal day that in such splendor shore,
Fond parents and kind friends were left for They deemed of tender heart, and found it

And husbands too, grown old before their time.
In bitterness of spirit must confess
The hoped-for paradise of youth's fond
prime
Has proved a thorn-planted wilderness.
And youth, with breast pierced thro' by
poisoned darts,
Has had a sore experience for its part,
Of angel faces, and satanic hearts.

I see one who had labored night and day,
And spent himself to serve his fellow-men,
Repails with base ingratitude. The way
Of life is strewn with wrecks, the works of
Catn.
What more? I see the poor, o'er-burdened

Cain.
What more? I see the poor, o'er-burden brute
Writhing in agony, defenceless, mute—
Beneath man's cruel lash or heavy boot.

But angels of a retribution dire, Witness all cruelities with flaming swords; And they shall prove if justice-kindled fire Can make those hard nearts feel, that felt not chords not chords
Ofhuman charity, or tenderness.
Pity for feilow-mortals in distress.
A draught that poor humanity might bless.

THE CONFESSION OF A CONVERTED MINISTER.

Ave Maria.

Once before, on the thirtieth anniversary of my reception into the Church, I ventured to address a communication to the Catholic journal published at the scene of my former labors as an Episcopal clergy-man, in explanation of the reasons and motives which led to my becoming a Catholic. The account was necessarily brief and imperfect, and touched mainly on the arguments which had served to enlighten my understanding and convince my judgment. But there was an episode in my experience, not particularly dwelt upon in that letter, which it has often practical lesson, especially for those souls who have become more or less enlightened, and are struggling, from the bondage of doubt and darkness, under which they have been laboring in their inherited Protestantism, into the glorious light and lib-erty of the true children of God in Holy

The unexpected favor with which my first communication was received by the Catholic press both at home and abroad Fold, to give the readers of the Ave Maria a brief account of the, to me, very important and deeply interesting experience the danger of speaking too freely of one's own intimate personal experience in the divine ife. But I have much to fill me with shame and confusion of face, unity for the Church, and of a surreme experience for the dark of the more abreaders of the for a brief account of the torm, very important and deeply interesting experience to which I have alluded. I am aware of the dark God, I never had the anti poperty rabies. I was a Protestant, of course, by inheritance and by profession; but, somethow, my mind seemed to be prepared for right. We congratulate you on the step there be an eternity beyond; if the teachings of Christianity be true, and if our final course, or were in a position, to do as sity, especially, of a head and centre of you have done. But if well-being is the chief end of man, then had hopes of them for a time. They approved of my course after I made my sub-inheritance and by profession; but, somethic well-being is the chief end of man, then had hopes of them for a time. They approved of my course after I made my sub-inheritance and by profession; but, somethic well-being is the chief end of man, then had hopes of them for a time. They approved of my course after I made my sub-inheritance and by profession; but, somethic well-being is the chief end of man, then had hopes of them for a time. They approved is well-being is the chief end of man, then had hopes of them for a time. They approved is well-being that process? Was account of the chief end of man, then had hopes of them for a time. They approved in my course after I made my sub-inheritance and by profession; but, some the division. They said: "You have done there be an eternity beyond; if the teaching of the form of Catholic ruth the moment it was fairly presented to it. The neces of the form of th of; on the contrary, I have much to fill me with shame and confusion of face.

My natural disposition would lead me to shrink from a public exposure of my weakness; but I have such a deep and abiding conviction of the awful danger of vacillation,—of the sad fate of the multiplication of souls who are lost because they the decided of my mind and of supreme the law—a final court of appeals to decided isputed points, made a great impression upon me. That crucial a great impression upon me. That crucial twill build My Church; and the gates of the multiplication,—of the sad fate of the multiplication.

I was intra presented to us through His Holy excuses, chiefly that they had families to support, that they were unacquainted with business, and knew not how they icould provide for those dependent upon them. So they hesitated, they lived on as the court of the church, and of a supreme excuses, chiefly that they had families to church, then not he who makes the support, that they were unacquainted with business, and knew not how they icould provide for those dependent upon them. So they hesitated, they lived on as the court of the church, and of a supreme excuses, chiefly that they had families to church, then not he who makes the support, that they were unacquainted with business, and knew not how they icould provide for those dependent upon them. So they hesitated, they lived on as the court of the church, and of a supreme excuses, chiefly that they had families to church, then not he who makes they against they were unacquainted with business, and knew not how they icould provide for those dependent upon them. So they hesitated, they lived on as the court of the who makes they had families to church, then not he who makes they had families to could provide for those dependent upon them. So they hesitated, they lived on as the court of the who had they had families to could provide for those dependent upon them. So they hesitated, they lived on as the court of the who makes the could provide for those dependent upon vacillation,—of the sad fate of the multitude of souls who are lost because they have at one period of their lives been called to the Truth, but failed to listen to called to the Truth, but failed to listen to condition the grace.

I will build My Churen; and the gates of their final account; some still remain, living on in the old way, with no human clung to me with a tenacity which no prospect that they will ever change. Oh, sombistry could relax, no ingenuity of inone faltering soul, I am perfectly willing to let the whole world know that I came very near losing my own soul for the want seemed to render a visit to the South very of courage and decision. My name and address are known to the Rev. Editor of but all-wise and merciful Providence the Ave Maria, and he is free to give them,

taken to enable you to overcome the formidable obstacles by which you were sur-rounded, and to become a Catholic!" Moral courage! That is just what I failed in. I lacked moral courage; I lacked the prompt decision which ought to characterize everyone under the full and honest of the truth; and in the confession which I am now making I desire. above all things, to glorify the grace of God, and adore the divine goodness and mercy that put me in the way of salvation

almost in spite of myself.

It was a happy combination of providential circumstances that directed my attention to the subject, and kept it before my mind until I was at last convinced. beyond the possibility of doubt, of the truth of the Catholic religion, and of the imperative obligation resting upon me to in order to save my But, alas! who needs to be told that it is not the convincing of the under standing merely that makes men Catho standing merey that makes men catho-lics? On the contrary, is it not a well-known fact that thousands of people, many of them apparently sincere and devout seekers after truth, have become of the truth of the Catholic religion; have, perhaps, coquetted with the Church under the influence of an irresistible attraction; have had more or less intercourse with priests, read Catholic books, and even attended church habitually for a time, and given great hopes of a any for a time, and given great nopes of a speedy conversion to the faith, and yet, at last, have died and made no sign? In the graphic language of the prophet, "They came to the birth, and were not able to

It is a mystery to me why I was not left to do likewise.

I do not attach much importance to the fact that I was always disposed to "go to the bottom of things," and could never be satisfied until I had investigated and reasoned out every question for myself,— though that, no doubt, had some influence at first. But I have always felt that there

tion or the gratification of curiosity, however laudable, even in the intellectual conclusion to which I was brought in the course of my investigations. I cannot say that I went to work deliberately, from the start, to find out the truth of the Catholic religion. Up to a certain point, I took for granted, all along, that I was that I was right, and the old Church wrong; and it was principally in following the lead of the Oxford movement in Eogland that my mind was led, insensibly, to adopt Catholic teaching, under the impression that it was good orthodox, though not Roman Catholic, doctrine. I had been trained in the strict school of Low-Church Episcopal, and the pallanism, under the tuition of its most myself gradually losing confidence in Protestantism, chiefly for its vagueness and uncertainty and its manifest tendency to absolute individualism. I felt the want of an authoritative guide. At the same time the Sacramental system of the Church began to dawn upon my mind with all the interest and fascination of a new revela-

I have often wondered at the facility with which that transition was effected, and the ease and naturalness with which the new system took its place in my mind; how it came to me not, after all, as something absolutely new, but rather as the realization of a long-forgotten dream, or dimly-remembered vision, or the development of some grand scheme that had been once thought out in all its details, but which had long since nearly passed from recollection. I gradually passed from recollection. I gradually came to see the Catholic system as a perfect whole—unique, harmonious, and perfectly dovetailed in all its parts; and as each feature of that system was revealed to my consciousness, it took its place naturally and without constraint, each fit-

a single bone is to the man of science an infalible indication of the entire frame to in this world of confusion and sin; and, which it belongs, so a single Catholic prinhad not the mercy of God intervened in

dwelt aimed to prove that a man could be a would have become obscured; skeptical good Catholic in a Protestant church, I notions would have insinuated themoccurred to me contained an important | became convinced that the Catholic system | selves, and, little by little, I should have without the Papacy was an arch without a keystone, a building without a proper foundation. And when I saw, as in time I did come to see clearly—and not from direct Catholic reasoning, but from Protestant efforts to answer Catholic arguireally had, and could have, no sympathy; ments,-that Our Lord had actually estab lished the primacy of Peter, and that it was fortified with more direct and positive Scriptural testimony than even that for Bishops themselves (for which copalians are such great sticklers), I began anniversary of my reception into the true to entertain the idea of the necessity of Fold, to give the readers of the Ave Maria making a change in church relations. a brief account of the, to me, very im-

At this point in my history my health, which had never been robust, desirable, and thus the same mysterious which had hitherto guided me led me the Ave Maria, and new free to give the Ave Maria, and new free to give the thinks well of it.

My friends often say to me: "What home and friends, and placed me in circumstances most favorable for calm recumstances most favorable for calm recumstances most favorable for calm recumstances." flection and the final decision of the grea

I can hardly imagine a combination of recumstances more favorable to the final sult than that by which I found myself surrounded at that time; and the end of it all was that I made up my mind, then and there, that I must and would be a Catholic. My mind was all aglow with the enthusiasm of a first love: I saw everything so clearly, and I was so fascinated with the discoveries I had made, that thought I had only to return home and ell the good news to my family and riends to convert them all to my way of hinking. Alas! I was soon disillusioned On my return home, the declaration of my intention fell upon my friends like a underclap in a cloudless sky, and raised such a storm of reproach and opposition soon scattered to the winds all my

opes of their conversion.
It must be borne in mind that there has een a great change in public sentiment egarding the Catholic Church within the last thirty years. No doubt, conversion will always be attended with more or less pposition, and sometimes even persecu-Then it was a real affliction, and my friends felt my change most keenly. ney expostulated with me; they repre ented in strong colors the disgrace of sociating with the low Dutch and Irish,

tion or the gratification of curiosity, how- was warned not to talk or try to use any

palianism, under the tuition of its most distinguished leader, Bishop McIlvain, of Ohio; and was an ordent, if not enthuther the Rev. Father Borgess (now a Bishop) Ohio; and was an ardent, if not enthusiastic, devotee of the so-called Evangelical school. Yet in the transition from that, to many minds, most attractive form of Calvanistic Protestantism to the new Catholic views of faith and order, I was conscious of no violent wrenching, no painful loosening of the roots of old attachment to favorite opinions. I found the form of the congregation sent up many a many bers of his congregation sent up many a fervent prayer for me, that I might have the courage of my convictions, and be led to make my profession of faith openly before the world. That is what I should have done. I ought not to have paused a moment, but gone straightforward and done my duty promptly, without hesita-tion or delay, in spite of opposition and the most formidable obstacles. Alas! I did no. I paused, and hesitated, and delayed-trifled with grace for two years and I should have been lost but for thinfinite mercy of God, that would not le me perish without another warning.

It is a curious fact, well worth noting

here, that during all that time of prevarication I never once doubted the truth of the Catholic religion; I never lost my in-terest in the sulject, nor ceased to read Catholic books and periodicals, which served to increase my knowledge and confirm my faith in the Church. Nor di I ever, for a moment, allow myself to doubt that I would sometime declare myself a Catholic and join the Church. Yet all that time I was, day by day, becoming bed, and you must lie on it." ting to each with the exactness of adjust-ment of the most perfect piece of mechan-spiritually demoralized. I was losing that ism. It is so with the Catholic system; sensitiveness of conscience, that deep and logically consistent, admit the whole. As a single bone is to the man of science an tian's only safety in the pursuit of truth infallula indication of the entire frame to in this world of confusion and sin; and, deserved. I began to recover. I was which it belongs, so single Cathole pindiciple admitted implies the whole system of which it is a part.

Hence it was that, in spite of all the plausible reasonings of the celebrated fidence in the light, which then seemed so clear; the line between truth and error lost the faith and become an infidel, or, what perhaps is even worse. I should have fallen back into the old ruts, without any fixed faith, and maintained a heartless

> Alas! how many cases can I recall of plausible.
>
> If this world is all; if the "main the Episcopal ministry and others—which chance' is the main thing; if temporal actually went through that process! Wa their final account; some still remain, living on in the old way, with no human living on that they will ever change. Oh, cis Xavier to the folly of the world, and an infinite relief would they experience, and how they would thank God for the unspeakable consolation of a sure and

abominations.'

Have I not seen it and felt it all? For two years I remained in that spiritually comatose state, with a mind wide awake to throw off the lethargy and rise to a nor-mal spiritual life. The habit of procrastination is so seductive; it creeps on so stealthily; it insinuates itself so gently and quietly, and winds its silken cord of irrelution around the will with such silent but persistent ingenuity! mean to do wrong; your intentions are the best in the world; you only doubt out the expediency of immediate and lecided action. You mean to do your postponing action indefinitely. It is only for this once—just this once,—or for a very short time. The reasons for delay are so numerous, so powerful, and at the same time so pressing, surely there cannot be any danger in this brief delay. God help you, dear souls! there is danger the very greatest danger in delay. Your

eternal salvation may depend upon it. "Walk whilst you have the light." liever? Thanks and praise to the unmerited grace of God that, in the midst of my wanderings and vacillation, visited me with the merciful hand of correction!

Suddenly and without warning the attacked with a dangerous disease, and wait. "Why," said they, "should you be n such haste? You have been down there among those priests and Jesuits, and I thought I was lost. My past life hand of God was laid upon me. as they expressed it; they begged me to wait. "Why," said they, "should you be in such haste? You have been down there among those priests and Jesuits, and they have turned your head by their designing arts and plausible reasonings." It was no use denying that I had talked with a single priest or Jesuit on the subject; it was useless to argue with them; they did not wish to discuss the subject; they did not want to be convinced, even if I had truth on my side. I was actually told, more than once, that they did not want to read or argue: they were satisfied with their position, and they did not wish to have their minds disturbed; and I

seemed to see it all as clear as daylight. I

dulge the hope of going to purgatory.

It is related of John Randolph of Roanoke—an eccentric politician some forty years ago, who died, under most painful circumstances, at a hotel in Philadelphia
—that on his death bed he called for a card, on which he wrote, or caused to be written, in bold characters the word Remorse. And as he gazed on it with intensely-wrought feeling, repeating the word "Remorse! remorse!" he seemed as if, half penitently, half despairingly, trying to realize by anticipation the misery of a lost soul. I did not need any such writing to make me realize the meaning of that terrible word. The hand-writing writing to make me realize the meaning of that terrible word. The hand writing was on the walls of my room ; it stared at me from every nook and corner; I felt it in my bones; it froza the blood in my heart. My whole being was penetrated with ominous forebodings of the mists of darkness and despair. I was lost-los forever, and without the power of redemp tion! And the sting of it all lay in the thought that it might have been otherwise. Oh, what a revelation was that The chambers of my quickened memory were througed with a trooping multitude of past misdeeds. The ghosts of misspent hours haunted me like averging demons. and lashed me with their whip of scor-pions. It might have been otherwise! "What more," whispered the voice of

Mercy, "what more could I have done that I have not done for you? But you would not listen to me, and now your Think what a relief it was when a ray

of hope began to dawn upon me from the eserved. I began to recover. I was impatient for strength, that I might go to stole from the house and started for the church before I was able to walk the whole distance without resting. "Crazy, of course! Crazy as a loon!" It is always

goes crazy; and if you ask for evidence of insanity, they want no better proof than the fact itself. How can a man be so foolhardy as to abandon a respectable position in society, with a comfortable provision for this life, and go among strangers, with no earthly expectations without a single eye to the main chance and, most likely, ended in a desperate attempt to condone for my prevarication by an intense hatred of "Rome and all it and family? He must be crazy; and from this standpoint the argument is, at les

"He that forsaketh not father and mother, and wife and children, and houses and lands, yea, and his own life also, for My certain faith and complete exemption from sake, can not be My disciple."

There was a curious "coincidence"—I

There was a curious "coincidence"—I suppose the world would call it—connected with my reception into the Church, which struck me at the time, and, I may add, comatose state, with a mind wide awaketo all that was going on ground me; with a desire for life, and an irksome, oppressive sense of the bondage in which I was held; and yet apparently without the power to of my life's pilgrimage. If a Protestant can be said to have devotion to the saints, I may say that I had a special devotion to St. Paul, I admired his St. Paul. I admired his character, especially his courage and fidelity (propubly because I was conscious of defici ency of these virtues in myself). You do not Paul's, and I had a favorite sermon on t character of St. Paul which I used to preach when visiting other parishes. When came to be received, Father Borges asked me what Saint's name I would duty, of course; you have no thought of take. I replied that I had not thought of the matter; in fact, I was ignorant of the whole subject of patronal names, and I would leave it to him to gi any name he chose. "Well," said he, "this is the Festival of the Conversion St. Paul, I will give you the name of Paul," Who can tell how much I may have been indebted to this great Saint for the unspeakable grace of conversion, which came to me in spite of waywardness and left to follow the devices and desires of my own heart—to perish finally with the unbeliever? Thanks—The perish finally with the unthought or design on my part, was con-summated on the festival of his conversion?

> For diarrhæs, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart Weed. Specific, also, for break

SEALSKIN AND DIAMONDS

New York Freeman's Journal. A curious book about women has re-cently appeared. It is written by a Mrs. Wells, who seems to be very familiar with a number of facts not known to most people. She has discovered that "Caste" is a yoke under which women, who go out of their homes to work every day, bend as slavishly as their sisters in "society." Mrs. Wells declares that saleswomen will not associate with the tradeswomen, and that domestic servants are "Pariabs," so to speak, "in the eyes of all other working

women."

A writer in the Century magazine, last number, says: "I remember hearing a gentleman who had some official relation to the construction of a large public building, where the workmen were 'lunched' and the same of on the premises, say three different tables were necessary to preserve the different sorts of artisans from contact at their meals."

Jones would to bow to her acquaintance, Mrs. Smith, if she should see her on Fifth avenue engaged in the plebeian act of

wheeling a perambulator.
"Education" seems to be the cause of the
dislike of household labor—a dislike which drives thousands of young girls to ruin. It is safe to say that the most prosperous class of working women are the domestic ervants. They make their own terms; their wages, unless they choose to array themselves like the peonies of the garden, are clear profit. They are well-fed, well-housed; their lot is paradisaical compared with that of the "saleslady," who must vince of Dongola, and about 1852 came, lodge herself badly and eat little, in order with his four children, to Chindi, a small to keep up appearances. And yet the salesladies, "educated" in the atmosphere of the public school, cannot consider the servant as her social equal. As to sitting next to her at a table, it would be an in-

sult to propose it.

The mania for keeping appearances far beyond their natural level is evident to even a cursory observer of metropolitan life. The "trades-woman"—she who works honestly from seven until half-past five o'clock in a factory or warehouse of some sort—carries a load of books to her place of business and back from it again. It gives her a literary air, and gilds to the outward world the occupation of which she is heartily ashamed. Now how can people, who are ashamed of their work, do good work? The demon of "gentilwhich must be extirpated before American workingmen and women will be worth

It is "gentility" which causes the workng-woman to shudder at the words "work" and "women;" which makes her insist on the noun "lady," and to disdain house hold service. It is "gentility" which induces the workingman to spend his savings—or what ought to be his savings—in luxuries of which his father or mother his life, fasting and praying, burning would not have dreamed; consequently, incense day and night and repeatin when he is thrown out of work, he has ost nothing to depend on.

There is much "independence" and too little self-respect. There are young women, serving behind counters at stary 1. from the sacred books of Islam. Earthly tion wages, who would rather suffer privation than lose their places in their circle in society by accepting housework, but who do not hesitate to describe themselves divine perfections and to weep all his life as persons of reduced fortunes and of splendid antecedents. They have independence enough to be above honest and contented labor, but not self-respect enough to refrain from lying, in order to keep up a false appearance. The self-respect which is satisfied with being itself is a very rare attribute in American life.

cis Xavier to the folly of the world, and which in all ages has roused the souls of the aim of American women is not to be of wives, whom, as a truly practical man called to the Truth, but failed to listen to the call and to correspond with the grace; such and of the terrible judgment that awaits those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, those to whom the Judge, on the last day, the will say, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did not stark infidelity and atheism on the relative was distinctly presented to me contained the world, and which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of the day, shall it profit a man if he gain the whole loving embrace of dear old Mother which that they will ever change. On, statisfied, which in all ages has roused the souls of the day, and the invitation explain away; and the inevitation explain away; and the in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused the souls of which in all ages has roused t others' gowns and decorations is remarkable. An artist who wanted to find models for a materialization of the Seven Deadly Sins, could find a thousand suggestions for an effective Envy any day among the shoppers on Fourteenth street. The shopkeepers there say that there are idle women, the wives of hardworking husbands, whose chosen oc-cupation is "shopping"—that is, an aim-less wandering through the stores.

The rich have no longer a monopoly of gay or costly attire. In fact, the fashion of a woman's dress is not indicative of her position in a society which is becoming ore and more graded by the apparent amount of bonds, real estate, &c, owned by its members. The omnipresent seal kin and diamonds cover the shoulders and langle from the ears of the rich and poor alike. People of taste are noticeable for the simplicity of their dress. But, as a rule, the poor will not dress with simplicty, because they might be thought poor. nd this is the greatest disgrace that can efall an independent American: some times they prefer to "embezzle," or "kleptomaniaize," to remove a stain which only money can wipe out.

Simplicity and honesty are the needs of American life, not so much empty talk about the dignity of labor. If labor had really so much dignity in the eyes of work-ingmen as the labor orators pretend, they ould not always be so eager to shuffle it off; nor would their orators have thrown away the shovel and the pick to blow bubles from their lungs.

Self-respect will conserve honesty and implicity of life. It is often asked by "native Americans" how it is that "foreigners," especially Germans, manage to thrive where an independent son of this oil would starve. The answer to this lies in the everyday life of most of our German fellow citizens. They are simple and honest enough to be frankly frugal in their ways. German women, not having had the advantages of the American public school system, are not ashamed to work with their hands. If, at last, in the supreme moment of exaltation, they attain the diamonds and the sealskin, we may be sure they have worked for them, and that heir husbands are not worrying themselves into the grave to pay for these necessaries of life to the average American woman.

standing, that in schools not public, the desirability of simplicity and frugality is not always taught. St. Zita, a servant girl, who was canonized in spite of the dreadful degradation of her ess pointed to as a model than she de

erves! Present luxury and comfort are objects of general desire. Pretension and vulgar. ty, the straining after what will give one's neighbors a higher estimate of one's stand. ing in society, are vices that lead to sins

ing in society, are vices that lead to sins and sufferings incalculable.

If the lessons of this holy season of Lent could be laid to heart by all Christian women, a different emulation would follow. It would not be an emulation of pretensions, of sealskin and diamonds, of vulgar contempt for frugality and industry, but an emulation to imitate the model of carfeet nobility, simplicity, and humily of perfect nobility, simplicity, and humil-ity—the Virgin Mother, Princess of the ne of David, who worked with her hands

A Portrait of the Mahdi

saying is, as shotten herring, with a ma.

(From the Catholic World,) Imagine a man about forty years of age, of medium height, as lean, as the

hogany complexion, coal-black beard an eyes, and three vertical slashes on his pallid cheeks; add to this a long cotton shirt as a garment, a narrow turban as a head dress, a pair of wooden sandals, and in the hands—dry as those of a mumm—a string of ninety beads, corresponding to an equal number of divine attributes, and you have the Mahdi. Those who have seen him say that Mohammed Ahmed plays to perfection the part of a visionary dervish, waving his head when walking and murmuring constant prayers, his eye fixed on heaven. His father was a car-penter on Naft Island, in the Nubian proplaced as an apprentice under the care of one of his uncles, a shipbuilder of Cha-bakah, opposite Sennaar. It seems that the future prophet was not without his failings, for one day his uncle thought well of flogging him in a regular French style. The proceeding was not appreci-ated, and the child ran away until he arrived at Khartoum, where he entered a sort of school or convent of begging dervishes, who were in charge of the monu ment erected over the venerated remains of Cheick Hoghali, patron of the city. There his life was a remarkable one for his piety; but as to education, he never learned how to write or even how to rea fluently. Later he went to a similar institution in Berber, then to one in Aradu on the south of Kena. In the latter city he became, in 1870, the favorite disciple of an eminent faker, Cheick Nur-el Daim, and finally was ordained by him and went to Abbas Island, White Nile, His fame as a saintly man was ever of the name of Allah for hours at a until he would fall to the ground pantin and exhausted. If anybody spoke to hi things seemed to inspire him only with disgust and pity. He had made a vow to kept his best eye wide open to business and the faithful coming by thousands and depositing rich offerings at the mouth of his silo he never failed to see the gifts not days. In 1878 he had b come so wealthy It is as rare as simplicity and humility.

An observer of life in our large cities

Allah had ordered him to leave his silo

> Everyone has still fresh in his memory the appalling extermination of Hicks Pasha's eleven thousand men, surrounded on the 15th of November, 1883-the first day of the fourteenth century of the Hegira!-at Kaschil, while marching on El Obeid. This horrible butchery, happening on the threshold of the century announced as the one of the Last Prophet gave a bloody consecration to Meham ned-Abmed, who, after the three days pattle, went all over the battle-field, pierc ing with his spear the ghastly corpses of his enemies and exclaiming: "It is I, the Prophet, who destroyed the heretics Compared to him Mohammed was no nore, in his mind, than a small prophet He alone was the only great and powerful Messiah announced by Mohammed himself. The Sultan of Constantinople was no more the supreme Caliph, the chie med, and he ordered his own name to be invoked in public worship in the place of Mohammed's, right after the name o

Allah! I have said enough to show what kind of a man is the Nubian Mahdi.

ALFRED M. COTTE, LL.D.

Two Kinds of Progress.

The god which the nineteenth century worships is material progress; and from a worship so debasing, none other than debasing results can be expected. Progress is a word of very attractive sound; and it is the great shibboleth of the age; but it should be remembered that there are two kinds of progress—one upward, the other downward. And no progress can be truly regarded as upward which, while increasing material wealth and comfort, ignores the law of God as the foundation of public

order. - Christian Reid. The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has indisputably proven itself the very best known specific for all colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, in General Debility and Emaciation. Is a most valuable food and medicine, where the appetite is poor, and the food does not seem to nourish the body. This will be the control of th We may as well say, to avoid misunder. | body. This will give strength and vigor.

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