

her aunt's words entered her heart like a knife, yet she never thought of complaining. But took all the blame to herself, and silently accepted the doubts and fears that the somewhat rigid common-sense of her good old relative suggested.

At last Rose fell ill. It was either home sickness, or the sickness of deferred hope; there is very little difference between these two complaints. One day she leaned her head upon Alice's shoulder, and said in a whisper: 'My good angel, do not be angry with me; but I must leave you. I love you with my whole heart; and you are as good as the saints in heaven; but I weary every day for the sound of the river under my window, and I long to get back to the cows, and to see my uncle and aunt. I cannot eat at your grand table, and my appetite goes away when I sit down at it.'

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP ELROT. The following Pastoral Letter was read on last Sunday at all the cathedrals in the diocese: Henry Edward, by the Grace of God and the Favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop Elect of Westminster, to the Clergy, Secular and Regular, and the Faithful of the said Diocese.

As the Incarnation is the revelation of the Love of God, so the Sacred Heart is the interpreter of the Incarnation. In the face of Jesus Christ, as the Apostle says, we see reflected as in a mirror the Sanctity, the Justice, the Piety, the Love, the Compassion, the Glory, of the Invisible God. In the Sacred Heart we see another array of perfections which have been elevated to Divine attributes, the Humility, Patience, Generosity, Tenderness, the Self-sacrifice of God Incarnate. We see in Him the perfect character of Kinship, Brother and Friend, of Teacher, Master, Saviour and Redeemer.

Charity. The object and labors of this work, by which already some hundreds of our most destitute children have been rescued from every kind of danger and placed in homes of Christian and Catholic education, demand our heartfelt respect and sympathy. We are also to the zeal of those who first commenced it a warm expression of gratitude.

White Mlle. de Tournfort was speaking, Alice had listened with a visible effort, and with her hands clasped, as if in pain. Every one of

Coal oil, they say, is a sure death to caterpillars. Rub the nests with a brush of feathers, when the worms are in them.

And now it is not possible for us to do more than touch in the slightest way on this beautiful devotion to our Divine Master, and to point out its intimate connection with the work of compassion for which we ask your Akas to-day.

The other topic is the Immaculate Conception

DAUNY'S ROCK. The bell-boat which the Ballast Board consented to place as a warning signal on Daun's Rock, was successfully moored to the rock. Although the weather was exceedingly calm, the yachtsmen who were out in the neighborhood of the rock heard the sound of the bell at a considerable distance. In anything like heavy weather the bell would, of course, be heard much further off, and consequently there is every reason to believe that the signal will be a sufficient guard against the single danger that lies in the passage to the fire harbor of Cork. Cork Examiner.