

Mother's Way. FATHER RYAN. Oft within our little cottage As the shadows gently fall, When the sunlight touches softly One sweet face upon the wall...

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

"I wonder," said Madame d'Auban, hesitatingly, "if he can be the Natches we once knew, our friend Ontara's companion till they landed in France..."

turbed the tranquillity of the night. Then a sort of faintness, the result of intense watching, came over her. She slipped out of bed, put on her dressing gown and shoes, and with a hood over her head...

during the days which followed, she was often in high spirits. The friendship between her and the young de la Croix grew lighted at the result of the baron's discomfiture at the result of Mandrin's projected attack...

me very strange. Our own destiny has been so extraordinary, and Mina is so young really, though she looks grown up, that a regular proposal of marriage for her took me by surprise."

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN TO CATHOLIC MOTHERS.

I say, then, to the mothers and fathers and the older brothers and sisters of little children, be thoroughly Catholic yourselves, and teach the younger ones to love you; and they will be Catholics too...

MARSHAL BUGEAUD AND HIS MEDAL.

The famous Marshal Bugeaud were constantly a medal which he had received from his little daughter on the day of her first Communion. One day, after setting out on an expedition, he perceived that he had forgotten his medal, and calling one of his soldiers, he said to him: "My brave fellow, your Arabian steed can make the eleven miles in an hour. I have left my medal hanging in my tent, and I do not wish to begin battle without it, I shall stop the army here, and wait in hand, await your return."

ONLY A CUP OF WATER.

The brave Sir Philip Sydney, one of Queen Elizabeth's favorite and trusted soldiers, was severely wounded at the battle of Zutphen. Scarcely able to sit on his horse, his agony was so great that he was obliged to call for water while being conducted from the field, and when it was brought to him, as he put it to his lips, he saw a common soldier being carried past, whose eyes were fixed with a dazed and agonizing look on the cup. Without hesitating a moment, he raised the cup to his lips and passed it to the dying man, with the words: "Thy necessity, friend, is greater than mine."

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

It is better remarkable in reading over the long list of Spanish officials present at the baptism of the young Princess in Madrid, on September 14th, amidst the roll of grandees, nobles and hidalgos, whose names carry one back to the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, to find the Captain-General of Madrid, a certain Gen. Patricio Fernandez O'Ryan. We all know where that name came from. General O'Ryan, like the illustrious Gen. of Tormes, better known, perhaps, as Marshal O'Donnell, is the descendant of an expatriated Irishman. There is, however, one difference in the cases. The Duke's ancestor was of noble blood—indeed, was of Tyrone's princely line; whereas the Captain-General is the grandson of an untitled Irish gentleman, nearly eighty years ago, when they were hanging men and women for the wearing of the green, he escaped the scaffold in Ireland, and fled to Spain. He made good his way to Zimaraes, where a relative of his was one of the thesaurary officers. Eventually by the aid of a friend who had influence at the Spanish Court, he secured an appointment in the West Indies, and rose to a position of command in Cuba. The grandson of that fugitive Irishman is the Lieutenant-General O'Ryan of to-day.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

This is a neat little book devoted exclusively to entertain and instruct the young. It is drawn up in a simple and engaging manner, and supplies illustrations which are far in advance of anything of a like character we have yet seen. The Russell Publishing Company, Boston, are the publishers.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

A cough is usually the effort of Nature to expel some morbid matter irritating the air passages of the lungs. It may, however, proceed from an inflamed or irritable condition of the throat, a slight rash or humor often being perceptible. Let the cause be what it may, the remedy should be Hageny's Pectoral Balsam. A purely vegetable balsamic throat and lung balm. For sale by all dealers in medicines, at 25 cents per bottle.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The total number of Catholic dioceses in the world is about 1,100. M. Marguad, near Toulouse, a Protestant gentleman of fortune, has given shelter to forty exiled Religious. The farewell sermon of Archbishop Feenhan, at Nashville, brought tears to the eyes of the immense congregation. The Benedictine priory at Conception, Mo., has been made an abbey, with the Rt. Rev. Frown Conrad as its first abbot. Father Burke is now in Spain engaged in important matters with the Provincial of the Dominicans. He is expected to return home in a few weeks and lecture in Glasgow early in January. It is stated in the Monde, and others of the Catholic journals of Paris, that during his last illness, Offenbach, the celebrated composer of comic opera, received the last Sacraments of the Church. His funeral obsequies were solemnized in the Church of the Madeleine. The third centenary of St. Teresa will occur in about two years, and a writer in the Unta Catholica asks Italian Catholics to commence preparing for its celebration. The nuns of Loreto Convent at Dalkey, near Dublin, keep lights burning in their house for the benefit of distressed mariners, and their gatekeeper gives information to the police when a wreck seems imminent. The Pere Monsabre, who is at present at Flavigny, near Dijon, has written to a friend to say that immediately after the expulsion of the Dominicans from France he shall not hesitate to appear again in his habit in the pulpit of Notre Dame. When the Dominicans were expelled from the island of St. Domingo, a few weeks ago they were offered a shelter by a Protest in banner of that city, named M. Courtois de Vicos, who invited them to his house and received them with the greatest respect. The following are the names of a few of the more prominent Catholic musicians of the past and present: Balfe, Verdi, Donizetti, Gluck, Haydn, Liszt, Mozart, Alcestrina, Rossini, Spohr, Veroi, Clementi, Beethoven, Gounod, Bellini Pergolesi, Paganini, and Carl Maria von Weber. The sarcophagus of Roger of Tuscany, Bishop of Lausanne, who was buried in Lausanne Cathedral in 1210, was opened a few weeks ago. The body was found intact, the features were perfectly recognizable, and the six and a half centuries had not sufficed to destroy the texture of his episcopal robes. A list containing the names of the Catholic missionaries who shed their blood for the faith in 1878 has just been published. The number is eighty. The names of those which furnished the most victims are the Society of Foreign Missions and the Society of Jesus. Then came respectively the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the Lazarists, the Augustinians, the Priests of St. Sulpice, the Missionaries of Algiers, and the Priests of Mary. China, Japan, the Indies, Cochin, China, Africa, and America have been the theatres of these heroic deaths, which show that the Catholic Church has to-day the same God-given vitality as when eighteen hundred years ago its members were savagely persecuted by Nero. However things seem, no evil thing succeeds, and no good thing is a failure.—Samuel Longfellow. Trust a man to be good and true, and even if he is not, your trust will tend to make him such.—Max Muller. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitude of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them. To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, makes a great and noble spirit. Truth is never drowned in rain; you plunge deeper beneath the water she friends rises to the surface.—St. Pierre. A man is rich indeed when he has friends who are willing to stand by him when his fortune disappears. If you want your children to be good you must be good yourself, for, as the French say, What is born of a cat will catch mice. Not a day passes in which our Lady does not intercede herself for us. A thousand times and more has she mentioned names to God, in such a sweet, persuasive way that the Heart of Jesus sought not to resist it though the things she asked were very great for such as we are.—St. Peter. We must remember that the afflictions of the righteous are many; but the Lord delivereth them out of them all. Let us sit, therefore, fasten to that haven of safety, Christ our Lord, patiently enduring whatsoever sufferings we may have to undergo for His sake.—St. Peter. We are tempted to say sometimes that there is an evil spirit in things, which takes pleasure in spiting us, thwarting our desires, and resisting our will. The more we declare we show ourselves, the more we wish to hasten, the more they persist in remaining. . . . Gentleness will cause us to look upon them kindly and touch them delicately. . . . and this regard and this tact will, as it were, restore their good-nature.—Golden Sands. I have always aspired, and, for my own part, have always been able, to find in Catholicism all that struck me as true and good in other religions. This character of universal truth, comprising all the fragments of truth which exist elsewhere, is all that encourages one to enter the arena of discussion in the name of the Catholic Church. There is no end possible to human debates, because each man holds a fragment of truth, and stabs his adversary with his keen point. But Catholicism contains all the virtues which men employ against her.—Prince de Broglie. NEVER RETURN. It is said that one out of every four real invalids who go to Denver, Col., to recover health never return to the East or South except as a corpse. The undertakers, next to the hotel keepers, have the most profitable business. This excessive certainty may be prevented and patients saved and cured under the care of friends and loved ones at home, if they will but use Dr. Bitters in time. This we know. See other column.