Love's Autumn BY PAUL H. HAYNE

I would not lose a single silvery ray Of those white locks which, like a milky way Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hatr: I would not lose, O Sweet ! the misty shine Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eves

Whence love looks forth, touched by the shade of care: I would not miss the droop of thy dea:

month, would not miss each delicate flower that blows On thy wan check, the soft September's rose Blashing but faintly on its faitering stem:

I would not miss the air of chastened grace, Which breathed divinely from thy patient

Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in

Naught would I lose of all thou hast, or art, O friend supreme ! whose constant, stainless heart Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers re; he flesh fails, strong love grows more While

Divinely beautiful, with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet, repine, Nor geet its mellowing close with thankless tears.

Love's Spring was fair, love's Summer brave and bland, But trough Love's Autumn mist I view the and— The land of deathless Summer yet to be:

There I behold thee young again, and bright, In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light; But there, as here, thou smilest. Love, on me ! - Sertbner's Magazine.

100 STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"An early Paradise." murmured her mother, clasping her to her breast. Mina threw her arms round her neck and covered her with kisses. Then she followed with her eyes on her father's hand as he point d out to her the habitation of St. Andre, and they rested on the sugar cane and cotton fields, and on a long line of neg oes marching home from their wor-, wed by an overseer with a whip in

quite in that way since we left St. Aga-

'Papa," she said, gently stroking her father's ha d, "you will have to manage a great many plantations here besides the we see from this window, round St. Andre.'

Yes, my sweetest; please God, we may do some good here." "You will have a great many slaves ?"

Yes, my child; there is no work done here except by slaves." "I wish I h d not left Father Claver's

Lite at the Chateau de la Croix, papa. There are no slaves there. I should like to read it again here."

"Do not you know it by heart, Min-?" a ked her father, smiling. "Almost by heart," she answered slowly

with her eyes again turning towards the plantations, and the long files of black men bearing their burdens home. The story of that life-long apostleship among the slaves of Brazil Fad, indeed, been conned by the young girl till it had awakened thought which. awakened thoughts which-

Condensed within her soul, And turned to purpose stro

I here is a happiness, real, intense happiness in this world. How should we such extraordinary vicissitudes, heaved a guess at the joy of heaven, if we had never tasted happiness on earth? There her brow. ments when our hearts se full of bliss for their strength. When an innocent ardent wish is fulfilled; when a great happiness has come to one we lov ourselves: when a long anguish is at an end, or a new gladness has come to our homes, there is a light, a brightness a radience thrown over cur lives beautiful in its way, and it is often good to have blossoms Pure earthly joys are which often be r fruit when they are themselves withered and gone. there are Hallowtide summers in summers in the autumn of life which have a softened brilliancy of their own-b eathing times allowed in the race of existence. Such were the years which followed the arrival of the wanderers in the Island of Bour-By the dark blue sea he so much 0011. loved, amidst the spice groves and orange flowers of that delicious land, in the per-formance of pleasant duties and the full-est enjoyment of domestic happiness, their hearts even dowing with a fit of the fit. nearts ever-flowing with affection for each other and for their child; beloved by their dependants; all but worshipped by their slaves, whose fate was exceptionably happy, and generally liked by their neighbors; months and years went by in peaceful serenity. Some colonists, indeed, were wont to remark that Colonel d'Auban had eccentric ideas on certain points. He had been known to invite to dinner a welleducated quadroon, and to take into his bouse the widow of a man who had died of a broken heart, because his father had cursed aud disinherited him for marrying a woman with pegro blood in her veins; and he permitted his daughter to do extraordinary things, which did not alway meet with public approval. But the girl was so beautiful, and so beloved, and looked so like an angel, that much was not said on that score. And Madame d'Auban we would fain take leave of her was pretty rooms, or her charming garden; greeting every friend with kind words, every stranger with a courteous smile, every sufferer with soothing sympathy. Less active than of yore, for the chinate was enervating, she often reclined on a couch in the verandah, whence she could see the waves rippling on the shore, and the white waves nearing the coast. Visi-tors crowded about the sub-governor's lovely wife, and whispers went abroad that she was not born a thousand miles away from a palace. Rumors more or less removed from the truth, but generally credited in the island, ascribed her ample means, her boundless generosity, and the union in her manner of courteousness

now no longer portionless, and when Mina is happily married there will be nothing left for her mother to wish. This would be a pleasant way of conclud-ing a tale; but the story, the legend, if you will, which we have been endeavoring to illustrate, ends not here; and there are some who may wish to trace to its close "Do you wish to hear about her, M. de Saxe? Wo"ld you like her mother to relate to you the life and death of the little girl you remembered so well ?" "Nothing would interest me more. But you, dear friend, have you the strength to go through this recital?" "I should wish you to know what she some who may wish to trace to its close the course of so strange a life. For them

the tollowing pages are written. Let others close the book, if from weariness they have not done so yet. CHAPTER X.

Here I fain would end, Leaving her haibor'd; but her stern kind fates. is forwent her. Like her life, her No

negative or neutral; great in pains, onsolations greater. Aubrey de Vere.

Aubrey de Vere. Slowly across the gleaning sky, A crowd of white ancels are passing by; Like a fleet of swans they float along, or the silver notes of a dying song. Like a cloud of incense their pinions rise, Fading away up the parple silve. But hush, for the silent glory is stirred. By a strain such as earth has never heard. Open, Oh heaven ! we bear her, This genile maiden mild. Earth's griefs we gladly spare her, From earthly ly swe tear her, Still undeiled. And to thine arms we bear her, Thise own, thy child. Open, Oh heaven ! no morrow Will see this joy o'er-ast, No pain, no tears, no sorrow, Her gentle heart will borrow; Sad life is p us. Shelded and safe from sorrow, At home at last. More some box ne has the day. C

Adelaide Procter.

Many years later than the date of the last chapter, at the close of a November day, in Brussels, the shutters were being closed in the small sitting room of a rez du chaussee in the rae de Prae, not far from the Cathedral of St. Gudule. A lamp had just bren placed on the table,

this wonderful man ?"

man for a model; and I dare to say that

in her measure, and with he feeble strength, she copied into her own the

features of that saintly life. The same love which burnt in his heart, inflamed

hers. It was consuming fire. It sus-tained her strength, even whilst her fragile form wasted away. It could not be

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FACE OF CHRIST.

A celebrated Italian artist was once em

ployed in painting the Last Supper of Our Lord. One by one he studied the charaes ters of the Apostles, and then settled in his

own mind and painted on canvas a form of countenance in which any beholder might see each character expressed.

Get it for your children.

The true girl has to to be sought for.

or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses and turn them when necessary,

with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her ceremony. She'll keep everything nice in your sky parlor higher than ever.

how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't

A LADY'S WISH.

Throw

Address orders to

He then applied himself to the character

stayed.

where an elderly lady, dressed in black. was tying up a number of parcels, and writing upon them the names of the arti-

cles they contained. "Autoine," she said to the old man who was stirring the fire and trying to make the room comfortable, "is not to-morrow the day that the c se must be sent and to the Foreign Missions?" "To-day is Thursday; to-morrow con-

sequently Friday. Yes, madame, I must take it to the office before four o'clock." Then lingering by the table as if glad of

followed by an overseer with a whip in his hand. She cried: "O how beautiful is the sea! and bow lovely the trees and the sky! and the most beautiful thing of all, mamma, is the smile on your face. I h ve not seen you smile quite in that way since we left St. Aga-the !" many dozens of rosaries and pictures; and the Gospels just printed in Paris, in the Indian language; and the chalice, a very handsome one too! and vestments they would not despise at St. Gudule. Faith the good father will be famously well set And what are these things, I won-Clothes, I declare; red and blue and up. der ! yellow handkerchief for Mesdames les Sauvagesses, as poor M. de Chambelle used

"Somebody is ringing, Antoine. It is perhaps M. le Care, or the nuns of St. Charles."

Antoine went to the door, and remained for a few minutes in conversation with the person outside. When he came back into the room he looked a little excited. "A gentleman asks to see madame-mebody she knows very well, but somebody she knows very well, b whom she has not seen for a long time."

"Who is it ?" she quic ly answered. "Madame, it is the Comte Marechal de Saxe.

Madame d'Auban, for the pale and now gray-headed woman in this little lodging was the same who, during half a century of her earthly pilgrimage, had gone through

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

The life of Jesus Christ on earth is a manifestation of the love of God for man. God created man, soul and body: his body He made from the slime of the earth, The made from the sime of the earth, his soul he created from nothing. Man's soul is the image of God bearing the im-press of the Blessed Trinity. Not only did God in His ommotorenee and infinite goodness create man, but also in His in-finite love He redeemed near from ever-heting misery. God was so filled wer-"I should wish you to know what she was. How in the words of the Bible, 'being perfect in the short space she ful-filled a long time.' Ever si ce she could think or speak, Mina's passion, if I may so speak, was charity. At the time you knew her, the temporal sufferings and the lasting misery. God was so filled with love for man's soul and valued it so highspiritual necessities of the people amongst whom she was born, the Indians of North ly that He sent His Beloved Son to assume our gross nature and atone for our sins. Jesus Christ, God and man, lived over America, were continually in her thoughts, and her attachment to the young Indian thirty years on earth and d ring that time gave innumerable proofs of His great love who had adopted her as his sister at the period of our captivity, partly arose from this engrossing feeling. She looked upon him as the representative of that suffering race, and before we left France, she re-fused the hand of the Chevalier de la Croix, whom we wished her to marry, on this Indian not to marry a white man. She seemed to consider it as a pledge to She seemed for some form or other to devote hers If in some form or other to his, and, as she called them, her own people. We did not thwart her on this point which we looked upon as a childish fancy We did not thwart ber on this point, She was too young at that time to be married, and the chevalier's parents were willing to wait. After our arrival at Bourbon, and our establishment at St. Bourbon, and our establishment at St. Andre, the slaves became the object of her intense solicitude. Whilst we were still in America, at the convent I believe, she had become possessed of a life of Father Peter Claver, which had made the deepest strength, and reward. For this end He instituted the holy sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, through which, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, He became the food and nourishment of our souls. "And impression on her. You are not a Catho-lic, Maurice, but you may have heard of whilst they were at supper Jesus took "Is he not the priest who was called the apostle of the Brazils ?" read and blessed and broke and gave His disciples and said: Take ye and eat, this is my Body. And taking the Chalice "Yes; for forty years and more he labored under the burning sun of South America, and devoted himself, soul and He gave thanks and gave them saying: Drink ye all of this, for this is my Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed ody, to the conversion of the negroes in for many unto the remission of sins." Oh, happy words, uttered by Jesus, rested ground C rthazena. His life was pent in consoling, relieving, and instructin the omnipotent power of His eternal Father ! What an impoverished world ing them. In the pestilenti i holds of the slave ships he went to greet them on God and true man, Jesus Christ, true God and true man, Jesus Christ, Body and Blood, soul and divinity, the food and their arrival. He passed whole days in the noisome buildings to which they were consigned on landing, breathing an nourishment of man's soul in this world which after a few minutes caused the his reward in eternity. How ungrateful we are to our good God who has manifes-ted such unbounded love for us. God created our souls for no other purpose than to have such with each other purpose strongest men to faint away. He fol-lowed them to the scene of their labors; to the houses of their purchasers. He meditated between them and their masters, than to love, and without this we and exposed himself to ill-treatement for live. We mast either love God or love ourselves and the world. If we love God their sakes. It was given to him to work miracles in their behalf; the hearts of cruel our souls are satisfied and they rest in quiet; but if we love Him not there is no men softened when he spoke; cupidity and cruelty stayed their hands at his word. M. de Saxe, from the moment of our ar rival at St. Andre, Mina took this holy

rest for us. The riches, the pleasures, the vanities, of the world torment and distract us, and the more we love them the more dissatisfied are we within ourselves. As the thirst of our bodies cannot be appeased by impure water, so the thirst of o which causes us always to seek and wish for rest, cannot be satisfied by anything less than God himself, for as St. Augustine says: God made us for Himself, and our hearts will always be restless until they repose in Him. God has done everything repose in Him. God has done everything to make us love Him. He created us with hearts full of love, that we might love Him with the full strength of our affect tions and that through this strong love He might reign in our hearts like a king on throne. If we consider the whole course of our

religion we find that everything in it pro-claims the excessive love of God for man. When we come into the world we are in sin, but Jesus instituted a source of grace He then applied himself to the character of our Saviour. He studied the attributes ot His Minu and Heart. He sought all the stores of his own inventive fancy for a combination of features and complexion which should express these attributes—the conscious power, the wisdom, the holiness, the love, the mercy, the meckness, the patience, the whole character of the Divine by which our souls are rendered pure and spotless. The waters of Babtism are

He

BIGOTRY.

The days of bigotry are not over. We pick up a western exchange and find a community excited over a matter some-thing like this. The ladies of the Congregational church, by socials, concerts and the li.e, had raised a fund for the purpose of purchasing a church carpet. It happened that there were two carpet dealers in town, one a Cathelic and the other a Baptist. Both exhibiting samples, offered induce-ments and stirred themselves generally for the job. The Catholic carpet took the eye of many, perhaps most of the ladies, but was rather higher priced than the other. The dealer then offered a reduction, and in addition, agreed to sew it and put it down. Unable still to decide, the storegave innumerable proofs of His great love for man. As Jesus drew near to the close of His mortal career the proof of His love became greater. Thus we see Him at the last supper with the greatest love engaged in the washing the feet of His disciples, in order that by such a striking example they might be led to imitate His Catholic. Harmony after that was impos-humility, and also to show them with side. No cold or forces in the same care to the same division of example they might be led to imitate His Catholic. example they might be led to imitate His humility, and also to show them with what purity and sanctity they should receive His last great gift in which He manifested His excessive and unbounded love for man. How beautifully the Evan-gelist expresses the great ove of Jesus for man when he save the first over of Jesus for maintested his excessive and unbounded love for man. How beautifully the Evan-gelist expresses the great over of Jesus for man when he says that "having His own who were in the world He loved them to the end." The love of Jesus for man was so great, so excessive, that He wished to abide with man and be his smelification, then the unincides must absund situation. We prophesy a stagnation of business in that the must be minicides must absund situation. We prophesy a stagnation of business in that

the trade will be so cut up that there will be no money in it for mybedy, If an an i-Cathone should get sick, to

be consistent he must send for an anti-Catholic doctor, get the prescription filled by an anti-Catholic druggist, and buy flannels and nustard from an anti-Cath-olic merchant. 11 these parties are at different corners of the town, the patient may be past recovery before the messenger returns. But he will have the satisfaction of dying a martyr to principle. The town will die in the same way if it doesn't look out. There will be a dearth, too, of revivals there this winter. The early growth of Boston was very retarded by the insane bigotry of the Puritans, who, having fled to this country to obtain religious treedom, denied it to othera. Let us have peace on the religious question. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is the doctrine of the New Testament .- Philadelphia Journal.

ARCHBISHOP MACHALE TRUE TO THE LAST.

It is now nigh half a century ago since Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Minto in Italy, to see the Pope, and ask his Holi-ness, on the part of the British Governthat he had not a petition for its patronage from the British Government. In this matter he would exercise his discretion; and in the interests of the Church and her faithful people John of Tuam was ap-pointed. From that time till now his Grace has witnessed many years of trial, has led his people through many a crisis has led his people through many a crisis of combat; and neither Rome nor Ireland has had reason to regret the Papal choice. The first diocese in Ireland to tender its sterling symmetry is the two reasons of the contains and in the utter a destruction of the country." Such is the evidence of the commander of the forces, a man who had not shruk from gross bar-barities in the revolted colonies of the vew

THE WEST OF IRELAND.

When Lord Erne's Ulster tenants arrived at Lough Mask to dig Captain Boycott's potatoes and thresh his oats, Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam, said if the people permitted the strangers to return home un-molested the crisis in the west of Ireland might be considered over. The peasantry of Mayo have no love for Ulstermen is on the western shore of Lough Mask, within a mile or two of Boycott's house, that John Reid, "the Ulster priest hunter," ites buried. In the time of the Penal Code this man was one of the chief informers against the clergy in the county Mayo, being ironically nicknamed 'S Soggarth" (the priest's John). Sham At that time priests were required to be registered and forbidden to leave their own parishes, that the authorities might the more easily enforce the law prohibiting them from say ing Mass and from teaching their flocks, Many of them, however, flod to the mounthe election, and the standard situation. We it seems a most absurd situation. We prophesy a stagnation of business in that town if the principles maintained by the anti-Cathonics are carried out to their had taken refuge from a mob of infuri-had logical conclusion. The merchant will have had taken refuge from a mob of infuri-had taken refuge from a mob of infuri-scatter of the refuge from a mob of infuri-had dentified from a spot bearing the awful name of the refuge from a spot bearing the awful name of the refuge from a spot bearing the awful name of the refuge from a spot bearing the awful name of the refuge fro lawyer (astaily on the rence in such that ters) must suffer wich the rest. No matter how many liberal stores there are in town, there must be an anti-there is to want the domand, and then demessie, pea-ants were hanged on the market cross. At (laremorris thirty wo-men a.d children were sabred and tr mpled to death one Easter morning by a squadron of half-drunken yeomanry comnauded by Geoffrey Browne, Lord Oran more's great-grandfather; and in Bhorra Gharra, a street in that town leading to Balla, stands a stone building where the victims of the Ulstermen were flogged. The stories told of the atrocities of that period would be incredible were they not amply sustained by the official reports. Lord Cornwallis in his "Correspondence" says: "The yeomanry are in the style of the loyalists in America, orly much more numerous and powerful and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved their country, but they now take the These men have lead in rapine and murder. The conver sation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood, and the conversation, even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns upon hing-ing, shooting and burning. If a priest has been put to death the greatest joy is ex-pressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation." In another letter he says: "The accounts that you see of the number of the enemy destroyed in every action are, I conclude, greatly exaggerated. From my ness, on the part of the Brush Governe ment, not to appoint MacHale to the See of Tuam. Anybody but MacHale! His understand to the request that no could be tilled in battle, and I am much could that any man in a brown coat who ishopric ever became vacant in Ireland hat he had not a petition for its patronage is found within several miles of the field of action is butchered without discrimination." Again, he says, the members of both houses of the Irish Parhament wanted him to "pursue measures that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater

th

ou

W

or

cep sid the

Ca

tha

cles

on risi

per thin ma

Rev

cres whe

mis

the

an o tent that prof

proi den the

our

root

prac the

now

fam fam

of the new sitle

writ style he w Phil

hum adva toxi-urge from The the blas not : crow wou

man man drui

hlasp

erim

of th pher

agai foug beca

take

soul

P

ciali righ

pres fron has Soci

kno Tho Ameless he is plea is th stitu seek

and dignity, of kindness and reserve, to a regal origin, vaguely and variously hinted at. Yes, it would be well thus to part with her. The present is bright, and the future is smiling. For Raoul de la Croix watch the slow decline of that young ex-

is soon coming to seen his young bride, listence !

"Beg M. le Marechal to come in," she said, and rose to receive him.

There was but little visible emotion in her manner when first they met. He seemed embarrassed, as persons often are when they come into the presence of one whom they suppose to be in great afflic. tion. She greeted him kindly, but a careless observer would have said, coldly-"It is very good of you to have thought of me, M. de Saxe. Several years have elapsed since my return to Europe, and during that time I have not seen one I used to know. You are looking well. I used to know. You are looking well. I perceive time has dealt leniently with you. It is only in fame that you can be con-sidered old." This was said with a smile which recalled to his mind, though faintly, e smiles of other days. "And you, madame," he answered,

you whom fate h s so cr elly used. . She waved her hand, and interrupted No, my dear friend, say not so; him. God has been very good to me

For a moment neither of them spoke, For a moment neither of them spoke, he looked at her faded eyes, her gray hair, tied and turned up according to the fashion of the d y, but not powdered, only bound by a black ribbon, and a c p such as widows wore at the there is a fashed the last time they had met at the thought of a burger threat the thought made. of a human power thrusting itself be-tween her and those she loved, and now, " the fire has gone out of them; quenched by many tears," he said to himself. And then he glanced at a picture over the She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But ob, what a heart she has when you find her. So large and pure and chimney, but quickly turned his eyes away till he saw that hers were fixed upon womanly. When you see it you wonder womanity. When you see it you women, if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousands are millions. She'll not ask for a carriage

'Do you think it like ?" she asked. "I never saw in my life anything so ke," he answered; and then after a little hesitation, said, "Madame, I have never forgotten that face. It has haunted me is painful for you to speak of her?" "No, Maurice, I find a sweetness in it. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astorish you with the new thought

Except sometimes to my old servant, I never breathe her name. But it is not because I fear to do so. You remember ier, then ?"

you are a brute), and teach you to pity while you scorn a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly thinks it-"I see her as if she was standing before ne with her wonderful beauty, and that gaze which had in it all a woman's tenderself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go ness and a child's simplicity. It was not her mind only, but her whole soul which find the true woman, and you can. seemed to speak in her face. An, mad-ame ! how could death be so cruel as to rob you of that fair creature ? How dared away that eight, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.-O. W. Holmes. it to approach her ?'

"She did not think it cruel, she wel-

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "you can easily make it so," answered the friend. "Hew?" inquired the first

lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

the love, the mercy, the meckness, the patience, the whole character of the Divine Redeemer. He sought long, intensely, tion by which we become strong and perfor by which the true soldiers of Jesus feet Christians, the true soldiers of Jesus Christ. But all this was not sufficient for the love of Jesu- towards man. As we but in vain. very countenance he could imagine fell evidently far below; and at last he threw down his pencil in despair declaring that "the face of Christ could not be painted." have seen, on the eve of His passic left us His ownself to be our spiritual food. What an ungrateful being man is to fail in loving God in return for such love ? God knew how weak sin had rendered man, that our souls like our bodies would A PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. At the beginning of this year, an illus-trated weekly paper for Catholic boys and girls was started at Baltimore, Maryland. be subject to sickness, and so He instituted the sacrament of penance for the recon Its stories have been so excellent, and its pictures so beautiful, that it has won for ciliation of the sinner to God He institutes sacraments to enable us to fulfil itself a wide circle of friends. It has

our offices in this life, whether, having the Aaron call, are raised to the dignity of the priesthood or whether destined for the world abroad. But even this was not all. doubled the number of its pages, and had engraved the humber of its pages, and had engraved for it a very pretty heading. As it has the approbation of Archbishop Gib-bons, the favor of many pastors and par-ents, and its own intrinsic merits to help it to success, it ought to be come a regular visitor in thousands of Catholic families. As Jesus had instituted sacraments or sources of grace for our infancy, for childhood, for our manhood and old age, so he instituted one to be received when our course in this world is about to close. Its cost is only one dollar a year, which is less than two cents a week, and when He knew well the terrors that would be likely to seize on us when the shadows of death would hang round us and that we might be able to resist the temptations and large quantities are taken in Sundaya reduction from this price is fierce assaults of Satan, and offer up our souls to God in peace, He instituted the Sacrament of Extreme-Unction. THE CHIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 53 Lexington Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

God has left nothing undone which ould excite man to love and merit. He left us His Sacraments. He commanded us to have recourse to prayer in all our difficulties, promising that if we only we should receive. He gave us His Holy Law, according to which we were to mould our lives, according to which we were to mould our lives, according to which we are to be judged. He placed us in our Holy Church and gave us ministers to direct and govern us. He left us His Holy doctrine, which He gave us through His Beloved Son, Jesus Christ who sanctified our souls by embracing the miseries, the afflictions and poverty of the world, sanctified our souls by piercing agony in the garden, by cruel scourging at the pillar, by by the parching thirst on the cross, by His acred hands and feet pierced through with large nails, redeemed and sanctified our souls by shedding the last drop of His Blood and offering up His life and death to His offering up His life and death to His heavenly Father in atonement for the sins of His creatures. Let us turn our hearts and affections to

esus and love Him with a true and solid Let us have recourse to His Sacred Heart, the fountain of love. In the Sac-red Heart of Jesus we will find everything, consolation, power, love, and mercy, mility and patience, joy and peace. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is a vast ocean of Love and charity."

The Scott Act is to be tried in Halton,

Hamilton and Wentworth.

sterling sympathy to the traversers of 1844 was that of Tuam; and his Grace, now and in this riot of hanging, flogging and pitchlong the doyen of the Irish Hierarchy, was the spokesman of his clergy and his lay flock to the Government of the day, as well as the medium of the tribute to the Liberator, who delighted to call his friend "The Lion of the Fold of Judah." latest patriotic act of John of Tuam mas been to send in his subscription for the defence of Mr. Parnell and the other tra-defence of Mr. Parnell and the other tra-

Early marriages are more apt to be happy than late ones If our advice is good for anything, we would recommend all who intend to enter the matrimonial state to do so early in life. Many in after life regret time foolishly spent and the money they squandered before th y settled down in life. During this time of foolishness they acquire having of here h foolishness they acquire habits of drunkenness and dissipation which leave a lasting impression upon them. The quicker a young man settles down and makes a home for himself the better for him. H will then have a competency for his old age, which is greatly to be desired. Those ears thrown away cannot be again re-overed. They are lost forever. And all the regrets of after years can never bring them back. It will do no good to say, I the regrets of all do no good to say, them back. It will do no good to say, wish I had all the money I spent foolishly. It would help me now. But one can take Voung It would help me now. But one these precautions beforehand. man, marry young.-Milwaukee Catholic Citizen. Citizen.

The French Canadian Poet Frechette tells a story of how a single line of his early poems kept him and his chum warm during a cold Canadian winter. He his friend were living in the attic of an old Quebec house, and depended on a stove-pipe, passing through the floor from a lower apartment, for artificial warmth. It was not strange that a short poem written in this apartment should contain the line, "Shivering in my att: poor." But when his landlady saw it in a local newspaper, r good heart got the better of her pique for when the young men came home on the following day they found a stove in the room and were lectured as follows: "Gentlemen, we are very indulgent, considering your noisy meetings. We are not very particular when rent day arrives, and if you shivered in your room it would have been better to have said so privately than to have complained of it in the news

papers.' Do not say your prayers as if you speaking into empty air and God was three hundred miles away in an impenetra-

in this riot of hanging, a build. A party capping by the staff in Dublin. A party trading at night. They of them were patrolling at night. They entered a cabin occupied by a woman and her son. One of the yeomanry charged the lad with being a rebel, and he denied The it. Another trooper fired and broke his

number of the inhabitants and in the

defense was that the trooper was a very loyal subject and that he had killed the youth believing him to be a rebel, and the youth believing him to be a rebel, and the court found "that the prisoner did shoot and kill Thos. Dougherty, a rebel, but without malicious or wilful intention of murder." Even Lord Cornwallis could not stand this, but rebuked the members of the court and ordered that the murderen "should not be admitted to any corps of yeomanry in the kingdom." In another case, where an officer with a squad of Ulster fencibles perpetrated a most diabolical murder near Athenry, the court-mar-tial found that "at the time when the crime was committed they did not think that they were doing an improper act in nutting a person that they thought to be putting a person that they thought to be a rebel to death." Madden in his "United Irishmen," says women were outraged and children massacred by the yeomaury and fencibles. A lad of fitteen was condemned to death by a drum-head court-martial and brought for execution to his mother's door. No accusing monuments rise above the graves of the victims of those days of carnage; but as English mothers used to frighten their children with the name of Sonaparte, so the peasant women of Mayo, Galway and Roscommon keep their rag-ged gossoons within doors at night by teling them there is an Orangeman without. venerable Archbishop of Tuam, then, hit the mark when he prophesied that if the Fermanagh Orangemen who raised the Boycott blockade were not attacked there would be no rising in Connaught this winter.

SOCIALISM.

The designs of the American Socialists nav differ somewhat in detail from those of their brethren in Europe, but the end is the same. They would hurl God from his throne, proclaim Atheism, and thereby his theone, proclaim Athensm, and thereby emancipate man from all moral restraints, all sense of duty and the fear of punish-ment or hope of a reward in a future life. They would also undermine the rights of property by teaching the absolute equal-ity of all and their equal claim to the pos-

ble heaven. The omniscient, omnipotent, their own labor and deserts and that of their fathers before them. - Catholic Herald.