Written for the "Catholic Record."

Altered from the Pilot. and he stood in space dim and abys-A great clock, with a dead man's face be-That slowly measured seconds long and dis-

To midnight as it seemed, the moments wore; Like hideous worms of corruption crawling, The clock hands crept around the dial's

And there was heard a heavy sound appalling. Of blood drops falling in that ghastly place. Each clock tick was a drop that gathered

About his feet in a deep, stagnant pool; And sprinkled on his breast a dark history; He stroye in vain to cleanse his breast—ah For he beheld his hands too, stained and The clock-hands slowly crawled to midnight hour.
Then there arose a vapor hot and fateful,
That wrapped him in a cloud of blighting
power.

Then failed within him every aspiration,
Hope, love, and even hate groaned, gasped
and died;
And he, too, groaned and gasped in desperation,
But could not die—the would-be Deicide!
Each heart beat was to him a crucifixion;
Each clock tick an eternity of pain;
He felt his flesh rot, and in dereliction
His bones to crumble, and he writhed in
vain.

He shrank no longer from the blood-drops teeming, But moistened lips and brow in clotted And in the same breath uttered foul blas-

pheming,
And prayed for morning—would it come
no more?
The clock hands reached the midnight hour
and slumbered,
And there was no more time for him for deeper darkness nameless horrors numbered, Thirst him consumed, the blood pool dried

After an age of misery so utter, He cried, "Is there no sunlight, no more

and life?"

And lo! a voice replied in tones as bitter,
"No sunlight for the stirrer up of strife!"

An age of ages passed, and then despairing,
He broke the awfu silence with a shriek,
"Is there no dawn?" and the voice harsh and sneering.

Replied, "For you the dawn shall never break.

For the denier, the biasphemer shrouded. In lies and selfishness, there is no dawn." Then stillness of the grave once more dark Then stillness of the grave once more dark brooded, But after long eternities were drawn, He cried once more, "My God, is there no

morning.
No lifting ever of this awful load?"
And hark, the answer with relentless scorn-

"There is no morning, and you have no

WHERE NOW ARE THE HEROES OF FRANCE.

Catholic Review.

France is passing through one of those periods that try the souls of men. Dreader than the ravages of war is the dread epidemic that now rages in many of its cities and departments. War a peoof its cities and departments. War a peo-ple may buy off, beat off, or stave off, or as a last resort, there is left surrender to the enemy. But who can buy off the "black death" that has ravaged Europe before now, and the far-off rumor of who approach closes the gate of all nations against the afflicted country in which it against the afflicted country in which it first appears? From Marseilles, Toulon, Arles, Bordeaux, Paris, from many other places the names of which may or may not be mentioned in the despatches that are daily flashed over the world, comes the same sad story of a steady average of daily deaths from cholera. Medical science so far has not seemed capable of coping with the attack, and general consternation reigns. Cordons of foreign troops guard the French frontiers, to prevent free passage, and the ports of all nations quarantine French ships. In a material point of view, what is considered the French season has been despoiled of the flux from which rich a harvest was annually reaped. transport lie idle wharves, and the general business of the country has received a staggering blow, the results of which will last much longer then the cholers

In the cities and districts attacked what do we behold? Scenes of general consternation and despair. People fly by the hundreds and the thousands, deserting their homes, and even leaving their goods to guard themselves. Nor is this to be wondered at, for human nature is weak in the face of a danger that is at once in the air and the earth and the water; in all the elements in fact; that cannot be faced front to front, that no one knows when or where or how or whom it may attack. All that is known for certain is that its breath and touch are generally fatal. So

people naturally fly its approach.

But where are the heroes of France in this crisis, worse than a Hunnish or Ger man invasion? Where they always were man invasion? Where they always wars, and always are, and always will be—in the ranks of Christ. They are to be found among the Catholic episcopate and elergy, among the monks and Brothers, who are left to France; among the Catholic societies and organizations; among the gentle Sisters of every order who have gentle Sisters of every order who have taken upon themselves the garb of religion. While many of the officials of the Re-public fly from their posts; while the po-lice desert and the military are doubtful; while the members of the Government stand carefully aloof and give orders from afar; while the propagandists of the gos their airy theories of universal fraternity and equality, the ministers of God's Church, the men and women who serve His altars and hold His faith and worship in their hearts, stand like true soldiers of Christ, steadfast at their posts, move about among the sick and dying, administering the last comforts and con-solations, and burying the dead, when the very grave-diggers revolt and the carpenters refuse to furnish coffins. Many a priest, many a Brother, many a Sister has already dropped in death and fallen at their post, as true martyrs as ever fell in the arenas of Rome in the earlier days of

Yet these martyrs to Christ and to the cause of their countrymen and women are those of all classes of people who have been most persecuted and maligned by the party in France that is now in power and has been in power this decade past. Now may the world see and note that it was the company of the country were the company of the country was the company of the country was the company of the country was the difference between the Communist and the Christian. Yet, the French Government welcomes the Communist to its bosom, and would banish the Christian from its soil, and that teaching and the principles that make the Christian from

the very heart of the French people. May this hour of trial and of dread open the eyes of France permanently to the imper-ishable difference between the children of the Crusaders and the progeny of Vol-

A PLEA FOR THE FAMILY PEW.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the author of "Pilgrims and Shrines," remarked, in a recent article, that Catholic parents and children seldom, in this country, assist at the offices of the Church in company.

It is much to be regretted that they do not. Nothing is more beautiful, nothing is more beautiful, nothing is more beautiful, nothing the more beautiful, and in the members.

nore calculated to unite the members of a family, than together to assist at Mass and to visit the Blessed Sacrament. Mass and to visit the Blessed Sacrament.
There are sometimes reasons why some
members of the family should stay at
home, while the others go; but these reasons do not always hold good. As it now
is, parents and children go to Mass, early
or late, as they choose, not wanting or
waiting for one another. There is little
family communion in lay religious life. amily

communion in lay religious life.
"go-as-you-please" race, and the One of the most important needs in this country is that of the cultivation of family life. With the great mass of Catholic people, it is especially important. The lack of it is at the root of all the dangers

which threaten us.

At best, the school only supplements the family, and the school can not be entirely successful for good or evil if the spirit of the family be against it. But it has become too prevalent to look on the abiding place of the family as a mere house—a place in which to eat and sleep. and perhaps to grumble. The sacred centre of family life, giving immaterial as well as material warmth, seems to be passing away.

"Strike for your altars and your fires, God and your native land!"

has lost its significance. Home, with too many, seems to be the best place to get out of. The father betakes himself to his newspaper or he goes out; the sons disappear—the youngest waiting for that mysterious whistle which tells him that another, weary of home, will meet him on th street corner. The daughters, who seldom see their brothers, except at meal-times, and sometimes not then, stay at

times, and sometimes not then, stay at home—if they can not get out.

It is not more "culture," or "aestheticism," or anything of that kind, that Catholics, especially Catholics of foreign birth and descent, need, but more family feeling. The family is, of all natural things, the most sacred. God instituted it. To save it to save society is the great work of the Church to-day. The most person of the Church are the ene nod approvingly at the fine things said in sermons and in the Catholic press about the necessity of preserving the family from the "isms." But the very people who most approve of all this, let the members of their families "go as they

Can the younger members of a family Can the younger memoers of a family be expected to read good books, when the old members never read anything but a newspaper? It has been said, with some truth, that men of the most solid worth have, as a rule, spent their earliest days in the country. And a great deal of non-sense has been talked about the influence of the trees, the star, the grass, the breeze, on young minds. It is true that there is more family life in the country. There are not so many newspapers, with their ephemeral and febrile interests. There is a home circle. No street corners for the boys; at home there is amuse-ment or work for the girls. Books are read and talked about, and even a last year's almanac has its interest. Minds may be narrower, but, at least, they are not frittered away; and solid books are not altogether unread. In the city there is no time for books, except the last novel family? Who encourages its members to think of great matters? There are not ten Catholic fathers out of a hundred who buy a good book for their families. If there were, book for their families. If there were, there would be less indifferentism to regret, less "Hoodlumism" to deplore. How many fathers do even a little thing towards forming the taste of their chil-dren for the literature in which they will be grounded in their Faith? How

be grounded in their Fath? How many subscribe to good Catholic journals and read them, pointing out to their children what they should read? Very few. The old Irish father, whom we knew once, who was a type of a great number that lived before the National Schools obtained, had better ideas than the new generations that has succeeded him. He thought and he ruled his house. With him seems to have passed away the honored institution of the family pew.

There are family pews still—even family pews with the names of the grand old Irishmen emblazoned upon them, and

was the cage. The salvation of souls and the future of the Church here rests with Catholic parents. A school can always do good; but, while it may impart secular knowledge, the efforts of the best teachers of religion, of morals and of manners, are neutralized by parental coldness or indifference. If parents had not acquired a habit of shirkby parental coldness or ing their responsibilities, there would be no district—except where the people are

too scattered or miserably poor—without a good Catholic school. In spite of exhortations, in the face of facts, many parents do not see the necessity of Catholic schools yet; they look on them as hobbies of the priest. How are they to be awakened? So dense is their they to be awakened? So dense is their conceit, so sodden their stupidity, so thick their ignorance, that only a new St. Bernard could awaken them. Even he might fail, since he would have the daily

when the family pews begin to be filled, there will be evidence that homes have become more Christian and more home-like. God speed the time!—New York Freeman's Journal.

VINDICATION OF THE "LAZY MONKS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND POPULAR

How unfairly the monks of the middle ages have been dealt with by popular writers during the past three centuries is no longer questionable. Lying books and coarse vulgar cartoons long filled and points. coarse vulgar cartoons long filled and poisoned the public mind and eye with travesties and caricatures of the monks of the middle ages; while mendacity and ridicule combined in every form to swell and propagate the work of malice and bigotry. Lazy monks, forsooth! Never was stigma more unjustly applied. Europe bears witness to their industry; to their steady and persevering toil; to their incomparable patience; to their indomitable courage. They cleared the forests and redeemed the desert; they spanned rivers and built roads. They were the agriculturists, engineers, architects, builders, colonizers of the middle ages. They were authors, educators, copyists. In art, witness the multiplied productions of their genius and piety that adorn the churches and public galleries of Europe. In fact, there was no department of learning, of there was no department of learning, of art, of industry in which the monks were not only the pioneers but the acknowl-edged masters. Trace most of the famous discoveries and boasted inventions of the later centuries and you will almost invariably find that they were due originally to the genius, the skill, and the never tiring labor of these "lazy monks." They were pioneers in the principles of popular government also. The vital and essential principles in the American constitution merely embody the fundamental axioms laid down ten centuries ago in the rules of the monastic orders—notably the Benedictine. The vaunted rights and liberties which have come down to us through the English Common Law, when traced back

to their respective source and origin, will almost invariably be found to have been inspired and framed by Catholic monks. The palladium of English liberty, Magna Charta, was the work of a Catholic Bishop. "But for the monks of the middle ages," says Mrs. Jameson, a distinguished Pro-testant writer, "the light of liberty, literature and science had been forever ex tinguished; and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the enquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There learning trimmed her lamp, there con-templation plumed her wings, there the traditions of art preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive in form and color the idea of a beauty be-yond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and shield, of a divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathy. The protection and better education given to woman in these early communities the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when as governesses of religious orders they became in a manner dignitaries of the church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies. clothed with all the insignia of and authority into the decoration of place of worship and books of devotion-did

more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry."

Samuel Smiles, in his biography of Telford, candidly observes that "the magnifi-cent old abbeys and churches of Scotland in early times indicate that at some remote period a degree of civilization and pros-perity prevailed from which the country has gradually fallen." "As in England, so in Scotland," he adds, "the reclama-tion of land, the improvement of agriculture and the building of bridges, were due to the skill and industry of the old Churchmen. When their ecclesiastical organization was destroyed, the country speedily relapsed into the state from which they had raised it."

Every monastery," testifies Mr. Lecky overawed, the poor protected, the sizk tended, travelers sheltered, prisoners ran-somed, the remotest spheres of charity ex-

"The Catholic church had been for cen turies," observes Mr. Emerson, "the democratic principle in Europe," and "Christianity lived by the love of the people." "Had no such (monastic) retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy," says Macaulay with characteristic exaggeration, "Euro pean society would have consisted merel of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. The Church has many times been pared to that ark of which we read in the book of Genesis, but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil old Irishmen emblazoned upon them, and time when she alone rode amidst darkness with luxurious cushions; but where is the and tempest, on the deluge beneath which group that once filled them t Death has all the great works of ancient power and not been at work yet, and there are grandchildren; but they "go as you please!" You may meet them rushing more glorious civilization was to spring. When we recall the memorable services ces of the monks of the middle ages; when

one by one; they never come to Mass with their father, brother, or sister. It would seem, with these people, as if they were animals caged together; and that they were the monks of the middle ages; who we review the variety and multiplicity the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the monks of the middle ages; who were the monks of the middle ages; who we review the variety and multiplicity the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the monks of the middle ages; who we review the variety and multiplicity the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and the passion which engaged the monks of the middle ages; who we review the variety and multiplicity the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works are the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the works and labors which engaged the works are the works and labors which engaged the patient zeal we cannot be at the works and labors which engaged the works are the patient zeal we cannot but marvel at the blindness and the passion which could overlook, still worse, could malign and

defame these heroic toilers.

The spirit and ardor of the religious or ders is perpetuated in the church, and exists in more than original vigor in our day and country. The ranks of these orders are not recruited from the ignorant and illiterate classes. The heirs to thrones and the daughters of kings not unfrequently have relinquished the heritage of birth-right, dignities and power, that they might more securely assure their own salvation by devoting themselves to the service of Fod and their fellow creatures in the ranks of one or another religious community. We need not go to distant lands for examples of this heroic self-sacrifice and re-ligious zeal. Familiar examples abound within the scope of individual daily ex-

perience. How many Catholics there are who happily have given loved ones to this conse crated service? A son whose talents gave promise of eminence and distinction if employed in secular pursuits; a daughter who was the light and glory of the home,

the joy and the charm of the domestic circle?

cheerfully made on both sides, in order that the call—the "vocation," this enigma to the worldling—night be carried out and God's service more effectually promoted in works of education and charity. Yes, it undoubtedly is an enigma to the world, a mystery to the unbeliever, easily explained by those who divine the motive and prompting, who know the spirit and purpose of religious orders—a spirit which has God for its object and eternity for its end.—W. J. Onahan, in the Archive.

A MIRACLE UPON THE OCEAN.

SUPERNATURAL INCIDENT IN THE DISCOV-ERY OF AMERICA.

There is one incident connected with the discovery of America which, perhaps, most of our young readers have never heard. It was on the last voyage of Columbus that the four vessels under his command were assailed by the most furi-ous tempest that the intrepid navigator had ever experienced. The waves ran so high and dashed so violently against the vessels that the sailors lost all control over their movements, and, as if to des-troy totally all human hope, Providence permitted Columbus to fall dangerously ill. One of his old wounds reopened, and for nine days the crew despaired of his

Never did the briny deep present so horrible an a-pect. The heavens were covered with lurid clouds, and charged with electricity. At every instant vivid lightning seemed to rend the threatening sky, and lit up the horizon with an un-earthly blaze of light, so terrific that the sailors closed their eyes in order to shut out the terrible light. The stifled air was at furnace heat, and the violent dashing of the waves caused every timber in the vessels to creak and groan as if every instant they would open and all on board be engulfed in the abyss. The sanguinary color of the clouds was reflected in th color of the clouds was renected in the sea, where the waves seemed formed of blood, boiling and foaming like a huge caldron placed over a great fire. The heavens exhibited a frightful aspect; globes of fire fell from the clouds, burst in he air, and were followed by peals of the oudest thunder.

For eight days the vessels lay at the mercy of all this dire confusion of nature At intervals the rain fell in large drops and for the last few days it poured in torrents, when suddenly on December 13, 1502, while Columbus was enduring the greatest agony on his bed of suffering, piercing cries rose from one of the ships, in which the crews of the other vessel immediately joined. The agitated water seemed to verge to a centre, and from the midst of this boiling whirlpool arose a huge mountain, while the black clouds, converging to a point immediately above it, descended as a reversed cone, stretch-ing down to meet this monster born of the sea, which at its descent rose higher and higher until these two frightful forms of the sea and air suddenly united

forms of the sea and are studently united and formed but one body in the figure of two mountains joined by their summits.

A sharp, whistling wind pushed right towards the ships, this frightful figure, which at that time bad no name in our language. This form of the water-spout is the most terrific manifestation of that infernal tempest to which the name of the evil spirit has been given—Typhoon. Woe to the sailors who meet it on the

woe to the sators who meet it on the ocean's highway.

The cry of despair which arose from the crew at that awful sight went to the very soul of Columbus. He shuddered, opened his eyes, and then with a violent effort, dragged himself on the deck. He suspected in this frightful disorder of nature some attanks influence and as death had desatanic influence, and as death had deprived him of the services of Father Alexander, the chaplain of the fleet, who had died since the commencement of this tempest, he resolved to recite himself the Gospel of St. John. He ordered the blessed candles to be lit

and the standard of the expedition to be unfurled; then buckling his sword below in his history of European rationalism, unfurled; then buckling his sword below the Cord of St. Francis which he always diated. By the monks the nobles were wore, he took the sacred book into his hands and facing this monster that continued steadily to approach, in a clear voice that elements he read the beloved disciple's in

spiring words.

At these words, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," drawing his sword, and full of lively faith, he traced in the air, in the face of the Typhoon, the sign of the cross: and imigration the product of the cross of the trace of the tr nediately the water spout, roaring and disjointed, was lost in the tumultuous immensity of the Atlantic world of waters.

A Valuable Find.

Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, declares hat he tound one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters worth \$500 to him. It sured him of Salt Rheum, from which he had suffered years, after other treatment ad failed to relieve

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Care is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and care your

Strong Adjectives.

"It sells immensely, in fact it has the largest sale of any patent medicine in Summer," says J. F. Smith, druggist, Dunnville, of Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The great remedy for Summer Com-

plaints. The best medical authorities acknow ledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effectual remedy ever devised for diseases caused by de rangements of the stomach, liver and

Husband and Wife.

Mr. James More and Wife, well-known in Leamington, were both chronic sufferers from Dyspepsia that the best medical aid failed to relieve. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured both husband and wife.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes 'A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seems to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of tilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results." Sold by Harkness & Co.,

And the sacrifice was willingly, if not Druggists, Dundas St. AN EXCITING SPORT.

How a Salmon Takes the Fly and What he Does with it.

"Did you ever see a salmon take the fly?" asks an old Canadian fisherman. "Well, then, when your first salmon appears to you you won't know whether to faint or shout 'Hallelujah!" The salmon's haupt when he is lying in weit for faint or shout 'Hallelujah!' The salmon's haunt, when he is lying in wait for prey, is in some deep, quiet pool, where the water eddies and hesitates, and then passes slowly on. From the bank above this pool, or from your cance, you cast your fly on its surface. Now, the beauty about salmon fishing is that your tackle isn't much heavier than if you were whipping some mountain brook for trout. Your rod is elastic and strong, and your reel must hold at least three hundred feet of fine silk line. Your fly drops lightly of fine silk line. Your fly drops lightly on the surface, and if the salmon is in the on the surface, and it the saimon is in the humor he goes for it at once. Now, a trout rises to a fly with a swoop and a whirl, and away he goes. Your salmon darts from his hiding place in meteor fashion also, but, before he reaches the fly, he pauses within a few inches of it. The pious guides cross themselves at the fly, he pauses within a few inches of it. The pious guides cross themselves at the interesting moment. He is saying his grace,' they say. Then the salmon rises, opens his mouth, and draws it in, and drops back toward the bottom. That is, when he gets himself in trouble. In dropping down he sets the hook firmly in the properties and then is when he begins his upper jaw and then is when he begins to get in trouble. As soon as he feels the hook things begin to boil. Away he'll go and take a hundred feet of your line off your reel before you know it. Then the chances are that he'll take another the chances are that he it take another course, perhaps straight toward you, and then you've got to work to take up that slack line. As soon as you draw it taut on the reel, and he feels the pull on the hook, whiz! he will come out of that water and shoot into the air a dozen feet. Taking a header, he darts down to the Taking a header, he darts down to the depths again, tearing this way and that way, round and round, and keeping your fingers busy at the reel. Then suddenly out of the water he comes again, throwing himself high above water, and, describing a capricious arc in mid-air, falls back into his element again, quivering with excitement and pain, and sparkling with spray. Finding that these tactics fail to release him from the hook, the chances are that he may take it into his head to seek another part of the river, and down the stream he goes like a race horse.

"He may lead you a mile or two miles, keeping your attendants busy at the oars, and yourself on the alert for any sudden change in his manœuvring. It may be that after the chase he will have recourse to his former tactics, and give you a lively to his former tactics, and growyou a lively struggle for a half hour or so. By and by, however, discouraged and exhausted, he will give up absolutely, and allow himself to be reeled in and gaffed. The whole fight has been science and skill against cunning and strength, and the former will win every time.

win every time.

"It may be that when your salmon finds himself hooked he will surprise you by making no fight at all, but will sink straight to the bottom and sulk. If he does you may know at once that he is a big one, and may as well make up your mind that there is to be a grand trial of patience between you and him. It would be a violation of the code that governs salmon fishing for the angler to give up first, and if he had to sit three days before hrst, and if he had to sit three days before he could make the admon fight he must do it without a murmur. I sat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon waiting for that big one I hooked last season to get over his sulk, and when he did get over it he got over it a-hummin. He took me a mile down stream, and then worried me till 5½ o'clock before he got the gaff. That was the famous forty-pounder."

Living Too Fast.

"We are runnin' away wid de kentry," said the solemn voice of Waydown Bebee too fast. Twenty v'ars ago I was satis fied with a two roomed cabin an' a dollar a day. Now I has to have a two-stor house an twelve shillin's a day. Wive who used to go ba'rfut six days a week to save deir shoes for the seventh now wear \$8 butes to mop in. De pusson who airns \$10 per week mus' lib jist as good as de one who airns \$20. Twenty y'ars ago de woman wid a diamond ring could boss a hull nayburhood. Now when she tries to eben boss de sarvant gal, de gal packs up her peck of diamonds an' quits de job widout waitin' to collect any leetle matter like \$40 back salary When I was a boy de man who bought can of oysters was supposed to have bin left a legacy of fo'teen millyun dollars. Nowadays de poo' man's back yard am kivered wid de empty cans.

"I kin see sign arter sign dat dis ger ershun am speedin' along without thought or car' of whar it will bring up. Men who am hoein' taters to-day nabobs to morror. Men who used to be lieve in savin' up for a rainy day now scatter deir cash aroun' as if de sunshine mus' allus last. Whar I used to be satis-fied wid bean soup I now want ox-tail, an' dat's what ails de hull kentry; we nas got to slow up an' simmer down or le top-rail am gwine to give way an' give us all a drap."—Lime Kiln Club.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when Worms is the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

The Fruits of Folly.

Eating green apples, cucumbers and unripe fruits generally, may be so termed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all Summer Com-

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child. To REMOVE DANDRUFF. - Cleanse the

scalp with Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. A delightful medicated soap for the toilet. The liquor dealers report a falling off

of 90,000 barrels of liquor in Kansas last year from the year before. The St. Louis life says there are thousand boy and girl drunkards in that city alone.

NO NATIONALITY IN THE CHURCH.

In a discourse, spoken at the laying of the corner-stone of the Church of St. Francis Navier, in St. Louis, Mo., recently, Bishop Gross, of Savannah, Ga., moved his hearers by humor and pathos, and charmed them by common sense, which is more. In one paragraph of this discourse he emphasized the truth that in the Catholic Church there is no nationality, no Irish Catholic, French, or American Catholic. The Church speaks in one language. Her outward signs and ceremonies are the same in all countries. Any man who would graft national prejudices on Catholic feeling commits a heinous crime. A priest is a priest forever, be he African, or Gaul, or Teuton. Bishop Gross' words are Gaul, or Teuton. Bishop Gross' words are opportune and well put :—
"You see other churches split on slavery,

"You see other churches split on slavery, on baptism, on hell, on sacrament; in fact, there are as many opinions as heads. Where is unity if not in the Roman Catholic Church, with its two millions of people of every nationality I see here to-day Milesian, African, Teutonic, French and American Catholics. Here we are—we have one Faith, one law, one baptism. There is nothing so difficult as to make men think alike. In politics there is the high tariff, etc.; the ladies, God bless them, cannot think alike on bonnets; in geology, medicine and other subjects, men cannot agree. Now, gentlemen, I say that the Catholic Church embraces every degree of civilization—the stolid German, the theological Italian, the hot-tempered French logical Italian, the hot-tempered Frenchman, the quick-witted Irishman—here we are, and though the German and Frenchare, and though the German and French-man fought at Sedan and Gravelotte, though we have Union and rebels, we all kneel before the same Cross. Our rev-erend Bishop here, we don't ask whether he is French or German or Chinese. We have one Faith, one law, one baptism, and all may know the disciples by that. The children of the Church may knock each other's eyes out on subjects of politics, and pull each other's hair on subjects of science, but, thank God! they have one Faith. During the war, when I was a young man—I don't admit that I am an old man now—I visited the bedside of the daing of all nations. dying of all nations. The only question asked me was: 'Are you a Catholic priest?' And when I said yes, their dying eyes glistened, and they knew that same Faith that was taught me on the Chesa-peake was taught them on the Rhine or in La Belle France."

Mark Twain on Beecher.

The great preacher never sleeps with his clothes on. Once, when remonstrated with upon the singularity of his conduct with upon the singularity of his conduct in this respect, and the pernicious effect the example might possibly have upon the younger members of his congregation, he replied with the frank and open candor that always characterized him, that he would give worlds to be able to rid himself of the custom—and added that the anguish he had suffered in trying to break himself of the habit had made him old before he was 90. Mr. Beecher never wears his hat at dinner. He does not consider it healthy. It does not immediately break down one's constitution, but is slow and sure. He knows one case where the man persisted in the habit, in spite of the tears and entreaties of his friends, until it was too late, and he reaped the due reward of his rashness—for it carried him off at last at the age of 106. Had the man listened to reason he might have lived to be a comfort to his parents and a solace to their declining years.

Mr. Beecher never swears. In all his life a profane expression has never passed his lips. But if he were to take it into his head to try it once he would make even that disgusting habit seem beautiful—he would handle it as it was never handled before and if these was a whole handled before, and if there was a whole-some moral lesson hidden away in it anywhere he would ferret it out and use it with tremendous effect. Panoplied with his grand endowments—his judgment, his discriminating taste, his felicity of expression, his graceful fancy—if Mr. Beecher had a mind to swear he could throw into it any amount of poetry and pathos, and spleudid imagery and moving earnestness and resistless energy, topped off and cli-maxed with a gorgeous pyrotechnic and conflagration and filigree and fancy swear-ing that would astonish and delight the nearer and forever after quiver through his bewildered memory an exquisite con-fusion of rainbows and music and thunder and lightning. A man of high order of intellect and appreciation could sit and listen to Mr. Beecher swear for a week without getting tired.

A True Gentleman.

A few years ago a young man, fashionably dressed, took his seat at the table of the Girard House, in Philadelphia. There was an air of self-conscious superiority in the youth, which attracted general attention. He read the menu with smothered discust, gave his orders in a tone of lofty condescension, and when his neighbor civilly handed him the pepper box stared at him for his presumption as though he had tendered him an insult. In short, a person of royal blood could not have regarded a mob of serfs with more arrogant hanteur than did this lad the

respectable travellers about him.

Presently a tall, powerfully-built old man entered the room, and seated him-self at one of the larger tables. He was plainly dressed, his language was remarkably simple, he entered into conversation with his neighbor, who happened to be a poor tradesman, and occasionally during his dinner exchanged ideas with a little lady of five summers who sat beside him. The colored servants spoke to him as an old friend. "How is your rheumatism. John ?" he said to one, and remem bered that another had lately lost his

son.
"Who is that old-fashioned gentleman?" asked a curious traveller of the steward. "Oh, that is Judge Jere Black, the greatest jurist in the country!" was the

enthusiastic reply.

"And the young aristocrat? He surely is somebody of note."

"He is a drummer who sells fancy soaps.

Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diagram of Dress Esshionable colors the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Have you heard how ning express, Of Kate Shelley, w on the road? Were he living to-day Such a daughter as age she showed On that terrible eve train
Jumped the bridge
darkness and ra

AUGUST 23, 1

She was only fifteen, With a figure as With peach-blossom With teeth and com with a nature unsp by art, With a generous so heart. 'Tis evening, the dar

Men linger at home ing fires;
The wind wildly h sound,
And shrieks througraph wires;
The fierce lightning The rain falls in torr The scream of a whit
The sound of a bell.
That flashes and flar
ing rain;
A rumble, a ron
affright:
The falling of timber
A splash in the rive
death.

Kate Shelley recoils
The sounds of dest
hear;
She springs to the value of the sash.
She listens and loo
The tall tree-tops gr
faint cry
Of a drowning man
by. Her heart feebly flut

Man,
And then through
there files
A forethought that a
a man;
She turns to her tr "I must save the exp Then out through the She flies down the t

rain;
She reaches the ri
Whiris and seethes
she shudders a
"The bridge! to!
to go."
Then, closely abou
gown,
And on the wet th
down. Then, carefully over On her hands and ing her breath; The loud thunder pe And struggles to

But the thought of so near Removes from her With the blood dr torn, bleeding Slowly over the t feels; Her fingers grow nu to swim, Her strength is fa-she reels:

she reels;
She talls! Ah! the
Her feet touch the
is passed. In an instant new She springs to her pair.
On! on! to Moingo
She reaches the st
"Save the lightning
the red light.
There's death on the

Out flashes the sign Then sounds the coming train;
The hissing of st
ahead The gleam of a rain.
"Down brakes!" shand shrill,
She heeds the red s
still.

Ah, noble Kate S done,
Your deed that of
from our gaze
An endless renown
Let the nation b Let your name, let age declare What a woman c

THE CARDINA THE EXIL

London I

An appeal was the Cardinal Aro on behalf of All l edral on Sunday nence insisted tha the British Emp merely for the cr people; that the onsibility all v government of th edge. They wer constantly divide to give them the of Jesus Christ, alone he was app sion of the peopl tion of Jerusal more wonderfu way in which th sown broadcast Patrick. He black and bitter past had contri they were enoug than 300 years ton. Under the Indies and in the prairies the chile to be found. through every empire. In

the islands of India, in England and inflexible found. And my been brought up tain side or by tered to and iro priest who could tual needs, and this lamentable young Irish pr by the present gin in the year ne was then ple the commencement the institution leads to the institution leads to the course of the course bad gon

riests had gon