## For The Pilot. The Angels' Own. BY MINNIE GILMORE.

A babe lay dreaming, one summer day, Till the gold of the sky was turned to gray And the last bright sunbeam had died awa The world was ridden with wrong and sin. And many a battle man's heart within, Did the angels lose and the demons win.

His soul one yielded to Sin's dread hold-One went with her lamb to the wolf's red fold. And bartered its white for the glint of gold.

With wealth il'-gotten one palely fled, While the flush of the wine with blood w As the hand that had lain a brother dead

But one stayed sinless as mortal may, Who smiled as he went on his toilsome way And sang of his babe all that summer day.

Sang to the waters that swept the vale. Sang in the wake of the shuddering sail, And smiled in the face of the sudden gale

And one stayed sinless as angel must. Who had daily tolled for her daily crust; And she prayed to God with a simple trust

foresaw, allude.

Prayed for the fisher who sailed the sea, And prayed for the babe who slept on h knee, As winsome and sweet as a babe might be. some and sweet as a babe might be.

She kist the gold of the bright young head. And she kist the check till its white was re As tenderest mother-words she said.

"Sun to the sky, and wave to the sea, The bud to the bush, the bird to the tree; But thou, oh! my darling, thou unto me !

The sun sank low in the sea's white trail, The singing was hushed of the nightingale And the bud grew chill, and the babe gree

The rich man counted his ill-got gold— For the red wine, many a soul was sold, And the new Cain quaffed, for his heart

The sinner laughed in his short-lived glee, And the wolf was gracious, as men-wolv be, Till the white lamb fell 'neath his sorcery.

But over the sea a sail was blown, And who was the sailor may not be known Till the dead of the deep s\_a-caves are show

And in the dark of a silent cot, Where the sun and the song seemed all for-

got, There sate a sweet woman, who uprose not.

And the babe who slept the noon away Wakened not in the evening gray, For the angels had claimed their own that day.

## TRUE TO TRUST.

### THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Days passed on, the frost continued with unabated severity, and the snow still lay deep on hill and valley. Adelina watched it first with impatience,

Adelina watched it first with impatience, then with a settled sadness which those around her vainly sought to dispel. Sir Reginald shared her anxiety for his brother. One day as he sat alone in the drawing-room, musing on the strange events which had led to the recovery of his lost child, the door was suddenly thrown open by Larry who gave admit-tance to an old gentleman of diminutive stature, erect, neat in his attire, and with a face closely resembling a rosy apple on which a light sprinkling of snow had rest-ed. The little visitor stepped in with the air of one who feels quite at his ease. "I fear I disturb you," he said politely. "Now pray do not stir; with your leave I the bearer of evil tidings, she had thought that her husband was condemned ; but so long as Cuthbert lived, the hope of obtain-ing his pardon or, at least, of seeing him once again, sustained her. Now that she learnt that he existed no more, her cup of sorrow was filled, and its bitterness over-whelmed her. She fell back in her chair fainting fainting.

"Now pray do not stir; with your leave I will take a seat by the fire. This is cold weather for a man of seventy-two to be traveling, eh ?'

traveling, ch?" "Yes, indeed," replied Sir Reginald, "and nothing but important business, could, I feel sure, have made one of your time of life undertake a a journey at this inclement season. May I ask to whom I have the honor of addressing myself?" "Mr. Cyril Algernon-that is my name. As to important business, you are right, as far as this journey is concerned; but I have frequently undertaken longer voy-ages in circumstances more trying for

ages in circumstances more trying for mere pleasure. I come now, sir, to see my daughter, Adelina de Courcy who is, I be-

lieve here." "Yes, my sister-in-law of that name is here. I will warn her of your arrival." As Sir Reginald said these words the As Shr Regnand said these words the door opened, and Adelina, accompanied by Catherine and Barbara, entered the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. which seemed unwilling to reveal the secret of which he was the bearer. Had a violent and bloody death terminated the career of Cuthbert de Courcy? The thought was too fearful for his young wife to sup-port; her check grew pale and her head sought rest against the high back of the chair on which she was seated. "My poor child," said her father, "you ne too much excited and moved by my sudden visit for me to converse with you now. To you, sir," he added, addressing Sir Reginald, "I should like to speak in private."

rivate." The two gentlemen rose, and left the

bed. The soul of Sir Reginald's brother was the last that Father Ralph won for his Heavenly Master, for shortly after, this faithful servant was himself called to re-ceive the reward of his labors. Having been found guilty of saying Mass and re-conciling persons to the Catholic Faith, he was sentenced and died, and his name was added to the long list of martyrs who shed their blood for religion during the reign of Elizabeth. room. In about half an hour they returned; both looked grave and concerned; how-ever, Adelina had become more composed. Catherine was standing by her, doing her best to strengthen and console her, and to prepare the fainting heart of the poor lady for the dreadful trial which both foresaw, but to which neither dared reign of Elizabeth. Let us now return to Adelina, who on

"My lady, shall I retire?" inquired Catherine, who feared that her presence one of the brightest of spring days sat sorrowfully in her room; Catherine was with her. Both had kept silence for some time: suddenly it. might be considered intrusive. "No, no; I like thee near me," was the

with her. Both had kept silence for some time; suddenly the young girl let the work she was doing rest on her knees, and raised her head to listen. A bird had just lighted on the branch of a tree reply. "Adelina, my dear daughter," began the old gentleman, in a voice which, in spite of his utmost efforts to appear calm, beof his utmost efforts to appear calm, be-trayed his emotion, "we must be prepared to support every misfortune which befalls us; this world is full of them, but we must meet them with fortitude—" "Alas!" interrupted Adelina, "you well know that I never could endure either

"Alas !" interrupted Adelina, "you well know that I never could endure either approached the window to see where the bird had gone, and stopped to gaze on the landscape which the return of spring had rendered so lovely. "O, my lady!" she exclaimed, turning towards Adelina, 'it is so beautiful out; would it not cheer you to descend to the pain or grief; it is useless to speak of fortitude to one who never possessed

any." "Oh, my lady," whispered Cathering with that sweet persuasiveness of manner which had first won Adelina's confidence when she had seen her at Master Alwin's shop, "O, my lady, God can aid us to sup-port all afflictions; He will give you strength." towards Adenna, "It is so beautiful out; would it not cheer you to descend to the garden? I see Barbara there at her old employment of training her favorite peri-winkles, as when we lived with poor

shop, "O, my lady, God can aid us to sup-port all afflictions; He will give you strength." "Yes, child, I will go," answered the lady, rising slowly from her chair and following the other. For some time they walked to and fro in the alley of lime-trees near the house, and your grief must have been during the time which has clapsed since my Lord Essex's rebellion. They have been days doubtless, to you and Cuthbert also, and some spirits there are who can ill brook

doubtless, to you and Cuthbert also, and some spirits there are who can ill brook misfortune. Some there are whose heart can break, but will not bend; your hus-band was one of those characters." "*Wall*, Adelina, I am glad to see you out; and since we are all together, I should like to speak of our future plans. Your health is better now; the weather is all that can be desired for traveling; we have long trespassed on Sir Reginald's gener-ous hospitality. I therefore propose that one word had at once revealed to her the calamity which he sought to communicate by degrees. She had indeed from the moment of his arrival feared that he was the bearer of evil tidings, she had thought that her husband was condemned; but so

it pleases you to start. And you, Cather-ine," she added, turning towards her; "you remember that ere we left London it was agreed that if you wished you were to return with me. Not only shall I be happy to take you, as I promised to do, but shall pray you to live entirely with

out shall pray you to live entirely with me. You have so consoled me in my re-cent afflictions, that I cannot bear the thought of losing you; but I know how attached you are to my niece, so I scarcely hope you will consent to leave her. And yet," added the lady, corrowfully, "she is young and happy, and stands less in need of a friend than I do." The first months of her widowhood were passed by Adelina in a grief so intense, and so complete a prostration of body and mind, as to render her almost

isensible to all external objects. She seldom quitted her room, and the only member of the household in whose com-

of a friend than I do." "Catherine has already promised to stop with Barbara," said Sir Reginald. The young girl remained silent ; she looked serious and somewhat troubled, leaving those around her in doubt whether she wished or not to accept Lady Adelina's proposition. Barbara, who had stood by smiling while her aunt was speaking, feeling quite sure that her dear friend would not quit her, now looked anxiously at her. pany she took pleasure was Catherine: when her heart was saddest, and she could scarcely bear the sound of voices round her, she would, nevertheless, listen gladly her, she would, nevertheless, listen gladly her, she would, nevertheless, listen gladly to the young girl, who spoke to her of the passion of our Lord or of the sorrows of His holy Mother. Catherine endeavored to draw this afflicted soul towards religion and not without success, for Adelina leant would not quit her, now looked anxiously at her. "Catherine," said Sir Reginald, kindly, "you know that my desire is that you

"you know that my desire is that you should remain with my daughter ; but if a willing ear to the truths she brought to her notice; but when her eager friend be-gan to urge that she should embrace a Faith which, by her own confession, alone helped to console her, her timid and vacil-lating character made her dread coming to a decision and that not only because she thencht it would displace ther future for any comto a decision and that not only because she thought it would displease her father, a staunch Protestant, but, in a great meas-ure also because she was naturally averse to anything which cost exertion, whether of mind or body. Since the painful scene with which our Since the painful scene with which our last chapter closed, Adelina had learnt from her father the particulars of her husband's death; they were as follows: Mr. Algernon on returning from one of those length-ened tours on the Continent, in which he loved to indulge, and which ren-dered him a subject of wonderment in an age when travelling was neither so thing more than usually grave and ear-nest in her tone, "but there are calls to which the soul cannot, with safety, turn a deaf ear. It has long seemed to me that God wished me to embrace a life entirely consectated to His service and devoted to works of charity. I did not know how I could accomplish this until I saw the life led by the nuns at the convent yonder and even then I hesitated, having no one whom I could consult. At last I have spoken to the priest there, and he having assured me that I had a vocation for a re-ligious life, I resolved to make known to you my desire to enter the Convent of St. Michael." Scarcely had she finished these words when the listeners gave vent to their astonishment in various exclamations. "O Kate, you will not leave me!" cried

father to England, and that which was to place an eternal separation between Catherine and the world. Adelina looked Catherine and the world. Adelina looked forward to her future lot with much less confidence of being happy than did her young friend, who seemed perfectly satis-fied with the path she had chosen. Before Adelina the prospect was less inviting. She was about to bid farewell, perhaps for over to kind and sympathizing for ever, to kind and sympathizing for ever, to kind and sympathizing friends; to leave a spot to which she had during her short stay, become attached; even the sorrows which she had there suf-fered had endeared her to the old chateau

and its precincts. And what awaited her return to her native land ? A Alas, she was now alone, and a on her home? widow; and the vast apartments of her London mansion would seem the more desolate when Cuthbert was there no longer. And friends ? Alas, who among those whom she had called by that deceiving name would value the society of the fallen rebel's wife ? or how with her sorrow-stricken countenance, could she even show herself in the gay circles in which she had formerly shone? These thoughts show herself in the gay circuit she had formerly shone? These thoughts pressed sadly on her, and she mentioned them to Catherine, who urged her once more, and with still greater earnestness than before, as the days which they were to spend together was nearly at a close, to not in creatures, but in their melancholy song the tree and in their melancholy song the tree to spend together was nearly at a close, to the spend together was nearly at a close, the spend together was nearly at a cl

God. "You are right," replied the lady sadly; "but I feel that when you are no more with me, to encourage me, I shall fall into despair."

fall into despair." "Would you accept, my lady," said Catherine, "an old book which my mother left me? It will console you, I an sure." Without waiting for an answer she left the room and soon returned with a handsomely-bound old volume of the *Following of Christ*, and placed it in Lady Adelina's hands. "My name is in it, but you can scratch it out," she said. "My dear child, I will not; but I shall d write mine under it, with the date and

write mine under it, with the date and place when you gave it to me. For your sake it will always be precious to me." "And you will read it?" said Catherine. Lady Adelina smiled at the earnestness of her friend and nearnestness

And ever since, uncomforted, it has f her friend, and promised to do as she never ceased to mourn the sufferings of our Saviour, but weeps day and night over the sacred drops of blood which flowed beneath its branches. Shrinking The departure of Catherine caused Sir leginald some perplexity concerning Bar-ara. He had the welfare of his little from the sun, it hangs its head and sor daughter too much at heart to wish to see her grow up in idleness and ignorance; and feeling unequal to the task of educa-ting her himself, he at last resolved to derows always, and when the wind stirs the heavy leaves, they murmur in their pain, "Alas !"-A. R, in Catholic Standard.

ting her himself, he at last resolved to de-prive himself of the pleasure, which under these circumstances would have been a selfish one, of having her at home, and determined to place her under the charge of the kind and enlightened religious into whose ranks Catherine was about to be

received. Barbara was delighted at the prospect of being near her friend; and a few days after both entered the convent of St. Michael, the one as a scholar, the other as a novice. TO BE CONTINUED.

#### The Protestant Primate and the Propaganda.

The new Protestant Primate, accompany ied by Mrs. Benson, paid his first official visit to St. Augustine's Missionary College, Canterbury, last week, and received a congratulatory address from the students. Our readers, as well as persons of Dr. Benson's own persuasion, will be in-terested in a part of the Archbishop's reply, and probably peruse with equanim-ity the little sneer at the Church necessitated by the circumstances of the speaker, and hard to harmonize-as the Protestant public will perhaps perceive-with their new Primate's impressions of the Propag-

anda

In acknowledging the address the Arch-In acknowledging the address the Arch-bishop said he had not only always taken great interest in St. Augustine's College, but had very great reason deeply to love the place, because, more than thirty years ago, having met with a very sad bereave-ment he had received much comfort in his grief during a onic visit to the college ft during a quiet visit to the college. Soon after the time of which he spoke he went away for a visit to Rome, and while in the College of the Propaganda there he saw a large number of men, who, like the students of St. Augustine's, were devoted to the missionary life, but in circumstan-ces of far more ascetic discipline and conces of far more ascenc discipline and con-stant pressure and uncomfortableness of every kind than could possibly befall Englishmen. He remembered seeing there those who, having devoted them-selves to missionary work in China, were wearing a red cord around their waists to show that they were ready to give their blood for the cause of Christ. If, therefore, there should ever be with those before him a feeling of loneliness, discontent, and dissatisfaction; a wondering why it was that this friend or that was taken away from them; standing alone as it were upon the shore with nothing to lean against; he would beg of them to re-member others who had found within these wells conting near and found within member others who had found within those walk soothing peace and comfort, remembering, also, that there were those who, under the iufluence of a faith not to be compared with theirs for purity, devo-ted themselves to harder lives while they were students, and to very different lots in the rest of their lives.

MAY 11, 1883.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

glowing heavens.

# A MISSIONARY BISHOP'S LETTER.

Its Drooping Branches Grieve for Hav-PORT VICTORIA, MAHE, Jan. 28, 1883. PORT VICTORIA, MAHE, Jan. 28, 1883. Since I last wrote I have visited many parishes in Mahe, and I was enthusiast-ically received. It is quite edifying to see the poor islanders, hastening from their mountains and valleys to assist at the re-ception of "Monseigneur"—this is the only name they give me here. Do not imagine the parishes in these islands to be like those in France, or even those in India. For instance, at l'Ause Royale, where I was three weeks ago, there are near the church only the schools of boys and girls, and, I believe, two other houses. The rest of the inhabitants are scattered at a greater or less distance, living in "cases" ing Scourged our Lord at the Pillar. The Tyrolean peasants hold the weep-ing-willow sacred; because, though in spite of its prayers and tears, its boughs were used to scourge our Lord, the sor-rowful tree has never ceased to mourn and weep over the dreadful deed. Fairest among the trees of Eden grew the willow. Tall and strong, it shot forth its many branches higher, and still higher, each leaf springing upward toward the each leaf springing upward toward the Exulting in conscious strength and vigor, it grew every day more proudly beautiful. When our first parents' fall threw the shadow of sin and sorrow over every growing thing on earth, the willow show remained upmored a greater or less distance, living in "cases" of wood or branches, whence they emerge in all haste to hear Mass on Sundays.

in all haste to hear Mass on Sundays. How THEY MANAGE THEIR SUNDAY DRESS. Not to spoil their Sunday clothes, they carry them on their heads, and put them on, under a tree or under the shelter of a rock, before entering the church. When there, you might take them for people who are well off; for, with the exception of the feet, which are ordinarily bare, they are very cleanly and respectably dressed. Yet they are for the most part very poor, and have good clothing only for church. On that day, I gave Holy Communion in that parish to 300 persons, among whom alone remained unmoved. Whenever the wild roaming beasts rested under its shad, they howled mournfully, and their pitiful savage voices seemed to say: "Alas! unhappy that parish to 300 persons, among whom 45 were first communicants, and I administered Confirmation to 155; more than half the number were adults and some

very old. A WOMAN OF FIVE GENERATIONS A WOMAN OF FIVE GENERATIONS: Speaking of aged people, let me tell you that in a small island called "Therese" I met with the oldest woman I have ever seen. Indeed there can be but few persons of her age throughout the world. She is said to be 130 years of age; she certainly cannot be less than 116. Her eldest son Her eldest son cannot be less than 116. Her eldest son attained the age of 102, and the third, still living, is 97; the grandchildren are about 60 years old; the ages of the great-grand-children vary from 40 to 20, 18 and 15 years! This good old woman eats and sleeps very well, and they tell me she reads without glasses, but I rather think that she cannot read at all. I wont to conthat she cannot read at all. I went to see her, not so much through curiosity as to

administer to her spiritual wants. A FIRST COMMUNION OF FOUR GENERATIONS

TOGETHER. The good Fathers who had visited her up to this, feared that she was too far in her dotage to be able to receive Holy Communion, but she recited for me the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary and Creed, and told me that our Divine Lord Himself would come to her in the Holy Commun-ion: so I parmitted here the Holy Communcommunion, for which she is more than a century late. At the same time her son of century late. At the same time her son of ninety seven, her granddaughter, and great-granddaughter, approached the holy table for the first time. Thus, four gen-erations knelt together at the foot of the altar to receive, first the Holy Eucharist, in bitterness." Why "against the Irish?" That there should be bitter feeling against persons guilty of blowing up public buildings or enough; but is it fair, or honorable, or Christian, to hold "the Irish" as a body responsible for these acts. It months the the fort of the altar to receive, first the Holy Eucharist, and then the Sacrament of Confirmation. With a similar fact I-Indo-European Cor.

## Judge Gaston.

When the faithful Catholic, Judge Gaston, of North Carolina, was a little boy about eight years old, he was even then remarkable for his cleverness; and one day a school-mate as much noted for his dull ness said to him

"William, what's the reason you are always head of the class and I am always foot ?'

"There is a reason," replied the boy; "but if I tell you you must promise to keep it a secret, and do as I do." Then, the promise being made he went

"Whenever I first take up my book to

study, I first say a little prayer my mother taught me that I may be able to learn my He tried to teach this prayer to the dull

boy, who proved to be too dull to remem-ber it. That same night Mrs. Gaston saw

MAY 11, 1888.

For The Catholic Acrostic

Accossic. Sweet, fond heart : and art in the isle of beauty fair ? Sorrow's vigil art thou ke rearful art thou at thy pra Ever round thee hovers gu Richly laden with God's gr May pure love rel'eve each And its beauties round the Rejoice, thou chosen i with Yielding thee its vernal bit And hear ! it teils thee Tim Gentic heart ! wnseals thet Unto thee in hours is song o Saints and angels shall rep Peaching thee their songs o In thy holy home of prayee Near thy path may Hope's Ever gladd ing glid thy da Canada.

### FATHER TOM BUI ON PRAYE

Canada.

The famous Dominicar Thomas Burke, has recent Liverpool, where, besides sermons, he gave a lecture of which has already ap columns. The object of has been to collect fund church the preacher inte

Tallaght. Father Burke preached Xavier's Church on Sund both the morning and ever Father Burke took for love in the clefts of th

dove in the clefts of the hollow places of the earth, face, let Thy voice sound Thy voice is sweet and Th These words, he said, were second chapter of the Canti and they expressed the D and the love of Jesus Chri Spouse, the Catholic Chur the Spouse of Christ, and this canticle was expressi was prophetic of that love cified Son of God was to Church to the end of time was to sustain her in all he sorrow sole her in all her sorrow forth triumphant in all raise her children, and to

out of the seed of the ma that in addition to all this her with a beauty nothing loveliness and the beauty of And, therefore, it was y Spouse, "She is made exce ful, because of my beauty." the many features of Divi which Christ has adorne making her beauty in her u

His unity. Christ says: "I be one, even as Thou, Fat one." But there is anot Divine beauty which we fi olic Church, which bore me the subject upon which he them that day, and that y of perennial, unfailing, c and communication with to understand this Divine

MORE THAN CREATED L we ought to consider the tri the very essence and life action of God from the be had no beginning, being o heaven in consideration of for God was infinite in H Person-that the true low the contemplation and of with Himself. The Fath perfect idea of Himself, an perfect idea of Himself, an tion was blended with t Word of the Blessed Trinit of eternity, the Father and Word of the Father, was o ted act of active love, t Word of the Holy Ghost. therefore, that as far as pra-tive communication with ( God was one constant pra-God was one constant pray this Divine feature upon and upon His Church, that be a silent Church, that he be heard by all men, even time—a Church proclaimi of perennial praise that ne

The cable reports intense public excite-ment in England over the dynamite dis-coveries, and adds that "it would take very little to excite riots in some places, for the feeling against the Irish is growing in hitterness." in bitterness.

responsible for these acts? It would be a bitter disgrace to England if an anti-Itish riot should be allowed to break out there.

Why, Indeed?

riot should be allowed to break out there. Let men guilty of assassination or of dyna-mite explosions be punished, whether they are Irish or English, or what not. No one—no respectable Irishman—will have a word to say against that. Mr. Parnell has but lately expressed in strong terms his abhorrence of such acts. But we trust English journals and English public men will condemn at once and strongly the wickedness of attacking the Irish people because a few half insane men have been guilty of abhorrent crimes.

to other nations time out of mind, that where a section of a nation is greatly dis-contented, and where violence breaks out

guilty of abhorrent crimes. Surely Englishmen, and particularly English public men and journals, ought not now to forget what they have preached

as a symptom of such discontent, there is prima facie proof of misgovernment, and the rulers are to blame, because it is their

apartment. She stopped and uttered an exclamation of surprise on beholding one whom she fancied many hundred miles away. The little old gentleman, who seemed as cool and self-possessed as his daughter was timid and sensitive, quietly begged her not to be alarmed.

begged her not to be alarmed. "Restrain your tears, my dear Adelina, I pray of you; surely you cannot be

"Far from it, father, but I have had many "Far from it, tather, but i have had many sorrows since we last met ; and then your arrival is so unexpected, it has quite taken me by surprise. I shall recover myself in

arrival is so unexpected, it has quite taken me by surprise. I shall recover myself in a moment," she said, sitting down. "That is right," murmured Mr. Algernon half to himself; "but it is better still not to lose oneself. However, we are not all of one nature." And Adelina did not in-herit her father's that is certain. "Father," resumed the lady, when the first emotion caused by the sudden visit of her parent had a little subsided, "father, I should have gone to you, and acquain-

I should have gone to you, and acquain-ted you with my misfortunes and my plans, ere I left London, but you were as usual, on your travels," "I know, I know; I have heard all con-

"I know, I know; I have heard all con-cerning you and Cuthbert, and I con-do that which you have done, although I undertake this long journey." "But, father," said Adelina with the voice and manner of one who longs, and the motive of your visit? Do you bring news of my husband?"

the motive of your visit? Do you bring news of my husband ??' There ensued a moment of painful silence, each looking anxiously at Mr. Algernon, eager to hear his answer ; but none felt the terror of that moment of suspense so keenly as did Adelina. And she, too, could read better in the counten-ance of her father the sentiments which agitated his mind; she caught the uneasy look of his quick eye; she marked the

Startling Weakness. General and Nervous Debility, Im-Premature Loss of Manly Vigor and Pow-gence. Victims should add.

dered mm a subject of wonderment in an age when travelling was neither so easy nor so general as it has since become, had heard of the rebellion of Lord Essex,

CHAPTER XXIV.

had heard of the rebellion of Lord Essex, in which Cuthbert was so deeply com-promised. The unfortunate nobleman had already suffered the penalty of his daring attempt, and Mr. Algernon natur-ally feared for the safety of his son-in-law. With some difficulty he obtained permission to visit him, when he found him dangerough II and it is the source of the source

him dangerously ill, and, indeed, it was plain that his recovery was beyond hope. Cuthbert was quite resigned to die ; he expressed great remorse for having abandoned the Catholic Faith, to which he

Barbara.

Premature Loss of Manly Vigor and Pow-ers, are common results of excessive indul-gence. Victims should address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated treatise, giving means of perfect cure, WORLD's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"It would be better to come with me than to shut yourself up in a 'convent,' remarked Adelina.

"Very strange idea, certainly," said Mr. Algernon half to himself. Sir Reginald remained silent for a

moment; and then, turning to his little daughter, who with joined hands was praying of him to tell Catherine that she must not go away, he said : "Catherine that she has chosen the better part, and it shall not be taken from her." "O, thank you, sir," smurmured the

young girl.

The following days were spent by the inmates of the chatcau in preparations for two departures ; that of Adelina and her

er Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar coated or granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and blious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get different genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp, 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

in the rest of their lives. ...

The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package for any color.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who ure troubled with Indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists discretion was my expectations. It assists digestion won-derfully. I digest my food with no ap-parent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after

each meal. The public are often very unjust but

never consciously so. What they see clearly to be justice they always approve. to see things as they really are, but in the end their verdict is always right. It to see things as they really are, but in the end their verdict is always right. It was faith in this idea which induced the manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco to stand by their superior brand under every discouragement at the out-set. The public verdict has been ren-dered at last, and it is emphatically in their favor. their favor.

duty to find a means to prevent or to allay such a widespread discontent. Let the English find a way to make the Irish people prosperous and happy. That is their duty as the rulers of Ireland. The condition of society in that island is a standing reproach to English statesmanship. If they are wise, English pu men will regard the "dynamite fiend" English public

the symptom of a disease which it is their business to cure, and which will no longer admit c quack remedies.—N. Y. Herald.

Bishop Brute and the Bed-Cover.

On a cold winter day a few weeks before his death Bishop Brute, already sick, vis-ited one of his priests, Father Corbe. There was only one bed in the house, and this Father Corbe offered to the Bishop, but he refused to take it.

but he refused to take it. After some contention on the subject they both lay down side by side. The bed-cover was small, and, according to his custom, he began to cover and protect his companion. "Bishop," said the priest, "you are not keeping the covers on. I have them

"Oh ! no," replied the holy man in his

slowly endeavoring to cover him more. Pretending to be asleep, he moved rest-lessly and threw the covering on the Bishop, who, with the delicate attention of a mother for a child, tried to cover him

peace of mind.

to him. "Ah!" said he, "my brother, you are not asleep."

The two friends laughed heartily; for in the midst of this extreme poverty these holy souls were inundated with joy which holy souls were inundated with joy which the least circumstance made overflow. "I was afraid," said the Bishop, "you would take cold, and I thought I might awaken you by kindling the tire." "But yourself, Bishop ?" "Oh !" said he, "an old man like me does not feel anything." The fire was rekindled; it was about three o'clock, and the Bishop, who did not

William writing something behind the door; and as she was very strict in never letting her children conceal anything from her, he had to tell her that he was writing out the prayer for his fellow-student. When, fifty-eight years afterward, Judge writing something behind the

Gaston died, the child's faith spoke out again in the old man's last word "We must believe and feel that there is a God all-wise and almighty.

I do not know what prayer it was that William Gaston used to say, but if I could tell you, would not you, school boys and school wirds he global to be boys and

Whitam Gaston used to say, but if I could tell you, would not you, school boys and school.girls, be glad to learn it? However, it is not necessary that you should know the very words. One Our Father and Hail Mary said devoutly before study, with the intention of asking that you may succeed in your les-sons if it he Gady will is enough for your sons if it be God's will, is enough for your

purpose. Only notice that I say, "If it be God's will," For He does not will that we should all succeed in study. What he does will is that we should all be faithful and do our that we should all be faithful and up our best; and be sure that if we have prayed to Him, and have really and faithfully done our best, that is true success in God's sight, no matter whether in the sight of men we succeed or fail in classes.-Young Catholic.

"MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syap" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipa-tion, tasteless, 25c

Why be Downcast.

True, you may be in a miserable condi-tion--you may be weak, palid, and ner-vous. You cannot sleep at night, nor enjoy your waking hours; yet, why lose heart? Get a bottle of Burdock Blood Ritters. It will restore you to health and Bitters. It will restore you to health and

Consumption is a disease contracted by a neglected cold—how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs,—one of the most popular medicines for these com-plaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Drug-gist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly." Consumption is a disease contracted by

stant was to cease—proclain sonorously, melodiously, th Almighty God. The praye was: "Oh, my beloved, let forever filled with prais answered: Yes; I will gra and put my spirit of the p nal prayer in thy heart, and praise upon thy lips, and t semplernum. Then we fi Church of God from sempiternum. Then we fit Church of God from THE FIRST DAWN OF THE MC GLORY

to the present time, as it time, has never been silent tion of melodious praise. consequence is this? The world of to-day, engaged in suits or in commercial pur little or no value to prayer. that, although obligations the poor, and justice and h fellow-men, are to be en fellow-men, are to be enf knowledged, yet that there ob'igation or necessity for Now, let them listen to him He asserted, on the other prayer was the first duty, an necessity on the part of even no man could be saved unle that the heavenly gifts of C upon prayer; and that the not pray, and who neglected lived without it, must make to live without grace in without the glory of God These are strong words, but I that there were two ways in may find it necessary to s First, a thing may be necess pensible in its own nature, i absolutely necessary for h every one of us to have air order to live. Then, also, a necessary not in itself, but commanded. Now, prayer sibly necessary to man in its as an element of salvation, an God commanded it-necess for man cannot live for God.

the power in him, and IF LEFT TO HIMSELF HE M a victim to every passion, an slave of every appetite and There is only one way in w There is only one way in wi sin, to purify the soul and h and that is by the grace o thus did the apostle exclai grace of God I am what I an lecreed that all men should o ing that all should be saved, I them to do penance for their lies there for us, but upon o and that is the indispensable

single passion, or restrain a si or inclination by himself.

kind voice; "see you have only half." During the night the Bishop awoke and began to pray. The priest, who was also awake, listened to him with edification, but he soon perceived that the prelate was lowly endeavoing to sover him more

again, being extremely cautious not to awaken him; but again he threw off the covering, exposing himself to the extreme cold, and a second time it was thrown back