

Child and Mother.

O, Mother My Love, if you'll give me your hand,  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder,  
We'll walk in a sweet, poetic garden out there,  
Where moonlight and starlight are stream-  
ing,  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.  
There'll be no little tired boys to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little cruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;  
For I'll rock you away on a silver dew stream  
And sing you to sleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide awake stars shall sing, in my  
stead,  
A song which our dreamland shall soften.  
So, Mother My Love, let me take your dear  
hand,  
And away through the twilight we'll wander,  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—Eugene Field.

“THE RIGHTS OF MAN.”

Magnificent Lecture by Bishop Keen in Baltimore, Md.

The Right Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., rector of the Catholic University of America, lectured recently before an immense audience in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on “The Rights of Man.” The lecture was for the building fund of the new church at Sparrow's Point, Md. After a brief preface detailing the scope of his theme, which was illustrated by the career of France and that of the United States, Bishop Keane read the seventeen articles of the declaration of “The Rights of Man” as drawn up and presented by the French Constituent Assembly of Aug. 18, 1789.

As he read each article he pungently commented upon it, showing that there was nothing in any clause of it militating against reason or religion, and that the whole or nearly the whole was drawn from Magna Charta and our own Declaration of Independence. He said that this declaration “was a measure which aimed at putting an end in France to all tyranny and oppression, to all unfair distinctions, and unjust burdens; which sought to make France the happiest country on earth by establishing in it the reign of liberty, equality and fraternity. What heart yearning for human welfare would not leap at that? It sounds like an echo of the angelic song, ‘Peace on earth to men of good will.’ Eagerly we look for the result. Alas, how bitterly it disappoints us! That dream of liberty, equality and fraternity ends in the most indiscriminate carnage the world has ever seen. We behold the reins of power snatched by absolutism after absolutism, each rising upon the corpse of its predecessor.”

“We see France, even while her armies are abroad battling nobly for their country's prestige, at home sinking into inextricable confusion, into the reign of terror, into the vortex of hopeless ruin, till at last we behold extremes meet, and the tragedy ends in the absolutism of Napoleon, who, far more than Louis XIV. could say: ‘The State; I am the State.’

“Why this dire failure? Why this blasting of so noble a promise? Did the Declaration of Rights of Man fail because it was false and could only have the fortunes of a lie? Did the Constituent Assembly plunge France into disaster because it was simply a mischievous revolutionary gathering, disturbing the peace and order which preceded it? No. We have only to glance at the facts in order to see that such was not the case, that this was not the reason for its failure.

“In the first place the Assembly was the outcome of popular unhappiness and discontent which was as well grounded as that was universal. When King Louis XVI. called together the States General of France he was the first to acknowledge that the condition of things was unbearable. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, one of the most unfortunate epochs in human history, had culminated in intellectual, moral and social conditions which humanity could not endure, which humanity had no right even to tolerate.

“If by speedy steps the States General were transformed into the National Assembly, and that into the Constituent Assembly, that, ere long, into the Legislative Assembly, thus gradually working a constitutional revolution, and transforming the government from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, there is little if anything in the fact that can possibly be blamed by us either as Americans or as Christians. Thirteen years, before the patriots of '76 had wrought out in our country a similar revolution, for which we bless them and thank God.

“The Congress which issued our Declaration of Independence was also a revolutionary assemblage. And if there were deeds of violence connected with the transition from the States General to the Constituent Assembly, so were there deeds of violence at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill. Had other things been equal, Mirabeau might have been a Washington.

“It is not, therefore, in the revolutionary character of the Assembly as such, nor yet in the Declaration of Rights itself. Read with the cool, dispassionate eyes of an American or an Englishman there is little, if anything, in this declaration which does not chime well enough with our Declaration of Independence, with English Bill of Rights, just one century before, or with the Magna Charta of 1215. Nay, read with the eyes of a Christian, there is little, if anything, in it that would have been frowned upon by our Divine Prince of Peace.

“Where, then, is the reason for its failure? Let two undeniably historical facts answer the question. The first fact is that Jesus Christ alone gave

to the world a civilization based on a just appreciation of human rights and duties. The second is that the events preceding the French Revolution had almost completely taken Jesus Christ and His principles out of the minds and hearts of those who issued the Declaration of Rights and those who were to put its provisions into effect.

“The skepticism of the seventeenth century had reached its climax in the cynicism of Voltaire. His matchless wit made his writings the fashion in every salon. His unrivaled power of sarcasm turned all things sacred into ridicule, and thus sapped the foundations of faith and reverence in the upper classes. With faith and reverence went self-control, virtue, unselfishness and charity and justice itself. Thus the upper classes became an unsupportable incubus on those beneath them. Christian civilization had rotted in the land.

“What Voltaire had done for the upper classes Rousseau had, with equally consummate art, done for the lower classes. Because the classes who oppressed them still made an external show of religious forms, Rousseau taught the masses to attribute their miseries to religion itself. The assembly was chiefly constituted of men thoroughly imbued with the anti-Christian teachings of Voltaire and Rousseau, and boiling over with enthusiasm to mold their country in the principles of this new gospel. Their foundation was gone, and soon the superstructure was a ruin. How complete that ruin became is horrible, even at this distance of time, to contemplate.

“By solemn decree Christ was abolished, the churches desecrated and pillaged and their revenues confiscated. Some religion was necessary, so by a decree a religion of reason was established, and for something to worship they enthroned a lascivious woman on the altar of Notre Dame in the place of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Legislative Assembly offered her their adorations. In human history no parallel can be found for this horror of Nov. 10, 1793. It was going lower than the Beauchampia of the heathens.

“In the abyss of anarchy poor France seemed sinking hopelessly to ruin when, with giant grasp, Napoleon seized her and saved her from utter chaos by subjecting her totally to his own despotic will. The old Voltairean spirit lingered on, sapping the morals of the life of the people. No wonder, then, that the principles of the declaration are still so misunderstood and travestied, and that the attempt at republican self-government should still be so dominated by absolutism that we Americans look on the experiment with sorrowful and afterward with indignant pity, and not infrequently with little hope of its ever succeeding.”

He incidentally pointed out that though Napoleon had restored the altar and the clergy, he had done so for ambitious purposes, just as he afterward, for selfish reasons, sought to bring within his domination the Papacy itself. Time did not permit the Bishop to expiate upon the tremendous downfall of the despotic and sacrilegious Emperor.

MAN'S RIGHTS IN AMERICA.  
Recurring to this country, he said: “Turn we, then, from the sad experiment of poor France, and let us see how it has fared with the experiment as tried at the very same epoch in the Western world. The sophisticated philosophies of Voltaire and Rousseau had found no lodgment in the minds and hearts of those who were to lay the foundations of our countries and liberties. The American colonists were in general profoundly religious men. Most of them had suffered for religion in the countries of the Old World, and had come here that they might be free to serve God according to their consciences. When, therefore, they struck against tyranny it was not anarchy they desired, but freedom. When they issued their Declaration of Independence, in it declaring that men's rights are inalienable because conferred by the Creator, they not only declared the truth in words, but they meant just what they said.

“One great obstacle there was, indeed, to the blessed reign of the Prince of Peace over the American nation. This was the spirit of religious intolerance, hatred and persecution which too largely prevailed among the colonials. But as they had nearly all suffered persecution in the Old World, no wonder they had carried to the New religious animosities and tendencies to persecute. But in Maryland, the land of the Calverts, the doctrine of religious freedom went forth and spread from one to another of the colonies. Thus it became not only un-Christian, and un-American, but un-American, to hate one another for God's sake, and to persecute one another for the sake of the Prince of Peace. Washington was right when he said that it was only by the humble imitation of the example of the Divine Author of our blessed religion can our country or any other country hope to be a happy nation. This great truth we have beheld doubly proved—by the failure of the French Revolution to make France a happy nation, and by the success of the American Revolution in making America a happy nation. It is an object lesson in history which it greatly behooves our country to bear always in mind, and from which other nations struggling toward liberty may well borrow wisdom.

THE LIQUOR POWER.  
Glancing at some of the dangers confronting us in America, he said: “Recently another arbiter of human affairs has come upon the scene in our country, before whose potency Christ and His religion must, forsooth, stand aside. I mean King Rum. Within a

few weeks past the organ of the liquor interests in the State of New York has solemnly informed the country that this king holds votes enough in that State to constitute the balance of power. As a man who loves his country and as a man who loves his God—as a man who rejoices in the liberty that the religion of Christ has given to America—I hope that any political party which may bow down to the liquor traffic may sink into oblivion, never to be seen or heard of in a land where freedom dwells. It is the noble mission of America, under God, to preserve the rights of men, and to make happy the freemen of the people of the world. Let us all take a hand in the great work. This Rum power had claimed that it could defeat any party that opposed it, and one of its organs objected to a candidate because he had drunk nothing but water at a public banquet, and, at another time, had actually been seen at prayer!”

He also read the following extract from a decision of the Supreme Court: “By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dramshop, where intoxicating liquors in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime attributable to this than from any other source. The state of such liquors in this way has therefore been at all times considered the proper subject of legislative regulation. For that matter, the sale by the glass may be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of Federal law. There is no inherent right of a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or of a citizen of the United States. In the prohibition or regulation of the traffic, discretion may be vested in officers to decide to whom to grant and to whom to refuse liquor licenses. The officers may not always exercise the power conferred upon them with wisdom or justice to the parties affected. But that is a matter which does not affect the authority of the State, or one which can be brought under the cognizance of the courts of the United States.”

“Women,” he added, “have rights—women who as wives, mothers and daughters are subjected to the violence, heart-break, impoverishment and disgrace of besotted husbands, sons and fathers, but the Rum power does not care; it wants their money.”

He closed with a splendid tribute to the toleration and freedom of the United States, and prayed that God might always direct this country in the paths of true liberty, founded upon religion, as Washington had defined so beautifully and comprehensively in his farewell address.

The Excellence of the Rosary.

The Rosary is the most efficacious of all modes of prayer, with the exception of the Holy Sacrifice and the Divine Office. The use of the latter is restricted to a few, but the Rosary is in the hands of the many; it is the inheritance of all the children of the Church, without distinction of sex, age, or condition of life. It is perfect as a sacred exercise; for it combines mental and vocal prayer—the prayer of supplication and of contemplation—since meditation on the several mysteries accompanies the recitation of the prayers. It is the quintessence of Christianity, and the book of the unlearned.

Nor need exception be taken to the frequent use of the same formula; for this is no vain repetition like that practised by the heathen; no reproduction of pagan superstition, but an imitation of our Lord's example. Three times He prayed in the Garden of Olives, using the same words. Repetition, moreover, answers to an instinct of human nature. The suppliant continually urges his request in the same terms; the populace delight in the refrain of a melody. What can the Christian do better than repeat the “Our Father,” which is the prayer sealed by His sanction? And as the twelve Apostles persevered in prayer, after the Ascension, with Mary, the Mother of God, what can we do better than employ her intercession to render our petitions efficacious, addressing her in the words of the Angelical Salutation, the very same words in which the glad tidings of the Gospel were announced to mankind?—“The Holy Rosary,” Father Humphrey, S. J.

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea. “The people,” we're told, “are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science.” Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the “do believe's” and the “don't believe's.” There's no hesitance about it, no “if” nor “possibly.” It says—“I can cure you, only do as I direct.” Perhaps it falls occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do.)

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G. A Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: “He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.”

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

HE WOULD NOT DRINK.

A True Temperance Story That is not Without a Moral.

Once upon a time, an English author, named Hall, went to Ireland to take sketches of its most beautiful scenery for a book that he was about to publish. While he was in that country he visited the Lakes of Killarney, and while there he met a bright Irish lad, who offered his services as guide through the district.

A bargain was made with him, and the party went off. The lad proved himself well acquainted with all the places of interest in their neighborhood, and had plenty of stories to tell about them. He did his work well, and to the entire satisfaction of the visitors. On their return to the starting point, Mr. Hall took a flask of whiskey from his pocket, and drank some. Then he handed it to the boy, and asked him to help himself. To his surprise the offer was firmly, but politely, declined.

Mr. Hall thought this strange. To find an Irish boy who would not touch or taste whiskey was more remarkable to him than anything he had seen that day. He could not understand it; and he resolved to try the strength of the boy's temperance principles. He offered first a shilling, then a half crown, and then five shillings if he would taste that whiskey. But the boy was firm. A manly heart was beating under his ragged jacket. Mr. Hall determined to try him further, so he offered the boy a golden half sovereign if he would take a drink of whiskey. That was a coin seldom seen by lads of this class in those parts. Straightening himself up, with a look of indignation in his face, the boy pulled out a temperance medal from the inner pocket of his jacket, and holding it bravely up said:

“This was my father's medal. For years he was a drunkard. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my mother's heart; and what a hard time she had to keep the children from starving. At last my father took a stand. He signed the pledge, and wore this medal as long as he lived. On his death-bed he gave it to me. I promised him that I would never drink intoxicating liquor, and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth a hundred times over, I would not break that promise.”

That boy's decision about drink was noble. Yes—and it did good, too. As Mr. Hall stood there, astonished, he screwed the top onto his flask, and flung it into the lake near which they stood. Then he turned to the lad and shook him warmly by the hand, saying as he did so:

“My boy, that's the best temperance lecture I ever heard. I thank you for it. And now, by the help of God, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor while I live.”

The incident shows that the person who is true to his convictions is respected and that even the youngest can set an example that may lead others to do right.

“At last, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!” was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoonful of this extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.

Enjoying a Blessing.  
DEAR SIRS.—Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Finally we applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health.

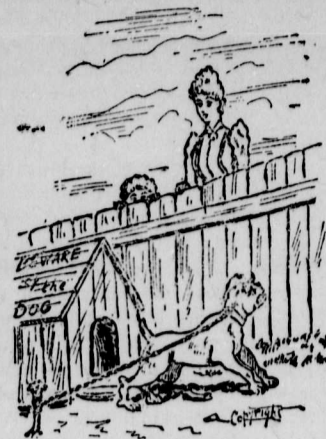
ANNIE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B.  
Cold Weather Trials.  
DEAR SIRS.—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I had little thought of trying B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

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How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.  
How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.  
How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.  
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29th June, 1891.

Angela I  
There fit a myr  
About this ear  
And in and out  
Their footsteps  
While in our ve  
Their forms wa  
They sit up in t  
And kiss the h  
Across the holi  
They join the  
From holding o  
The tears that  
They lurk ab  
And trace up  
Quaint legends  
When twilight  
The dim world o  
A thing not w  
They sketch the  
And the pictur  
And point with  
To the t annual  
While breathing  
On the daylight  
They kneel besid  
Who say their  
And fit their  
Who passeth d  
With peace writ  
Across the pri  
And when the dr  
And the burie  
They stand besid  
Whose laborin  
And pay him do  
The children's

OUR BOYS  
The New  
I sought to do some mi  
That I might prove  
I wanted, and the minu  
Yet bore no incense of  
Sad, without hope, I could  
One drop alone could  
But drop on drop, till I  
The giant oak trunk  
Refreshed, like nature  
And do the duty which  
And ever I knew my w  
The noble deed I sought  
A Boy  
“When I get to be  
to his grandmamma, w  
the tall clock, ‘‘ I’ll  
do lots of things.  
now.  
“Frank,” called  
yard, ‘‘ come here.  
Frank ran out a  
standing beside th  
large dish partly fi  
“I want you to  
“The old speckle  
nest under the shee  
her to set there.  
into such a small  
just the right siz  
Take this stick a  
as gently as possib  
Frank lay down t  
and with a stick ma  
nest. She was ve  
and flying round a  
Uncle Will caught  
her out, and shut  
Then Frank craw  
and got all the egg  
a single one.  
When they went  
Will said to grand  
how I should have  
nest and the eggs o  
for Frank.”  
“Now,” said gran  
in he such a hurru  
things little boys  
grown up folks—th  
are willing and ear  
The Poet  
What makes a bo  
liness, says Hezek  
The Ladies' Hom  
the war, how scho  
lower popular boy  
leaders were the h  
hearts could be tru  
respects his moth  
him. The boy wh  
sister is a knight,  
never violate his  
pledge his honor to  
change not, will h  
his fellows. The b  
weak will one da  
among the strong.  
never hurt the fo  
will one day find h  
phere of universal  
“I know not,” o  
Governor Andrew,  
may await me in  
this I do know: I n  
man because he wa  
was ignorant, or  
black.”  
Shall I tell you  
popular boy? I wi  
and generous and  
be popular, be the  
love others better  
people will give yo  
delight to make you  
what makes a boy

The Poor M  
A blind and cripp  
the edge of the cr  
grinding out his fe  
hand-organ, and ho  
a tin cup for penni  
blew through his  
indeed a pitiful obj  
passers by seemed t  
were all in a hurru  
to stop and hunt fo  
and purses.  
A sudden gust of  
man's cap off. It fe  
around for a few h  
and then with his  
not find it, and fina  
again, bareheaded,  
gray locks tossed ab  
People came and w  
dressed men and w  
velvets and seaskin  
coats and gloves al  
none of them paid a  
old man.  
By and by a wom  
alley—an old wor  
tatters, with a grea  
and sticks on her b  
the boards were so  
dragged on the gr  
and it had evidentl