At Evening.

[From the German : for Redpath's Weekly. The evening winds are sleeping; Around me, far and near, The sound of auge? is lootsteps Falls softly on the ear; O'er hill and dale the darkness Sweeps down from reaims of night-Away, my heart? with sadness, Why tremblest with affright ?

The world's unrest and turnalt In deepest stillness lie— Joy's mirthfal voice is silent, And Sorrow's wildered cry: Whether thorns strew thy pathway; Or roses fair and bright, Away, my heart ! with sadoess, Why tremblest with affright.

Hast stumbled in Life's journey ? Look backward nevermore. New grace the bounteous Giver For thee hath still in store; The shepherd of His people Still guides the flock aright— Away, my heart ! with sadness, Why tremblest with affright ?

The planets in their courses The planets in their courses Serene, majestic, roll; The golden Wain wheels onward, Still circling round the poie; As thus the stars He guideth, So thee, thro' darkest night, Away, my heart ! with sadness, Why tremblest with affright?

A LESSON OF LIFE.

A. Repplier in the Catholic World for July

J. C.

A. Reppher in the Canone word for suly. A little girl was waiting alone in her nursery for the arrival of a new gover-ness. Being of a testles turn, and feeling the occasion to be one of great import-ance, she had manifested her anxiety and investigations he wordsting from window impatience by wandering from window to window, flattening her nose against each to window, hattening her hose against each successive pane, and staring wistfully out at the bare, smooth lawn and at the great trees shaking down their last few raindrops as they shivered in the cold March wind. She was a pretty child of an unusual type, with a skin of milky whiteness, grey eyes so dark and deeply set that they passed at first sight for black, and an abundant crop nt crop of short, fair curls. Tired of the dismal prospect out of doors, she had sauntered again to the hearth, and was idly gazing again to the nearin, and the set of body at the smouldering logs, when the door opened and a tall girl with brown hair and bright, brown eyes stood smiling on

and bright, brown eyes stood smiling on the threshold. "She has come, Essie," she said, "and father has sent for you." "O Lesley !" And the child sprang has-tily forward and caught her sister's frock. "Is she nice ? Do you like her looks ?" "She is lovely," was the assured reply ; "and you cannot fail to like her, unless you are an obstinate little monkey. But come along ; they are waiting for you now."

Essie ran down-stairs and across the hall

then, seized with a sudden fit of shyness, stood hesitating at the library-door, until her companion, as though fearing she

her to be, she was certainly very pretty, and with a delicate, babyish face, and an and with a delicate, babyish face, and an appealing look in her clear blue eyes that had won its way into many an unguarded heart. She sat down now and drew Essie childish

appealing look in her clear blue eyes that had won its way into many an unguarded heart. She sat down now and drew Essie to her side, holding the passive little hand and smiling at the sober, up-turned face. "I am not easily frightened," she whis-pered, "and I don't feel a bit discouraged by what your sister says. She has no idea what a student you are going to make by and by."

by and by." and by." She spoke lightly and with a caressing without end; and the cook, who saved for grace that seemed irresistible, but there was no response from the silent figure ty her side. The child's grey eyes wandered slowly for a moment over the charming face before her, and then dropped in sul-

three months, and love still seemed to her absolutely forbid Essie to have anything to do with the servants or with the village children, and puoish her every time she disobeys you. I will not have it in your a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir a panacea for all the fils that fiesh is her to. What were a few vexations, more or less, when into her life had come this great happiness ? What did anything matter, after all, when she could fall back upon this hidden spring of joy ? By the time Mr. John Burroughs had given his mare in charge of a groom and had rechildren, and puotsh her every time she disobeys you. I will not have it in your power to say that your sister gratifies a taste for low company, which you should have checked in the start."

Lesley flushed crimson. The implied reproach was almost more than she could bear. Why, after all, should her father's mare in charge of a groom and had re-turned to the house Lesley had tacitly made peace with her father, had said a few bear. Why, after all, should her father's annoyance with Essie always take the form of covert anger against herself *i* She felt distinctly the injustice of her own position, but offered no remonstrance to it. If she had gained nothing else in her guarded and disciplined childhood, she had at least learned how to be silent under provocation; and this power of self re-straint gave a strength and dignity even to the simplicity of her youth and inexperi-ence. No one recognized that fact more clearly, or suffered from it more fre-quently, than her father. He felt now, as he had often felt before, that he had been unfair to her, and he knew that she would give him no opportunity either to make good his words or to revoke them. Under which discouraging circumstances he fidgeted for a moment or two and then went back to his book, out of humor with made peace with her father, had said a few politely apologetic words to Miss Grantly, and had abstained from scolding Essie-three very distinct results of that short and stolen interview in the hall.

went back to his book, out of humor with both his daughters and with himself as well, yet able to take a half-comic view of

well, yet able to take a half-comic view of his own discomfiture. "She is a true dis-ciple of Pallas Athene," he muttered rue-fully when he was left alone. "And vast are thy powers, O Silence !" But Lesley took no pleasure in her triumph. Indeed, she did not even know that she had triumphed, as she lingered in the hall, looking moodily through the stained glass window which lent a false brightness to the dreary world outside. She was but twenty-two, and had known very little of the cares or tumults of life, yet was far from thinking so. If any one please. She understood when to speak and when to let her appealing eyes speak for her with a mute and irresistible elo-quence. She was incapable of jarring upon quence. She was incapable of jaring upon the vanities and weaknesses of those around her; and while carefully refrain-ing from open flattery—that rock upon which so many vessels split—she had learned from Shenstone the important lesson that "deference is the most compli-ate the most indicate and the most of cate, the most indirect, and the most complete gant of all compliments." Accordingly she had taught herself to veil her natural yet was far from thinking so. If any one had said to her that

"Her soul was a fair, desert temple beauty. Unshaded by sorrow, unhallowed by duty.'

she would have offered an indignant denial and pointed out the greatness of the mistake. Had it not been a sorrow when her own

mother died, leaving her a very little girl to the care of aunts who loved her too well—so they said—to make her childhood anything but a burden ? Had not that anything but a burden? Had not that scrrow been keener still when these same relatives came in solemn state to the boarding-school where their twelve-year-old niece was strugging with fractions and the French grammar, and informed her, with a strong implied disapproval of the act, that her father had taken another wife ? And when at last she was released from school, and sent with a trusty body-guard of maid and courier to join her par-ent abread was it not to find him. barks at one guest, and fawns upon another, with more innate penetration, per-haps, than we are apt to give him credit for. The child's truthful soul looked

ent abroad, was it not to find him a broken-hearted widower, with a foreign through her clear grey eyes, and in her simple directness there was something which her father thought half barbarous, her comparison, and pushed her gently in. "This is my little sister, Miss Grantly," she said briefly, as a young gil dressed in black rose from the sofa and came for-ward to meet them. "And unless she is going to learn a great deal more quickly for you than she ever did for me, you mil have good cause to possess your soul in patience." Miss Grantly colored, and haughed a Bittle, low, musical laugh. If not abso-bittle, low, musical laugh. If not absolooking and atrociously dressed child of five, who could not speak a word of Engbut which Lesley, single-minded herself was quick to understand and appreciate Nor can it be claimed, indeed, that her studies advanced as rapidly as Miss Grantly had predicted; but then booklearning was not at all in Essie's line. She was quick to remember all she heard, quick to draw inferences from all she saw. but hopelessly slow in extracting any in-formation out of a printed page. To Lesand to the little sister whom she had never learned to love at all. On that never learned to love at all. On that score, at least, she was free from self re

and tarts ; and the gardener, who would stop on his busiest days to carry water for slowly for a moment over the charming face before her, and then dropped in sul-len coldness, while two small, perpendicu-har wrinkles dented her smooth white fore-head. The signs were plainly visible to all who chose to read them, and they said, as distinctly as words could speak, that Miss Essie's first impressions had not been favorable. Even Miss Grantly seemed conscious of this, and drew back a little, bould have taken an unreasonable

"My father, Dr. Stanhope, do you 'she answered, somewhat sur-"He lives just at the end of the mean ? prised. lane. You will be there in a minute." "Your father !" repeated the old man, with a vaguely bewildered air. "And you

are Dr. Stanhope's daughter! But he has another little one besides ?" "Yes," said Lesley shortly, resenting the question as impertinent, but softening in spite of herself at the wearied, puzzled made peace with her father, had said a few politely apologetic words to Miss Grantly, and had abstained from scolding Essientrand, but equestion as implete the world, but earlied, puzzled face turned to her own. "Here is the lodge, and you can come right in. Do would you want to see my father especially, or would you like to go around to the kitchen and have your dinner?"—half.sustices which had made the passime of Jack Burrough's infancy. Dr. Stanhope was warm in her praise; Lesley, with true womanly sympathy for her early orphanhood and her dependent condition, endeavored to make her life as bearable as she could;
and Essie, if her dislike remained unaltered, had been cajoled or threateneds into a state of passive civility. Indeed, Miss Grantly possessed that rare tact which would have made good her footing where ever chance had thrown her; and far more would, and, leading him directly to the potent than her wouth or hourt mark the ther is the semed and the stores and running lightly up the stores.

Lesley's mind which forced her that the old man crying by her side had been hardly treated, and that some sympathy and consideration were due to him; but her strongest feeling at Miss Granty possessed that rare tact which would have made good her footing where-ever chance had thrown her; and far more potent than her youth or beauty was the subtle consciousness of people's minds and moods, which intuitively enabled her to please. She undesting the the total and looked in. "Father," she said softly, "here is an old man whom I met on the this moment was one of fastidious dis-gust. There was something painfully real, and consequently unattractive, about Hal-leran's grief and poverty. He was not in the least like similar old men in books, road and who wants to see you particu

larly." Dr. Stanhope put down his newspaper with a resigned air and turned carelessly around; then sprang to his feet and angpicturesque in rugged simplicity. He was merely ragged and unkempt, and far from clean. Dust and heat and tears had streaked his withered face with griny marks, and the handkerchief with which rily confronted the intruder. "Halleran he gasped, and Lesley saw that he was white to the lips, and that the chair he leant on shook under his nervous grasp. "Yes, it's I, Edward Halleran," re-turned the turned the stranger slowly, and never taking his eyes off the doctor's startled face. "And I've come many a long mile cate of all compliments." Accordingly gant of all compliments." Accordingly she had taught herself to veil her natural self-reliance, to ask for advice in all emergencies, to listen to it with grateful thereion, and even to make a feint of "His daughter's child."

attention, following it. She permitted 21. to feel that he was her wisest counseller, Lesley to think that she was her kindest friend, Jack Burroughs to suppose that his occasional attentions both flattered and fluttered her-which was far from being the case-and every servant in the house the the case for the permission of the permission of the house the the case for the permission of the permissi

especial manner to her wants. On her little pupil alone was all that tact and judgment thrown away; for Essie, not clever enough herself to appre-ciate cleverness in other people, trasted entirely to her instincts, and was as unrea-sonable in her fancies as the terrior that one she ever wrote after you took her from me. You put half the world between us for fear that we should disgraze you ; but when her heart was breaking in a far-off country she remembered that she had a father still."

If Dr. Stanhope had grown pale before he was ashen now, and his eyes burned with suppressed fury. "It is a lie !" he whispered, "I loved her with my whole soul, and at no time did I ever give her just cause to regret her marriage with me. If I separated her from her family and former associates it was for her happines as well as for my own, and she consented to it as inevitable before she became my

"Ay, that she did," said the unhappy father. "She loved you well anhappy father. "She loved you well enough to give up for your sake all that had been dear to her heart. But, more than father, formation out of a printed page. To Les-ley, looking back upon her own early efforts, Essie's stupidity seemed almost incomprebensible. Why, at nine years old she was studying books whose titles her sister could barely spell, and of whose contents she was likely to be long in happy ignorance. "She is either hope-lessly lazy or a little idiot!" pronounced Lesley with decision, and Miss Grantly merely shrugged her shoulders and smiled her softest smile. It was exactly her own opinion, but she hesitated about giving it utterance.

utterance. By this time spring was over and June had put forth her bravest array of flow irs. The outside world was so very father ?' he said humbly. "I have never in Essie's eyes that the hours in the school

for worlds have denied her its consola-tions on her death bed. Essie may join whatever church she pleases when she is

Essie looked at him curiously, but without a particle of the innate disgust that dwelt in Lesley's eyes. She felt no rain, and Lesley, as she watched him, felt a great pity rise in her heart for him, and for her father, and most of all for Essie. Poor Essie ! What wonder that she was repugnance to his rags and poverty; only a pity and a wonder that it should be so. "You need not cry," she said softly, as she touched with her little fingers his Poor Essie ! What wonder that she was brusque and hard to train ! What wonder that study was bitter and freedom sweet to one whose mother could not spell and whose grandfather was unable to read! she touched with her little fingers his frayed and torn sleeve. "You know we can buy you plenty of new things." "Essie!" cried her father, "I told you to leave the room! Lesley, take her away and teach her, if you can, to be silent. Go!" he added angrily, as she lingered still, and Lesley, taking her by the hand, drew her to the door. Here she stopped for an instant and turned around, her little face serious and troubled. her deen The prejudices of birth were very strong in Lesley's soul. She had been carefully and conscientiously trained by her aunts to believe that she, whose grandfather came over from England rich and wellborn, must necessarily be better than those whose ancestors arrived carrying their baggage in a handkerchief; and that the baggage in a handkerchief; and that the possession of a great-great-grandmother, in itself a rarity, was enhanced in her case by a much-diluted drop of noble German blood. Of her father's second wife she had been told nothing, save that she was an orphan without relatives; and had never given the matter a further thought, until new whole truth was even with a new determination in his now the whole truth was savagely thrust each with a new determination in hi upon her. There was a certain sense of justice in TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

CANON FARRAR'S TRIBUTE TO THEM-ALSO SOME STRANGE NOTIONS.

AUGUST V, P

Preaching at Westminster Abbey, in aid of the Bishop of London's Fund—the object of which is to promote the employ-ment of additional "Mission Clergy" in the Anglican parishes of the metropolis —the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar said : "Let me any plaiply what I think Side

"Let me say plainly what I think. Side by side with the old existing agencies we need new methods, new forms of self-denial. he sought to smear them off made Lesley wince. He stood humbly, hat in hand, with no pretence of equality in his son-in-We want more elasticity, more force, more power of adapting ourselves to conditions. haw's house. He was broken in years, and health, and spirits; and to those who did not understand the hidden purpose which urged him on, it would have seemed an easy matter to crush up his presumptuous I once showed over this abbey a humble Roman Catholic Bishop who was going to some distant land as a missionary. The next day he sent me a narrative of a great work, in which, though no name was mentioned, I do not doubt that he had urged him on, it would be an oddy the strong be as he sat wrapped in moody interference. Perhaps Dr. Stanhope thought so as he sat wrapped in moody contemplation. He had loved this man's daughter with the strongest affections of his heart. Her beauty had tempted him is heart. Her beauty had tempted him is strong him sharply to know that in her is strong him sharply to know that is the strong him strong him sharply to know that is the strong him strong trouble she had turned weakly away from him for help and sympathy; that not even in the end had she given him trust and confidence; and that, having lavished all things on her, he had yet failed to make her happy. For Halleran to come seek-ing his grandchild was in Dr. Stanhope's guarded secret should be shared by his f older daughter was a bitter humiliation a to bis soul. He glanced up now and met mute incourty that roused him into speech. guarded secret should be shared by his f older daughter was a bitter humiliation a to his soul. He glanced up now and met mute incourty that roused him into speech. mute inquiry that roused him into speech. "Give him back the letter, Lesley," he a mighty zeal in the cause of Christ—alone, said wearily. "I did not know that it had ever been written, or I could have sup-lement of the the inter t with scarcely a penny of income, and with no penny of endowment, he went and toiled among those wretched masses, living in a single room in the lowest neighborhood on such ccarse food as they elemented it with some further information set your mind at ease. Hester, two days before she died, confessed to me her desire before she died, confessed to me her desire to see a priest, and I procured one for her. He was a French Jesuit in charge of a mission in Algiers, and he adminis-tered to her all the rites of her church and baptized her little girl. Are you conbaptized her little girl. Are you con-tented now ?" The old man came forward a few hasty his pity. Then, like the Apostles of old, leaving station after station thus founded to some other worker, he started for new neighborhoods ; and church after church, steps, peered anxiously into the other's face, and then drew a long breath, as if a heavy burden had been suddenly lifted from his soul. "Thank God !" he said simply, "and may He reward you !" Then, after a pause, he added, with sad humility, "I'll be going away now, if you wish it. It's enough for me to know that and mission room after mission-room, and school after school rose in every low quarter in which he had worked, like , the beacon-fires which answer each other from the summit of the hills. Such was one man's large, noble, unknown, un-noticed, apostolic work; and where there is such work such results will always folmy child's child will be brought up in her mother's faith, and I'll not so much as ask low.

To look in her pretty eyes." Dr. Stanhope stirred impatiently in his chair and glanced again at Lesley, who was watching him with silent earnestness. "You mistake me entirely, Halleran," he At this generous testimony no one who has paid attention to Archdeacon Farrar's words and works need feel surprise, any more than at a subsequent passage of the said dryly. "I am no advocate of any same sermon, in which he urges that the same serinon, in which he urges that the gifts necessary for such work, and the "call," are not given to all men : "The day has come when we need among the clergy some saint or prophet, who, like Wicklif, or Dominic, or Francis, especial sect, nor do I regard the selection of one as a matter of vital importance. I never actually opposed Hester in the practice of her religion, and I would not

shall send forth a new order clergy, consecrated, not by earthly irrevocable vows, but by mighty self-sacrifice, and by the hands of invisible consecration AUGUST 9, 18

A Soul

It was God's temple; Beho With love and faith Beho Its altar was the Spi Its incense rose to Hi With praises rang its Beho

In ruin lies this tem A thi It breathes no more -Thi Its hymn of love is h No angels flock here The serpent's slime i Dan

HENRY GEORGE'S DUKE OF

Henry George's 1 Duke of Argyll's sav sa vigorous and brill answer to certain stat Duke as to the con Scotland Mr. George That power over m ownership of land as their bodies the Duk manifestations if he w of the Scottish land large farmers, and, in over even the well-to professional men, i where it is the custor large capital is req aided in many cases the thec, enables the l direct power over ev That many substanti driven from their he cause they voted or w voted against the w

lords is well known. tation was that of the land was driven fro way a few years sin cally offended his cally offended his I England, I was told o who died there late comfortable practice estate of a Scottish voted for a Liberal given by the landlor no longer to be en people feared to disc obliged to leave. H not succeeding in pined away, and wor destitution but that made in Leeds wrote supporting whom he who came to Leeds. days of life, and ass children. I mentio name of that gentle to me. It was Sir S

During my recent I was over and over to do men that they their opinions be kn ction the landlords dislike. In one tow me by night, and as telling me frankly t apply for a hall, red for myself, as I was

THE TYRANNY If this be the con do, the condition o imagined. One of th have feared the lan have feared God feared the factor me and the ground offic tor." But there is a even the croftersforty-eight hours' out of what by cou homes, and who ar large farmers or tax the landlord or agen the class of farm ser bothies. Can the American slaves wh as these white slave or who had less of enjoyments of life ? The slaveholders

case that I heard o religion of the slav Argyll will doubtles

TEOUTD

conscious of this, and drew back a little, seeming hurt and puzzled, while Lesley

directly." He spoke with manifest annoyance, and his orders were quickly obeyed. Alone with his older daughter, who stood look-ing absently out at the rain-washed path, and your and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking park and your wife, for the sake of parking parki

Lesley laughed. "No, I was not," she frankly admitted. "But then Essie is a very different child, and has more ideas and opinions of her own than I was ever allowed to indulge in. Look at her chosen friends! She is hand and glove with every old woman and bare-footed boy in the village, and half the time I cannot keep her away from the very servants." The frown on Dr. Stanhope's face deep-

ened into a curious look of mingled fear and anger. "Do you mean to say that you permit Essie to associate with these peotwo minutes, you say? Then I will ride rag of a handkerchief, and peered with Jess to the stable, and be back with you in dull blue eyes into Lesley's face. ple ?" he asked. "If so, her manners need no longer be a source of wonder."

no longer be a source of wonder." "Permit it? No! But sometimes I "But you must help it in the future ! Do you understand me, Lesley? You must Do you and the part of the state of the

she should have taken an unreasonable troubled; or to the infirstream beyond, this much, he said dryly; 'you may as dislike to a governess who was, in Lesley's where the lazy little fishes darted hither well know all." He sai down again by the table, leaning

"if you are destined to shoulder all Essies inever forgot these few moments, when never forgot these few moments, when the stillness around answered to the hush heavy one. And as for being rude to her the stillness around answered to the hush within herself; for it seemed as the turn-

nearly one. And as for being rule to her governess, you surely can't expect a youngster to like her governess, can you? I used to have one myself when I was a little boy, and I have a very distinct recol-lection of being rule to her nearly all the incomparent surface and the stillness around answered to the nush within herself; for it seemed as the turn-ing point of her whole life, and marked her last hours of unbroken happiness. As she drew near the lodge she became dreamily aware that an old man was within herself; for it seemed as the turn-ing point of her whole life, and marked her last hours of unbroken happiness. As she drew near the lodge she became dreamily aware that an old man was Inthe boy, and being rule to her nearly all the plodding on before her in the dust, and time, and of being perpetually sent to bed plodding on before her in the dust, and in consequence—which is more than will that he stopped now and waited for her to ever happen to Essie. But, to come down come up—a poor old man, shabby and was slipping fast from her feeble footsteps, the mother love asserts itself even in this to down to his boots worn into gaping trivial spirit, and enables her to dimly the has bartered away her to down to his boots worn into gaping trivial spirit, and enables her to dimly the mother love asserts itself even in this trivial spirit, and enables her to dimly the mother love asserts itself even in this trivial spirit, and enables her to dimly the mother love asserts itself even in this trivial spirit. trivial spirit, and enables her to dimly realize for what she has bartered away her soul.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said lowly, "but I'm thinking that it's somewheres near here that Mr. Herbert Stan-

"You have heard old enough to decide with propriety; but yly; "you may as I have no intention of educating her in

conscious of this, and drew back a little, seeming hurt and puzzled, while Lesley tapped her foot impatiently as he glanced ather father's darkening face. "Essie," he said sharply, "when you have shaken hads with Miss Grantly, and have shown her that you are not absolutely without manners, you may take her up to her room. Lesley, ring for a servant to carry the wraps, and let us have lanch his order swere quickly obeyed. Alone with his older daughter, who stood look-ing absently out at the rain-wasbed path, when you at the rain-wasbed path, to mere study of the back to her of the matter-of-fact to ary the wraps, and let us have lanch his order were quickly obeyed. Alone to mere study out at the rain-wasbed path, to mere study out at the rain-wasbed path, to mere study a ride to the rein-ting absently out at the rain-wasbed path,

her who is gone; but you must see for yourself that it will be best to leave here

"HESTER STANHOPE."

relief by the sombre background against which she leaned. "Essie," he said huskily, "go away! This is no place for you." The child never seemed to heed him. Her forehead was contracted, her eyes half filled with tears. Slowly she came forward until she stood by Halleran's elbow. "And are you my real grandfather?" she asked, with a puzzled look and tone. "Were you truly my mamma's father, and

have you come here just to see me ?"

soul. There was a long silence in the room after the letter had been read, for the three who had heard it were each absorbed in their own thoughts. Down Halleran's wrinkled face the tears were running like He stooped and kissed her gently. "She is like my own come back to me," he murmured, "and no lovelier than my dar-

I have no intention of educating her in your fantastic creed. Nor will I permit any interference in the matter. As for on condition that you do not tell her who you are. I will send for her before you leave. And now one thing more—and, believe me, I do not want to be unkind. I far that your incomparison of all people, bracketed with St. Dominic

If is certainly snocking to find Wicklif, and St. Francis as a "saint or prophet"— which was he? And which of the religi-ous orders did he found? The Archdea-con, we must be forgiven for saying, con, we must be forgiven for saying, seems to have felt it imperative to go in for a little claptrap of the Rock pattern about celibacy-which is certainly never "compulsorily imposed" on any one in the Church, but always "humbly accepted in voluntary response to the call of God" -just to balance his previous praise of a Catholic missionary. And why later on - Just to balance his previous praise of a Catholic missionary. And why later on does he recommend having "mediaval Tertiaries?" Surely modern Tertiaries, such as the modern Church owns in thou-sands and thousands-although they do not, as the Times once seemed to expect, walk about with bare feet and shaven crowns-would better suit modern circumstances. No doubt a married mission-ary is a pitiable spectacle, but it is equally certain that the religious life will not flourish without those supernatural aids which alone are to be found in the Church, and least of all in a sect whose "Bishops" their clergy the example of marrying not once only, or even twice only. To pro-duce "a Dominic or a Francis" is only the curtained floor, watching them both with wondering, frightened eyes, her fair skin and golden hair brought into sharp possible for the religion of Dominic and Francis; and what the plain words of an Apostle have not taught them, Protestant parsons will hardly care to learn at this time of day even from an Archdeacon.-

London Register. **Butter Buyers**

everywhere are refusing to take white, lardy-looking butter except at "grease" prices. Consumers want nothing but gilt-edged butter, and buyers therefore recommend their patrons to keep a uni-form color throughout the war by using form color throughout the year by using the improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It is the only color that can be relied on to never injure the butter, and to always give the perfect color. Sold by druggists and merchants.

power which one m over another. Yet the disruption of the forty years ago, Sc merely evicted ter Free Church (and i meant ruin and d refused sites for ch mission for the peo land and worship dictates of their con has told, in "The how one minister, live on the land, ha the sea in a small b tions had to worsh sides without shelte and even on the sea flowed around the the communion. B ness which has been land by land monop trated than in the I keeping them off h six years, a Scottish gregation the use o poses of worship, him a resolution of In the large citie can not, of course, in the large cities t ing from the reduc ownership assume Negro slavery had were not so many o stantly occurring in selfish interests, if pathies or the rest would have preven slaves from lodging ing them as many people in the cen lodged and fed and With all allow

sessions of a great to understand ho can regard as an a tory of agricult Scotland since 174 tioned, and the fact I presume that he Highlands. But this history "anim nothing so close as economist of the an account of a vis tion or so ago, spo which, in a workh sexes and ages, ev three years, earni ing oakum," or as with which a Polis