

THE SORROWFUL FACE OF JESUS.

THE MEMORIES IT AWAKENS AND THE THOUGHTS IT SUGGESTS.

Of all the devotions proposed to the faithful, there is none more salutary or more conducive to holiness than that offered to the Holy Face...

The sorrows of Christ have ever been regarded as the most fruitful subjects of meditation and the most efficacious means of salvation. In contemplating these sufferings, pious souls learn to conceive a hatred for sin which causes them, and to appreciate at least in some degree, the great work of Redemption...

Having taken upon Himself the in-firmities of our nature for the purpose of atoning for our transgressions, Christ has made us sharers in His dignity and participants in His merits. He did for us what we could not accomplish in our own behalf...

Although at different times during His life Christ thought proper to manifest His glory to the great joy and consolation of His followers, yet it was only to establish more solidly their faith in His divinity. He wished also to give them a foretaste of the glory that awaited them in heaven...

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. Is Excellent in Lung Troubles. DR. ENOCH CALLOWAY, LaGrange, Ga., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with wonderful success in all Lung troubles, also find it has no equal in Summer Diarrhoea of children."

before his face, by word or act, is regarded as a great indignity. In proportion to the rank of the person thus insulted is the enormity of the crime. Christ was God. He was not only grossly insulted by words, but also by acts. He was spat upon, and struck on the face by a vile wretch...

Christ when on His way to Calvary, with a wonderful condescension and in recognition of the sympathy of the pious Veronica, who presented Him with a towel to wipe the blood stains and spittle from His Face, impressed the image of His countenance thereon, thus operating a miracle. It is not to be supposed that so extraordinary an act was performed without having some special design or object in view...

These are only a few of the many extraordinary promises made to such as practice this holy devotion—a favorite devotion with many saints and holy persons. But it is not alone saints that should practice the devotion. Imperfect Christians, and even the greatest sinners will find it useful and profitable to their souls; indeed it will become to such the means of salvation; for it is impossible to practice devotion to the Holy Face and not to obtain the grace of speedy conversion...

I recollect well the feeling of awe that frequently came over me as reason developed in admiring the height of the sky and the mountains, and especially the lofty blue heaven. I felt that there was great being who made all these things and that I should bow my head to him and I presume I was only like other children in this respect. The thunder and lightning strike the mind of a child with awe, and he would run for safety into his mother's arms against some great and awful being who commanded the elements...

Restlessness, morbid anxiety, and a fretful disposition are usually met with in the dyspepsia. These mental indications show how close is the connection between brain and stomach. Their most prolific cause, dyspepsia, is a complaint for which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Blood Purifier is used with unvarying success.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

SERMON OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP DELIVERED IN ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 6TH, 1886, ON "THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD."

"This is eternal life that they may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The knowledge of God is therefore the most important of all knowledge, because eternal life depends on it. Can a person after coming to the use of reason be totally ignorant of God if not taught? The Catholic Church answers no, and emphatically asserts it by a decree of the Council of Trent. If any shall say that the one true God, Creator and our Lord, cannot with certainty be known by the light of human reason from those things that are made and seen, let him be anathema or separated from the church. The true significance of the word anathema is not accursed, but put aside or separated according to the derivation from the Greek word. The doctrine of the excellence of God is proved by St. Paul in his epistle to the Romans, let chap. 11th. "For the invisible things from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. His eternal power also and divinity so that they are inexcusable, because that when they had known God they have not glorified Him as God nor given thanks, but became vain in thoughts and their foolish heart was darkened. For professing themselves to be wise they became fools."

Then the Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind and said: Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskillful words? Gird up thy loins like a man I will ask thee and answer thou me: Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell me if thou hast understanding: Whom didst thou stretch out like upon thee? Upon what are his basis grounded? Or who laid the cornerstone thereof? When the morning stars praised me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody. Who shut up the sea with doors when it broke forth as issuing out of the womb? When I made a cloud in mist as in swaddling bands I set my bounds around it and made it a net and doors. And I said, Hitherto thou shalt come and shalt go no farther and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves. Didst thou since thy birth command the morning and show the dawning of the day of its place? And didst thou hold the extremities of the earth shaking them, and hast thou shaken the earth as clay and shall stand as a garment. From the wicked their light shall be taken away and the high arm shall be broken. Hast thou entered into the depths of the sea and walked in the lowest parts of the deep? Have the gates of death been open to thee, and hast thou seen the darkness doors? Hast thou considered the breath of the earth? Tell me if thou knowest all things. Where is the way where light dwelleth, and where is the place of darkness? That thou mayest bring everything to its own bounds and understand the paths of the house thereof. Didst thou know then that thou shouldst be born, and didst thou know the number of thy days? Hast thou entered into the storehouses of the snow, or hast thou beheld the treasures of the hail which I have prepared for the time of the enemy against the day of battle and war? By what way is the light spread and heat divided upon the earth? Who gave a course to violent showers or a way for noisy thunder, that it should rain on the earth without man in the wilderness where no mortal dwelleth, that it should fill the desert and degenerate land and bring forth green grass? Who is the father of rain or who beget the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice and the frost from heaven who hath engendered it? The waters are hardened like a stone and the surface of the deep is congealed. Shall thou be able to join together the shining stars, the Pleiades, or canst thou stop the turning about of Arcturus? Canst thou bring forth the day star in its time and make the evening star to rise upon the children of the earth? Dost thou know the order of the heaven, and canst thou set down the reason thereof on the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds that an abundance of water may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, and they will go, and will they return and say to thee: Here we are. Who hath put wisdom in the heart of man, or who gave the cock understanding? Who can declare the order of the heavens, or who can make the harmony of heaven or sleep?

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GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Justin McCarthy, M. P., in United Ireland.)

Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels "Coningsby," or I do forget myself—dwells with graceful melancholy which he could readily assume, and which at all times became him, upon the number of rarely-gifted beings who died in or about their thirty seventh year. The "fatal thirty seven," he calls it; and he enumerates a long list of bright abilities who were its victims. Raphael, Byron, Mozart, Mendelssohn, these and many others whose spirits were untimely quenched he mentions, paying to each his due meed of mourning. One name will be at once missed by all Irishmen from the list, the name of Gerald Griffin.

It may well be maintained that in all the brilliant brotherhood of youth recorded by the English novelist, Gerald Griffin would have found only his peers. In none did the fire of genius burn more fervently, none was fortune kinder or more cruel, by none was the too early death faced under conditions of loftier dignity or serene virtue. The story of Gerald Griffin's life is exceedingly simple and straightforward. He was born in Limerick, and his boyhood was passed within sight and sound of the lordly river which rises at its swiftest there between its crowded banks. In very early youth he showed not merely those passionate aspirations for literary distinction which are inevitable to all finely-tempered boyhood, but abilities of the rarest kind for gratifying those aspirations and gaining the coveted laurels. His keenest desire appears to have been for dramatic fame; he longed to see the creations of his brain taking their place with Cato and Anthony, and the hero of "Venice Preserved," and while still in the very dawn of manhood he crossed the Irish Sea with a manuscript play in his pocket wherewith to conquer London and win immortal fame. The lonely young Irishman fought the old fight in the great city, with poverty, with indifference, with the chilling influence of apathy and disdain. The old, old story of genius and the giant, of the war that is as ancient as the mountains, and that will outlast the cataclyc, Griffin, with his heart on fire, flung himself against London. He was not the patient merit which takes the spurs of the unworthy humbug. The consciousness of his great gifts informed and inspired him, and he battled strenuously, desperately, with evil fortune. London, swollen with something of the old Athenian pride and of the exclusiveness of medieval Florence, regards all those who come to it from outside, be they Saxon or Gael, as "barbarians" and "strangers." It has to be wooed and won, like the Amazon Brynhilda of the Germanic epic, by force of arms; wooing is desperate, the winning difficult in the extreme. Gerald Griffin wooed London bravely, but he did not win. For three years he struggled and suffered, painting his proud, ambitious nature, with failure. Then he came back to Ireland to find there the same whose phantom he had pursued in vain in the foreign city. He wrote much marvelous prose fiction; he wrote one masterpiece which must endure as long as literature lasts. Suddenly in the warmth of his youth, on the threshold of his fame, his whole soul became imbued with a profound sense of the vanity of all worldly triumphs and the insignificance of all earthly ambitions. He joined the Christian Brothers, and his death his ranks in that Order. After his death his play "Giuseppe," which he had carefully preserved at a time when he destroyed all his other papers, was acted in London, and was successful at a time when success was valueless to its author. "Giuseppe" has not held the stage, but it is dear to all lovers of lofty dramatic literature.

The "Colleghans" is one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the most delightful additions that have ever been made to Irish fiction. Some little time ago Mr. Ruskin, in a letter which expressed a sympathy and even an enthusiasm for Ireland not often manifested by English writers, declared that for the proper appreciation of the Irish nation and the Irish character a serious study of Miss Edgeworth's fiction was absolutely essential. To my mind, without in any way desiring to underestimate Miss Edgeworth's genius, Gerald Griffin's "Colleghans" is the work in Irish prose fiction to which the foreign student of our country might be most advantageously referred. Englishmen have for too long drawn their ideas about Ireland from the pages of Lever's novels, have too long identified themselves into the belief that grotesque carnival of rotund draughts of comic peasants, of Castle rocks, and practical jokers from Trinity, make up the sum and substance of Irish life and Irish character. As a matter of fact, the "Arabian Nights," in spite of their wizards and witches, their incantations and enchantments, their roc's eggs and magic lamps, present a far more faithful picture of the Egypt of to-day than Lever's novels do of the Ireland of his time or of any time. They are fairy tales, pure and simple, full of wild animal spirits, of rough, good natured horse play, of love, and battle, and adventure. They are excellent as studies of Irish and English life in foreign Continental cities; they are amusing, entertaining, very good company, indeed; but they no more present a faithful picture of Ireland than the bardic accounts of the dwellings of the Fens resemble the London Dublin of to-day. Lady Morgan, with all her faults, understood some phases of Irish life and of Irish national life better than Lever. Her "O'Brien and O'Flaherty's" has fallen into curious obscurity of late; it deserved, and still deserves, a better fate, for the sake of its fine study of the rebellious chieftain of an ancient Irish house, the last of his line, and for its skillful and cruelly sarcastic study of the blended corruption and frivolity of Castle society. But "The Colleghans" is far and away the best of all. Ireland, unfortunately, has not yet found her Walter Scott, but if Gerald Griffin had cared or chosen to write more, if he had found Ireland and the world a better place, if he had been able to bear the same relationship to "The Colleghans" that the Waverley novels do to the first of their race, Gerald Griffin would undoubtedly have made himself the Walter Scott of Ireland. From one cause or another, "The Colleghans" has never won the success it deserved. Even in Ireland it is not read as much as it should be, and outside Ireland it is practically unknown. Yet, curiously enough, there is not a character in the book whose name is not perfectly familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Danny Mann, Harbress O'Connell, Eily O'Connor, Anne Chute, Kyrle Daly, have all been made every day acquaintances to the theatre-goer everywhere, through Dion Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," and through the opera taken from it, and called "The Lily of Killarney." But, for the thousands and tens of thousands to whom the music of the opera and the incidents of the melodrama are familiar, how many hundreds have gone to the original of the one and of the other, and have studied for its own sake "The Colleghans" itself! To the Englishman who desires to have a faithful picture of what Ireland was like at the time in which "The Colleghans" is laid, to the Irishman who wishes to appreciate what is called the greatest triumph of Irish prose fiction, "The Colleghans" will not be merely a pleasure, it will be an essential of education.

It is a curious and ironic fact that Gerald Griffin's name should be best remembered in most English-speaking countries through that very dramatic art in which he feverishly thirsted for success. But it is not by "Giuseppe," the heart's love of his youth, that his memory is kept green. It is by the adaptation of his great novel made by other hands long after Gerald Griffin was laid in his quiet grave that the dramatic triumph came, and the laurels that were to have crowned "Giuseppe" have been awarded with full hands to the "Colleen Bawn." Gerald Griffin is not merely one of the most masterly of Irish prose writers; he is further entitled to a place, and a proud one, among the poets of Ireland. If he had chosen to devote himself to verse writing alone, or had even dedicated his talents chiefly to verse writing, he might have easily taken rank with the foremost of his country's poets, with Moore, Davis, and Clarence Mangan. As it is, the mere hand of perfect verse which he has bequeathed to us entitles him, by their flawless beauty of thought and form, to a place only second to that of the three stars in the Orion belt of Irish song. The verses he did write are comparatively few in number. The whole of them might be included in such an anthology, such a flower-harvest and blossom garland as Mealegan and his rivals gathered in ancient days from the violets, and anemones, and narcissus, blooms of the Hellenic mountains. Scholars pore in rapt admiration over the epigrams of Rufinus or Agathias, as minute and as finely wrought as Greek gems; pore over them, and sigh to think that so little of such honeyed sweetness has been spared to us by comorant, devouring time. Yet well-nigh as much is preserved of Rufinus as would outweigh in bulk the poems of Gerald Griffin, and the most impassioned admirer of the Grecian lyric must recognize that for delicate perfection of workmanship he has found at least his peer in the sweet and melancholy singer whose lines was the Shannon, and whose Athens was the City of the Violated Treaty.

RESTORED THROUGH THE CONFESSIOAL.

About a month ago, Mrs. James H. Temple, while traveling from Hanting, ton, L. I., to this city by the way of Brooklyn, left a small handbag in a Fulton Ferry boat, and did not miss it until she had entered a cab and had nearly reached the Rosemont Hotel, her destination. The bag contained about \$5,000 worth of diamonds. The usual advertisements failed to bring back the jewelry, and it was given up as lost.

On Tuesday, Father James J. Daugherty, of St. Monica's Church, called on Mr. Temple at the Rosemont Hotel and handed to him the handbag and all its contents. It had been picked up by a man in the ferry boat whose conscience would not permit him to be about it when he went to confess. The priest ordered him to give up the jewelry to Father Daugherty had seen the advertisements for the diamonds.—New York Sun, March 25.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaints.

JACK FROST CONQUERED.

Although during the cold season "Jack Frost" gets in his work lively, every time, curing chilblains, frost bites, and their painful effects. It also cures croup, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. C. A. FERNALD, Boston, Mass., says: "I have used it in cases of impaired nerve function, with beneficial results, especially in cases where the system is affected by the toxic action of tobacco."

FRENCHMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Remove worms without injury to adult or infant.