

strol and gaiety. The play and the game and the hop and the tour and the mad carousé are the only laudable objects of interest or ambition.

And here again we find time and money and skill taxed to their utmost capacity to satisfy the demands of a morbid craving for pleasure. And what is the frequent, if not ordinary, result of the pleasure-seeker's insatiable career? Time flies without any yield of usefulness to individual or society, fortunes are squandered, health is undermined, homes are ruined, character is lost forever, hope is no more, and sorrow sits brooding over the wreck of early promise. How often are we reminded of the Prophet's lamentation:—"How is the gold become dim, the finest color is changed! They that were fed delicately have died in the streets; they that were brought up in scarlet have embraced the dust!"

Brethren, the cardinal error of these various classes of sensualists is a misunderstanding of the end and meaning of life. According to their theory and practice, man's ultimate end is the full enjoyment of the passing moment. Their defective vision reaches not beyond the shadows of the tomb. They fail to recognize the fact that their fleeting life is but a term of preparation for the interminable life that is to be; that this world whereon we are and live our brief while, is but the stairway and the vestibule of the house of our eternity.

They learn perchance—and God grant it be not too late—that there is more genuine happiness in one hour spent at the foot of the altar, more solid contentment in the contrite soul that rises from confession with God's benediction upon it, than struts in marble halls, or rests on the monarch's pillow. And his dear brethren, let us try to learn this lesson well; that the real value of life consists in the opportunities it affords for the achievement of good and the attainment thereby of the blessedness of a glorious hereafter. Man's true dignity is bound up, not with the pursuit of sensual instinct, but with the prosecution of the sublime aspirations of the soul. And if dear brethren, you faithfully pursue after this one thing necessary—if you are true to the nobility of your nature—then you are more than mere men, verily "ye are gods." If you are selfish and vain and chiefly about God's grace and love, all things else shall be added unto you. But by this test shall we know you what spirit we are: "They who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences."

Girls, Learn to Cook. Yes, yes, learn how to cook, girls, and learn how to cook well. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she has some practical knowledge herself. It is sometimes asked, sneeringly, "What kind of a man is he who would marry a cook?"—The fact is that men do not think enough of this; indeed, most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so shortsighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and, indeed, his success in life depend in a very great degree on the kind of food he eats; in fact, the whole household is influenced by the diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats, hot bread and other indigestible viands, day after day, and they will need medicines to make them well.

Let all girls have a share in housekeeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time that the house has been properly swept, dusted, and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels which enervate both mind and body and unfit them for every day life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces doing household work. Their sedentary habits, a overheated rooms combined with ill chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework. Let the present generation add to its list of real accomplishments the art of properly preparing food for the human body.

A Man of Nerve. We all admire a man of nerve, who is cool-headed and equal to any emergency, but nervous debility is the prevailing weakness of most people. Burdock Blood Bitters is a good nerve and general tonic, which regulates and strengthens the whole system, imparting bodily and mental vigor. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, for Pulmonary Troubles. J. T. McFall, M. D., Anderson, S. C., says: "I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the best preparations in the market for Pulmonary Troubles."

A WEXFORD BATTLE-FIELD.

Dublin United Ireland.

Above the neat and well-lit out town of Ennisceorthy, a comfortable urban place in the heart of Wexford, nestling on the banks of the Slaney, rises a gentle eminence crowned with a forehead of gray stone. Its sloping sides, carpeted with brightest green, are sored down with hedges of dark leather leading up to the rugged boulders of limestone which crown its top, so that the wayfarer is impressed with the idea of giant youth controlled and moderated by the dignity of age. This slope is one as famous in the records of freedom as the Pass of Marathon. Its soil is consecrated by the blood of thousands of gallant Irishmen, poured out in the sacred cause of home and fatherland, domestic honor and outraged national right. It is the far-famed Vinegar Hill. This is the spot where the last bloody chapter in the story of the Irish Rebellion, so far as open operations in the field were concerned, was enacted. The rest was but a page of ruthless murder and rapine, the stain of which will never fade from the brow of the English garrison and its ruthless "kill" in Ireland—the infamous Yeomanry.

Vinegar Hill is a strong position, from a military point of view. Its height above Ennisceorthy is probably about four or five hundred feet. To an army provided with proper war equipment it would be, perhaps, an impregnable position, as it commands not only the town lying at its base, but the surrounding country on all sides. From its summit a magnificent panorama, laying bare the beauties of the valley of the Slaney, and all the far-reaching meadows of the fair county, unfolds itself before the wayfarer's view. It has its disadvantages, too. The hill, from its position, open to attack on all sides. There is nothing whatever to prevent its complete investment, and no very large force would be required to encircle it, while its sides are almost completely exposed. There is but one portion of its face where an attacking force would be at a disadvantage. Artillery, judiciously planted, would render any prolonged resistance on the other faces of the hill quite out of the question.

Standing upon the furze-grown hill, probably upon the very graves of the men—yea, and women, too—who faced the English cannonade on June 21, 1798, it is impossible not to feel the fascination of their tragic story. Bearing in mind the fearful discrepancy between the armaments of the Irish and English forces, the almost complete want of artillery on the part of the former, and the fact that they had little more to oppose to the thousands of English musketeers than the half-disciplined pikemen and a few hundred sharpshooters, it is marvellous to know, as we do on the most undoubted authority, that for hours the gallant men and women of Wexford maintained a conflict with 15,000 regular English troops on that exposed position, and only gave way when their ranks were hopelessly shattered by shell and grape-shot.

There can hardly be a doubt that the resolve to make a camp on Vinegar Hill was a huge blunder on the Irish side. Two days before, the Irish army had mustered in splendid heart and great numbers on Kilkavlin Hill, in the hope that Dundas and Loftus would attack. But these prudent generals declined the combat, and the Irish, unwisely, came down from their strong position and engaged their skirmishers driving them easily back upon Carnew. A message from the General-in-Chief, Father Roche, left the commanders at Kilkavlin, however, no alternate but to move towards Ennisceorthy, with the object of joining forces on Vinegar Hill, and making a diversion in favor of Wexford.

On the morning of the 20th the army, hitherto victorious in almost every engagement, reluctantly set out for the rendezvous. Soon its progress became terribly embarrassed from the constant accession of multitudes of poor women and children flying from the cowardly Yeomanry, whose operations were fast turning all the country outside the insurgent lines into a pandemonium of blood and lust. After a painfully slow march the position was at length gained, and with heavy hearts the chiefs, whose opinion was entirely in favor of a movement on Rathdrum instead, with a view of cutting the communications of the English with Dublin, took up their respective posts and made dispositions for the morrow's fight. Around the base of the hill a shallow trench was dug, and the wretched excuse for artillery—two six-pounders and a small howitzer, with little more than one round of ammunition for each—placed in the best positions. But nothing had been done otherwise to render the position formidable. The hill is hemmed in on three sides by a network of long fences and stone walls, affording every facility for an attacking force to advance by a series of rushes and fire from each successive shelter. These should have been levelled before any defence could have been effectively sustained. The neglect to do this proved a fatal mistake. As each successive line of approach was won, the artillerymen were enabled to drag up their field pieces, and, from the cover of the stone walls, bombard the forces holding the naked sides of the hill. The English squadrons, which had not dared to face the insurgents while on the march, surely and swiftly closed round the hill—Duff's forces from Newtownbarry, Johnston's from Ross' Lake's, Dundas' and Loftus' from Carnew. Needham was to have completed the circle, but from some cause—probably because his men did not like to face the pikemen, or else because he had his orders to keep a road open in case the English troops were defeated—he did not turn up; therefore the insurgent army had a comparatively safe line of retreat. Still the position was not won till death had exacted his proper price from either side. Again and again the intrepid pikemen of Wicklow and Wexford charged up to the mouths of the English cannon, only to be repulsed by the sweeping bursts of shrapnel and grape-shot, or the withering musketry fire. Again and again the bands of Irish musketeers—their ammunition failing faster in groups, growing thinner with horrible rapidity, to contest every upward step with the swarming and well-armed English infantry. Wexford still preserves the names of the gallant leaders who fell fighting thus at the head of their equally

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The Irishman who climbs up Vinegar Hill cannot, no matter how unemotional he may be, avoid the influence of the spot. He cannot but feel conscious that he is treading on sacred ground. There is not a yard of the turf on which his footstep falls that was not, on that memorable 21st of June, red with the blood of a martyr; in the noble case in which man's hand could be uplifted. Byron, a stranger to Greece, looking at one of the battlefields of Hellas, in a semi-legendary period, wrote: "The mountains look on Marathon, And Marathon looks on the sea; And mind-forges other tongues, I dreamt that Greece might yet be free; For standing on her grave, I could not deem myself a slave."

If Thermopylae is a monument of the most heroic resistance to foreign invasion, Vinegar Hill is an everlasting reminder that Irishmen will dare all, and do all that men can do, against the still more hateful demon of domestic dishonor linked with foreign oppression. Wexford fought, almost unaided, the fight against that devilish hydra; and though she lost, she held her honor so dearly that tyrants must from their strong position and engaged their skirmishers driving them easily back upon Carnew. A message from the General-in-Chief, Father Roche, left the commanders at Kilkavlin, however, no alternate but to move towards Ennisceorthy, with the object of joining forces on Vinegar Hill, and making a diversion in favor of Wexford.

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to strike, they struck home. Their uprising was one not soon to be forgotten; for it was not trampled out until it taxed the whole power of the English Crown, and threatened the very stability of its hold upon this island. So much can the power of one single Irish county, inspired with the spirit of freedom, effect.

Burdette's Advice.

Yes, my son, I know. These expensive funerals and expensive monuments and costly tablets and such things cost a great deal of money that might otherwise go to the poor. I know that the churches in the United States cost many thousands of dollars which might also be given to the poor. I know, my son, that our modern Christianity is much given to worldly show and grandeur, and has departed from the simpler ways of the fathers. I appreciate your grief over all this. You are not alone in your sorrow. You are not the first man, my son, that lifted up his voice and wailed, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" Come, my son, let us reform things. Let us sell all the churches and give all the money to the poor. Let us bury our dead in unmarked ditches by the roadside and send the cost of a Christian burial to the heathen. Let us paint our legs, let our hair grow long, and go naked, so that we may send the money we now waste in fashionable adornment to the perishing millions of India. Let us do all this. Then, you see, the poor heathen will have everything and we will have nothing; they will wear clothes and live in houses, and we will wear rags in our noses and live in caves; they will be civilized, Christian men and women, and we will be wild barbarians, perishing in benighted ignorance, lifting up our appealing voices for the price of the box of ointment. Then we will know how it is ourselves. Is that your idea, my son? Stop your paper and pen, then, and peel off your rags and your hair, and let us see you as you are, a bear-skin and a string of beads, and if I have anything left after deducting my commission I will send it to the heathen. My boy, when you are tempted to howl because a body of Christians builds a church that costs \$50,000, you sit down and hold your nose and wait until you see in how many years that church sends out \$100,000 to the poor and the sick and the heathen, at home and abroad. I tell you, my son, when a man invests \$1,000 of his money in a church building he manages to pay the interest on that amount for church purposes. And then—but before going on with this sermon you protest so vigorously against expensive churches, what are you doing with the pew rent you save? How many poor do you pension with the money you hold back from the preacher? Ah, yes, I thought that was your car when I saw it coming. Ta, ta.

Questions Answered!!!! Ask the most eminent physicians Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Bitters!"

CHAPTER I. Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians: "What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?" "And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Burdock Blood Bitters!"

Ask the same physicians: "What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you "Mandrake or Dandelion!!!!" Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable, and compounded into Burdock Blood Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is not equalled in its operations that no disease or ailment, and yet it is harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II. "Almost dead or nearly dying?" For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured. "Women gone nearly crazy!!!!" From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women. People drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula. "Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases Nature is heir to. Have been cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, proof of whose virtue is found in every neighborhood in the known world."

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced. Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you. In Season. It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for these troubles.

If a few grains of common sense could be infused into the thick noddles of those who perpetually and alternately irritate and weaken their stomachs and bowels with drastic purgatives, they would use the highly accredited and healthful laxative and tonic, Northrop & Lyman's Cure-able Dose and Dyspeptic Cure, which causes "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street. Never be without a bottle in the house. It is sold by all druggists.

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The inside "Automatic" Damper will act at once and never fail. It is held open by a composition that will burn when the flame reaches it, but will not melt by any fire that can be placed in the stove, no matter how much fuel is put on. This damper never closes, except the stovepipes are actually on fire. The Ventilating Damper is a great saver of fuel. It is highly approved of by the medical profession, as it is the best Ventilator known. These Damper will save 1000 times their cost in case of fire. By using them your insurance rates will be very much reduced, and risks nearly cancelled. Your property is safe against fire. As a life-saving apparatus it has no equal. They are fitted in an ordinary length of stovepipe—no trouble in fixing them. When placed near the wall they greatly improve the appearance of room. Price of stovepipe, containing Gilman's Automatic Safety Damper, with extra composition Bands, best polished and galvanized iron, \$1.50; of ordinary iron, \$1.40. For other stoves, Furnaces, etc., we are manufacturing a Patent Cast-iron Damper, on same principle, same to be fixed in brickwork of chimneys. AGENTS WANTED.

F. J. GILMAN, Patentee. 804 Craig-St., Montreal.

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The Most Efficient, Clean, Durable and Economical Heaters in the Market for warming and ventilating Churches, Schools, Public Buildings, Stores and Private Residences. Simple in construction and easily managed, capable of giving more heat with less consumption of fuel than any other heating apparatus. Absolutely Fire-Proof. For other stoves, Furnaces, etc., we are manufacturing a Patent Cast-iron Damper, on same principle, same to be fixed in brickwork of chimneys. Correspondence solicited. For Catalogues and further information address

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BUSINESS COLLEGE IN CONNECTION WITH WOODSTOCK COLLEGE WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO. This College has been thoroughly reorganized and placed in the hands of a most able staff of teachers, including two who have been principals of similar and successful institutions. Course most thorough and practical. Fees very moderate. For full information address—N. WOLVERTON, B.A., Principal Woodstock College.

GAS ENGINES No Boiler. No Steam. No Fire. No Ashes. No Engineer. No extra insurance. No Danger. Started instantly with a match. Gives out its full power at once. 2, 4, 7, 10, and 15 horse-power. 10,000 of them in use. Send for Circular.

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