ben Our Ladye the Holy Mary cok some wood in her hand, d crosed the pi-ces and gave them, hat we all might understand.

And we kissed the token humbly, And howed before the Chirde; or we knew, like Monseigneurs the angel That God had been reconciled.

"So joyfully and with gladness
All-oftly we went our wsv.
And with many an ol; Ts Deum
We tell the tale to-day."

Then once more, like a chorus which even the children just beginning to talk seemed to know in part:

"For that we are glad and joyful
That good days are begun,
That the great God for a blessing
Hath sent us His faire Childe Son.

The door opened slowly and a voice which all ears could hear said reverently, "Pax vobiscum." The good days were be-

Strange how calmly they all received him! Reuben never asked him how he came there; he had tooked for him and prayed for him a long while, and he was there at last. God, of course, had sent him. One by one he brought the children to speak with him, and to have him pronounce on their fitness to be made God's children; and the tears stood in the priest's eyes as he listened to their sim; le, fearless answers, that witnessed to what Reuben's eyes as he listened to their simple, fearless answers, that witnessed to what Reuben's work of faith had been. When they were gone away to their homes, which were far less homes to them than Reuben's cabin was, Reuben came to the priest as simply as any one of them had come, and asked to be allowed to make confession.

"You'll stay here and be good, Doctor," he said soothingly. "I shall only be in the other room, and I've locked the door hard."

The Doctor made a cort of mouning "How wonderful to listen, in that place

freene and murder, to Reuben's quiet,

and by please let him

speak to you."

How wonderful to listen, in that place

freene and murder, to Reuben's quiet,

How wonderful to listen, in that place of reverge and murder, to Reuben's quiet, brief confession—no complaints, no bitterness, no anger, except that for one day he had felt hatred toward some one, against whom, however, he brought no accusation, and for this sin he feit especial constition.

"I met lately," the priest said slowly, when the confession was finished, and marking with care the effect his words would have, "a man known sometimes as Lesell."

Reuben gave a start as of joyful surprise, and would have spoken, but the priest continued:
"I saw him die a felon's death upon the

"No, no!" cried Renben in distress ene might have supposed he had been told of a bother's shameful death. "Oh! no, father."

"It was a just punishment," the priest replied.
"No, no !" cried Reuben. "You do not

"No, no!" cried Reuben. "You do not knew this place. They do not have helps here like other people, or sike me. On! but God saved his poor soul at the last."
"He spoke to me," said the priest, "of a weman named Esther Armstrong, to whom he had done a great injury. Was not that time?"

"He did not understand," said Reuben with sorrowful compassion—"I am sure he did not understand what harm he did, because, you know, he couldn't have hurt har. And he did not see good women here; they have such bard times here, poor things."

peor things."
"He said he could not forget her—that something always reminded him of her. He begged me to find her out and ask her

to forgive him."

'She died," said Reuben softly. "She forgave him. She prayed for him a great

deal, I thin z."

"God answered her, then," the priest raid. "I trust that he repented truly."

A great light of joy woke upon keu ben's face. "Then he will save the rest," ben's face. "Then he will he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But you," the priest asked—"do you
"But you,"

ner nere."

And so Reuben Armstrong took to himself his lifelong title humbly—so poor a fool, indeed, that he had forgotton that he had anything to forgive his fellow men. The next day Reuben saw his whole feek of little ones gathered into the Good Shepherd's fold; and then the Holy Sarri

Seek of little ones gathered into the Good Shepherd's fold; and then the Holy Sacrifice was offered up, and Reuben's soul was strerg'hened by the Divine Food.

The Doctor had sullealy refused to be present. Reuben found him on his return, lying face downwards en the cabin fleor, the picture of de pair.

"There is no hope," he said when Reuben knelt by him, and begged him to have recourse to confession. "I want drink—nothing but drink. I must have it. I cannot save myself."

"That's true enough," said Reuben "You can't, and I can't, but God can. You keep saying that I don't know everything about you, and that nobody deee, and that God will never forgive you. But he has sent His priest at last, and you need not be afraid to say anything, and he has the power to hear it, and tell you what God cap."

Like one driven to a last resort, the Doctor turned to the waiting priest, and

Doctor turned to the waiting priest, and Reuben in the next room gave thanks and prayed, while in the place where a saint had made her last confession, this man, who was indeed of "the scum of sinners,"

who was indeed of "the scum of sinners," made his first.

Truly, the Sacrament of Penance is a divine and awful thing. God grant that they who vilify and reject and misrepresent it know not what they do! The burden of souls which a missionary priest is the far West has to bear in the confessional is a tremendous one; this priest had been in prison-bulke of Australia, and through all the mining regions of California and Arizona, yet had never met a case so desperate as that before him now, where hope seemed so hopeless, the power for better things so nearly overcome. But the poor penitent, as one by one withcut reserve he revealed the sins as long hept recret, as well as those that were known of men at d noised abroad, felt heen relief through all the degradation, tasted somewhat of the awestness hid in all ascrament of blessed bitterness, won

from it that strength which is a better thing to have than joy or consolation, met there and knew there Him "at whose feet Mary Magdalen came to kneel in the house of Simon the leper."

"I am going away. Ranhan," the Door

of Simon the leper."

"I am going away, Renben," the Doctor said that night, abruptly and sadly.

"Yee," seeing the other's look of surprise,
"there is hope for me, perhaps, but not

"Away?" Reuben repeated. "Away from me? I thought I'd have you always,

To be the hurt and the trouble I have "To be the burt and the trouble I have been to you?" said the Doctor, deeply touched. "No, no, Reuben, I cannot keep my promise here. I must leave the past entirely, and the old associates, and go where I can repent—if I ever can. There is no such thing as an easy repentance for me." And Reuben felt in his tender heart, once more to be bereaved, that the words

When the priest left Gomorran the next When the priest left Gomorrah the next day, promising that it should not be for gotten, one went with him for whom no other hope remained but the total surrender of will and liberty, the total crucifixion of the flesh. Reuben heard from him once, in the course of his journey, then all tidings ceased; but he was too sinple and too busy to wonder at it, too full of faith to doubt the final triumph. His character was not like Esther's; the burden of souls could never be to him what it had been to her; God led him by a different path from that she trod in pain.

ber; God led him by a different path from that she trod in pain.

But in a lonely monastery, high up among frowning rocks and perpetual snows, a man who had come to it from far across the seas lived, for a few sad years, a life of deepest penance. Never by day or night did the battle with evil cease, yet over him there seemed to be by day and night a special heavenly care. That lonely cell was haunted constantly by visions of the past, by temptations that were maddening, by thoughts and words of evil import, with an increasing approach to boliness made flesh and heart shrink to recall. No sign of the cross, no prayer, no penance, could banish them. Pureued, haunted, tempted to the very end, yet to the very end he called on Jesus, Mary, and to the very end the answer came.

lesus, Mary, and to the very end the answer came.

None but those whose lives were one of close union with the Basred Heart of Jesus dared minister at that death bed, learning there, in fear and trembling, new lessons of the hideousness of sin, and of the power which an evil lifecan give to Satan in the hour of death. But again and again they heard the poor lips whisper, "I deserve it; I thank God;" they saw the weak hands cling to the crucifix, the glaring eyes gaze in their anguish upon the Word made fiesh; and he who endured to hear the last con feesion brought to him afterward, with awed and pitying reverence the Body of the Lord. It was no saint, no life long scarred, victorious warrior of the Croes, whom they laid to rest at last, his hard fight done; yet over that body—which, even in their snow clad region, they had to hurry to its burial—they dared to give God thanks in humble faith for another ainner raneomed.

God thanks in bumble takin for another sinner rapseamed.

Humbly and faithfully, in far away Gomorrah, Reuben Armstrong lived to a good old age his poor fool's life; and men and women came to look with gentle reverence upon the feeble form which went in and out among them on errands of daily mercy, never tiring. By and by the neighbors learned to know the place by a better name than the evil one which by a better name than the evil one which it grew to hate rather than glory in. "It cannot be so very bad," they said, "when there are such good children in it." And as from time to time a priest came there, as from time to time a priest came there, be always found one more soul desirous for confession, or one more child or grown person ready for holy baptism, and Beuben never again knelt alone to receive holy

as from time to time a priest came there, be always found one more soul desirous for confession, or one more child or grown person ready for holy baptism, and Reuben never again knelt alone to receive holy Communion.

When the Doctor went away, Reuben opened his heart and home to the vagrant orphans, and there, some years after, he welcomed gladly the miserable Parson, more pitiably needy than any of them. fergive him?"

"I?" repeated Reuben with a puzzled more pitiably needy than any of them. "Master Reuben's baby" they called him, and Reuben often told exultingly how me; I was any fault, really, though Esther never blamed me; I was a poor fool, father, or I never should have brought have been have a real road of the same and the

angels, who share in such blessed work.

A railroad runs through the town now, and it is becoming a place of some importance—poor enough and bad enough, alas! but stamped outwardly and openly with the sign of the Cross. For over Esther's grave loving hands have reared a little chapel—a constant token that the offering of her broken heart has been accepted, that her dying prayer has been remembered.

And there, troubled by no doubts and haunted by no fears, weak in body and weaker still in intellect, but vary strong in his immortal seul, Reuben waits patiently and happily till his work is done.

A Chinese Legend.

Of filial platy such ators
Had Quang Quet Yuen, the emperer, a
That—though his mother, who had been
Aye fearful of the thunder's din,
Lay in her grave—whene's he heard
The first low mutterings that stirred
The bearded storm clouds, through

The bearded storm viscosity of the place of

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY.

The air resounds with a sublime and joyful hymn: "Glory be to God on High, and on earth peace to men of good will." It is the angels who announce the glad tidings to the world, "A Saviour is just here."

born."

Heavenly spirits tell us where we are to find this Saviour, desired and expected so long?

tations!

Formerly, when Thou appeared to the fathers of the Old Law, it was always and tarriple fleures; often

Now Thou comest before us a helpless Babe.

A child from the very charm of its in fancy, attracts; its very feebleness appeals to what is tenderest in our nature. Its timid wail, its ionocent smile, its perceful slumbers touch every hears. What is more winning and lovable than a baby? Be hold our Saviour! Invenietis infantem. In nothing does he resemble those Letres of noble blood around whem courtiers and servants hasten to bend. A gilded cradle and pompous retinue would have driven away the poor, and Jesus wishes all to come to Him with love and confidence. This is why He shows Minself "wrapped in swaddling clethes, and laid in a manger."

We can learn many lessons kneeling by His crib.

Jesus, the Infant, teaches us to despise the honors of this world which buman wide words with each of the Caurch is at once and efficiently brought to bear upon any object at any place.

The last point of excellence the speaker noticed the fact that Rome teaches reverence for sacred things. The church cance for sacred things. The church children, and the fact that Rome teaches reverence for sacred things. The church children, the altr, the act of worship, and all are held in solemn awe by the devout Catholics, a point in which many Protestants would do well to imitate their fellow.

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Carstane are the fact that Rome countries, cache for sacred things. The church edifice, the altr, the act that Rome court the pour that the fact that Rome court the cache worthings. T

Jesus, the Infant, teaches us to despise the honors of this world which human pride pursues with such avidity. Jesus, the Infant, teaches us to trample on the perishable and deceptive riches towards which our desires hasten us. Jesus, the Infant, teaches us that suffering and privation must early subdue and bring into subjection our rebellious flesh, which is an obstacle to all virtue and perfection.

Jesus, the Infant, invites us to a life of simplicity and candor; te a life lowly, obscure, and solitary.

Let us receive these lessons with respect, for it is love that gives them to us Love!

Let us receive these lessons with respect, for it is love that gives them to us Love! Yes, it is that which arrests our attention, which moves our hearts. The edict which forced the Holy Family to quit their bappy home, the biindness of men who refused a shelter to the son of G. d. hidden in the womb of His Mother, the cold night of the Nativity, the stable at Bethlehem, the poor swaddling clothes, the crib—all had been prepared from eternity by the love of our God. The splendor of Light E ernal, the Infant Savieur, is clothed in human flesh—for love of us! clothed in human flesh-for love of us Our guilty eyes cannot stand the bright ness of His glory; and yet we wish to appreach our God, to see Him, hear Him, touch Him, and embrace Him, to compensate for the long time we have kept

The Master of all wealth, Jesus, the In fant, condemns Himself to poverty—for love of us. Our heartsso easily engrossed with earthly things should understand

Curious Gift of a Protestant Canon

Amongst the numerous offerings recently made to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Jubilee, we may cite a book sent by a Protestant minister of position and of antiquarian repute (the Rev. Canon Jenkins, rector of Lyminge and Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.) The book, entitled "A Pastoral Letter of Vicare Apoetolic in England in the Year 1688," is handsomely bound in white vellum, with the Papal arms emblazoned in front, and was forwarded by the reverend gentleman to Mr. Hartwell, de la Garde Grinell, one of the Pope's private chamberlains, with the well, de la Garde Grinell, one of the Pope's private chamberlains, with the request that it should be by him pre sented to his Holiness. The inscription inside is as follows: "To his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, with the respectful congratulations and fervent wishes of Robert Charles Jenkins, rector of Lyminge and Canon of Canterbury," and is accompanied by the following lines:

"Even as to Peter on the wave,
who dared, yet feared the tempest strife,
May Jean's hand stretched forth to save
He the caim haven or thy life.
Till in the kingdom of the bi st,
Whose sun anali never more go down,
Thy cares shail find an endiess rest,
Thy life the faithful servant's crown."

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia

Neuralgia is one of the most common and painful affections incidental to this climate. Life to thousands is made miserclimate. Life to thousands is made miserable through its agency, and as it affects the nerves, only the most powerful and penetrating remedies can reach it. Nerviline has created wonder in the minds of those who have uselessly tried other remedies, since its action seems magical. To all suffering from any kind of nerve pain, internal or external, we request a trial of Nerviline. Sold by all dealers in medicine, 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

Look Out For It. If you are troubled with a cold or cough, however light the attack, look out for it, do not allow it to settle on the lungs; break up the cough by loosening the tough phlegm with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam,

Woms often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It destroys and expels Worms effectually.

Good THE YEAR ROUND.—National Pills are a good blood purifier, liver regulator and mild purgative for all seasons.

A PI OTISTANT MINISTER ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CAUBCH.

The Rev. Mr. Park delivered a sermo in the Congregational church in Birming-ham, Conn., on Sunday evening, Novem-ber 27th, and, in speaking of the Catholic

Church, among other things said:
The first point of excellence he would name was the long history of the Catholic Church, which went back directly to Apostolic times. This history had not find this Saviour, desired and expected so long?

In the city of David.

In Bethlehem! How small a place for so great a King. But doubtless some old and sumptuous palace, the last wreck of the fortune of those who used to reign in Juda, has been prepared to receive the Son of God.

No: Christian soul. His poverty bas not even found refuge in an inn. Men have refused to welcome Him, and His weary Mother is forced to beg from brute beasts a corner of their shed.

"By this sign shalt thou know Him; a child wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

What a change, O God, in Thy manifestations!

Formerly, when Thou appeared to the fathers of the Old Law, it was always under imposing and terrible figures; often

formerly, when I hou appeared to the fathers of the Old Law, it was always under imposing and terrible figures; often these whom thou honored with visits, overwhelmed with terror, were heard to exclaim, "We have seen God. We are going to die."

Now Thou comest before us a helpless

Latin makes upon men. At market upon men. A

As third point of excellence the speaker

was that Rome ought to realize the unity of Carlstendom within her own commun ton, which is accomplished by the efficiency of her organization, and she carries this idea of proper or formula in the carries of the community of the carries of the c this idea of unity so far as to embrace within the Church the saints in heaven, and also those who are suffering in purgatory. This is also a Protestant idea, at least so far as the saints are concerned Only the Catholics express it by offering prayers for the dead in purgatory and to the saints in heaven, not, indeed, as an act of worship, but simply for the sake of getting their assistance. In conclusion the speater said that on contemplating the excellence of the Roman Church, he could feel for it neither hatred nor horror, nor could he sympathize in the denunciations often uttered egainst it.

"OUT" WITH THE CHURCH,

It is very true that at the bottom of much of the liberalism or indifferentism or spirit of cavil and criticism which one meets, in varying degrees among young people who ought to be practical Catho-lice, there is a large element of common

lice, there is a large element of common vanity.

How ought such cases be treated? By a ruthless application of the knife to the supposed pride and egotism that breed such a disposition? The young man is not usually humbled by a broadside of censure at his daring and impudence and rashness in presuming to judge respecting things "of which he knows nothing." To one instance, where a shower-bath of denunciation works a cure, it is possible

the indifferent or the lukewarm man with a new force. He is not apt to embrace Protestantism; he is apt to return, if he moves at all, to the religion in which he

There is a species of indifferentiem a criticism which is peculiar to youth, which is evoked under certain conditions, and which, if let alone, runs its course. This is evoked under certain conditions, and which, if let alone, runs its course. This indifferentism or soreheadedness may be flattered by attention or irritated by adverse notice. The boy who has been away to college; or who has a turn for rending; or who has obtained a teacher's certificate; or who has mingled with non-Carbolic company, sometimes between

Citholic company, sometimes betrays a tendency in this direction. It is frequently an unfortunate habit with Catholics to confuse the human and the divine; to take umbrage at the catechism because a teacher neglec's a pre-cept; to pass upon the truth of Christian ity on the basis of the grammar or the Americanism or the social customs of some who teach it; or to find in the babit ual absence of practical philanthropy, or in the habitual presence of practical finance, a never ending source of criticism. A large portion of this disposition is not to be treated seriously. It is to be viewed in the nature of disturbances accompany.

in the nature of disturbances accompanying the arrival of religious puberty.

We ought not to frown down upon all cirticism, because undoubtedly criticism with Catholics is a safety valve against liberalism, and it may, if kindly treated, be made a means of enlightenment. In our age and country we must expect criticism, and perhaps it is useful. We know that there is a large amount of it to day in our Catholic bomes; that a large share of it is utterly wrong headed and ill founded. But let it run its course; let it expressitself. Better out with it rather than have it stiffed as If it violated an article of faith. Milwaukse Catholic Ottises.

A Boon and a Blessing.

A boon and a blessing to mankind is Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the great pain destroyer and healing remedy for external and internal use Yellow Oil cures all aches and pains, rheumatism, lame back, sore throat, croup, deafness, cramps, contracted cords and lameness Procure it of

Orin Catlin, 49 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: I tried various remedies for the piles but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications.

LECTURE ON VOLTAIRE.

THE INFAMOUS MAN WHO WAS WITHOUT PATRIOTISM, MORALITY OR RELIGION.

The Fort Wayne, Ind. Journal of January 5 gives the following report of the second lecture at Library Hail, that sity of a Catholic course of four lectures. The lecturer was the able and learned Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of Notre

The lecturer was the able and learned Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of Note Dame University:

"After giving a sketch of Voltaire's life and a brief criticism of his principal works, recognizing to the fullest extent his unquestionable literary talent, but saying that the idea underlying all his work was deadly hatred to christianity, and to every form of revealed religion, the reverend lecturer proceeded to consider him as a man and a leader of public opinion.

From the standpoint of these moral obligations, from which no man has a right to free himself, said the lecturer, Voitaire appears in his worst light. He had occasional outbursts of generosity, of sympathy for persecuted innocence; he thundered against superstition—which, however, no one thought of defending; he waged war to the knife on the abuses committed in the eighteenth century in the name of religion and government; he remonstrated in eloquent terms against the errors and crimes which frequently characterized the administration of justice under the old regime; and every man, and more particularly, every Catholic, will find him praiseworthy therein.

But, on the other hand, he was violent and vindictive, seifish and false, a hypocite and a periurer, and finally without

and vindictive, seifish and false, a hypocitic and a perjurer, and finally without patriotism, morality, or religion. Is it necessary to bring forward proofs? That he was violent and vindictive we can prove by appealing to his whole public career, which was one continual warfare. He was vindictive, and bitterly so. If once offended, his vanity could never forgive. Twenty years of insult and abuse did not suffice to appease his ill humor; mi-fortune and even death could not disarm his rancor. All his contemporaries had to feel how bitter and lasting was bis resentment. He was hypocritical, falsehearted and a perjurer.

Religion was for him a thing to sport with; he accomplished before the alter acts which he had ancered at on the eve, and which he would revile again on the morrow; time and again he called upon God to witness that he was not the author of works which had really come from his pen. Cowardly before the strong, and brave before the weak, he sacrificed what he called his conneclence, and what he knew to be the truth to suit circumstances.

Is ymoney in the chest. Besides he gladly sent his costly purchases to any one of whom he heard as sick and need ing assistance.

Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he did all the days of his life. Thus he widows, and the orphan wept and lamented, and said, "Who will have compassion upon us when Benedictus is no more."

But he said, "A good and thoughtful father so manages that whenever he is from home, his chuldren want for nothing, therefore take from God's chest all that is therein. It belongs to the widows, and to to ie, the widows, and the day

brave before the weak, he sacrificed what he called his conscience, and what he knew to be the truth to suit circumstances and men. One has only to read his correspondence, the watch word of which is "Ecraser I' Infame," to see falsehood and contradiction raised to the dignity of a system—to see baseness glorified and everything noble dregged in the dust.

He was without particitism, morality or religion. To please his natron, the royal Frederick, he covered with insults his native land when betrayed by the fortunes of war. Everything pure he sullied with the corrupt outpourings of his de-

with the corrupt outpourings of his de-prayed heart. Religion he pursued with a hatred which knew no rest during a period of eighty years. Even his warmest dmirers can scarcely account for his Ecraser l'infame."

In vain was it represented to him that ln vain was it represented to him that Jesus Christ, whom he considered merely like Socrates and Marcus Aurileus as a asge, filed with a holy enthusiasm for God, and virtue would, none the less, be deserving of universal veneration for having taught the most unenlightened of men the religion of the heart, the natural

DRYBURGH ABBEY, PAST AND

This ruin, in the County of Rozburgh, about four miles South East of Melrose Abbey, stands en a richly wooded peninsula, almost surrounded by the Tweed. Nothing remains of it but its walls, which are carefully preserved.

It was founded by Hugh de Morville, about 150 and hurned by the Rochesh

about 1150, and burned by the English army under Eiward II. in 1222, and re-

army under Eiward II. in 1222, and re-paired by Robert Bruce.

The Abbey was the burial place of the family of Haitburton or Halyburton, of Newman's, the direct ancestors of Sir Walter Scott; he claimed the right of sepulture there, a fit resting place for the noble "bard of Scotland." His resting place is in St. Mary's Isle, in the left transept of the cross, and close to the place where the High Altar formerly stood, and the hellowed spot, where so often the Holy Sacrifice was offered. Here too re poses in pesse, we may hope, Lady Scott poses in peace, we may hope, Lady Scott and the eldest son, another Walter Scott. and the eldest son, another water sout.

All the descendants of the great Scottish bard are Roman Catholics, Abbotsford being now tenanted by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the great granddaughter of Sir Welter, who is a devout adherent of the true faith.

Since then, Dr. Wilson, F. R. S. E., editor of "Health," a recognized English authority, announces in his magazines that "Warner's safe cure is of a perfectly reliable." Many English physicians are now prescribing it.

A guide conducts tourists through Dry. burgh Abbey, carefully reminding them that nothing is to be taken away as a remembrance, A large mass of try covers the tomb, where Sir Water lies, and in site of the warning given persons have spite of the warning given persons have been known to cut pieces from the branches of the precious ivy and pocket them, as well as some of the leaves.— Appleton's Guids Book, etc.

That dainty lady tripping by,
How light her step, how bright her eye,
How fresh her cheek with healthful glow,
Like roses that in Maytime blow!
And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day,
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
We ker she grew, and thin and pale.
At last, while in a hopeless frame,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps 'twill help; I can but try."
And so, according to direction.
She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
And every baileful symptom fled,
And ahe was raised as from the dead.
Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. I Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

GOD'S CHEST.

From the German

There once lived a wealthy at d respected man whose name was Benedictus, that is to say, rich in blessing. He was justly entitled to this name, for God had richly blessed him with goods, and all the world blessed him also. Therefore he sought to do good to all men, to the stranger as

well as to the neighbor, but especially to the poor and suffering. He did as follows: As often as he had passed a pleasant day with his friends, he would en'er his secret chamber and say to himself, "There are many who can rejoice over no such a day, and what would it have been to me if I had invited double the number to my table?" Accordingly he took from his purse as much money as the banquet had cost him, and placed it in a chest, which he called God's chest. So also when he heard of a fire anywhere, he gave liberally his share towards the assistance of the sufferers. He would then gaze at his own house, and entering his chamber, say, "All here stands fast and uninjured;" and then, as before, he would place the money in

the chest.

Likewise also, when costly viands and tich furniture were offered him, he bought thereof, yet moderately, that he might adorn his house and cheer his friends, and then entering his chamber, he would say, "Thou has been able to purchase all these things, and increase thy store," and then again he would lay money in the chest. Besides he and vindictive, selfish and false, a hypolarite and a perjurer, and finally without gladly sent his costly purchases to any particular, morality, or religion. Is it one of whom he heard as sick and need-

A DISCUSSION NOT DECIDED BY PRAYER-

INTOLERANCE OF OPINION.

The following is an extract from a late
New York Tribune editorial: "There is, perhaps, no mental vice so common as in-tolerance of opinion. Even such as think they have emancipated themselves from the clinging defect, find it hard to acknowledge frankly to themselves that acknowledge frankly to themselves that the opinion of some one else upon a matter they have studied may very well be as deserving of respect as their own, if it differs radically from their own. If we could all get rid of this 'last infirmity,' not only of 'noble minds,' but of nearly all human minds, how much less friction there would be in life, how much less bitterness and heart huming and any bitterness and heart burning and envy

In an adjoining column of the same paper was found the following peculiar

commentary on the editorial:

"The bitterness of the controversy in
the American Board over the question a ruthless application of the knife to the supposed pride and egotism that breed such a disposition? The young man is not usually humbled by a broadside of censure at his daring and impudence and rashness in presuming to judge respecting things "of which he knows nothing." To one instance, where a shower-bath of denunciation works a cure, it is possible to point out ten instances where such treatment drives the presumptious young man further from the right moorings.

Kindness is a more commendable method. Sooper or later the desirability and the necessity of religion will occur to a construction. The sample-minded for having scaled his doctrine with bis of for later the most therefore example of forgiveness in praying for his persecutors in the midst of the mort frightful torments. Entirely given over to the promptings of his incredible pride, Voltaire persisted in spurning what he should have adored."

The American Board over the question of probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded errors to reign missionaries who attended the sessions of the Bpard, one of whom said he bad always throughts the most unenlightened of probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded the sessions of the Bpard, one of two mesting the probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded the sessions of the Bpard, one of two mesting the probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded the sessions of the Bpard, one of two mesting the probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded the sessions of the Bpard, one of two mesting the probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded the sessions of the Bpard, one of two mesting the probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple and earnest foreign missionaries who attended the sessions of the Bpard, one of the most frightful torments.

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Is it a fact that there is but little t eration in this country, and less than in

"Comparisons are odorous," said Mrs. Malsprop. Perhaps we have been claiming too much for this free nation.

We must admit that in the professions there is yet much of the old time projudice against new ideas. Preachers preach the old doctrines and doctors

prescribe the old medicines. Bitte controversies arise when anything ner proposed.
But the march of progress is not ward under new creeds and being cured

by new medicines.

Much the same state of facts seems exist in other countries. When Dr. Robson, a leading physician of London, formerly of the Royal Navy, proclaimed that Warner's safe cure was

proclaimed that Warner's safe cure was a specific in kidney derangements, the hide bound school to which he belonged threatened to debar him from practice, if he did not recant. But he replied that his statement was based on such evidence that he could not recant.

Since then, Dr. Wilson, F. R. S. E., editor of "Health," a recognised English authority announces in his massagings.

Many English physicians are now prescribing it.

The "schools" in this country still bar
all proprietary medicines. But Dr.
Gunn, Dean of a New York Medical
College, long since published: "Warner's safe cure is a very valuable remedy;"
and says he knows that many physicians prescribe it, though not by name.
Good things in creed or practice are
not to be cried down by the old fogles
simply because they are new. The simply because they are new. The spirit of toleration thrives on opposition

Do You Believe in Signs

We do; for instance the signs of torpid liver are yellow eyes, sallow complexion, pain under right shoulder, irregular bowels, headache, low spirits and weariness. All these signs may be remeved by Burdock Blood Bitters which is a sure cure for all irregularities of the liver.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The great-est worm destroyer of the age.

The Siens of Works are well-known, but the remedy is not always so well deter-mined. Worm Powders will destroy them.