"THE EVICTION."

Destruction of an Old Irish Farmer's Home Graphically Described in Luke Delmege."

From "Luke Delmege," by Father Sheehan. It was heartrending to witness it— this cold, callous precision of the law. The quiet disruption of the little household, the removal, bit by bit, of the furniture; the indifference with which the bailiffs flung out objects conservated by the memories of generations, and broke them and mutilated them, made this sensitive and impressionable people wild with anger. In every Irish farmer's house the appointments are as exactly identical as if all had been ordered, in some far-off time, from the same emporium, and under one invoice.

And when the people saw the rough deal chairs, the settle, the ware, the little pious pictures, the beds with their hangings, flung out in the field each felt that his own turn had come, and the the optional and imand that he suffered a personal and immediate injury. And Father Cusson had the greatest difficulty in restraining their angry passions from flaming up into riot, that would bring them in to immediate and deadly conflict with the forces of the Crown. As yet, how-ever, the inmates had not appeared. There was an interval of great suspense and then Will McNamara, a sple ssalwart young farmer, came forth, the cradle of the youngest child in his arms. He was bleeding from the forehead; and the people, divining what had taken place, raised a shout of finger and defiance, and rushed toward the house. The police moved up hastily, and Father Cussen beat back the people. But they surged to and fro on the outer line of the cordon; and the young English officer threw away his eigarette and drew in the long, thin line of soldiers. In a few moments Lizzie came forth, holding one child in her arms and a younger at her breast. Following her was her husband again, still bleeding from the forehead, and with two frightened children clinging to him. Lastly, Luke Delmege appeared. The sight of the old man, so loved and respected in the parish as he gave fourth from the dark parish, as he came forth from the dark framework of the cottage door, his white hair tossed wildly down on his face and streaming on his neck, and once his stal-wart frame bent and broken with sorrow, They cursed between their teeth, the women weeping hysterically; and a deep, low moan echoed far down the thick, dark masses that stretched along the road and filled the ditches on either hand. For over two hundred years the Delmeges had owed Lisnalee—a grand race, with grand traditions of an un-stained escutcheon and an unspotted name. And now, as the last member of the honored family came forth, an outcast from his father's home, and stood on the threshold he should never Angel of Ireland, the Fate that is ever pursuing her children, stood by him; and, in his person, drove out his kindred and his race.

The old man stood for a moment hesitating. He then lifted his hands to God, and kneeling down he kissed reverentially the sacred threshold, over which generations of his dead had been taken, over which he had passed to his baptism, over which he had led his young, trembling bride, over which he had followed her hallowed remains. It was worn and polished with the friction of the centuries; but so bitter a tear had never fallen on it before. Then raising himself up to his full height, he kissed the lintel of the door, and then the two doorposts. He lingered still; he seemed loath to leave. And the bailiffs, growing impatient, pushed him rudely forward. Weak and exhausted, crying in a voice broken with sobs and emotion, "Father! Father!"

As a river bursts through its dam, sweeping all before it, the crowd surged after him, breaking through every obstacle. The police, taken by surprise, fell away; but a young sub-inspector rode swiftly after Luke, and getting in front, he wheeled around, and rudely striking the young priest across the breast with the broad flat of his naked

sword, he shouted;
"Get back, sir! get back! We must

For a moment Luke hesitated, his habitual self-restraint calculating all the consequences. Then a whirlwind of Celtic rage, all the greater for having been pent up so long, swept away every consideration of prudence; and with his strong hand tearing the weapon from the hands of the young officer, he smashed it into fragments across his knees, and flung them, blood-stained from his own fingers, into the officer's face. At the same moment a young girlish form burst from the crowd, and leaping lightly on the horse, she tore the young officer to the ground. It was Mona, the fisherman's sunny-haired child, now grown a young Amazon, from her practice with the oar and elm, and the strong, kind buffeting from wind and waves. The horse rea ed and pranced wildly. This saved the young officer's life. For the infuriated crowd were kept back for a moment. Then the soldiers and police charged up; and with baton and bayonet drove back the people to the shelter of the ditch. Here, safely en-trenched, the latter sent a volley of stones flying over their assailants's heads; that drove them back to safe shelter. In the pause in the conflict resident Magistrate rode up and read the riot act.
"Now, he said, folding the paper

their attention was just then diverted by a tiny sport of smoke that broke by a tiny sport of smoke that broke from the thatch of Lisnalee cottage. For a moment they thought it was an accident; but the smell of burning petroleum and the swift way in which the flames caught the whole roof and enveloped it in a sheet of fire undeceived them. It was the irrevocable decree of the landlord. It was the sowing with salt; the flat that never again should bread be broken or eyelid closed on that hallowed spot. The solemnity of the tragedy hushed people, police and soldiers into silence. Silently they watched the greedy flame eat up thatch and timber, and east its refuse into a black, thick volume of smoke that rolled across the sea, which darkened and shuddered be-neath it. Then there was a mighty crash as the heavy rafters fell in, a burst of smoke, and flame, and sparks; and the three gables, smoke, blackened, flame-scorched, stood gaping to the sky.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON. Low Sunday.

STEADFASTNESS.

"Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seen me. Thomas thou hast believed: bless-d are they that have not seen and believed."St. John xx., 29,

When Our Lord appeared to the disciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the Holy Sacrament of Penance, St. Thomas was not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them feet, he refused to believe them; he declared he would not believe unless he mself should see them also. He said "Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side. I will not believe."

side, I will not believe."
This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have be-lieved without hesitation. He had seen Our Lord work miracles without number : he had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; he had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried four days. He knew that Our Lord had predicted His resurrection. ought to have believed, and he sinned in not believing. He was obstinate inun-belief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be

onest and trustworthy.
Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His resurrection. But at the same time He re-buked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and et have believed.'

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples who recorded t in the Gospels, and who sealed their estimony in their own blood. the testimony of all the disciples who repeatedly saw Our Lord after His esurrection, sometimes a great number of them, over five hundred at once

have the testimony of the Catho lie Church; of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence ot God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough This ought to be enough to make us say our acc of faith, "O my God, I believe whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to my believe, because Thou hast revealed it to her, Thou who canst neither deceive nor be deceived."

This is the age of unbelief. Very great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of infidel objections. The press is teeming with works written

the truest and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith," to put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not of those who are to be

beat about by every wind of doc-rine." We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know everything, though they know very little after all. We will not mitate St. Thomas in his unbe and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Believing in the testimony of Cod and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.'

Constancy in Prayer.

Father de Ravignan, S. J. Believe me, my dear friends, believe

in experience ripened by thirty years. in the sacred ministry, I do here affirm that all deceptions, all spiritual de-ficiencies, all miseries, all faults, and even the most serious wanderings out of the right path, all proceed from this single source a want of constancy in prayer. Live the life of prayer; learn to bring everything, to change into prayer—pains and trials and temptations of all kinds.

Pray in the calm, pray in the storm Pray on awakening and pray during the daytime.
Going and coming, pray.

Tired out and distracted, pray. Whatever your repugnance may be,

self, against yourself. Beg for the sell, against yoursell. Begins the courage in prayer which our agonizing Saviour merited for you by His pangs in Gethsemane and upon Calvary. Pray, for prayer is the strength which saves the courage which perseveres, the mystic bridge, covers over the abyss, which joins the souls to God.

BACK TO CHRIST. After Twenty-Eight Years of Wander. ing a Famous Man Finds Truth.

Most Americans have heard of Dr. John C. Sundberg, famous at once as a physician and scientific writer. The Parlor Conferences," of Philadelphia, recently chronicled from the Catholic Standard and Times (at which the representatives of the various liberal, theosophic, agnostic and other cults are invited to meet representative Catho lies in friendly argument) have had the result of bringing the lady at whose home most of the debates take place the fol owing remarkable letter from Dr. Sund

"Dear Madam-Last issue of The Standard and Times, which I did not see till this evening, tells of a series of interesting Friday evening gatherings at your house, which I regret exceedingly not to have known of before, and I hasten now to ask permission to be present on such occasions. As it will not be time for you to send me an an swer before next meeting, to-morrow evening, I shall take the liberty of calling for it. I believe much good may come of such gatherings.

"I am myself a convert. I had been baptized as an infant in the Lutheran Church, was carefully instructed in her tenets, and then grew up an infidel. Later having through the study of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, astronomy and other natural sciences been forced to throw atheism overboard as untenable, I groped my way slowly (it took twenty-eight years) over crooked and slippery paths out of the darkness of unbelief back to the faith of our fathers. This pilgrimage in search of truth took me twice into Asia, where I spent three years each time: 1877-79, inclusive, in India, and 1892-95 in Mesopotamia, be sides visits to Japan, China and Persia, and rambles in the Desert of Arabia among the Bedouins and into other regions that tourists do not penetrate.

"As for one who has made the jour-

ney I shall be ever glad to aid those who are now where I was. That is, I think, a convert's special duty. He who has crossed the ocean in one of the modern magnificent floating palaces knows but little of the dangers of the ep, and he hardly realizes that others watched while he ate, slept and amused himself; but he who having embarked in a leaky 'old tub' with a drunken in a leaky old tuo withous crew, captain and a mutinous crew, was shipwrecked and finally picked with the control of the contr up after long sufferings, he it is who is eager to build lighthouses and life-saving stations, and do all he can in every other way to make navigation safe; and this I conceive to be the difference of him who was brought up in the faith and the convert. Moreover, we who came in at the eleventh hour should do extra labor to make up for

lost time.

Very sincerely yours,

"John N. C. Sundberg, M. D., "Late U. S. Consul at Bagdad."

ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER Tells How her Baby of Eight Months Profited by Wise Treatment.

Teething time is the critical age in child's life. Any slight disorder the stomach or bowels at that time greatly increases that peevishness of the little one and may have serious and even fatal results. It is impossible to take too great care of your baby's health during this period and no better remedy than Baby's Own Tablets is known for the minor ailments the old man stumbled and fell. An angry scream broke from the people, and a few stones were flung. And Luke, who had been watching the whole melancholy drama with a bursting heart, broke away from Father Martin, and foreing his way beyond the cordon and forein praise. "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Baby's Own Tab lets," she writes. "My baby of eight months was much troubled with constipation and indigestion, and was very restless at night. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have not used any other medicine since. My baby girl is now regular and healthy, and getting her teeth seems much easier, and she rests a great deal better. These Tablets are a great help to little

ones when teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed contain no opiate or other harmful ig. They produce natural sleep, because they regulate the stomach and bowels and comfort the nerves. They promptly cure such troubles as colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrheea, worms, indigestion and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Dissolved in water they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents , by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Free sample sent on application. Mention this paper.

Instruction and Education.

We can in no way revive the judgment of Solomon on the child, and divine him by an unreasonable and cruel blow of the sword, separating his anderstanding from his will. cultivating the first it is necessary to direct the second in the acquirement of virtuous habits and to his last end. He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education in to a dangerous weapon in the hands of Now, and placing it in his pocket, coolly, and placing it in his pocket, the first stone that is thrown I shall order my men to fire!"

The first stone that is thrown I shall order my men to fire!"

Pray, that you may learn to pray.

But I cannot pray. This is a the people would have disregarded the threat, so infuriated were they; but the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the may be adding to a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the with the little that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the may be a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the will, and gives you feel a disgust, nay, a horror of the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the will, and gives the prayer, pray on; pray in spite of your-leaving the prayer.

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Is this an important lesson? It is the most important lesson in the whole world, as it is the most difficult. Without naving learned it we can never attain to solid or lasting happiness. We are always exposed to have our happiness destroyed by something that we think we have reason to regret; some thing that interferes with our self-wil or threatens to interfere with our comfort, or with what we fancy will tend to our welfare or happiness. If only we could learn the secret of doing the will of God simply because it is His His will, our life would be a heaven upon earth.—Rev. R. Clarke, S. J.

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IMITATION OF CHRIST. A Prayer to Implore the Grace of De

O Lord my God, thou art all my good; and who am I, that I should dare speak

By Maurice Francis Res. By Lady
MULL RISH GIRL, THE. By Lady
MOTAN
WILLY REILLY. By William Carleton 1 00
WORKS OF MERCY.
WICKED WOODS, THE. By Rosa Mulhoband.

1 59

I am Thy most poor servant, and a wretched little worm, much more poor and contemptible than I can conceive or dare express.
Yet, remember, O Lord, that I am

nothing, that I have not anything and cannot do anything. cannot do anything.

Thou alone art good, just and holy;
Thou canst do all things; Thou givest
all things; Thou fillest all things, leav-

ing only the sinner empty.

Remember Thy tender mercies and fill my heart with Thy grace, Thou who willest not that Thy works should be

How can I support myself in this wretched life, unless Thy mercy and grace strengthen me?

Turn not Thy face from me, delay not Thy visitation, withdraw not Thy comfort; lest my soul becometh as earth ithout water to Thee.

O Lord, teach me to do Thy will. teach me to converse worthily and humbly in Thy sight; for Thou art my wisdom, who knowest me in truth, and who didst know me before the world was made and before I was born in the world.

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OUR BOYS A THE STILL SI

APRIL 5, 190

Easter was very that year, and the Sacred Heart conver their vacation. Wh a true Sacred Heart love the convent and home ties are very s of girls were chatt about all the happin joy in their own hor Madame De Bonn eral, and though a g was always just, th A committee of four ad been appointed

day that afternoon. so balmy, the girls their thoughts for French. They thou a blessing if they co early violets hide. ation for the surpl The signal was dren started out o Mamma is going Saturday before Eas
'And I am going hother. Many other out Grace Hilton, w them a few minutes very intelligent-le thirteen years of arched brow gleame amid the brown ris than anything of ch

Don't you expect Easter?" asked one as she observed her "I don't know," "that is, it depend all my good conduct well for this week "On what ?" inte portment for the pa guess you will ed Grace," observed lons; "but I think living she would no

'And what ab

My mother says s Soon another g a pretty brunette, braids hanging do tied with a blue r don had two rosy li a haughty mouth. came up there was banished it. Too soon the plea gone, and the merr

to the study hall. bells of the Angelo

girls hushed their were dropped as gel's words. The e wished to spe 'Children,' she to have to reproach you has certainly hing my desk on t amining the condu been seen doing so honorable, and five deportment will be the culprit ackno shall only cut off dead silence, the g another's faces, bu

their mishehavior. " Very well," sa eral, after a pause. saw the girl, and a peculiar winter hat tially covered he after recreation hamy way to the chap a moment the face. She stood the study hall and it, Madame, and I But, my child.

can bring any proc But she could not stern man, and h ter of her trip hom When the other parting, Grace, w orced back the te came to say goo way, and her fram

cation days Madar omfort the little er duty to wound going to their bel them with sorrow ng to herself all t And yet one amon her, Agnes Welde her Easter fun see by her schoolmate Mrs. Weldon no

find no reason for Mr. Weldon said t d not tell us a Hilton, Agnes!' what about her quality. "That she d you. I met her f as telling me t very sorry but sa on his word." "Oh, papa !"

turning to her "Mamma, take n ask her forgivenes My dear child How could you ha

"But I did. I my place. It wa Madame De Bon curious, and wh coming, I grabbed took me for Grace

'Oh, Agnes, h