Ashes. BY J. E. U. NEALIS. Boston Pilot. I knelt by the "open fire" to-day, And laid My "sacrifice." upon the coals, and the With anguish-that no hand may pen I, prayed-

And with dry, aching eyes-I watched Them burn-Only a few "old letters," half a score-Poor relies, of a "dream," that will no my Return-

2

Ah how they crisped, and writhed-as if

In pain, Poor leaves–whose unforgiven sin was such It must be 'cleansed by fire''–as so much In vain!

In yam: It might have been-my tortured heart I laid Upon those burning coals-such dread I felt As dumb with suffering, to-day-I knelt And prayed!

Prayed-that I might never "dream" again-And find the world so empty, and so cold To feel my heart beneath my raiments' fold Just-break!-

Prayed for the coming of a "day of rest," When I Need look no longer for kind words-nor ask For love,-but only lay aside the mask And die.

Was it a sin, that I should gather up The dust. The dust, The blackened ashes of a "Pcem"-sweet? Yet bitterly-I lay them past. The "meet And just."

them

It was the last—The one thing I had left. O loving Christ. What am I in Thy sight. but dust of clay : Accept my "sacrifice"—Just God—and say "It hath sufficed!"

St. John, N. B., January 31.

TRUE TO TRUST.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII. The third winter after Catherine and her friends left Penzance was an unusually mild one, even for Devonshire ; instead of the slight frosts and sprinkling of snow which gradually whiten the earth at that season, there had been almost incessant win assembation in the same state of the same state state of the same state o answe rain, accompanied by an unnatural heat. Spring had come, and with it fearful in-undations; at the end of April the weather

became intensely warm. The old people of the place shook their heads, and said it was an unwholesome scason, and that "dire misfortunes would befall man and beast." Nor were they mistaken in their apprehensions; there was much sickness in the town, and many died ere the trees came into leaf. Then the rumor spread that the disease was in-fectious; the houses in which the sick lay were shunned; there were hurried burials dead. Yet what could she do? To have let Barbara remain in the cottage would

and a general gloom pervaded the city. Excter, as indeed most towns in Eng-land at that period, had been frequently visited by the plague; the narrowness of the streagt the server of beating. he streets, the want of cleanliness and

the streets, the want of cleanliness and proper ventilation, rendering infections more common than in our times. Andrew bade Catherine not to come into the town except when absolutely obliged. "Do not come hither even to see us, my child," he said, "for thou mightest take the foul malady." There was an unusual admess in the old Andrew bade Catherine not to come to the town except when absolutely bliged. "Do not come hither even to a us, my child," he said, "for thou ightest take the foul malady." There was an unusual sadness in the old an's tone as he spoke, and he and his ame affectionately wished their young

man's tone as he spoke, and he and his dame affectionately wished their young friend good-bye. "It may be a long while ere we meet being out at such a late hour; but this did not prevent her continuing her road-in

again," he said, as they parted; "for mind, Kate, thou dost not come to the town more than thou canst help until the visitadeed she never did hesitate a moment to go anywhere, by day or by night, when charity or necessity demanded it. On reaching the cottage she knocked n of Providence is past. Farewell, and God speed thee !

With a feeling of sorrow Catherine left the house; more than once she stopped and looked back—Andrew and his wife were standing under the wooden arcade in front of their shop-then turning down another street she lost sight of them; but, still the thought of her good friends pur-sued her, she knew not why; she fancied it might be because she was not to see them for some time of them for the second was the reply. Uttering an exclamation of surprise, them for some time. She did her best however, to dismiss the sad impression which the merchant's words had left, and continued her usual routine of home duties

was robbers." Catherine explained the cause of her Catherine explained the cause of her nocturnal visit, begging of the woodman and his wife to keep the child until the plague should have diminished in violence. "I know not to whom else but you to take During the three following weeks the number of deaths increased to a fearful extent. Bridget and Catherine lived in hourly fear lest any of their friends should fall victims to the fatal disease. They

Was she now to lose that sincere friend? Mary, Mother of God pray for me! She Alas, she feared so ! Throwing aside her work she knelt down and prayed earnestly. What must those feel who, in affliction, coming, and angels too! Weep not, my Kate.

The poor woman gasped for breath, her aching head rested on the arm of her com-panion, who whispered to her words of comfort and resignation; the blessed name Thave not prayer as a resource? Catherine felt calmer, and had just seated herself again when footsteps were distinctly audible outside. She rushed to the door and drew back the bolt; there control and resignation; the biesed name of Jesus was frequently on her lips. At length all was silent; and when Catherine bent closer still to her dear friend she found that breathing had entirely ceased —Bridget O'Reilly was dead was a flash of light from a lantern, and by it she recognized the face of a woman who

kept a shop in the town. "The dame who lives here," she said, "has been seized with the plague; they Bridget O'Reilly was dead. Regardless, or unconscious, of the danger which she was exposed, Catherine re-"has been seized with the plaque; they found her nigh my house and carried her in; but we durst not keep her long lest we, too, be stricken, so I pray thee lend me a blanket wherein to wrap her, then we shall have her brought here." "Yes, yes, bring her quickly; I will fetch the blanket," exclaimed Catherine. "Stop!" she added, as the thought of Barbara flashed across her mind. "Wilt thou remain by her while I take the olid nained long in the room with the dead oody, weeping and praying; when at ength she roused herself and left the chamber of death, she was astonished to find that it was broad daylight. She opened the cottage door, for the pestilen tial atmosphere of fever filled the house. She felt giddy and her head ached, but th esh air somewhat revived her; while she yet stood at the door she saw two men pas

Barbara flashed across her mind. "Wilt thou remain by her while I take the child who is here to some safe place." The woman shook her head, and Cath-erine understood that in times of univercarrying a corpse. We shall not dwell on the sad scene of the hurried burial ; after which Catherine returned to her lonely home, fatigued and sal panic and extreme danger there are few who are willing to run risk, even when charity to their neighbor demands it of

ill, her heart full of desolation. Until then wholly occupied with grief and anxiety for Mother Bridget, she had "Then, I pray thee, have her laid on her bed in that room, and tell her that I shall soon be back," said the young girl, who had already decided what course to take. not bestowed a thought on her own dan-ger; but now she remembered with dread ow infectious the disease was. Something eemed to whisper to her, "Perchance thou oo wilt die." After giving the blanket to the woman,

and preparing the bed for the poor inva-Die-alone in that house, unaided, unand preparing the beat for the poor inva-lid, she ran up to Barbara's room and dressed her, when both descended into the kitchen, took a lantern, and quickly left in silence. "Sister where go we l' at length inquired the child. "To the woodman's home, and there thou must dwell for a little while," replied In shere, "Jister where go we'r all length inquired the child. "To the woodman's home, and there thou must dwell for a little while," replied seemed to have shaken, soon returned that Christian fortitude which gives "And wilt thou and granddame come strength to the weak and so ennobles those

who possess it, bade her look with courage on that which all must one day encounter. "No, my little one, we cannot," was the Was she not as well prepared to leave this Catherine felt her hand, which Barbara world at that very moment as she would be in ten or twenty years! Her conscience was holding, tightly pressed, and then hot tears fell upon it. "Oh ! do not weep my little sister !" told her that, in spite of many imperfec-tions and shortcomings incident to human frailty, her life had been free from malicshe exclaimed ; "thou wilt not be away from us long. And listen, Barbara, each morning and evening thou wilt say thy prayers, as I have taught thee to do, and thou wilt pray for us wilt thou not?"

traity, her life had been free from malic-ious and deliberate sins. With heartfelt sorrow she implored pardon for all her faults, and with filial confidence recom-mended herself to the Divine mercy. She now felt resigned either to live or die; but one thought still troubled her-what would become of little Barbara if left without friend or home. The weather "O, indeed I will," answered the child. After this they hurried silently on, Catherine's mind painfully preoccupied with the thought that perhaps before she returned good Mether Paidet entry. with the thought that perhaps before she returned good Mother Bridget might be without friend or home. The woodman and his wife would, no doubt, keep her with them and treat her kindly ; but they were not Catholics, and they would either have been to expose her to catch the disbring her up in a wrong religion or suffer her to have none; and what chance would there be of her being restored to her for the purpter in the second secon ease, and she knew of no place of safety for her nearer than the woodman's house.

On she pressed, therefore, with quick and anxious steps, along that forest path which she and her little companion had so often joyously trod. The lantern threw a lurid light on the objects immediately companies and the objects immediately father or brother ? "O Lord," exclaimed the young girl, to hom these reflections presented them-elves with overpowering force-"O Lord, ray Thee to spare my life until Barbara o longer needs my care; but, if thou hast rdained otherwise, Thy holy will be done,

d as not a sparrow falleth to the ground and as not a short as hort as en the door opened and Dame Barnby

"I am so glad thou hast come, goo she cried; and weeping she threw

erself into her arms. Winifred was soon made acquainted udly; no answer was at first returned.

with the sad news. She had, indeed, early that morning heard a rumor that Widow O'Reilly had taken ill with the feyer, and but she heard some one stirring within. She knocked again ; heavy footsteps were audible approaching the door. "Who comes here ?" cried a rough it was to ascertain the truth of this that she had now come to the cottage. She had hoped at least to be able to succor her old faired. Also it more best to be able to succor her oice. "It is Catherine; open, I pray thee,"

old friend. Alas, it was too late Catherine learnt with grief that Master

Utering an exclamation of surprise, the woodman opened the door. "Lor's me, what has happened?" he inquired. "Why hast thou come through the forest at this late hour? I thought it Andrew was dead. "My child," said her aunt, "thou canst ot remain alone in this house; come with i.e. Thou lookest pale," she added, gazing attentively at her niece ; "perchan

ou hast eaten nothing this m "Such is the case; but my heart was too sad for me to feel inclined to take anything-moreover, I feel giddy when I try to walk." Dame Barnby was alarmed ; she had

"Dost thou remember the catechism I he sank quickly back on his bed, and re-The same quickly tack on his bed, and re-mained silent during a few seconds. "A priest ! O, bring me a priest !" he suddenly cried. "Nay, nay," he added almost immediately ; "they will denounce me, they will take my money !" "Didet they aver know or precise the used to teach thee ?" asked Catherine. The little fellow looked round to ascertain that his companions were not within hearing, and then said in an undertone. "They say they will not let me be a

Catholic any longer, and beat me when I say my prayers." "Who ?" inquired Catherine. "The man and his dame who have taken are to their house."

me to their house." "Keep up thy courage my poor little friend; if I can, I will see thee to-morrow and try and do something for thee." Leaving the child she hastened on with her aunt whose shop they soon reached. Dame Barnby advised her nicee not to go to the woodman's cottage until the plague had ceased in the city, for fear that she might carry the infaction with her. haps weeks, in the plague-stricken town. She might carry the infection with her. It was evident then, that Catherine would be forced to spend some days, per-haps weeks, in the plague-stricken town. She determined during her stay to do

what was in her power to alleviate the misery of the wretched inhabitants. She greatly pitied the unhappy position of numbers of poor children whose parents had died without being able to provide for their support; and as there are always wicked persons to be found ready to take advantage of private difficulties or public calamities and turn them to their p in these instances there were not wanting those who, under pretense of being rela-tions of the orphans took possession of them and what goods they had, neglecting and often ill-treating the former they kept the latter for their use.

passed that way about once a fortnight

with a pack-horse. And in due time one of the child's relations came to fetch him.

safety.

agony was a long one indeed. At times the poor man showed signs of repentance; but then again the fear of Cath the little boy whom she had accosted in the street. She questioned him more particularly on his situation which proved od's judgments overpowered him, and excluded from his terror-stricken soul tha ilial confidence in the mercies of his to be far from happy ; indeed the poor

"I have abandoned my faith ; there is no hope for me," he would reply when urged by Catherine to place his trust in the to be far from happy; indeed the poor child was in imminent danger of losing his faith and being brought up in ignorance and vice. Having inquired if he had any relations living and having heard that some of his mother's family resided in the small town of Honiton, she obtained her and additional and additional the second second and herits of Jesus Christ. At length he sank back exhausted by the At length he sank back exhausted by the fever, which was making rapid progress; his eyes closed, and he breathed with difficulty. "Death is surely coming now," thought the young girl, and she knelt down and prayed. At that moment the aunt's consent and addressed to them a letter. "'Tis marvellous," Dame Barnby remarked, when her niece had read the epistle to her, "how thou canst say all that down and prayed. At that moment the door opened; she looked round—there stood Father Francis. by making little marks upon paper." The letter was intrusted to a man wh

TO BE CONTINUED

THE FATHER'S SHARE.

"Didst thou ever know or practise the holy Catholic religion ?" asked Catherine,

man. "Alas, I did !" he replied.

Buffalo Union

Catherine never heard of him afterwards; but as those to whom he had gone were good Catholics, she was satisfied as to his The mother, the Christian mother, al-ways the mother. Christian preachers, Christian writers, are ever ready with advice to her; ready to urge on her the importance of her duties; ready to denounce in severest terms her short-comings; as if she were chiefly, nay, solely, responsible

ted share in the training of his family Who shows him that he is more than the mere bread-winner of his household ? that no other duty laid on him approaches in importance that which he owes to the souls of his children; and that wealth cumulated, social position ensured for them, profit nothing in Heaven's sight, if the has been their guide in the ways of vice or irreligion, if he has weighted their worldly inheritance with the mean-ory of a blameful life! Who warns him unflicient of the incul bland ory of a blameful hie! Who warns him sufficiently of the incalculable influence of his depraved habits and evil passions on the future of the race? of the power of his example for good or ill, and the harvest of joy or woe he is, accordingly, des-tined to reap from it, here or in Eternity? No; it is always the mother; the stern-est message to the tenderest heart, the heaviest load upon the weakest shoulders. She, when needful—and alas! how often it is needful!—must have the virtues of two. She must render ineffective the negligence or bad example of the unfaith-

MARCH 16, 1883.

No Guesswork Turns Out Well.

Philadelphia Correspondence

The difference between positive know-ledge and blind experimenting is nowhere more quickly exhibited than in the treatand again her calm voice subdued the old of stock. Thousands of horses, "Then, if I can find a priest I will bring ient "Then, if I can find a priest I will bring him to thee. Beg, through the merits of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ, pardon for thine evil deeds, and hope in His clemency." Then, turning to her aunt, Catherine prayed her to remain with the dying man until she returned. Leaving the bases do be bactered to more or less valuable, are annually lost to their owners and to extended and good service because of "guesswork" in endeav-oring to cure them of their aliments. If a man wants to build a barn, the very best material is his choice, and it must be worked in; but if the same man has a sick Leaving the house, she hastened to Dame Andrews, and inquired of her if sh Dame Andrews, and inquired of her it she house, and inquired of her it she knew where the priest was who often officiated at their house. But he avoided remaining long in any one place, and ob-served much secrecy concerning his move-served much secrecy concerning his move-secrect much secrect much secre should be allowed in the medication and treatment of stock, is something we can-not divine. However, there is a limit to all things, and there must be to this. So we thought, mentally in reviewing the experience of some of our acquaintances. In constitutions contrast to their empirical The latter sighed ; she was per-l what to do. It then occurred to plexed what to do. It then occurred to her that, as it was Saturday, it was not un-

likely that Father Francis might come to Exeter to say Mass the next day; and so she asked the dame to be so good as to tell the priest, if he chanced to come, that In conspicuous contrast to their empirical plans and methods stands the following plans and methods stands the following narration of the way a thoughtful, clear headed and experienced horseman manages when any of his stock becomes sick or re-ceives injuries. It clearly demonstrates that he is no friend of guesswork. He has used what he speaks of, and "speaks whereof he knows," "I am sati fied that St. Jacobs Oil is the best horse liniment in the market." a poor dying man wished much to come that him, describing the house where he lay. Returning to Jacob, she found him in the same state as when she had left; his acony was a long one indeed

best horse liniment in the market." best horse infiment in the market." The above remark was made to the writer a day or two since by Mr. A. W. Terry, the well-known proprietor of the large livery, sales, and boarding stables, Nos. 214 and 216 Queen street, in Phila-delphia, Pa. Mr. Terry has been estab-lished in the livery stable business on Oneon street for many years, and every lished in the livery stable business on Queen street for many years, and every-body in the old district of Southwark is familiar with his establishment. Many of the most prominent citizens of the lower section of the city, including the leading physicians, such as Dr. E. C. Kamerly, the ex-select Councilman, board their horses at Mr. Terry's stables. He has been associated with horses all his life, and is considered an authority on anything con-nected with horse flesh.

have been paying some attention to horse matters recently, a neighbor and relative of mine owning a span of splendid ani-mals. I sometimes ride behind; and, as my relative is a firm believer in St. Jacobs Oil as a superior horse liniment, and fre-quently uses that remedy. I felt desirous of comparing his opinion with others who are fully posted in such matters. There-fore I said to Mr. Terry, soon after we

"Terry, do you think St. Jacobs Oil is a horse liniment ?"

His answer to my direct question is iven at the commencement of this article. Wishing something more than a general indorsement of the Great German Remdy, I said:

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"When and in what cases have you used St. Jacobs Oil on horses, and for ailments ?"

Mr. Terry answered: "I have used it several times, and always with good effect. The last time I used St. Jacobs Oil, was on a bay horse of my own. He had a very bad shoulder; what we call a 'nick in the shoulder,' it was very sore, and I was afraid at first that I would not be able to use that horse for some time. I have had horses affected that way before, and could cure them, but not as readily as I can now, since St. Jacobs Oil came about. negligence or bad example of the unfaith-ful father. She, "joining a man's heart to a woman's thought" must be wise for her children's temporal as for their eter-nal interests, fit to encourage the timid as to curb the bold; and the while mindful of the bad or careless husband's pleasure and well-being, as if that were her only solici-tude on earth. A truce, then, to the

MARCH 16, 1883.

Making Life Look Brighter.

Say not "The world is dark and drear But strive yourself to light it; Though ignorance rage, yet never fear, Though ignorance rage, yet never fear, "Tis manhood's work to fight it! Strive on, and rust will drop its scales, And earnest effort seldom fail, And purpose over doubt prevail, Thus making life look brighter.

Does virtue meet with small reward? That thought is worldiv minded: That thought is worldly minded; For vice herself is off abhorred By slaves whom she has blinded; Though now the clouds be dark and d When we shall walk by faith, not sen Virtue will have true recompense The while the clouds grow lighter.

Then call not life a "vale of tears," Our lives are what we make them; And we must weigh by "deeds, not y If we would not mistake them. Improve the years, and life is sweet; We sow good seed to reap pure wheat Good thoughts and deeds make if plete.

plete, And make the soul grow whiter.

THE GROTTO AT LOURDES

Are the Wonders Credited to it We of Belief ?

AND IS THE ALLEGED APPARITION OF LADY TO BERNADETTE A WELL E LISHED FACT?

R. S. Clarke, S. J., Nineteenth Centr

R. S. Clarke, S. J., Nineteenth Centu Our inquirer has no infallible dec from Rome to bind him, and he is t fore so far free. No one has any to condemn as a heretic, or to inflict him any ecclesiastical censure, if he the miracles a pack of rubbish, an apparition a silly imposture. The question is whether he can do so without violating the respect due to en iastical authority; secondly, without ning in the teeth of the common co of the faithful all over the world notably of the thousands who have t selves visited Lourdes either as pill or visitors; thirdly, without refusin accept evidence so clear, so well-establi so multiplied, so various, so conclusi the point at issue, as to write hi down a fool if he declares the with to be either dupes or impostors, an facts they narrate either a lie or a

I need not dwell on the first two of heads. The apparition and miracle Lourdes have received the explicit tion of the bishop of the diocese, wh himself visited the grotto many tim a pilgrim, and, after a most careful thorough investigation, issued a ma ment in which he formally gives his ment in favor of the reality of the artion, declares the miracles wrought the work of the supernatural powe God, and authorizes the devotion of God, and authorizes trecommending it t faithful of his diocese. Nor is then possibility of denying the existence consentient voice bearing witness of part of Catholics-bishops, priests laymen, in every quarter of the glo their sincere and unhesitating bel the reality of the miracle performed pass these over because we are writi non-Catholics, and we have no right t them to listen to the voice of an auth they do not recognize, or to be influe by the consensus of those whom regard as misled by religious fervor regard as misled by religious fervor deceived by preconceived opinions. But we have a right to ask them to lieve in facts attested to by a numb-intelligent and honest witnesses, what explanation they may give of them have a right to claim their assent to testimony of physicians who formall test the results of a careful diagnosis r before and after a journey to Lourde have a right to tell them that their clt hypothesis of the curative force powerful imagination will not acc powerful imagination will not acc for cancers healed in a moment, tu disappearing instantaneously, decayed carious bones becoming sound at the to of that wondrous fountain; we have right to urge upon them the necessit furnishing some possible solution of

for the children's welfare. But who is equally quick to exhort the father? Who urges on him his tremen-dous responsibilities, and his God appoin-ted abare in the treatment.

By many a death-bed did the youn girl appear as an angel of charity, soothing the last moments of the dying with words of hope and spiritual comfort.

tion.

Her aunt at first entertained fears that in discharging these charitable offices she would herself fall a prey to the fever. But Catherine assured her that living, as they were obliged to do, in the midst of the infection, there was as much danger for them each time they walked in the streets

as if they entered the houses of the sick. Good Andrew's wife also devoted herof to deeds of charity. Catherine, who was frequently with her, observed that the grief of her recent loss had sunk deep into the poor woman's heart; a look of melan-choly had settled on her once-cheerful face, and tears filled her eyes when she and

the young girl spoke together of the many qualities of the honest merchant whose death both felt so keenly. death both felt so keenly. One day as Catherine was passing near an old and delapidated house, her atten-tion was arrested by the low moans which issued from it. She stopped to listen, and scing a many starting to the stopped to listen,

and seeing a woman standing at the door, and seeing a woman standing at the door, inquired of her who lived there. "An old man whom we call father Jacob," she replied. "Does he live alone?" asked Catherine. "He does the ince all set

"He does. He is an old miser, and has no kinsfolk with him. I did not see him leave his house to-day; perchance he too hath the plague. "And hast thou not been to inquire if

he be ill ?' "I durst not," was the reply. Catherine hastened to her aunt's dwell-

ing, which was close by, and related what she had heard. 'O think," she added with characteristi

in the land and may every Catholic father in America exemplify in his life "The Christian Father."

were seated in the cottage one evening, silent as people are wont to be when some great calamity afflicts those around them or threatens themselves; it was growing dark, and Catherine, unable to see any longer, had just laid down her work, when a knock was heard at the door ; she looked at widow O'Reilly, but neither dared say a word, so sure did they feel that evil tidings awaited them. She opened the door. There stood outside a man whom she had often seen at Andrew's, where he came to do a day's work when

where he came to do a day s work when there was a press of business. "Master Andrew, the clothier, lieth sick of this direful plague. As I passed this way I thought I would just stop and tell

"Good Master Andrew ill !" exclaimed Catherine in deep anguish. "Yes, and like to die, methinks," replied

the man ; "but it waxes late, and I must make haste home. Good-evening to you

"O Mother Bridget," said Catherine, with tears in her eyes, "I must go and see poor Master Andrew ere he dies."

"Nay, my child, 'tis I that shall go this very minute. Stop ye and take care of Barbara ; I will return in an hour. Perchance 'tis not so bad with him as that man said.

Putting on her cloak, the old woman left the cottage. Catherine awaited her return in a state of indiscribable anxiety. Two hours passed and no one came. She took Barbara to bed at her usual hour, and then remained in the kitchen listening to every sound on the road. Now she walked to and fro, then she sat down and tried to resume her work; but other thoughts occupied her mind, and tears filled her eyes as the recollection of all Andrew's kindnesses towards her since her earliest childhood occurred forcibly to her.

General Debility and Liver Complaint.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir-My wife has been taking your *Dear Sur—My* wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pel-lets" for herliver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, and General Debility. Yours fraternally, N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E Church, Elsah, Ill. *Fear Not.* All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable prof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do. "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pel-lets" for herliver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and

"And why shouldst thou take her else-"And why shouldst thou take her else where it remnant of here, she made for her at mid-where it replied the good couple, sion of herbs, which she gave her to drink. "Knowest thou not how joyful we are to Her aunt then proposed to take her to her anything we can for thee, who hast lone so much for us ?" Catherine thanked them, and, having

traced her steps homewards even more after them. apidly then pidly then she had come. Softly did she enter Widow O'Reilly's som and approach the bed, trembling lest one or two forlorn individuals were wanshe had come.

Catherine took her hand ; it felt burning, Good Mother Bridget, what can I do for she said.

"Nothing ; but pray, O, pray for me ! The girl saw at once that the fearful fever was rapidly consuming the strength of the poor sufferer. It is dreadful at such moments to feel powerless, as Catherine did; to know that the life of a loved one the means to ward off death. She had heard it said, a few days before, that all whom the fever had attacked had died and that nothing could be done to save them. This thought now filled her heart with

grief.

grief. Complying with Bridget's request she knelt by her bed and prayed. She prayed that, if it were the will of God, her good friend might recover; and if not, that He would assist her soul in its passage to eter-nity. She prayed for herself also, that she might have strength to bear this new trial. trial

Suddenly the dying woman said anxiously, "My child thou too wilt catch the fever; stay not with me." "God will protect me, I trust," replied the other. "I have placed Barbara in safety.

"I would like to see a priest, but none

and can do.

Catherine sit down, and stirring up the remnant of fire, she made for her an infuown home; which offer was willingly ac

cepted. Carrying with them some few articles, enderly embraced her dear Barbara, re- they left the cottage, locking the door entered.

Softly did she enter Widow O Relify's room and approach the bed, trembling lest the spirit should have already flown. A slight moan reassured her. "Is it thou my child?" murmured the "Is it thou my child?" murmured the

for some time past, was struck with aston-ishment and horror on viewing the change which a few weeks had wraught in the

ce cheerful city. "Is every one dead?" she inquired of her ompanion in a subdued voice, for the urrounding gloom and silence filled her "Good "Nay, not all," replied her aunt

though many a one they have carried bast my house, to lay them in the earth, luring these three weeks. And numbers mured. during these three weeks. have left the town in great fright, yea, and

abandoned their dying relatives." "O, can it be so !" exclaimed Catherine. "It is quite true, my child; in distress ke this many lack courage to do their

Here the conversation ceased ; but the oung girl's active mind was already at work trying to devise some means for the relief of the misery around her.

They passed down one of the back streets, which was so narrow that the instreets, which was so harrow that the in-mates of the houses might shake hands from the windows of the upper story with their neighbors of the opposite side. A group of dirty children were playing near one of the doors; among them Catherine recognized some of her former pupils, and stopping, inquired of one my soul!" murmured Bridget. "Oh holy where his mother was i when she was tone and that she had been taken to the churchyard, and that father was there too.

"And with whom dost thou live ?" "With John's father," replied the child, inting to a boy a little older than him-

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. colors.

carnestness—"O think how dreadful it must be to die all alone! Shall we not go and succor him ?"

Dame Barnby consented, and both pro-ceeded to the old man's house. After knocking two or three times and receiving no answer, they pushed open the door and

At the further end of the poverty-stricken chamber lay old Jacob on his wretched couch "Who comes here ?" he asked in a low noarse voice. "We come to bring thee help," said the

dame.

dame. "Water-water!" he ejaculated. A vio-lent thirst being one of the symptoms of the then-prevailing fever. Catharine understood the meaning, and at once fetched some water, which he drank with

od friend," said the young girl oftly, "art thou easier now ?"

"Neither thou nor anyone else can bring ease to mine afflicted soul," he mur-

"But our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for you can," she replied.

A strange and wild expression appeared on the dying man's face while Catherine spoke, but he said nothing, and she con-tinued to speak to him of the death of our

Saviour and the mercies of God. Presently his mind began to wander. Gazing about with an anxious searching eye, he seemed as one who beheld visions from the other world; sometimes, after looking steadfastly at one corner of the room, he would move his head slowly round as if watching some object endowed with action ; then he would start back in tersaintlines

ror, muttering "Avaunt ! avaunt !" Catherine shuddered. "O how fearful," thought she, "is the deathbed of those who have no religion !" Dame Barnby would have beaten a hasty retreat, had not her niece desired earnestly to remain and to

instil thoughts of repentance and hope into the poor man's he oor man's heart. the fever heightened, he became wilder and more restless

"Be calm, and may God have mercy on land, or make the people truly thee !" said Catherine, in a grave reso olute one, which seemed to overawe him for Diamond Dyes are so perfect and

pondered, must needs do much towards beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10 cents.

tude on earth. A truce, then, to the Strong, and acts so quickly. I have had Christian mother; and let us, by way of a change, hear more anent the duties of the Christian father, the Christian husband. Christian father, the Christian husband. Thus, and it must be confessed, not without some show of reason are much. three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil not long three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil not long tried and many-childed mothers oft-times the and many-childed mothers oft-times heard to answer, when their office is, to their thinking, magnified, at the expense of the father's ! Here, at last, comes the long-desired picture of "The Christian Father," the minute exposition of the grandeur of his Office—mirroring, as it die the the state office office office office office.

In reply to a question Mr. Terry re-marked: "I did not buy the bottles of St. Paternity-with instructions as to how he shall render himself worthy of so sublime Jacobs Oil originally to use as a horse lini-ment. I had the rheumatism very bally in both of my feet, and I got the Oil for that. I soon cured the rheumatism and had weath a both of full for a dignity. We are indebted to a good German priest, Rev. W. Cramer of the diocese of had nearly a bottle full left, and it was

priest, Rev. W. Cramer of the diocese of about that time I neard St. Sacos Of was Munster, for the original work; and to that a good liniment for horses. I used what horned author and careful translator. I had on hand on a disabled horse, as I had on hand on a disabled horse, as I had on hand on a disabled horse. learned author and careful translator, Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y., told you, and it worked so well that I shall rendition into pure and vigorous always use it for horses. I have a fresh bottle here now (stepping into his office and English, that is before us

English, that is before us. Herein is shown that though 'tis one of the greatest graces for a child to have a good mother; yet, this grace is perfected only when joined to the farther grace of having a good father. "The words of the mother may urge and exhort: but the ex-ample of the father draws the children and is imitated by the with the initial and the there is a state of the is imitated by the words of the mother way urge and exhort: but the ex-ample of the father draws the children and is imitated by the words of the is initial by the words of the mother way urge and exhort: but the ex-ample of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and is initial by the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of the father draws the children and the the words of th He replied: "I don't want to puff up any particular remedy oranybody's medi-cine, but if I find anything that is good or ample of the lattice draws the chloren and is imitated by them." Also is it vividly set forth how terribly a good mother's in-fluence and example may be frustrated by a wicked father. Further we cannot bet-ter describe this admirable and timely little cine, but if I find anything that is good of useful I am willing to say so. If you are interested in horse liniments, I can only say St. Jacobs Oil is a good one, the best I know of, and I don't mind saying so. You tell that relative of yours to try St.

work than in the words of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, who contributes a thoughtful introduction to Father Lambert's translation. "It is no mere ideal father we have here, aspiring after unattainable or fanciful Jacobs Oil, if either of his horses gets injured, and I guess he will not regret it." I remarked: "Not long since I stepped in at Campbell's livery stable, on Wharton street, near seventh, and Mr. Campbell's son, who runs the stable, also spoke very It is a father such as God intended all fathers to be, such as should and might be found at the head of every highly of St. Jacobs Oil as a good liniment for horses."

and might be found at this nead of every Christian family. It is a genuine Chris-tian father faithfully discharging the obligations of his state, and sanctifying himself in the ordinary duties of life." "Tis universally conceded that "as the family is the foundation of society, we must make the father truly Christian Mr. Terry replied: "The Campbells understand their business, and what they say about St. Jacobs Oil or any other lini-ment is worth listening to."—New York Suirt of the Times must make the father truly Christian would we reform society, Christianize the Spirit of the Times.

moral. And therefore, every thoughtful reader, parent or not, laying down this book, which, if attentively read and prayerfully ----"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1, at

bringing about a consummation so de-sired, will echo the Bishop's wish. "May it find its way into every Christian home chipmunks. 15c."

mystery, or else of honestly ; accepting the solution which the w Catholic world declares with one voi be the only rational, the only pos olution-Digitus Die est hic-God who, by His miraculous power ex through Our Lady's intercession, heal sick, curves the land, s intercession, hear sick, curves the land, so ut devils, toring sight to the blind, now in this r teenth century, just as He did when

was visibly present amongst men. Out of a large number of instances adduce three as test cases. They happened within the last two years. T have been carefully examined, and, as readers will see, it is absolutely imp ble that imagination could have bro them about, as in each case there either some organic lesion, or else clearly marked physical malady, affect and destroying the bodily tissues, almost incurable, even after long year

Any human means. Our first case is that of Mdlle, Phill from Menil in Lorraine. After suffe from fainting fits and poverty of b for several years, she was attacked, 1877, by paralysis in her left side, an the following year two cancerous swings appeared in her throat. An op tion was decided upon, which left lower part of her throat one vast wou This operation was followed by a see —this by a third—until it became no She became unable to speak, and subject to frequent spitting of blood. shall give your sister no more remedi-rel the observations (ther more is bend said the physician; "her case is hopel (elle est perdue). But Mdlle. Philippe, had already visited Lourdes, had ceived a great desire to go there again fore her death. She did not ask to cured, but to obtain the grace of a g death. At the cost of intense suffe night before the grotto. The next eving, as she knelt and prayed, she fe horrible pain, as if all her sinews were ing strained. Was it a new crisis of disease, or was it the death she had so l ing strained. prayed for? She fell to the ground, then without knowing what she did, who had so long been speechless, cried in a loud voice, "Cured! I am cured!" set to work at once to sing the Magnifi accompanies here it is the set of the set o

accompanied by all around. The wound of her cancers had di a few little reddish spots alone marked place where the sore had been. The r day she was able to walk, carrying banner in a procession for an hour with fatigue. Since then she has felt no pr