#### When Love Passed By.

I wes busy with my plowing
When love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forake thy grudging;
Lite's clights are few and drudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
A' inte planning and contriving,
Here boneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing
When the straight and even furrow
Ail the field is covered through
I will follow"
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy muli thou hast but moiling— For th/ moil thou hast but moiling— Follow me, where meadows fertile Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle, Laughing to the sky; Laugh tor foy the thousand flowers. Birds and brooks—the laughing hours All unnoted fly: But I answered: "I am sowing Winen my acres are all planted, Gladly to the realm enchanted I will follow."

Love passed by.

Love passed by.

I was busy with my resping
When Love passed by.

"Come," ane cried, "thou planted'st grieving.
R pened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie failing vain is
Garnered so oe. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste three-for the hours fast dwindle
Ers the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sk."
But answered "I an resping.
When with sons of youth and maiden,
Home the hock cart comes, full isden,
I will follow"
Love passed by.

Love passed by.

I bad gathered in mv harvest
When Love passed by.
"Stay." I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, mv crv unbeeding—
"stay, O Love, I fa'm would follow,
Stay thy fight. O feet-winge awallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly,
General woe is all my harvest,
Pad ghosts of my dead nopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.
—Plarper's Magazine.

#### INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends. I think there are light-houses all along our lives, and God knows when it is

ne to light the lamps.—Some Holm Owen Meredith said, "A nun hath no nation. Wherever man suffers or woman may soothe, there her land, there her kindred."

An interesting sale of a library took place the other day in Dublin. The library was that of Henry Grattan, Among the books were some school and collegigate prizes of the great man, and these were easerly sought to be treasured as venerable relics. The collection of psimphlets sold for £170, and was pur-chased by a Dublin book seller, it is believed, for a collector in England.

"There is a wide difference," says the great St. Augustine, "between a heretic and a believer in heretics; since a heretic is, in my opinion, one, who for some temporal advantage, and especially for glory and leadership, either broaches, or maintains, false and novel opinions; but he who believes men of this character, is a man deluded by the imagination of possession, gives value to men. We act

#### A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE. A young man stood in a doorway on

Saturday evening. Another young man and a young woman passed. "Hello Mary!" called the young man who stood, loudly, to the companion of the young man who walked. That young man stopped walking, deposited his girl in another doorway, came back to the other young man and gave him a thrash-ing. "What did you do that for?" deing. "Wast did you do that for?" demanded the vanquished one as soon as he had a chance to speak. "You insulted the lady I was with," was the reply. "I didn't do anything but say 'Hello Mary! and, anyway, don't you know she's my sister?" "Yes but you had no right to sister?" "Yes but you had no rowded

## A CLEVER RASCAL.

Some clever rascal in London adver-tised that he would on receipt of sixpence in stamps, return to the sender one shilling. The advertisement was published prominently enough to attract considerable attention, and it naturally excited remark. To most persons it seemed a very transparent humbug, too silly to be called a fraud, but there were a few curious individuals who deter-mined to see whether the advertiser was a crank or had some game, so they sent on their sixpences. By return mail each one received the shilling. A few days after, the same advertisement again appeared in several of the news papers, and everybody who tried it before told all of his friends about it. The result was that several hundred sixpences were received; and next day as many shillings went back. The third time the advertisement appeared the mail received by the clever sharper was simply enormous. Letters came from all parts of the kingdom and from all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor. The rogue pocketed several thousands of pounds, and curiously enough, neglected to make any returns.

## A SECULAR TRIBUTE.

Ellen Ewing Sherman, the noble wife of the great General, is dead. It is heavy news, even for those who knew her slightly, as I did. She was not young, but still the feeling is, "She should have died hereafter." Twenty years later she would not, I am sure, have "outlived her usefulness." \* \* \* And yet there is cause to be thankful

that she has been. Here was a life which overflowed the bounds of her happy home circle, and even of what is called "society," but only to bless the world, in deeds of charity—constant and unweary. As Parkemes's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs of the poor and sinful. Her very life of life was in service—the service of her Lord among His poor.

Though her good works were nearly all wrought within the pale of her beloved Church and under the passionate impetus of the ancient Roman Catholic 'Tis said she died of heart disease

faith—they were none the less benefi-cent and beautiful.—Grace Greenwood in

BISHOP GILMORE ON PUBLIC

BISHOP GILMORE ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Our public schools are organised and maintained to fit the child for the fulfilment of his duty as a citizen. But duty is founded on obligation, and obligation on justice. Now, justice is the basis of morality, and, j lined with truth, gives us all that is known as religion. Scelety depends for its existence on truth and justice. Education must therefore Sciety depends for its existence on truth and justice. Education must therefore embrace both, if civilized society is to exist, and civilized government to endure. But truth and justice have their origin in God, who is their cause efficient. Hence society cannot exist witnout God, nor can society exist without truth and justice, in which morality has its being. God and morality are co-relative terms. Education, then, must embrace a knowledge of God and a knowledge of His law, which teaches all that is known of truth and justice.

RESPECT GOD'S PRIESTS. The want of due respect for the clergy is very noticeable among the young people. Among the boys especially is this lack of courtesy most marked. Young men fail or refuse to recognize their own pastor on the street. Young boys hide and seek to avoid a meeting with their parish priest. This is not right. It could not fail to discourage the with their parish priest. This is not right. It could not fail to discourage the most sanguine priest were such a thing possible. It must certainly render his work less pleasant to feel that those in whom he is most interested endeavor to shun him on the streets. It is all foolish-ness to think that the priest does not know them. He has nothing else to think of but those entrusted to his care. Young people respect your clergy; by so doing you will respect yourselves Show them those marks of respect and politeness which are due them as God's special servants for your salvation. Show the priest and the world that his char acter as priest is a nobility established by God Himself, and the highest to which a man may aspire on earth.

TWO MEASURES OF A GENTLEMAN. English gentlemen of four hundred years ago considered the pursuit of litera-tuce, art, and science unworthy of any of their class, which was expected to live solely for sport. American gentlemen (and this includes all Americans) hold the same opinion with regard to all mechanical pursuits. Are such notions a whit less childish than those of four hundred years ago? I think they are even more so; for a man may very well be a gentleman without scholarship, but he cannot be one without being able to earn his living by his own labor. The truth is, while we fixter our vanity with the notion that we are enlightened peo-ple, on the ground that we have a form of government and certain mechanical contrivances which our forefathers had not, we are sunk in barbarism as regards possession, gives value to men. We act and thick, for the most part, as if such teaching had never existed.—Prof. Thos. Davidson, in December Forum.

DON'T STRIKE A LIGHT IF YOU WANT TO CATCH A BURGLAR.

"There are only ten persons in a thous "There are only ten persons in a thous and, who, when they hear strange noises in their houses, do not immediately strike a light to find out the cause," said a well known detective. "This is the most absolute piece of foily a sane person car. commit, and yet it only seems natural. But let me tell you that when you hear any noise that indicates the presence in your house of a person who has no business there, first take the precaution to put out your light. Then, if you want to search.

ng over s

have the advantage of knowing his posi-tion without his knowing yours.

"There is many a murdered man in his grave to day who would have been alive had this advice been followed. What can be more preposterous than the idea of a man in his right mind (knowing that if a burglar is in his house and is discovered he will take desperate means) actually offering himself as a target by appearing with a light in his hand, which does no more good than to betray his presence, as it is only natural that he cannot see three feet beyond its rays?
"Take the records of murders committed

where only burglary was intended, and you will find that three quarters of them are due to the folly of searching for the burglar with a light."

## Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's" arms after painless titutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The last lct

of Dr. Inomas' Edecoric On. The last RC I got from you, having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known. that the millions of sufferers throughou the world may benefit by its providentia discovery

## A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Um-fraville. Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

AS PARMEMEE'S VEGETARLE PILLS contain

#### THE BOCK OF CASHEL.

Master Timon Corcoran of Clongowes College, Co Kildare, Ireland, obtained the gold medal lately for the best written prose essay on the "Rock of Cashel." The writer is but sixteen years of age. The prose was awarded by the Royal University of Dublin. We append the text of Master Corcoran's essay, as an inducement to our boys of Assumption College to go and do likewise. - ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.

wise.—ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is part of the national character of every nation that they should bestow particular care on whatever connects the history of the present age with what has occurred in times gone by. This applies particularly when, in past ages, the annais of the country can show forth to men the glorious deeds, and thoughts, and lofty aspirations of their forefathers, and from which they can draw many a good lesson in conduct—both national and personal.

In no country does such a weighty

and personal.

In no country does such a weighty charge devolve upon the shoulders of the people as in our own Ireland. Our country has, indeed, many things to be proud of as regards her past history. She can point with pardonable pride to the thrice renowned actions of her olden heroes—to the brave and sagacians to the magnificent rejum of olden heroes—to the brave and sagaci-ous Brian, to the magnificent reign of Cormac, to the wisdom of those sages with whom kingly Tara was thronged in days gone by, and also, with deeper feeling, to the brave struggles which her worthy sons made for many centuries against the treacherous and grasping

Though these deeds can perpetus the memory of the ancient brave, yet it must be confessed that they would lack much interest and splendour had we to behold the scenes of their fulfilment but with the inner eye of the mind, as was the case when the drama was first intro duced into Eogland. But such is not the case. Wherever you may travel through Ireland, you cannot fail to find almost in every county spots deeply connected with historic fact or legend, and where if we are in any way of an imagin. where if we are in any way of an imagin ative turn of mind we can conjure up for ourselves the heroes of the past, and behold in fancy these deeds done over again before us which made Ireland ring again before us which made Ireland ring with their fame from shore to shore. Such are the far famed Hill of Tara, and the less known Palace of Aliach, ensonced midst the rugged hills and lakes of Donegal. Each has peculiar associations connected with it. One saw for many hundred years the glory of Ireland's royal line, beheld the solemn councils of more than a hundred kings, and witnessed many a chief march kings, and witnessed many a chief march forth to do battle with the rebe! Fenian or the ravaging Dane. The other was for many years also the seat of the Royal House of Tier-ower.—of O'Neill of Uladh, the proud descendants of Niall the Great. Out did the dreaded Red the Great. Of the the dreaded Red Hand hang out over its towering fortifi-cations, bidding stern defiance to every foe, and instilling a martial joy into the hearts of those who enrolled themselves under its waving folds.

But there are other and dearer associa-

tions connected with Ireland. They are those of religion. They tell us forcibly of that faith which Patrick planted so securely and triumphantly in the hearts of its people, never to be torn therefrom
—not even under the terrible scourge of the penal enactments of apostate kings and carried out so fearfully by its apostate sovereigns Many, indeed, are the trials through which Ireland had to pass for the sake of Catholicity, but through all it passed with steadfast mien, upright in heart, and bidding defiance sinke to the sword of the regicide and the gold of those who wished to lead her children

the cloisters of Bangor and the Shannon's banks—the sacred ruins o'Monsaterboice and the rude and rugged scenery of Glendalough. But to the Munster man there is one place that is especially dear.
It is the well-known Rock which long was the seat of Ireland's religious glory, as the town which it adjoins—Cashel of the Kings—was long the theatre of her political and social greatness. It is a place of national interest for every Irish man, as it is for every one who feels an interest in what tells of olden times and olden glory. It is, indeed, sanctified by the chastening touch of time,

History, ever faithful, tells us that those sacred buildings which now are present only in ruined greatness were built about the middle of the twelfth century. They were the gitt to the Church in Ireland of Cormack, the King of Munster of the time, who had his Palace close by. Under the shielding wing of kingly power, the See of Cashe
pospered more than any other in Ire
land. Its magnificent edifices—stately
and grand even in their ruin—tell o
this. We find no record of the destroy ing hand of heathenism ever polluting its sacred shrines. Though it was an ecclesiastical site certainly long before it was made over to the Church, we find that there was no damage done to it by the ravages of the Danes, though other buildings suffered severely from their predatory incursions, being stripped of their possessions and reduced to a state from which they cannot be said to have

ever fully recovered. But Cashel long withstood all such destroying influences. Dalcassian or Eugenian would not, nay, dare not touch it, though oft they ravaged the fair plains over which the stately rock reigned as queen. The rival house of the Southern O'Briens touched it not. It stood oft, as did Palmyra of old, in the desert an oasis; green and fertile and holy, in the midst of widespread destruction and

Far different, however, is its state to day. No longer are the splendid cere-monies of the Catholic Church celebrated within its hallowed walls. No longer do its massive arches resound with the thundering intonations of the magnifi cent canticles which all Catholics now

admire. It has passed under the blighting influence of the Saxon, and felt the fanatic fury of the Reformer. Life, deserting the summit for a time, seems to have descended to the nase, and springs forth again in the little cottages that nestle at its foot. Desolate and unroofed, exposed to every chance accident, it seems a mute piece of evidence of Ireland's fall from greatness and happiness. Truly it is a "Sermon on stone."

happiness. Truly it is a "Sermon on stone."

But perhaps once more Cashel may rise again triumphant from the bosom of the storm to its old place of honor. Ireland's darkest hour seems to have passed. The lowering clouds give some sign of clearing away. Through the opening a faint and glimmering light makes way, seeming to beckon on Irishmen to a second period of glory, and with it resume once more the garb of joy, after having worn the garments of mouraing and sorrow for many hundred years. Perhaps then Cashel may "become itself again, and perhaps we may imagine fondly that once more its walls will re-eeto the hymns of praise, and its sacred floor may once again feel the impress of the feet of mitred abbot and holy monk, as in future ages they proceed up its aisle to pay homage and offer sacrifice to the Almighty Creator of All."

#### "A MEASURELESS LIAB." United Ireland

Many weapons Mr. Balfour uses in his administration of Coercion, but a lie is a handle that fits them all. He is a past master of the art of misrepresentation, whether by cunning subterfuge or brasen denial. It is this that has saved him so denial. It is this that has saved him so far. Men were slow to believe in the possibility of such splendid mendacity. When he said a thing, for a time they foolishly took him at his word; when he promised an appeal under the Coercion Act in cases, they foolishly concluded there would be an appeal; when he gloried in his own success and solemnly asserted that the National Lesgue was "a thing of the past." his hearers fancied "a thing of the past," his hearers fancied it had disappeared; when he indignantly denied that he had imprisoned newsvendors for selling newspapers and denounced the authors of that calumny, he won public sympathy as a man unjustly assailed. In the same way, his defence of the Removables, his justification of the Mitchelstown massacre, and the torturing of John Mandeville, were deemed for a while to have some elements of truth. So through all details of his administration. A lie was a handle that fitted them all. But it is a bandle that wears out. The old fable of the boy and the wolf holds good to the present day. All confidence in Mr. Bal four's word is a thing of the past. It was a pitiful spectacle for the House of Com mone, which calls itself the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, to behold a prominent member of its body, openly convicted of repeated falsehood and deliberate calumny, meet the humiliating exposure with smirking, shameless ing exposure with smiring, standards, self-sufficiency. In the course of one night's brief debate he was coerced to con fess that he had calumniated Lord Spencer, that he had calumniated Sir George Trevelyan, that he had calumniated John Dillon when he had him safe in jail. To each he was compelled to apologize, but he in each case contrived to mingle some petty insult with the extorted apology. The calumny upon the Galway midwite, which he evaded in a court of justice, he courageously repeated under the project. which he evaded in a court of justice, he courageously repeated under the protection of the privilege of Parliament, which had already sheltered him. His state ment that the evicted tenant, Barrett, ment that the evicted tenant, barrett,
"nad been very properly convicted," he
explained to mean "that he ought pro
perly to have been convicted." A sharp
hint this to the Removables who dared the lady I was with," was the reply. "I didn't do anything but say 'Hello Mary! house of a person who has no business those who wished to lead her children astray, and the condition of the region of the religion of the religion of the corrected by hollering at her. Do you suppose that the corwd knew that you were her brother? What would they think of a girl thus accosted?" I was a lesson in street etiquette.

The present who has no business those who wished to lead her children astray. Who can look upon any of the religion of the Coercion Act. Mr. Balfour's compose that the charges against him of the Coercion Act. Mr. Balfour's compose that the charges against him of the Coercion Act. Mr. Balfour's compose that the charges against him of the Coercion Act. Mr. Balfour's compose that the charges against him of the Coercion Act. Mr. Balfour's compose that the charges against him of the debate were too few; that all those who wished to lead her children those who wished to lead her c any one of the charges preferred was in itself enough to damn the career and character of a public man. The Mitchels-town massacre—three innocent men shot town massacre—three innocent men shot down like dogs in the market place of their own town; the massacre at Coolgreany—an evicted tenant, defenceless and unoffending, slaughtered by an organized gang on a lawless marauding expedition; the Killesgh conspiracy—innocent men convicted by the Removables without one title of evidence to support the conviction. to support the conviction; worst and last—the torturing to death of John Mandeville in jail under the humane supervision of Dr. Barr. These four terrible charges—typical as they were of the entire administration of the Coercion Act—formed the gravamen of Mr. Gladstone's withering indictment against the man with whose rule Ireland is cursed. The indictment charged that the crimes were encouraged and the criminals protected under the Coercion administration. To no one of these charges was any real answer attempted The Removables who convicted without any evidence were "merely mistaken." Judge O'Brien, who defended the Coolgreany murderers from the bench, was "perfectly impartial." The police who shot down three unarmed men were bravely discharging their duty, and Dr.
Barr, whose cruel treatment, as one jury
selected by the police found on their
oaths, killed Mr. Mandeville; whose intimidation, as another jury similarly selected found on their oaths, drove poor Dr. Ridley to suicide, was in the eyes of his master, Mr. Balfour, a model of humanity and intelligence. He was indigpant that Mr. Gladstone should barp so long on such a trivial incident as th slaughter of three worthless peasants at Mitchelstown. He considered it ab-

> To bring their slovenly and unhandsome Betwirt the wind and his nobility."

Any excuse was, in his opinion, good enough to cover their slaughter. From every platform he has been proclaiming that the men were accidentally shot by that the men were accidentally shot by bullets ricochesting from the walls. Mr. Giadstone, by photographs taken on the spot, crammed that falsehood down his throat. He swallowed it without an effort.

toral. Aver's Almanac for the new year. is out. Get one.

Pleasant as syrup: nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatestort.

"Then they came," he said, "to the charge known as the ricochet shooting (Opposition cheering.) Well, he had stated more than once that to the best of his belief one of the men killed at Mitchelstown was killed by a ricochet shot [he had stated all.] It had been stated that one of the policemen in his evidence stated that he fired not at random but with an attempt to kill. There was no police or military regulation in the world that an armed force dealing with a crowd should fire deliberately with a crowd should fire deliberately over their heads; a more cruel kindness could not be committed, and it was not committed, he was glad to think, by the Irish police (ironical cheers from the Irish benches).

"Mr. T. P. O'Connor—Philanthropy, philanthropy (cheers)

"Mr. T. P. O'Connor—Philanthropy, philanthropy (cheers).

"The Chief Secretary—If the police were justified in firing at all, and he did not now propose to discuss that point, it was their duty to fire at the crowd, and, therefore, the question of the ricohet shot was of very little importance one way or the other (ironical cheers from the Irish benches)"

It is a matter of "very little importance one way or the other," even in his

It is a matter of "very little import ance one way or the other," even in his own opinion, that Mr. Balfour has been detected in a cowardly falsehood, intended to paliate the police murders at Mitchelstown. Nor is it truly a matter of much importance compared to therevolting confession into which he was surprised when driven from the shelter of the cleverly concocted, falsehood. He not merely justifies the murder, but exults in it. It is in his own words: "a cruel kindness" to Irish Hottentots to let exults in it. It is in his own words: "a cruel kindness" to Irish Hottentota, to let them live. For a peaceful meeting legally assembled, Mr. Balfour's remedy is a shower of bullets, "aimed to kill." This is his last word to the Irish police, who are only too ready to take the hint. We have had many coercion Chief Secretaries in Ireland before Mr. Balfour, who, with what struggle they might, subdued their better instincts to the foul lash. He is the first that absolutely enjoys it, and seems to revel in the cruelty and falsehood it entails. This much, at least, is hood it entails. This much, at least, is gained, that the system is presented in its deformity to the people of England—

Balfour is the last, as he has been the worst of the Irish Coercionists.

"'Tis a monster of so foul a mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen."

Exposure is absolutely fatal to it. Mr.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S ELOQUENCE.

Buffalo Catholic Union The thousands who have at one time

or another been favored with the chance of hearing Ireland's great Tribune utter his impassioned bursts of oratory in behalf of the cause of that storied isle have little dreamed, perhaps, that the fi-ry and vehement sgitator is capable of an elequence as chaste as that of Burke, while moving as that of Demosthenes. In a recent address on the "Irish National idea" he delivered a superb rational local he delivered a supero oration of which the following magnifi-cent passage is an extract: "The Irish cause has all the passionate romances and glamour of love; it is invested with some of the sanctity of religion. No knight of chivalry ever planted for the applause of his lady with a prouder love light in his eyes than the flashing glance with which men have welcomed their death wound to the fierce music of battle for Ire land. The dungeons in which unnumbered lrishmen have grown gaunt and gray with torment are illuminated by the faith only less absorbing than the ethereal light of the clois-ter, and by visions only less entrancing The passion of Irish patriotism is blent with what is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations. It is the whispered poetry of our cradles. It is the song that is sung by every brook that goes by us, for every brook has been in its day red with the blood of heroes. It is the strange with the strange that is the strange where the strange that it is the strang nd drew the thick, black veil over Iris history, they forgot the ruins they them-selves had made. They might give our flesh to the sword and our fields to the spoiler, but before they could blot out our traces of their sin, or deface the title eeds of our heritage, they would have to uproot to their last scrap of sculptured filigree the majestic shrines in which the old race worshipped; they would have had to demolish to their last stone the castles which lay like wounded giants to mark the spot where the fight giants to mark the spot where the fight had been the sorest; they would have had to level the pillar-towers and seal up the source of the noly wells; and even then they would not have stilled the voices of Ireland's past, for in a country where every green hill-side has been a battlefield the very ghosts would be the still t rise as witnesses through the penal darkness, and the voices of night winds would come, laden with the memories of wrongs unavenged, of a strife un-finished, and of a hope which only brightened in suffering, and which no human weapon could subdue. \* \* \* What the star that shone over Bethle hem was to the eastern kings, what the vision of the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the Round Table, what the Holy Sepulchre was to the dying eyes of the Crusader fainting in the parched Syrian desert, that to the childr lrish race is the tradition that there has been, and the faith that there will be, a golden-hearted Irish nation, a land of song, and wit, and learning and holiness, and all the fair flowering of the human

Who, after reading such divine oratary, will maintain that Irish eloquence has lost any of its ancient glory, or that Irisb brain and Irish culture are in their decadence? Happy is that nation which in the hour of its bitter sorrow and humiliation, can produce such gifted

How often do we hear of the sudden and fatal termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pec-toral. Aver's Almanac for the new year is out. Get one.

# **Famous Doctor**

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of

Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for 'Intermittent Fevers."

Dr. I. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."

Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass., says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the

can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use."

The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic of mineral substance, but the virtues of vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

## Aver's Pills.

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# NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY

The object of this agency is to supply at the regular deslers' prices, any kindo' goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this agency are many, a few of which are:
ist, it is situated in the heart of the whole-sale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable if to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—
and. No extra commissions are charged its patr, no on purchases made for them, and giving them besides, the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

2rd Should a patron wasternay actuary.

perience and neclined.

barged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or treight charge.

there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who at the Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Olergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything, send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Oathous Agency, & Barelay St. New York.

Catholic Agency, & Barelay St., New York.

## A Sonvenir of Tom Moore.

Stay, stay, yet some moments, though even ing grows late, And cease to impel us so fast to the shore Awhite on the foam created waves let u For moments like these we may witnes

no more.
Awhile let us linger in social delight,
There moments of happine'ss let us enjoy
Pernaps ere the dawn of a coming day'
light.
Some breath of ill-fortune our hopes mandestroy.

Since none can foretell, in this planet o

what changes the dawn of a morrow may bring.

Then, oh, let us gather the loveliest flower Which time o'er our pathway shakes of from its wing. You beautiful orb, which so brightly to day Seemed tending our hearts o'er the wave

Seemed tending our hearts o'er the way to allure. Bidding all things beneath and around it look gay, With shadowy clouds may the morrow obscure obscure
Affections, and friends whom we cherish In future, perhaps, we may seek for in

vain;
Then let us, while fortune extends to us here
such tressures, enjoy these bright mo
ments amain. Since smooth be our path thro' youth's sun

shipy bowers,
Then linger we long in the radiant ray,
Soon, soon, shall futurity wither these
flowers
That hide and unarm life's thorn-strewn -Cork Examiner.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. SAINT CECILIA AT THREE RIVERS

FAIR LADIES AND THEIR GALLANT KNIGHTS H LADISS AND THESE GARDEN AND LASSES CANDY AND THE POMERANIAN—
SOME RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES—A CURI

Among the time-honored customs peculiar to Three Rivers is to celebrate with great pomp and magnificence the feast of St. Cecilia, the patroness of

feast of St. Cecilia, the patroness of sacred music.

The feast this year fell on a Wednes day; the solemnity was observed on the Sunday following. For several weeks I had heard mysterious references to "le Sainte Cecile," and prognostications of unusual "doings" on that day, Sunday being understood. The first fulfilment of these was the sight of a gorgeous bouquet of hot house flowers, gloire de Dijou, and Marechal Neill roses, which arrived on Saturday from a Montreal florist, and which with a dainty box of Jouvin's six button glores, stood beside the plate of one of my fellow boarders. These were delicate attentions on his part to the young lady with whom he was to take up the collection at High Mass. It seems that it is here the Mass. It seems that it is here the custom on this grand feast for four of the most charming of Three Rivers' charming young ladies to solicit the alms of the faithful on behalf of the alms of the latinul on behalf of the society known as the Union Musicale. The choice of the ladies rests with the society, and it also apportions to each a cavalier for the day. Quite as much excitement and chatter is aroused over this matter as one ever sees over an election of the compouncillors or when he was done of the compouncillors or when he was described.

as one ever sees over an election of town councillors or church wardens, and I had many speculations as to who was to queter, and who would not.

From an early hour the population of the old town kept pouring into that massive edifice until it was pretty well packed. At half-past nine the strains of the orchestra pealed forth from the organ loft, as Rev. Mr. Proulx, cure of St. Lite, himself one of a family of sweet St. Lite, himself one of a family of sweet singers came out with deacon and subdescon, for the asperges at the close of which His Lordship the Bishop of Three Rivers, wearing his magnificent cappe magna of violet silk and ermine, entered the sanctuary and took his place upon his throne. His Lordship was attended by several members of his chapter in full canonicals, and had as a bearer a young levite, whose intelligent face and charming manners fore-

cast that he will one day be a bright ornament to the order of Melchisedech. After the vesting of the bishop the mass commenced. Never have I seen bination of musical enjoyment and devout prayer. The congregation though sensible in every fibre to the glorious harmony which echoed through the church, were nevertheless equally rapt in prayer, and apparently were never forgetful of the Presence in which they knelt. The sermon was to have been given by Rev. Mr. Arcaud, who was ill and unable to preach, whereupon the Very Rev. Canon Cloutier, the cure of the Cathedral, on a few moments' notice, took his place. The rev. cure seems to be a man equal to an emergency, for the

be a man equal to an emergency, for the sermon was a good one, and had the merit of not being too long.

At the Offertory all eyes were turned to the front pews in the grand aisle whence emerged four smiling, blushing dainty dreased young ladies, each carry dainty dressed young ladies, each carry ing in one of her exquisitely gloved hands a bouquet of exotics, and in the other a silver salver. In attendance upon each was a young gentleman in faultiess morning dress, who bore a silken sack in which to empty the silver coins, when

This ceremony of collection was per formed with ease and grace by the fair quetenses, who seemed to like it, ye what a terrible ordeal it would be to their English, Irish or Scottish sisters
The music throughout the mass was un
exceptionally good. So said the critics, o
which your correspondent is not one.
To my thinking the most impressive

part of the service was when a hust came, and trumpet and clarion sus pended their notes, while the vas assembly fell on their knees to receive the benediction of the holy and vener able Bishop of Three Rivers. His Lord ship certainly rules his people by the power of a love as indissoluble as it is unusual in this matter-of fact world Sunday, although the solemnity of St Cecilia, was, in its own right, the feast of St. Catherine. The feast of St. Catherine is also a marked day in the calendar of Three River for the in the dar of Three Rivers, for it is, as it were the day of the official closing of naviga tion "agres la Sainte Catherine point d'assur ance."

In the afternoon, as the inmates of many households were stooping over their cauldrons of boiling molasses according to the time-honored custom of making la tire on the feast of Sainte Catherine, there arose above the roar of the