

When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my plowing
When love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "follow me;
I'll be with you in a twinkling."

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

BISHOP GILMORE ON PUBLIC
SCHOOLS.

Our public schools are organized and
maintained to fit the child for the fulfil-
ment of his duty as a citizen. But
duty is founded on obligation, and obli-
gation on justice. Now, justice is the
basis of morality, and, joined with truth,

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Master Timon Corcoran of Clongowas
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 like-
wise.—ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is a 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,

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
most zealous 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.

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,
and lofty aspirations of her forefathers.
She can point with pardonable pride to
the thrice renowned actions of her
olden heroes—to the brave and sagaci-
ous Brian, to the magnificent reign of
Cormac, to the wisdom of those ages
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
Saxons.

Though these deeds can perpetuate
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 first intro-
duced into England. But such is not
the case. Wherever you may travel
through Ireland, you cannot fail to find
almost in every county spots deeply con-
nected with historic fact or legend, and
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 their deeds the drama intro-
duced 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 Ailich, en-
sconced amidst the rugged hills and
slopes of Donegal. Each has peculiar
associations connected with it. One
is for many hundred years the glory
of Ireland's royal line, the seat of the
solemn councils of more than a hundred
kings, and witnessed many a chief march
forth to do battle with the rebel Fenian,
or the ravaging Dane. The other was
for many years also the seat of the
Royal House of Tier-owen—of O'Neill
of Ulster, the proud descendants of Niall
the Great. Out did the dreaded Red
Hand battle out over its towers and
castles, bidding stern defiance to every
invader, and instilling a martial joy into
the hearts of those who enrolled themselves
under its waving folds.

TWO MEASURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

English gentlemen of four hundred
years ago considered the pursuit of litera-
ture, 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 flatter 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
all ideas of human worth. For well
nigh two thousand years Christianity has
taught that character, and not position or
possession, gives value to men. We act
and think, for the most part, as if such
teaching had never existed.—Prof. Tho.
Davidson, in December Forum.

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

"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 abso-
lute rule of a sane person can com-
mit, at 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,
do so in the dark."
"Of course you know the house better
than any stranger, and the chances are
that if you keep quiet the intruder will
expose himself either by showing himself
or stumbling over something. Then you
have the advantage of knowing his posi-
tion without his knowing yours."
"Then a murdered man who has been
alive had this advice been followed. What
can be more preposterous than the idea of
a burglar 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 his 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."

III 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 sub-
stitutes. "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' Electric Oil. The last I
got from you, having been tested in sev-
eral 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 throughout
the world may benefit by its providential
discovery."

A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to
the usefulness of Hygard'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 FARMER'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain
Mandrake and Dandelion, they are good
and Kidney Complaints with unusual cer-
tainty. They also contain roots and herbs
which have specific virtues truly wonder-
ful in their action on the stomach and
bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, St. John's
beare, writes: "I consider Farmier's Pills
an excellent remedy for Biliousness and
Derangement of the Liver, having used
them myself for some time."

"A MEASURELESS LIAR"

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 brazen
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 League was
"the thing of the past," his hearers con-
sidered "a thing of the past," when he
indignantly denied that he had imprisoned
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 Mitchellets massacre, and the
torturing of John Mandeville, were
deemed for a while to have some
elements of truth. So through all de-
tails of his administration. A lie was a
handle that fitted them all. But it is a
handle that wears out. The old fabric of
the boy and the wolf holds good to the
present day. All confidence in Mr. Bal-
four's word is gone; the fire of truth
and vehement agitation is capable of
eloquence 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
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 seated with some
feeling 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
Ireland. The dungeons in which un-
numbered Irishmen have grown
grey with sorrow and torment are
illuminated by the faith which absorbs
them 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
plaint we hear from every graveyard
where our forefathers are sleeping, for
every Irish graveyard contains the bones
of saints and martyrs. When the fram-
ers of the penal law looked us books,
and drew the thick black veil over Irish
history, they forgot the ruins they them-
selves had made. They might give us
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
deeds of our heritage, they would have
to uproot 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
had been the sorest; they would have
had to level the pillar-towers and seal
up the source of the holy 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
gloriously the very ghosts would
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 to the eastern kings, what the
Knights 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 proched
Syrian desert, that to the children of
the Irish race is the tradition that there has
been, and the faith that there will be, a
golden-hearted Irish nation, a land of
sons and daughters, all learning and holiness,
and all the fair flowering of the human
mind and soul."

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 be-
half of the cause of that storied land have
little by little gathered up the fire and
vehement agitation which the Irish
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THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

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fanatic fury of the Reformer. Life,
deserting the summit for a time, seems
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A 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 thou-
sands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I
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 mat-
ter, which plan is, chemically speaking,
of great importance in the preparation
of a cathartic. It insures activity, and
uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain
no metallic or mineral substance, but
the virtues of the vegetable remedies in
skillful combination."
Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

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SAINT CECILIA AT THREE RIVERS.

FAIR LADIES AND THEIR GALLANT KNIGHTS—
HARMONY AND BENEDICTION—MO-
LASSES CANDY AND THE ROMBERIAN—
SOME BRIGHT COMMUNITIES—A CURE
FOR BRONCHITIS.

Among the time-honored customs
peculiar to Three Rivers is to celebrate
the feast of St. Cecilia, the patroness of
sacred music.
The feast last year fell on a Wednes-
day, the solemnity was observed on the
Sunday following. For several weeks I
had heard mysterious references to "la
Sainte Cecile," and prognostications of
uncanny "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
Dijon, and Marechal Neill roses, which
arrived on Saturday morning, the cure of
florist, and which with a dash of the
Jovian's six button gloves, stood be-
hind 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
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
society known as the Union Musical.
The choice of the ladies rests with
the society, and it also ap-
portions 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
town councillors or church wardens, and
I had many speculations as to who was
to quarter, and who would not.

STAINED GLASS

BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED,
SILVERED, BENT, PLATE #5,
McCAVLAND.

CATARRH ELY'S

ELLY'S CREAM BALM
Gives Relief at once
and Cures
Cold in Head
CATARRH
HAY FEVER

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