

A Song of Summer.

Oh, lovely sunbeams through the meadows dancing. On golden pinions all the living day. Kiss the dewdrops on the crystal stemlets...

BARBARY.

A STORY OF FARM LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

Yes, I was at his first wife's funeral, and if anybody had told me 'at in a little while I'd be a widder, I'd have said they were crazy. You see, my third cousin, Marthy Jane Holly, she that was Marthy Jane Spadin, head in his neighborhood, an' I was visitin' of her when his first died, an' Marthy Jane took me along to the funeral. It was a dreadful dull day in February, an' that study the team could hardly pull us. An' when we draw up to the house I thought it was just about the loneliest place I had ever seen.

not mouth of his all the time. But, as I said, I never to have him at last, an' we was married at brother Jim's early in March, an' Jim an' Cynthy give me a right nice weddin' dinner. I will say that for 'em, an' what's more I always will believe they thought it was a good thing for a old maid like me to git to be Mrs. Squire Hollyer.

hadn't aggravated him the way she did. "Of course it wasn't any easier on me an' Barbary after Emly was gone, though I do say the hired men was awful clever help'n' us whenever they could; an' I falls to Barbary one day. 'Don't you fall in love with any of them boys, for can't spare you. An' she laughed, an' her face turned red. An' you could've upset me with a feather when she says, 'Cried like, 'I won't, ma; I'm engaged to Phil Thomas.'"

eat with these runnits down her face. "Barbary," said I, "where kin Steve be? Your pap's nearly crazy, for fear he has stole Selim and gone off." Barbary's face flushed up.

MIDNIGHT MASS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

When the Reign of Terror was at its worst in France, my grandmother, then a young girl, dwelt in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. A void had been made around her and her mother, their friends, their relatives, the head of the family himself, deserted or were in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

ST. THOMAS OF AQUINO.

St. Thomas of Aquino was by far the greatest man of his age—a man of noble birth, of ancient lineage, of commanding presence, the most consummate theologian, supreme in learning and goodness, the friend of popes and of kings—yet in position (and he desired to be nothing else) he was but a humble monk.

The Land of the Be...

By the hut of the peasant weeps, And night to the tower of Close, close to the cradle sleeps. And you comes to linger in Lies a carlin of light fall fame.

CATHOLICS OF S...

CORRECTION.—In our issue inst. there occurs an error to deprive the aged Lord of which he acquired his faith publicly on the otherwise acting as becoming. The paragraph in page three, beginning with 'He had been reconciled to the church after the last line of the graph, column three, reads: 'The name, Mr. Robe ought to have been in brackets, at the end of the fourth paragraph, enclosed in parentheses, and followed by—(ROBERT CHALMERS) indicate that the writer's stating that Jacobite priest to death in a very cruel distinguished author, 'ROBE'

THE CHURCHES OF SCOTLAND.

The London correspondent of the Catholic Review writes: "From Scotland it is pleasant to hear that within the last fifty years no less than sixty churches have been dedicated to God in honor of Our Lady alone." Consider how a vital feeling of piety brings you to me—

Bad Companions.

A story is told of a gentleman who had a splendid singing canary. A friend wanted to see if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it and placed it in the cage with the sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back, but still it would not sing, until he put it beside a canary that sang well, when it soon regained its old notes.

A Wedding Present.

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure pop corn cure—Patanam's Patent Corn Extract—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of irritations both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

Prompt Results.

"I was very sick with bowel complaint last summer. I tried other medicines but all was no use until I tried Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The next day I was like a different man." Geo. H. Peacock, Stroud, Ont.

Chronic Coughs and Colds.

And all Diseases of the throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hyposphosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Mace, M. D., L. R. C. P., etc., Truro, N. S., says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the very best in the market." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

Consumptive Tendencies.

are often inherited, but the disease itself may gain a foothold through impure blood, bad diet, unventilated rooms, etc., kept by means of Burdock Blood Bitters, and finally ward off consumption, which is simply scurvy of the lungs.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use the seeds of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express paid P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.