

The Nun's Prayer.

My God, that I could die and go to Thee!
Years past like meteors through the starry dome
Bringing but peace and joy in this dear home
Sweet hours of prayer and willing toil to me
Shedding new beauty o'er Thy world; I see
By turns the Winter's crystal glory; Spring
In youthful freshness, Summer with hot wings
Upon the stores for Autumn's granary;
Change follows change, all beautiful, for
Light streams from Thy presence pure, as from a sun
With rainbow tints enrobing, gliding all
And through up from this visible its flight
My soul may take, Thou art not all mine own
Till Thou a fold o'er these wearied limbs his pall.

Mr. Davitt: Recently many organs of English opinion have been predicting a certain disunion here in Ireland before the general election.

Well, it may be very ungenerous and rude on my part to dwell upon these illusions that are maintained on the other side of the Channel, but as my name has been connected with the prophecies of evil I am therefore in a position to answer these enemies of ours, and to show myself in the light of a Job's political comforter to them (cheers).

THE BORNEO MISSION.

London Weekly Register, August 8. The following extracts from a letter just received at St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, from one of the Missionaries at St. Joseph's, Kuching, Borneo, will be of interest to our readers, to whom, as the Catholics of England, the Holy See particularly intrusted the conversion of the Dyaks:

month to Kuching. Father — rises at 3 a.m., spends the morning in prayer, eats scarcely anything, is busy during the day in going from house to house, trying to bring home to the poor heathen the existence of God and His care for them; sometimes he will go up the river and stay a week or longer. He has some old boxes for a bed, not remarkable for being of the same size.

AFTER THE IRISH REBELLION, 1641.

Contemporary Review. The struggle lasted 11 years. Lord Clare described it in his great speech on the Union as a war of extermination. Sir W. Petty calculated that, out of a population of 1,400,000, as many as 616,000 perished by the sword, pestilence, and famine. When tranquility was restored, almost all the land belonging to the Irish in the Provinces of Ulster, Leinster and Munster was confiscated; and the Province of Connaught, which had been almost entirely depopulated and laid waste in the progress of the rebellion, was selected by Cromwell as the future home of the disinherited race. The principles on which the confiscations of Cromwell rested were capable of so wide an application that hardly any one could escape. In the first place, all persons who had taken part in the rebellion before November, 1642, or who had in any way assisted the rebels before that date, and also some hundred persons belonging to the aristocracy of Ireland, were condemned to death, and to the absolute loss of their property. Secondly, all land owners who had at any time fought either for the rebels or for the King against the Parliament were to lose their estates, but to receive one-third of their value in Connaught land. Lastly, Catholics who had never resisted the Parliament, but who had not taken the Parliamentary side, were to be deprived of their estates, but to receive two-thirds of the value in Connaught. The disinherited people were ordered to retire to Connaught by a certain day, and were forbidden to recross the Shannon on pain of death. This sentence was rigidly enforced until the Restoration. With the return of the royal family matters mended a little, but no serious attempt was made to remedy the gross injustice which had been done by the Commonwealth. The confiscated land had been given either to the soldiers and officers of the republican army in satisfaction for arrears of pay, or it was held by persons in payment for money which they had advanced with the royal sanction to the Parliament at the beginning of the insurrection. It would, of course, have been a gross injustice to have disregarded their interests. At the same time it is quite impossible to defend the act of settlement and explanation by which it was sought to satisfy the various claims to Irish land. This act simply disturbed the Cromwellian settlement; it did little or nothing to rectify the high handed wrongs which had been perpetrated under the Protector's rule. Thousands of the old Irish proprietors, who had been dispossessed of their estates by the English crown, had their claims to compensation disallowed and were excluded forever from their old possessions, and no less than 7,800,000 acres of land were set out under this act to a number of English adventurers, to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the island.

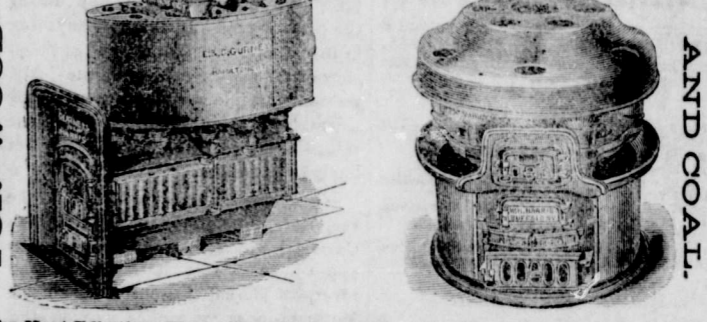
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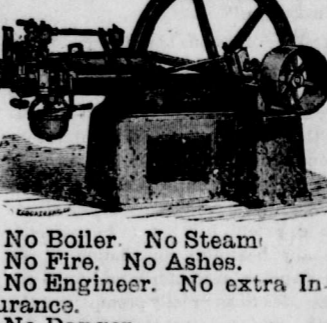
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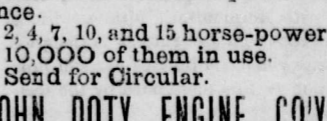
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MICHAEL DAVITT AND GEORGE ERRINGTON.

London Universe, Aug. 22. On Saturday Mr. Davitt and Mr. William Redmond, M. P., arrived in Longford, and their arrival was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration. When the train reached Edgeworthstown a large number of people, headed by Mr. Fenelon, were assembled on the platform and greeted Messrs. Davitt and Redmond with hearty cheers and expressions of goodwill. At Longford Station an enormous crowd was collected numbering fully 3000 people. The town was brilliantly illuminated. There was scarcely a window that did not display lights, and a large bonfire was lit in the market place. Messrs. Davitt and Redmond were presented with addresses.

Mr. Davitt, who was received with most enthusiastic cheering, which lasted several minutes, said: "Citizens of Longford, notwithstanding the enthusiastic welcome which you have extended to William Redmond and myself, I must, I fear, write you down a very ungrateful people (murmurs)—not because you gave a cordial welcome to Wexford's member and myself, not because you have shown unbounded enthusiasm at Mr. Parnell's name; not because you were proud of Mr. Justin McCarthy as your representative (cheers); but simply on this ground, that neither in the addresses of your town commissioners or National League, nor in your cheers have you thought fit to mention the name of a very distinguished and recently ennobled gentleman (loud groans and cries of "Castle hawk") I have not heard the name of Errington (renewed groaning)—I humbly beg his pardon, I have omitted his title—Sir George Errington (groans). It is strange that one of your representatives who has been given a title by the Queen should not be appreciated here in Longford; evidently Her Majesty has one opinion of Sir George Errington, and you have another; but joking and sarcasm on one side, not Longford but Ireland has just cause to be proud of the fact that the system of lying calumny and cowardly slander carried on in Rome by Errington and his clique has availed nothing.

A Voice: Thank God. Mr. Davitt: Ireland, though not represented by an accredited ambassador, had still a powerful and unexpunged representative in Rome. She had truth on her side at the Vatican, and just as truth has vindicated Ireland and her cause in Rome, so will truth yet vindicate that country and that cause in legislative halls in our native land (loud cheers). Despite the machinations of England and her disreputable diplomatic agents in Rome, Ireland's choice in the Archbishopric of Dublin has been ratified by the Sovereign Pontiff, and in Dr. Walsh Dublin and Ireland see a representative worthy of that title which was once honored by St. Laurence O'Toole (cheers). Coming now to more mundane subjects, I will ask your attention for a few moments to some remarks on the political and social situation. Owing to the termination of the last Parliament the newspapers and public men of the three countries are to day passing in review the work that has been done during the last five years.

A Voice: A great deal. Mr. Davitt: My friend, Mr. William Redmond will doubtless speak to you of the achievements of the talented and patriotic party of which he is one of the most eloquent members (cheers). Leaving to him, therefore, to recount to you the work that has been performed in the Senate, I will endeavor to show what has been accomplished on the platform here in Ireland. Never in the history of Irish agitation has so much good been done for Ireland to right her social and national wrongs as during the last four or five years (cheers).

A Voice: Who have we to thank? Mr. Davitt: It is six years ago, as perhaps you are aware, that the Ludog movement sprang into existence, and ere many months went by it seized Irish leadership by the throat and compelled its advocates to recognize that there was a greater right in Ireland than the rights of landlord property, namely, the God-given right of existence (cheers). That agitation overthrew the fetish worship of the so-called sacred rights of property, and put in their place the higher moral rights of labor. In this time we have progressed satisfactorily in two directions. First, we have become a democratic people, working on democratic lines for democratic and national ends; and, secondly, we have cultivated, as it was never cultivated before in the history of Ireland, the great principle of national unity (cheers). This national unity which now prevails, as it never prevailed before in our struggles, is the result of that bitter experience of past disunion and disunion, which is as familiar to you as to me. Nothing has ever given more pleasure or gratification to our senses in the past than when they saw a diminished Irish popular movement or disunion, playing the game of Ireland's enemy in Irish national organization (cheers).

A Voice: They'll never see it again. Mr. Davitt: Recently many organs of English opinion have been predicting a certain disunion here in Ireland before the general election. Well, it may be very ungenerous and rude on my part to dwell upon these illusions that are maintained on the other side of the Channel, but as my name has been connected with the prophecies of evil I am therefore in a position to answer these enemies of ours, and to show myself in the light of a Job's political comforter to them (cheers). Some short time ago one of the London society journals declared that "Mr. Davitt was at war with Mr. Parnell" (laughter) and that my humble self contemplated the running of twenty candidates at the general election on a different platform from that of the leader of the Irish people. Well, it is true I may run some candidates at the general election (laughter)—but, strange to say, they will be landlord candidates (loud laughter)—but instead of running them in I shall do my utmost to run them out (laughter and cheers)—whenever one of them dares to show his nose north, south, east, or west in a Nationalist constituency (loud cheers). It may be very disagreeable to those London political prophets to say this, but truth compels me to declare that there is only one Parliamentary policy in Ireland, and that is the policy of Mr. Parnell (loud cheers). No other Parliamentary programme will be tolerated in Ireland (cheers). At the coming general election no Nationalist in this country will, I am certain, be put forward, or attempt to put forward, any candidate who will not be in thorough accord with the leader of the Irish people and his talented Parliamentary party (cheers). Upon this question there will be absolute union and unanimity of opinion amongst Nationalists throughout the country. And if there is a difference of opinion as to the policy to be pursued in Ireland that difference of opinion will be argued in a fair, manly, and open manner, and will never be so conducted on either side I am certain as to give anything like satisfaction to the common enemy (loud cheers). Throughout the country to day there is considerable anxiety on this question of union. Well, it is well I think for the people to understand what are the conditions of such unity as will make the Irish cause invincible at home and abroad. We must have a broad and generous toleration of every man who is willing to do his best to further the cause of his country. We cannot afford to despise the humblest effort put forth by any Irishman. Every man, woman and child in Ireland is called upon to do their part—

The strong man with his slender arm, The weak one with his prayer. And if all these popular forces are to be combined, then I say that those men divinely gifted with transcendent intelligence and intellect must not sneer or use insulting language towards those who are not so gifted. Now, one word in conclusion—and I would have finished long ago and made way for Mr. Redmond only for your own kindly interruptions. I have just stated that every man, woman, and child in Ireland was called upon to do their share to lift up our country from poverty and independence to prosperity and freedom.

A Voice: You have done a man's part. Mr. Davitt: How can the weaker portion of our population take part in this work? I will tell them. By doing their utmost on every occasion to promote Irish manufacturing industry (cheers). Let them see that what they purchase for their persons and for their household is manufactured in Ireland. Instead of buying English goods let them give the preference to those made by their own countrymen. And if they do this the millions of money going from Ireland every year for foreign-made articles will remain in Ireland to give employment to idle hands and to keep our young men and women at home in order to build up an Irish nation, which it is your ambition and mine to realize before we leave this life (cheers). I must give you a few words of advice in reference to local matters. Just now the popular cause is winning, the enemy not only here but everywhere has active agents—all the bailiffs and the dogmen, all the pimps and hangers-on of the landlord and West British faction are busy going about inducing, or trying to induce, some farmers to take grass land that is lying idle, or to get the labourer to rise up in hostility to the tenant farmer, who is his neighbor. I tell you to beware of this work that is being carried on by the enemy. Give no deaf ear to their seductive advice. Look upon them as the instruments of a beaten foe, and if you do that and remain solid in the National ranks, then, be you laborers or farmers, grocers or traders, you will in a few years see the reward of this National solidarity in the return to prosperity of Ireland fostered by a native legislature sitting in College Green (loud cheers).

A Faste for Reading.

The man who has a taste for reading has ever the means of happiness within his grasp.—Give him his taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail in making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but that character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that man should take a tone of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eye the way in which the best bred and best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other.

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The oldest boy, whose name is Aloysius—and he really tries to imitate his Patron Saint—has asked for a long time to be a Priest; and though he will have to stay here a few years before anything can be done, we hope and believe that he will one day be a minister of God. He is of the greatest assistance to me in the school. Fr. Heidegger has just made his annual Retreat. He says that the good Sisters will have to take great care of all their novices, as the rats there are endowed with extraordinary strength. One night the rats not being able to extract the candle from the candlestick took them both, so that on awakening the following morning he found nothing on the table but his catchstick in one house. He will visit the people in the suburbs or country, traveling through which is most difficult, sometimes he will take his little boat and go away up the river, and we do not again see him for perhaps a week. Up the Sarawak river he has made one permanent station, where there is a catechist, and lately a school has been started which has about twenty boys, at two other places he is going to do the same.

I think it is the unanimous belief of our Fathers that our work is to be among the children chiefly. This of course is done by schools. The adults, especially the Chinese, are in all their actions moved by the material profit that will accrue to them. If in speaking to them about God and their souls they foresee no temporal good arising from their embracing Christianity, they for the most part will listen no longer to the missioners. Since, therefore, it is so difficult to deal with the adults—the missioner turns to the children, and there he finds young hearts only too ready to listen to him, and to put into practice what he suggests. What a beautiful sight it was the other day to witness the conduct of our boys to a new-comer. Our articles, with which he was well provided, they for the most part would suspect that he was the topic of conversation, and spoke up manfully before all the boys in defence of his charms. Shortly after I saw a little group of boys around the new-comer, and when they dispersed the little fellow threw his charms away.

Many of our boys—the bigger ones—go every week to Confession, and that of their own accord. We frequently talk together about the future of our boys. The outcome of all our conversation is that we wish to do with our boys what the Jesuits did with their people in Paraguay. Borneo is a large place, and a grant from the Rajah of a piece of land would not be difficult. How far this is in accordance with God's will time only will make manifest; but those who have read our articles, with which he was well provided, they for the most part would suspect that he was the topic of conversation, and spoke up manfully before all the boys in defence of his charms. Shortly after I saw a little group of boys around the new-comer, and when they dispersed the little fellow threw his charms away.

The other day Father Dunn (from Kanowit) paid us a visit, bringing with him two little Dyak boys. . . . He told me that he was seldom at home of a night, but reaches it about 8 a. m. or 9 a. m. when he says Mass. It seems that almost every afternoon, about three o'clock, he takes his little boat, and, after a few hours' row, finds himself at one or other of the villages that are under instruction to receive Christianity. He there seats himself amidst the inhabitants of the village, and teaches them the saving truths of Christianity. About eleven or twelve o'clock he kneels on his mat, says his prayers, and goes to sleep. Next morning he rises with the sun, goes quickly to the boat, and there, while being rowed back to Kanowit, says his morning prayers, makes his provision, and, as soon as reaching home says Holy Mass. He then spends much of his time in learning Dyak, and in translating prayers into it. . . . Many of the beautiful hymns which we sing at Mill Hill have been translated by him into Dyak, and are sung to the very same airs which we were accustomed to hear at home. Dyak boys have sweet voices (not so the Chinese) and when the two little Dyaks above were singing, though I could not understand the words, Father Dunn remained about five days with us. If you wish to see a missionary, and the life of what I believe to be a true missionary, just transplant yourself for a

Beauty That Endures.

To be beautiful in person, we must not only conform to all the laws of physical health, and by gymnastic arts and artificial appliances develop the elements of our physical being in symmetry and completeness, but we must also train the mind and develop the affections to the highest possible degree. To be beautiful we must feed the spark of intellectual fire by reading and meditation, until it burns in a steady flame, irradiating the face by its brilliancy, suffusing the countenance with light. To be beautiful we must put a great organizing and ennobling purpose into the will and concentrate our thought and purpose upon it until our enthusiasm wells up in the heart, suffuses the countenance and builds the body on its own divine plan. To be beautiful we must cherish every kind impulse and generous disposition, making love the ruling affection of the heart and the ordering principle and inspiring motive of life. The more kindness the more beauty; the more love the more loveliness. And this is the beauty that lasts. Mere physical good looks fade with years, bleach out with sickness, yield to the slow decay and wasting breath of mortality. But the beauty that has its seat and source in kind dispositions, noble purposes, and great thoughts, outlasts youth and maturity, increases with age, and, like the luscious peach, covered with the delicate blush of purple and gold which comes with Autumn ripeness, is never so beautiful as when waiting to be plucked by the gatherer's hand.

How a Detractor was Cured.

A venerable Bishop entertained one day, at his table, a man who was prone to detraction. He was scarcely seated when he commenced speaking in disrespectful terms of a person in the neighborhood. At this the Bishop was not a little displeased, and, intending to give the detractor a lesson, he called out to one of his servants, and told him to go to the house of the person who had just been spoken of in a very uncharitable manner, and tell him that the Bishop wished to speak to him. The detractor hearing the order given, became very much alarmed and tried to induce the Bishop to revoke the order. The prelate calmly replied: "I am sending for this gentleman that he may be able to answer the charges you have brought against him; for it would not be just to listen to the complaints which you have made against him without affording him an opportunity of defending himself."

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