

A STORY OF THE PLAINS.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

cedar wood, embellished with foliage and monograms, no mosaic pictures, however gracefully wrought, can hide or even diminish. The stone pavement of the lovely devastated chancel re-echoes the curse of the Charter of gentle Edward. The black and white of the floor, everywhere, never to disappear until hereafter gives back what it stole with violence and cruelty, until England becomes again "Our Lady's Dowry," when Jesus, Mary and Joseph shall dwell of old with her people again. In the enlargement of the Abbey, Henry III. built a chapel to the Blessed Virgin, but no trace of it now remains, the only thing that the Blessed Virgin fell into decay. When Henry VI. first of the Tudor line winning his crown on Bosworth field, ascended the throne, one of the first acts of his reign was to rebuild, on the same site, a more beautiful chapel to the Queen of Heaven. Of the nine chapels forming a part of the Abbey it is by far the most beautiful. By a descent of the longly decorated aisle but a few feet from the choir, the floor of the choir of blood royal was buried there. To enter this church, latest and most elaborate specimen of the Gothic style in England from the east end of the Abbey. The gates, like the one of the Jewish Temple at which the beggar sat might well be called beautiful. They are of brass, most wonderfully wrought, the panels filled with the most beautiful designs. The Richmond three fleur-de-lis and the white and red roses of York and Lancaster intertwined emblematic of the peace that followed the victory of Bosworth. On the threshold you look up to the lofty ceiling, and are lost in wonder over not so much at its loftiness, but at the groups of figures, so many and so varied, the angels, the saints, the kings, the queens, the nobles, the knights, the women famous or infamous in England's history. All are of royal kin and kin. Henry III. has a magnificent tomb in the body of the chapel, surrounded by a most curious chantry of brass. Here are buried the haughty, crime-stained Elizabeth, and her unfortunate innocent victim, Mary Queen of Scots. The proud persecutor who died vomiting the execrations of the damned, and the persecuted who drew from the crucifix the silently kissed as she laid her head upon the block the first state of sweet eternal rest. Also side by side lie Richard of Gloucester who tragically has painted in such hideous colors, and the sainted Edward the Confessor. Everywhere is royal dust; the splendid tombs tell the visitor, but the lowly, helpless, silent dust for all that, mean as the clod of the valley. Great Caesar, dead and turned to clay, stops here and keeps the wind away. Even a glowing tomb is a pulpit preaching the nothingness of human life in the world, whether he is crowned king or clad in rags.

Have not already more than one wearied your nerves with the remembrance of Westminster? Well I will tell for the remaining time, to atone for offence by brevity of description. There are eight other chapels in the Abbey, containing special objects of interest to the lovers of antiquity. Some of these treasured mementoes of Catholic ages of tombs of bishops, canons, priests, who learning and virtues adorned the history of the Church, facing the tomb of so-called bishops, deans, and dignitaries, who have stolen a place in death from a Church whose possessions supported no such claims. Everywhere is royal dust. In St. Edward's Chapel, for example, is the tomb of Langton, one of the many great primates of Canterbury, and near it is a pretentious monument of Dr. Bill, if you please one of Stanley's predecessors as Dean of Westminster, a servile tool of Queen Bess. This strange relation is repeated again and again, and the Good Queen's Chapel, the episcopal tombs, and scatter the dust, these defenders of sacrifice. The other chapel free from this intrusion of Protestantism is the one erected by Henry III. in honor of Edward the Confessor. It was built as a reliquary to receive the lowly dust of England's King after his death. Everywhere is royal dust. Dr. Peck, the words of the book of canonization which Alexander III. issued are partly fulfilled "His soul is glorified in Heaven, woe alas! his body is no longer honored upon earth." In that grand Abbey petition are no longer afforded to the saints of God, and no prayers are said for England's dead. Here lie six kings, and two princes, and one bishop; but to be buried when the Requiem Mass was said and the *Dies Irae* was daily sung the royal chapel centuries ago. In the north and south transepts are found the tombs or monumental records of was literature. Most of the names are modern and most of them deserve some recognition. They are the names of the men of their native land, but their epitaphs sadly out of place in a Catholic cloister. Here hundreds of historic names appear. Here is told in statues of warriors, saints, poets, historians, scientists, the source of the greatness of the British Empire. From the statue of Sir Robert Peel addressing the House of Commons to the continuous record of the power and stability of the English mind, the deeds and richness of English thought, we make the English race masters in every walk of literature. Unsurpassed intellect as well as material wealth is exhibited. With just pride England makes strange. The tomb of the Abbey is a long page upon which are written the great deeds of men. From many of those entombed it might be truly said, on account of their achievements, that some were borrowed from them immortality instead of best wing it. But a human greatness should be the common commemoration of the Church of England. The Abbey of Westminster, God's own house, and was not built a national mausoleum.—*Catholic Telegraph*

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures all diseases of the blood, and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

This sketch must not be lengthened to specimens, but it is impossible not to do witness to the incidental evidence in the by Father Burke's discourse of his power of using language at once to conjure up various images, to express meanings so richly as only great and powerful and strained oratorical power can produce, and to dignify the purport of what he says by grace and majesty in delivery.

Under this description must consist the vivid picture of the Virgin holding the Saviour dead upon her knees while she drew from his brow the thorns and wiped away the blood. So also the description of the Church emerging from beneath

HOW RO...E MAY SUCCEED.

the resolution pleaded fervently for the cause of peace with Rome as the cause of the need of unity among Christians who desire to protect the hold from the disorganizing efforts of the Pope. The speakers seemed to find criminal indifference of the great Protestant denomination, and with a certain degree of admiration to the doctrine of Rome concerning marriage and divorce. In this we did not sympathize with them, but we could see how the hearts of men and women all over the world might be led to look to Rome for refuge from domestic anarchy and why Protestantism should fail to provide a refuge.¹³

its great boast is in making people feel that they believe what they please, and, in short, to do what they please, and not to be governed by "Papal bondage," which insisted on keeping married people for life in the sacred bonds of matrimony, even when the parties, he or she, think he or she should find it more agreeable to have another or another husband.

The Pope opposes Socialism. "In many, where Socialism is rife, the Pope (Catholic) does not believe in Socialism, the Lutherans are more apt to harbor Socialism. There is no doubt that the

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

cially to what he said was a very pretty poem by Miss Mary Berwick. The author of "Pickwick" remarked, to his astonishment, that these simple words of his received by the whole family with suppressed merriment. He could not but the least make out what was in the poem, but he took it good-naturedly, supposing it to be some home Christmas joke, and asked no questions. Next day, the story of the unaccountable mirth of the night was cleared up in a letter from Mr. Cornwall to Dickens. Mary Berwick, Adelaide Procter. And, from that forward, Miss Procter took an acknowledged place among English poetesses.

AN INDIAN BRIDE'S DEVOTION

There are few instances of devotion to prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Car Indian wife to her brave and manly husband. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl, and she followed him to the mines. When he was taken ill, his way from home, word was sent to him that he wanted a fleet mustang pony. He travelled hundreds of miles to reach the place. Night and day she continued to rear him, until he was able to reach the nearest town, dying on her wonderful steed as soon as she could gather up her forces anew. She forged rivers, she crossed rocky passes, she waded through mud and small streams, and she was never tired and never better. But the exposure and exertion killed her. She was seized with the pneumonia and died within a brief time in her husband's arms. The shock of Kit Car's death, the rugged and lonely life he had lived, and they are both buried at Garys.

BE YE LIKE FOOLISH.

"For ten years my wife was confined with such complication of ailment that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now well and strong as any man's wife, and cost me only two dollars. Be ye like me, foolish."—H. W. Mich.

the men as he catches sight of the advance guard under the awful cloud of smoke. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the ch

N. climb up on the heavy wagon-wheels
the strange procession gallop by.

The roar and din shut out every sound, and the wagons jar and rattle with the concussion. Now another head—another—half-a-dozen—a hundred—a great living wave which, along with the power of a tornado, foamed by others more fierce and strong, a camp is blotted off the face of the more completely than by any pox Heaven. Nothing to be seen—nothing to be heard. Waves followed waves, and the survivors were blank into the air, and across, and when the last of it had passed, the keenest hunter can find nothing on that spot of iron, or wad of bone or flesh to prove a dozen men, women, and children wiped out of existence, and reduced to sheep and dust.

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YOU CAN BE HAPPY

If you will stop all your extravagant, wrong notions in doctoring yourself and your families with expensive doctors or health cures—all, that do harm always, and of nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and save great expense. The great remedy for this, the great, wise and simple remedy, is Hop Bitters—believe it will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.