

The Rights of Woman.

The rights of woman? What are they? The right to labor, love and pray.

The right to work with their own hands. The right to earn their own money.

The right to try the falling tear. The right to quell the rising fear.

The right to smooth the brow of care. And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath. To soothe and cheer the bed of death.

The right to win the early hopes all fail. To point to that within the veil.

The right to wander to reclaim. And win the lost from paths of shame.

The right to comfort and to bless. The widow and the fatherless.

The right to the little ones to guide. In simple faith to him who died.

With earnest love and gentle praise. To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right to the intellect to train. And guide the soul to noble aim.

Teach it to rise above earthly joys. And wing its flight to heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love. The right to die that love to prove.

The right to brighten the early years. With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well. Thy self influence none can tell.

If these are thine, why ask for more? Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not. That woman's mission is thy lot.

Improve the talent God has given— Live's duty done by rest in Heaven.

LADY JANE.

LADY JANE FINDS FRIENDS.

Thus Lady Jane's new life, in the quaint old Rue des Bons Enfants, began under quite pleasant auspices.

From the moment that Pepsie, with a silent but unrecanted vow, constituted herself the champion and guardian angel of the lonely little stranger, she was surrounded by friends, and hedged in with the most loyal affection.

Because Pepsie loved the child, the good Madelon loved her also, and although she saw her but seldom, being obliged to leave home early and return late, she usually left her some substantial token of good will, in the shape of cakes or pralines, or some odd little toy that she picked up on Bourdon Street on her way to and from her stand.

Madelon was a pleasant-faced, handsome woman, always clean and always cheery; no matter how hard the day had been for her, whether hot or cold, rainy or dusty, she returned home at night as fresh and cheerful as when she went out in the morning.

Pepsie adored her mother, and no two human beings were ever happier than they when the day's work was over, and they sat down together to their little supper.

Then Pepsie recounted to her mother everything that had happened during the day, or at least everything that had come within her line of vision as she sat at her window; and Madelon in turn would tell her of all she had heard out in her world—the world of the Rue Bourbon—and after the advent of Lady Jane the child was a constant theme of conversation between them.

Her beauty, her intelligence, her pretty manners, her charming little ways were a continual wonder to the homely woman and girl, who had seen little beyond their own sphere of life.

If Madelon was fortunate enough to get home early, she always found Lady Jane with Pepsie, and the loving way with which the child would spring to meet her, clinging to her neck and nestling to her broad motherly bosom, showed how deeply she needed the maternal affection so freely lavished upon her.

At first Madame Jozain affected to be a little averse to such a close intimacy, and even went so far as to say to Madame Fernandez, the tobacco-shop wife, who sat all day with her husband in his little shop rolling cigarettes and selling lottery tickets, that she did not like her niece to be much with the lame girl opposite, whose mother was called "Bonne Parline."

Perhaps they were honest people, and would do the child no harm; but a woman who was never called Madame, and who sat all day on the Rue Bourbon, was likely to have the manners of the streets. And Lady Jane had never been thrown with such people; she had been raised very carefully, and she didn't want her to lose her pretty manners.

Madame Fernandez agreed that Madelon was not over-refined, and that Pepsie lacked the accomplishments of a young lady. "But they are very honest," she said, "and the girl has a generous heart, and is so patient and cheerful; besides, Madelon has a sister who is rich. Monsieur Paichoux, her sister's husband, is very well off, a solid man, with a large dairy business; and their daughter Marie, who just graduated at the Sacred Heart, is very pretty, and is fiancée to a young man of superior family, a son of Judge Guio, and you know who the Guiois are."

Yes, Madame knew. Her father, Pierre Bergeron, and Judge Guio had always been friends, and the families had visited in other days. If that was the case, the Paichoux must be very respectable; and if "Bonne Parline" was the sister-in-law of a Paichoux, and prospective aunt-in-law to the son of a judge, there was no reason why she should keep the child away; therefore she allowed her to go whenever she wished, which was from the time she was out of bed in the morning until it was quite dark at night.

long silken hair; she trimmed her bang to the most becoming length; she dressed her with the greatest taste, and tied her sash with the chic of a French milliner; she examined the little pink nails and pearls of teeth to see if they were perfectly clean, and she joined with Lady Jane in rebelling against Madame's decree that the child should go barefoot while the weather was warm. "All the little creoles did, and she was not going to buy shoes for the child to knock out every day."

Therefore, when her shoes were worn, Madelon bought her a neat little pair on the Rue Bourbon, and Pepsie darned her stockings and sewed on buttons and strings with the most exemplary patience. When Madame complained that, with all the business she had to attend to, the white frocks were too much trouble and expense to keep clean, Tite Souris, who was a fair laundress, begged that she might be allowed to wash them, which she did with such good-will that Lady Jane was always neat and dainty.

Gradually the sorrowful neglected look disappeared from her small face, and she became rosy and dimpled again, and as contented and happy a child as ever was seen in Good Children Street. Every one in the neighborhood knew her; the gracious, beautiful little creature, with her blue heron, became one of the sights of the quarter. She was a picture and a poem in one to the homely, good-natured creoles, and everywhere she went she carried sunshine with her.

MR. GEX, AT THE DOOR OF HIS SHOP. Little Gex, a tiny, shrunken, bent Frenchman, who kept a small fruit and vegetable stall just above Madelon's, felt that the day had been dark indeed when Lady Jane's radiant little face did not illumine his dingy quarters. How his old, dull eyes would brighten when he heard her cherry voice, "Good morning, Mr. Gex; Tante Pauline—or Pepsie, as the case might be—would like a nickel of apples, onions, or carrots"; and the orange that was always given her for *lagniappe* was received with a charming smile, and a "Thank you," that went straight to the old, withered heart.

Gex was a quiet, polite little man, who seldom held any conversation with his customers beyond the simple requirements of his business; and children, as a general thing, he detested, for the reason that the ill-bred little imps in the neighborhood made him the butt of their mischievous ridicule, for his appearance was droll in the extreme; his small face was destitute of beard and as wrinkled as a withered apple, and he usually wore a red handkerchief tied over his bald head with the ends hanging under the chin; his dress consisted of rather short and very wide trousers, a little jacket, and an apron that reached nearly to his feet. This very quaint costume gave him a nondescript appearance, which excited the mirth of the juvenile population to such a degree that they did not always restrain it within proper bounds. Therefore it was very seldom that a child entered his den, and such a thing as one receiving *lagniappe* was quite unheard of.

All day long he sat on his small wooden chair behind the shelf across his window, on which was laid in neat piles oranges, apples, sweet potatoes, onions, cabbages, and even the odorous garlic; they were always sound and clean, and for that reason, even if he did not give *lagniappe* to small customers, he had a fair trade in the neighborhood. And he was very neat and industrious. When he was not engaged in preparing his vegetables, he was always tinkering at something of interest to himself; he could mend china and glass, clocks and jewelry, shoes and shirts; he washed and patched his own wardrobe, and darned his own stockings. Often when a customer came in he would push his spectacles upon his forehead, lay down his stocking and needle, and deal out his cabbage and carrots as unconcernedly as if he had been engaged in a more manly occupation.

From some of the dingy corners of his den he had unearthed an old chair, very stiff and high, and entirely destitute of a bottom; this he cleaned and repaired by nailing across the frame an orange-box cover decorated with a very bright picture, and one day he charmed Lady Jane by asking her to sit down and eat her orange while he mended his jacket.

She declined eating her orange, as she always shared it with Pepsie, but accepted the invitation to be seated. Placing Tony to forage on a basket of refuse vegetables, she climbed into the chair placed her little heels on the top-rung, smoothed down her short skirt, and, resting her elbows on her knees, leaned her rosy little cheeks on her palms and set herself to studying Gex seriously and critically. At length, her curiosity overcoming her diffidence, she said in a very polite tone, but with a little hesitation: "Mr. Gex, are you a man or a woman?"

Gex, for a moment, was fairly startled out of himself, and, perhaps for the first time in years, he threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Bon! bon! 'Tis good; 't is va'ry good. Why, my little lady, sometime I don't know myself; 'cause, you see, I have to be both the man and the woman; but why in the world did you just ask me such a funny question?"

"Because, Mr. Gex," replied Lady Jane, very gravely, "I've thought about it often. Because—men don't sew, and wear aprons,—and women don't wear trousers; so, you see, I couldn't tell which you were."

"Oh, ma foi!" and again Gex roared with laughter until a neighbor, who was passing, thought he had gone crazy, and stopped to look at him with wonder; but she only saw him leaning back, laughing with all his might, while Lady Jane sat looking at him with a frowning, flushed face, as if she was disgusted at his levity.

"I don't know why you laugh so," she said loftily, straightening up in her chair, and regarding Gex as if he had disappointed her. "I think it's very bad for you to have no one to mend your clothes, and—and to have to sew like a woman, if—if you're a man."

"Thy, bless your little heart, so it is; but you see I am just one poor lonely creature, and it don't make much difference whether I'm one or 't'her, no body cares now."

"I do," returned Lady Jane brightly; "and I'm glad I know, because, when Pepsie teaches me to sew, I'm going to mend your clothes, Mr. Gex."

"Vel, you are one little angel," exclaimed Gex, quite overcome. "Here, take another orange."

"Oh, no; thank you. I've only bought one thing and I can't take two *lagniappes*; that would be wrong. But I must go now."

And jumping down, he took Tony from his comfortable nest among the cabbage-leaves, and with a polite bow she darted out, leaving the dingy little shop darker for her going.

For a long time after she went Gex set looking thoughtfully at his needlework. Then he sighed heavily, and muttered to himself: "If Marie had lived! If she'd lived, I'd been more of a man."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING FOR THE NEW WORLD.

That was a memorable thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Pales, and hasten to meet Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchal faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos throbbled with excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave, and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang. On landing, the admiral and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up a solemn thanksgiving for the success of the expedition.

Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the court. His journey was a triumphal march. It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a victor rather than an admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage.

He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had brought with him, and offerings of tropical birds and fruits. As he ended his wonderful narrative, there arose a burst of music, that bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvellous tale ever told of human achievement.

It was the chapel-choir of Isabella. "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic "Te Deum" swept on until it reached the sublime words: "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory!"

The great audience was filled with ecstatic devotion. It was perhaps the happiest moment of Columbus' life—the first thanksgiving for the New World.—*Youth's Companion.*

JOHN LORD'S FINE TRIBUTE.

A Living Protestant Historian Praises the Catholic Church.

A writer who is attracting a great deal of attention at the present time is John Lord, author of "Beacon Lights of History." The "Beacon Lights" are the noted men of all ages whose deeds have spread a bright radiance on their fellow-men, urging them on to noble deeds, to be noble men and to live noble lives.

This work should interest Catholics as well as Protestants, for while Mr. Lord is a Protestant and at times speaks very bitterly, yet he has chosen from the Catholic ranks, Chrysostom, Anselm, Ignatius Loyola, Hildebrand, Columbus, Bernard, Ambrose, Augustine, Galileo, Charlemagne, and other representative men, dear to all Catholics.

These extracts from some of his essays concerning "The Church" will prove interesting to friend and foe. He says:

"What an august power is this Catholic empire, equally great as an institution and a religion. What lesson of human experience, what truths of government, what subtle influences reaching alike the palaces of kings and the hovels of peasants, are indissolubly linked with its marvelous dominion, so that whether in its growth or decay, it is more suggestive than the rise and fall of any temporal empire."

"It has produced probably more illustrious men than any political state in Europe. It has aimed to accomplish far grander ends. It is invested with more poetic interest. Its policy, its heroes, its saints, its doctors, its dignitaries, its missions, its persecutions, all rise up before us with varied, but never-ending interest when seriously contemplated."

"And what a marvellous vitality it seems to have! It has survived the attacks of its countless enemies. It has recovered from the shock of the Reformation. It still remains majestic and powerful, extending its arms of paternal love or Briarean terror over half of Christendom."

"It is still sending its missionaries, its prelates, and its cardinals into the heart of Protestant countries who anticipate and boast of new victories. It derides the dissensions and the rationalistic speculations of the Protestants, and predicts that they will either become open Pagans or re-enter the fold of St. Peter. No longer do angry partisans call it the 'Beast,' or the 'Scarlet Mother,' or the predicted 'Antichrist,' since its religious creeds in their vital points are in harmony with the theology of venerated Fathers than those of some of the progressive and proudest parties who call themselves Protestants. In Germany in those very seats of learning, and power, and fashion, which once were kindled into lofty enthusiasm by the voice of Luther, who is it that desert the churches and disregard the Sacraments, the Catholics or the Protestants?"

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"Surely such a power, whether we view it as an institution or religion, cannot be despised even by the narrowest and most fanatical Protestants. It is too grand and venerable for sarcasm, ridicule and mockery. It is too potent and respectable to be sneered at or lied about."

"I confess I gaze upon it as a peasant surveys a king, as a boy contemplates a queen of beauty, as something which may be talked about, yet removed beyond our influence and no more affected by our praise or censure than is a procession of Cardinals by the gaze of admiring spectators in St. Peter's Church."

After Physicians Had Failed. Mr. W. A. Mallory, of Mallorytown, Ont., says:—My daughter suffered for years from a most distressing and annoying Catarrh. Her case was under the treatment of eminent physicians in the United States and Canada. Two months' use of Nasal Balm has had more beneficial effects than all former treatments combined. From all dealers or by mail, post paid, at 25c. and \$1 a bottle, G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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