

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. "DA."

TAKING CARE ON HIM.

"I'm goin' wi' my da, to tak' care on him."

The tiny speaker was a true type of a pretty Larkshire lass, though the words spoken in a peculiar dialect of that home of coal-mines and factories sounded very quaint, coming from such baby lips.

She had a rosy little face, with yellow hair lying in soft curls on the childish brow, and shading a pair of big blue eyes. But as she made the above remark to the man lighting his pipe at the cottage fire, there was a grave, puzzled look in the blue eyes, strangely out of keeping with the age of their owner, who had not reached her fourth year.

At a glance, one could see that the other occupant of the "front place" of the cottage was a collier, and the little girl's father.

In some respects James Daws ranked amongst the worst of his class. In dog-racing, pigeon-flying, and boozing with his mates in the tap-room, he sought recreation for his leisure hours, and found pleasure in little else. But violent and abusive when in drink, yet when sober, or even after having had "a glass or two," he was one of the mildest of men. This, and the love he had for his little Lizzy, showed that the man had not a bad heart. But of how many bad men may not the same be said!

Lizzy had managed to array herself in an old red cape; and bravely struggling with the strings of a battered hat through which the yellow curls had already made their way, she trotted by her father's side out of the cottage. Mrs. Daws stood at the door, but she made no remark as her husband and child passed into the lane; only stopping to tie Lizzy's hat, and to give a straightened tug to the little cape. Perhaps the fresh bruise on her cheek accounted for her silence; she was not on speaking terms with "her measter." The neighbors, however, with whom she stood, were not slow in making their comments as the pair went off together.

"Aw wonder, Margit," said one, "as th' little thing go wi' Jim that's a pair of a neat; Saturday next, too, 't'ch bargain! Aw should be feart."

"Th' child's feet 'nough. A'm noan feart o' that; but aw do wonder my own what's put it in her little 'ead to goer 'im to meet. Hoo was allus a queer little wench." And the mother sighed, as she turned to look after them, wondering, perhaps unconsciously, what would become of the "little wench" if her father did not change his ways and that speedily.

Meanwhile, Daws sauntered on, pipe in mouth, Lizzy trotting beside him, his rough finger tightly clasped as he ran his hand. He did not turn into the brightly-lighted streets, as the child seemed to have expected; but on, on, up the cindery lane, where his custom led him so often, he took his way now, without any set purpose in his mind. He was used to it, that was all.

Here the last glimmer of twilight was lost in the dense smoke of countless chimneys, which to Lizzy's eyes, familiar as they were with the spot by day, now looked like great black spectres spitting fire, and coming nearer and nearer every step they took. A solitary gas lamp here and there only served to show how dark the night had grown.

The little feet began to falter. "Da!" Twice was the word repeated before the man heard it. "Da, I'm tired!" The voice had a quivering sound, for the lips were trembling. In spite of her brave efforts to be a "big girl," Lizzy was getting frightened in the darkness. The father stopped, and took her in his arms.

"Why did you 'coom wi' me then?" he asked, not unkindly. "Mamma said as yo' wanted takin' care on," answered the child innocently, as she nestled her curly head against his rough cheek.

Daws started. These were almost the very words his wife had said to him, scarcely an hour ago. "When th'rt away fro' thy work, th'rt no better care on thee." More words had followed, and he had struck her. But though the little one had been present when the dispute began, she had not seen the blow. He was sorer enough now to be glad of that.

Poor Margaret did not often upbraid him when he had "had a drop," lessons enforced by a fist as heavy as her "measter's" were quickly learnt; yet still, sometimes, when cupboard and purse were alike empty, her temper would fall her, and she would wield the weapon of her sex, heedless of consequences.

It was one of these outbursts that Lizzy had overheard, and her mother's words had made a deep impression on her childish mind. This, then, was her reason for sharing her father's walk.

"Why, da," she went on, nestling closer to him, but full of her thought, "Yo're big! Yo're noan feart o' bog-

garts! An' then," she added in a doubtful tone, "Sister says as there is noan." And she hid her face away from the darkness on her father's shoulder.

Daws saw at once how Lizzy had misunderstood her mother's meaning, and he was both ashamed and angry. His wife had "made a fool" on him with his own child! His little wench thought him a coward!

"Him feart! him as could foight ony mon!" And he walked on more quickly, in his vexation. Then shame got the better of his anger. He thought of his wretched home, of the money spent in drink and play, which could have made it so different, of his many resolutions, always broken, too feeble to stand the lightest test. "Aye! Mag wor rest, he wor no better nor a child." The little one's voice again broke the silence. "Let's go whoam now," she was murmuring, sleepily.

Should he take her home? What had brought him there at all? Nothing but habit. The child was shivering; through her worn shoes and stockings he could feel how cold her little limbs had grown. Yes, he would turn back. "Poor little lass!" At that moment the lights of the public-house shone on his path, and he was hailed by some half-dozen of his mates, lolling around the door.

"Hullo, Jim Daws! 'coom in, an' hev a pint!" cried one lustily. "Aye, coom in wi' thee," echoed another, seeing him hesitate. "Not to meet, mates," was the surprising answer. "I've gotten th' little on wi' me."

But they insisted. The old weakness overcoming the resolution of only the moment before, Jim was about to turn at the familiar doorway, when Lizzy cried piteously: "Da, da! dunno 'em in there! Let's go whoam—dunno 'em in there!"

"Hush! wi' thee!" he answered in a low tone; "they'll hear thee." The child raised her head, and gazed at each of the men in turn, giving a second and longer look at one particular grimy-looking fellow, the one who had spoken first. "Which on 'em art tho' feart on, da? Is it Bryce?" she whispered, the clanging arms drawn close round his neck.

"I'm feart o' no one," muttered the man testily, and this time he turned deliberately away. "Not to meet, mates," he repeated as he went. "I tell ye, th' little on wants to go whoam." Then, despite the laughter of some and the renewed invitations of the others, James Daws walked steadily away.

For the first Saturday night for many a long year, he returned sober to his home. With the now sleeping child in his arms he sat down by the fire, and gazed into it. He could think to-night, and he had much to think about.

Half-conscious that he was being furtively watched by his anxious wife, he presently turned to her, and taking two or three shillings out of his pocket, threw them on the table. "Get us some supper, lass!" This was all, but it was kindly said; and Marjory hastened joyfully to obey him. Peace for one night!

UP STREET.

The following week passed on as usual, bringing Saturday night as usual. Colliers, in that part, are not paid weekly. They have "a reckoning" once a fortnight or so, and this particular Saturday was a "pay-day." Mrs. Daws looked sad, as she swept her floor. Her cottage, one of the poorest of a row, all more or less wretched, was nevertheless kept clean. She was careful, too, to have her work done before her husband's return, and a "comfortable corner" waiting for him. All was "tidied up," and the kettle singing on the fire, when Daws came in. Little Lizzy ran to her father to give him her usual welcome. He stooped down and kissed her. This was nothing new; for, drunk or sober, he never had a cross word for his "little lass." But his wife, glancing up to see what her greeting was to be, saw to her surprise that he was perfectly sober. He had, in fact, avoided his comrades on the way home, afraid of their jeers at his late refusal to join them.

The three sat down to their tea, the wife with a lightened heart, and the child chatting merrily. But as soon as it was finished, Jim lit his pipe and prepared to go out. Margaret's heart sank. She might have expected it, she thought, sadly; was it likely that he would stop at home and keep sober, on a Saturday night too!

He was scarcely at the door, when a shrill treble chirped cheerfully from the back kitchen. "Wait a bit, da! I'll be ready in a minute!" and at the same moment Lizzy's rosy face appeared in the doorway, covered with soap, which she was hastily wiping off, while tucked under the unoccupied arm, were her hat and cape. At the sight of the comical little figure before him, her father, despite some annoyance at being caught, burst into a hearty laugh, in which Margaret joined, and good humor was restored.

It was useless now to think of go-

ing without her; more useless still to attempt the old way with her, after his recent experience. Daws made a poor feat of looking through the window, while he considered the matter over. He paused long. Somehow, remorse had been busy with him lately, and while sitting at that cheery tea just finished, his eye had rested on the half-healed bruise on the thin face, which he remembered, years before, as plump and rosy as Lizzy's own. Suddenly turning round, he asked her, roughly enough, if she'd like to go up street."

Now, to the workingman's wife, "up street" has a world of meaning. The market, the shops, the passing word with acquaintances, and much more, not easy to tell, are all comprehended in that one phrase. Many a long day was it, since Margaret had been indulged in such an expedition, least of all on a pay-night.

The trio set off together. Jim's gruffness, craftily assumed to keep up his dignity, quickly wore away. Not a few much-needed articles were that evening added to the poor home's treasures. But, to Marjory, the best part of the treat was the fact of being seen abroad with "her man" by her side, and each consulting the other over these important purchases.

It was after dark when the three came laden home. Lizzy was sleepy, but after supper roused herself and knelt down as usual, to say her prayers by her mother's knee. Marjory was a Catholic. Jim professed the slipshod opinion that one religion is just as good as another, because he thus considered himself comfortably free to practise none at all. He listened now, however, with secret pride and pleasure, to his little lass, as she lisped the sweet evening prayer; and he thought how well she said them. When they were ended, she added, "Please, mammy, gi' me yo' blessing." Then she glanced wistfully at her father, crossed the hearth, and kneeling before him looked up lovingly into his face.

"Please, da, give me yo' blessing!" James Daws dimly felt that the situation had suddenly become very embarrassing. Awkwardly enough, he laid his hand on the curly head, and, to his own amazement, felt the tears start to his eyes as he said, faltering with earnestness, "God bless thee, my lassie! God bless thee!"

Lizzy was quite satisfied; and, followed by her mother, trotted off to bed. When, after the "tucking up" and good-night kiss, Marjory returned to the kitchen, she found Jim sitting as she had left him, smoking reflectively and in silence. Presently he asked, with an air of affected unconcern, "Where did hoo pick 'em up, Mac?—the prayers, I mean. Who learnt 'em o'er?"

"Th' Sisters, where hoo gets her schoolin'." Then she bent over her knitting; there was a mist before her eyes, and her hands trembled. After a few more whiffs of his pipe, Jim rose, and laying his hand on her shoulder, asked tenderly, "What ails thee, my lass?"

It was the old tone again! The kindly touch of bygone days. The woman dropped her work, and with a cry which told the fullness of her heart, hid her streaming eyes upon her husband's breast. "Oh, Jim, Jim!" she sobbed, "if things had always gone this road, how different we'd ha' been!"

GOING HOME.

The first step was taken; and though there were many slips in the upward path, still, from that night, James Daws gradually became a changed man.

His old comrades, finding their jeers disregarded, dropped off, and he began to make friends of another stamp. One of these, who was about to become a Catholic, went for instruction at stated times to the priest's house; and Daws, wishing to know something about his wife's religion, but too proud to ask her himself, soon began to accompany him.

It began to be noticed in the mines that Jim, who had been wont to curse and swear over every trifle, was no longer heard to utter an oath. But a dark day was about to dawn for the poor collier and his wife. Fever broke out in the town, and the worst ravages were in the densely-populated district in which they lived. One afternoon, Lizzy came back from school with sore throat and aching head. Before night, the flushed face told its own story. The mother, in alarm, sent for the doctor and wanted to carry the child to bed; but, brave as ever in her childish way, she persisted in mounting by herself the rickety old stairs, though wearily enough. Before long her mind began to wander, and it was a sad home to which poor Jim returned that evening. Day by day, he sat by the bed of his child, or wandered aimlessly about, unable to leave her for his work. His Lizzy was going from him. In this one thought, which nearly broke his heart, every other was absorbed.

Fragments of little songs, or prayers or hymns, or catechism, were ever on her baby lips, and every

word sank deeply into his mind. Only when the weary wandering brain perplexed itself over some half-forgotten lesson, and the unfinished sentence was feverishly repeated over and over again, the poor fellow, to whom a book was an unmeaning blank would groan aloud, in his inability to help his poor lassie out of her trouble.

Consciousness returned at last, but the fever had done its work; Lizzy gradually grew weaker.

One evening, while the mother was out, Daws, wearied out by grief and watching, fell asleep. He soon awoke again with a start, to find Lizzy gazing earnestly at him. In the blue eyes was the same puzzled troubled expression that had dimmed their merry twinkle on the night when she first prepared to go "wi' her da to tak' care on him."

He rose from his chair, and sitting beside her, drew the little thing into his arms. "What is it, Lizzy?" he asked fondly. "Tell thy da what ails thee."

The wan face, once so round and rosy, was pressed closer to his breast. "Da," whispered the child (oh so feebly), "Mamma says as I'm goin' to Heaven."

The poor father for a moment could not answer. Then, with an effort, "Th'll be happy ther, my lass," he said, simply, drawing largely on his new store of knowledge to console his dying child. "Aye, there's no pain ther, an' nowt to be larnt anymore. It's like th' garden o' Eden, Lizzy, love, aw filled with green trees, an' sun allus shinin'; an' there's big green fields wi' ne'er a chimbley nigh 'em, where yo can pick posies all th' day long."

Lizzy listened gravely. The cloud vanished. "Aye, an' God's ther too, an' our Blessed Mother, an' shinin' angels wi' wings—golden wings," added the child, to complete the picture.

"But oh," she sighed, after a moment, the old thought returning, "Who'll tak' care on yo, da, if yo'r little lass goes up ther?"

This was too much for the poor fellow; he fairly broke down, and wept as he had never wept before. Suddenly the little face brightened again. "Da," she whispered—had tears start to his eyes as he said, faltering accents—"God'll give me wings too, wait He?"

What did he answer? Hush! Radiant spirits hover near, and over the dying child bends her own guardian angel. Does not he whisper the answer to the loving little heart?

The golden rings of hair lie damp in the death dew on Lizzy's brow; but a sweet smile lights her face with a brightness which will never fade from James Daws' memory. Time passed on—minutes or hours the father could not tell. When his wife entered, the glow of sunset filled the dingy room, gilding the poor bed, and resting like a glory on father and child.

She spoke to her husband; but he did not answer. Then she raised the little head, sunk low upon his breast. A smile yet lingered on the parted lips, but the blue eyes were closed, never more to open in this world. Lizzy had gone home with the angels.

James Daws is sturdy yet. He and his Margaret are well known to the writer of this simple story. But grandchildren, already bigger than Lizzy of old, now cluster round their knees. Yet the child, whose love for "her da" first turned him from the path of evil, still rests in the tenderest place in his memory and his heart. He loves to ponder on her last words, and never doubts that until he sees her face again in Heaven, his little lass is "wi' her da to tak' care on him."

God's Love For Us. Bishop Keane. God loves the world, loves it perpetually with that love of which Our Lord has testified: "So God hath loved the world as to give His only begotten Son," that the world may be saved by Him. But, also, how far the world is from responding as it ought to this wonderful love! How many hearts give God little or no place in them because they are choked up with worldliness and sin. And even they who do not wholly forget God and neglect the end of their creation, too often love and serve Him with a lukewarmness entirely unworthy of Him. And yet it is only in the love of God offered to us through Jesus Christ our Saviour, that human nature can find its perfection and the human heart its happiness. Every theory of human welfare that has not the love of God for its chief and ruling element, is defective, delusive and pernicious.

Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach, at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Poppelwell, Chemist of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE PREVALENCE OF THE HEART.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster continued his course of Lenten sermons at High Mass on Sunday at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, when there was a numerous congregation present. Taking for his text the 9th verse of the 17th chapter of the prophet Jeremiah: "The heart is perverse above all things and unsearchable; who can know it?" the Cardinal proceeded to say: "We have already dwelt on self-knowledge, and self-knowledge has a parasite, and that is self-deceit. This is a very unpalatable and very disgusting subject, but nevertheless one that is very necessary for those who desire to know themselves. Let us therefore think for a little while on this point to-day. Self-knowledge grows gradually; it does not come as a flash of lightning, but rather increases like the light of day. A traveller who rises in the morning before the sun is up sees little in his path, he can hardly see even the trees by the roadside; but when day begins to dawn he sees the larger objects, at least in outline. In a little while as the light grows stronger he sees more distinctly the objects of a lesser magnitude; and when the day is well up, in some degree he can see everything, until when the noontide comes he can see even the notes that float in the rays of the sun. Our self-knowledge grows in like manner little by little. At first we can see only, and that indistinctly, our greater offences against God, little by little in outline and in number, and then in detail gradually with more and more distinctness, till at last we discover a multitude of sins and faults where we never expected them before. Nevertheless, all this while there is a danger of self-deceit, because there are shadows that flit across the light, cross lights that confuse it, flimsy over the eyes, and therefore there is danger, both from within and without. We saw before how the prodigal is said to have come to himself—that is, he had been out of himself and did not know himself. The Pharisee who went up into the Temple to pray thanked God that he was

NOT LIKE THE REST OF MEN. How was it possible for him to come to such a state of self-deception? I have no reason to believe that the Pharisee taken as a body were wicked men; but they did know that they were very strict and rigorous in the observance of their law. They gave tithes, they gave alms, and made long prayers; they did all those external acts which constitute the appearance of a good life; but they were simply self-deceivers. What they did was for a wrong motive and a wrong end, and they deceived themselves. They were therefore in the sight of God that which they did not know, and in their own sight that which they were not. There was a deception which had been deceiving them, and they could not fathom it. The heart in man is perverse, and it is unsearchable. Why? Because there is nothing so like to God Himself as the heart—that is, the soul—in man. There are two great things man cannot fathom. The one is the knowledge of God, and the other the knowledge of himself until the light of the Holy Ghost shows him to be what he is. The unsearchableness of the heart is this: God is unsearchable; He is beyond the reach of our understanding, and the soul is made to the image of Almighty God. God is a spirit, and therefore unsearchable and unfathomable to the extent by which He is God, and the God who has created us. Is this not wonderfully proved by the men of science who can weigh the weight of the earth, who can calculate the wonderful velocity of light, who can control electricity and make it the minister and servant of their intelligence? With all this capability when they come to study the question of spiritual matters

ALL THEIR SCIENCE GOES BLIND. There is a wonderful accordance—most miserable of facts—amongst men of the highest intellectual sciences, that they possess a most profound spiritual darkness, and the world imagines they are witnesses against the reality of spiritual things. Not so. All the sciences of the world are within the reach of the ordinary intellect, which, with sense can master all the physical sciences. Intellectual things are seen by the intellect, and the objects of sense can be measured by the senses, but in spiritual things the apostle says that the animal natural man cannot perceive the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto Him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned; and our Lord foretold that this should be so when He said, "The Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot receive," and there are two reasons because "it seeth Him not." He is not an object of sense, "for the knowledge of Him," because the world knoweth only that which is founded on sense, unless by faith. It is a spiritual discernment to understand spiritual things. Therefore the heart being spiritual, like to the nature of God Himself, can only be discerned by a spiritual insight. The heart is behind the eye; it is an enemy in the rear. Our eyes look out and our sense is continually watching the conduct of other men. The heart is in a perpetual motion, the rapidity of whose movement makes it become invisible; there is not a moment of time in which the heart is still. All through the day we know we are thinking; and through the hours of the night, we no sooner begin to wake than we are conscious of our thoughts. We have no reason to think that during sleep the intellect or intelligence is suspended though our consciousness of it is not sustained. We think up to the moment we fall asleep, and again in the moment when sleep begins to pass away. There therefore is in the continual motion like a flywheel whose motion is so rapid that it conceals itself. This means that our thoughts are like unto the flights of birds in mid-air, like to the fall of leaves in autumn, which in their multitudes we cannot follow; our tempers are like to the undulations of the sea which never rests, and our evolutions, our actions of the will, are like the perpetual movement of the air, where there is never a perfect stillness. How, then, can we know, mark, and register this perpetual motion? Therefore there is no doubt the heart is unsearchable, and there are very

few who really know themselves, and the best knowledge we possess of ourselves is very poor compared with that which we might know and which we ought to know. BREVITY, THE HEART OF MAN IS A CHEAT. The first reason for that is because it is always changing. Just as the sea is always reflecting the sky above it, either its brightness or its cloud, so are we continually changing with society, that is, with those who are about us, the circumstances of our lot, and the strong temptations that come upon us. How few people there are who are always the same. Stability and evenness is to be found only in those mastered in the spiritual life. It is an old saying that no man is known until he is tried, and it is equally true that no man knows himself until he has been put in a place of trust and responsibility; and we find men who promise in every way to fill well a certain office, but when once placed in that position they fall altogether. The heart is a great flatterer, and a flatterer is of all enemies, the most dangerous, and the heart is one that we can never get rid of. The heart exaggerates everything we do good, little enough though that is. If we give an alms, if we say a long prayer, or if we forgive an offence, we know how our hearts will say, "Oh, you have done well; it is excellently done." In that way every little contemptible thing we do right is elevated and turned into an heroic act, and everything we do amiss we diminish and take off. All the tints and colours are marked out as we choose to think it ought to be, till we reduce it at last to a neutral tint as if there was no evil in it at all; and all this because we dress a great deal better than people are in the habit of reading the lives of the saints, and become so familiar with what these saints said and did, until, by an intellectual simulation, we appropriate them to ourselves. The intellect of man has a power of simulation. We so entirely admire, we bow down before these examples with such an intense desire to be like them, that at last we begin to think, "Oh, well, I am not so unlike." Everything we do good our deceitful heart glorifies, and thus deceives us; and there is no DELUSION WORSE THAN A RELIGIOUS DELUSION.

Some people think they are full of sorrow for the Passion of our Lord, and for their own sins, if they shed tears over the meditation of the three Hours' Agony on Good Friday. How many times have they shed tears over a novel, a romance, or a tale! Therefore we must take care our heart does not deceive us. There are those who never shed a tear in their life, whose lives are governed by the memory of the passion of our Lord, in thought, word, and deed. In concluding His mission made an appeal on behalf of the mission of St. Paul at Wood Green, founded by the Rev. George Cox at Christ-mass, 1882. The first Mass (offered there was on Christmas eve of that year, when there were only eighteen people present. The following Easter, when Holy Mass was offered up in a stable which had been used for the purpose of twenty persons present. Since then, in November, 1883, an iron school chapel had been erected, and at the present moment there were seventy children in school, and the congregation had increased from the eighteen who first met for Mass to some 700. All this was done simply to the missionary zeal of a true priest of God who, in spite of the great discouragement, had thrown himself heart and soul into the work which has succeeded so well, because it is God's work, and God's blessing is upon it. After going into some of the details of the expenses about the school, the Cardinal said in concluding: "Now I urge you that enjoy the blessings here of this cathedral church, remember in your charity those that are out in the wilderness."

After Mass the Rev. Father George Cox stood at the church door and received offerings for his mission schools as the congregation passed out.

Denying the Faith. It is under any circumstance a deplorable thing to deny, from motives of false shame, the convictions which we honestly hold. If this be so, even with regard to matters of purely worldly concern, and of temporal importance only, how much more deplorable is such cowardice, when shown in matters of spiritual, hence supreme, importance, and of eternal consequence! It is a base ingratitude, indeed, to deny, in any case, the faith of those from whom we have taken our merciful natural life. But how infinitely more abominable it is for Christian believers, to deny the God from whom they have everything, not only of what is mortal and perishable, but of that which is immortal, as well, and imperishable!

Catholics believe that God instituted His one and only Church, and placed her among men, as His representative to rule and govern the Spiritual Kingdom upon earth. When, therefore, a Catholic denies the Church, he denies, at the same time, her Divine Principle, God Himself.

Nor is it the less a crime to deny God, or His Holy Church, from motives of false shame, than from motives of fear or of supposed temporal interest. Our Saviour, Himself, has expressly said:—"For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His majesty, and of His Father, and of the holy Angels." (Luke ix, 26).

Those Catholics, therefore, who, when questioned by neighbors or associates not of the Faith, deny that they are Catholics, or who protest that they do not believe in all the Catholic dogmas—all such commit the same crime as was committed by those weak Christians, who, in earlier ages of the Faith, in order to escape fire or the sword, denied their belief in Christ.—The Holy Family.

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Written for the Catholic Record. IN MEMORIAM

Of Very Rev. J. H. Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D.

BY A FORMER PUPIL.

O, saintly man, successor true Of Jesus' blest apostles' band, True bearer of the "tidings glad," To his our fair Canadian land.

He entered here a Samuel vowed, To temple service ever blest; With "hollies unto the Lord," Plainly marked within his breast. And when to tell the Master called, As quickly rang his glad reply, "Where's the noblest height of fame? My God! 'My King! lo, there am I!"

'Twas then the good De Manenod, Knowing well our hero's worth; Sent him here to his glorious post, "Now far away from his native France!" A richest harvest of ransomed souls, And vondrous works he wrought.

Over eye cliffs and snow-lad hills Down to the bay he led his band; And here he made his first abode, He found full many a flower of God. The hardy "business" gathered round him, To hear the gentle words he spoke, Their evil ways they soon deserted, And bent their necks to Christ's sweet yoke.

Northward now! De M. ascended, And with his sons he led the trail, Those savage laas and men more savage, Their faithful hearts grew true to his, Would ever need a new recruit To spread among the heathen tribes, God truly sweet and saving truths.

But who will stain those needed soldiers To face the battle's raging heat, To swell our Saviour's conquering legions, To spread His truth pure and sweet, 'Twas on the "young Tabaret" The leader first and bravest of the band, This arduous task was chosen; This Heavenly-gifted son of France.

How he fulfilled this weighty charge His children tell with loving pride, By pointing to the statue of his name, By the "Hudson's" murmuring side. Ah, yes; 'tis in his kindly glance, He inspired his flock with zeal and love To go among those savage heathen, To conquer for our God above.

To face the world as Christ's Apostles, To swell our Saviour's conquering legions, To spread abroad the "glad tidings" To conquer in His name the heathen, 'Twas on the "young Tabaret" The leader first and bravest of the band, This arduous task was chosen; This Heavenly-gifted son of France.

To teach those savage tribes who were "A heathen" 'tis true, And His great love they never knew, And in the holy baptism, To wash their souls as white as snow, Unstained by sin forever keep them, And live the life of God above.

To those poor dusky sons alone Our hero's zeal was not confined, Another cause around his heart, By firmness and by love inspired, A youthful nation needed men, To guide her on her way to God, To guide her on her way to God, In Council halls to take a part.

Yes, men of science, men of will, With men of virtue—firm in truth; To lead her in the path of God, 'Tis in this noble cause our hero, His spirit ever true and true, Nor was he ever known to falter, Until he fell amid the strife.

Yes, urging on his noble legions, He led our Saviour's conquering band, No more shall ring his warning call; No more shall be his foe defeat. Ah, yes; his works of love are true, And God has called His faithful ones, To that sweet happy home beyond, To that sweet happy home beyond.

O warriors who succeed him now, Keep watch around, above, below, O hands; that grasp his sword of power, Be strong to check the heathen foe, O dearest ones who miss him now, He waits for you in that bright glow, Fight well, for he is ever long will, Fight till ye win the glad release.

O fallen chief fame's clarion voice, Hath spread thy name from East to West, The sunset sees thy glory fade, All give thee their homage blest, When tidings of thy loss are borne In waiting towns across the wave, Our grief doth rise, our spirits mourn, A loving friend; a leader brave.

Though farthest garlands deck the shrine, May I not add this wreath of mine, Sincere, although in worth the least, Ah, hasten, hasten, hasten, haste, In vain I know attempts to trace, The record of thy noble life, Thy history is truly told, By scraps of verse, or prose, or rhyme, Thy deeds they write in loving truth, O'er loves eternal happy throne.

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