

SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE.

The Sensible Views of an Extremely Sensible Woman.

Something About the Secrets of a Perfect Home Life—The Science of Good House-keeping—How to Bear the Unpleasant Things of Life.

On the much mooted question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" a lady writes to the Chicago Inter Ocean some remarks as sensible that we can but quote them for the benefit of our readers.

A woman makes a failure of marriage unless she makes an effort to do a great deal more than is implied in her marriage contract. It is supposed that the husband supplies the material for the home, and they are very rare materials indeed unless the wife takes hold of those means with the hand of a creator, building up out of them helps and associations loved and needed by both.

As high as we must rate the accomplishment of good housekeeping, it is not all in the making of a home. I know a lady who was a marked failure as a housekeeper who was the idol of her husband, and who graduated to the world a field of accomplished and honored children.

It is the quality of recognizing and filling need that is the essential quality of success in marriage. Practically, if a man comes home from business with a headache, hungry for a bit of sympathy and love, and a good deal of quiet, and finds his wife in a raging excitement over an elaborate dinner, and is ordered to keep out of the way and amuse the children till the great proceeding is culminated, he is about as unfortunate as the man who brings a college friend home to dinner and finds his wife in wrapper and slippers deep in a French novel.

Unfortunately women have hobbies, and ride and ride and never perceive that they are bearing their companions to death. There are men who would go to the war to be rid of paper flowers, hair flowers, rugs, tidies and what not, and yet the man who thinks that he can make his wife miserable. Any one, anywhere, who cultivates a hobby at the expense of other people's comfort is making a failure of life: but true politeness of the heart between friend and friend, man and wife, will obviate the danger of overdone amusements.

It is easier to forgive virtuous excess of zeal, and it is mostly excess of zeal for excellence of some kind that causes some women to be more exclusively housewives than wives of men. The greatest charity should be extended to a woman who makes her house so perfect in detail and polished in appearance that her friends go into it with fear and trembling, for she is afflicted with a virtuous zeal, and has only ever drawn a very good thing. Housekeeping has its francies and martyrdoms as well as any other good cause.

But housekeeping conducted as a means of happiness and comfort, either in a cabin or a palace, is a science that no wife can neglect if she wishes to sustain the law of mutual helpfulness in marriage.

A wife expects her husband upon marriage to be a source of telling for her support without remission or any suspension of responsibility, and why should he not expect her to aspire to the greatest excellence in home-making? Just here is where the wedge dissolution frequently enters. A woman fails to give as much as she receives—that is, she works from compulsion more than from a desire to keep up her side of the partnership with dignity and grace.

But one says: "I work all the time; I work like a slave." Yes, my dear, you do work like a slave—just like a slave, and not like a responsible being seeking an end and not the means. You have braided little Eva's dress up and down all over, which does not help little Eva, and your husband would have appreciated you more had you spent your evenings with folded hands and happy face in your rocking-chair by his side.

The science of good housekeeping in these days, when we can buy so many conveniences, is not so much superiority in any one thing as a general excellence in every thing. We do not need cooking-schools for girls as much as schools where all branches of home-making are taught, in order to preserve the balance of usefulness in the girl's mind. A man does not want to marry a chef de cuisine, and it is no wonder the papers make fun of cooking-schools. To learn one department of house-keeping to the neglect of everything else is ruinous.

RELIGION BY TELEPHONE.

Workshops Can Enjoy Divine Services Without Attending Church.

It has been rumored frequently since the telephone went into operation that it could be used for transmitting sermons and church services on Sunday to the homes of those who could not attend Sunday worship, or were too lazy to put forth the necessary exertion. But it has been felt that there was more poetry than truth in any such device. It is now stated by a correspondent of the London Standard that the South of England Telephone company has been able to convey to invalids, to doctors and chemists' assistants on duty, to people five miles distant from the church, and to large numbers of private residences in various parts of an English town, the whole of the church services Sunday morning and evening, so that the organ voluntaries, the singing, the reading and the sermon were clearly transmitted. Sixteen wires were connected with a single church, and the preacher was satisfactorily heard by as many different places.

homes of subscribers in various adjoining British towns, who will thus be able to participate in religious worship at a distance. The success of this experiment will undoubtedly cause its repetition in all parts of England, and it will be a great boon to all who are debarred from joining in Christian worship by their bodily presence. But whilst will work for the convenience of those who suffer from inability to attend church, it will also work for the convenience of those who like a good excuse for not being present at the service of worship. The head of a household can listen at the telephone receiver and become the agent of the members of the family, giving in substance what comes to him in detail, so that in this busy age the different members of the household can keep up their engagements and still have the credit of attending worship, if not in its full enjoyment.

Then, again, with so good an excuse for not attending public worship, it is likely that there will be a falling off in the congregations where these telephone arrangements are provided. Who would care to go to the trouble of attending church on a rainy morning when he could have the full benefit of the service by sitting at home and listening to what his telephone reports? To carry the point further, the question may be asked why public worship could not be dispensed with by the minister preaching his sermon in an adjoining room? This would greatly decrease church expenses and would conduce largely to the comfort of individual parishioners, while the telephone used on Sunday would also be utilized by the minister for making parish calls on week days, and thus be an immense saving of time to himself. Nothing is to be more vexatious in these days than the loss of time which seems inevitable, in putting ourselves in direct personal contact with others, and the use of the telephone for religious purposes promises a great relief to overworked parishioners, who on Sunday would gladly compose themselves on a lounge or in bed, and still receive their Sunday edification.

Altogether, the switching off of the sermon and service from the church or the center of religious operation promises a revolution to overburdened people as well as great comfort to those who are deprived of their customary religious privileges. If the church of the future should be assisted by telephone it will also be the stepping stone to a great many changes which need not be here outlined. It will introduce the era of the invisible church, and if the telephone can convey spiritual comfort as effectively as it conveys directness in the old way, why will not the visible church be superseded practically by the beginning of the century?

TRAPPISTS IN AFRICA.

Their Success in Educating the People in Agriculture and Building.

From the Irish Tribune's correspondent:—On the way down from Martizburg, Natal, I revisited the Trappist monks at Marianne Hill, Natal. As I came in sight of the monastery I could hardly believe my eyes. Thirteen months ago it was a lot of shanties thrown up higgledy-piggledy; now it looks like a busy little well-built town. I made my way to the centre of this spot of burning life and inquired for my last year's friend, the Rev. Prior. Him, however, I did not see, but the abbot himself came on and received me with the kindly welcome and conducted me round the place. He first took me in the church, not yet finished, but in use as a place of worship. It is a vast building without galleries, except a small one to be used by and by as an organ loft, with a chapel which opens on to the same main altar and which is intended for the nuns and other women. The architecture is basilic. The place is lofty and cool; the floor is of flag-stone and the windows at the altar end are of stained glass. There is at present little other ornamentation. There are images of saints and pictures of Madonna and Child; one of them is black. The abbot told me the legend of the original which, he said, was a celebrated picture in a Russian church. The place in which it once hung had been burnt down and after the fire the picture had been found unimpaired, but with the flash tints perfectly black. He said the natives were much attracted by the picture. While in the church I spoke with the father about the marvelous progress the mission had made within the year. Here are some statistics he supplied me with. Fathers and brothers now number 170, last year there were 90; sisters, 120, last year 60. Next week fifteen brothers and seven sisters are to arrive. There are three hundred boys and girls in the school. There are all residents at Marianne Hill, but there are ten other stations at Natal, seven of which are "planted" and have boarding schools in full swing. But let me first speak of the other buildings and then of general progress and future plans. The next great building are the stables, nearly finished, which will accommodate 100 horses or more. These are lofty, well built of brick, and with a forage loft above. A lean-to on one side is for a wagon house, on the other is a great cattle kraal, and beyond that another as large. The next building we entered was a school—St. Joseph's Industrial School. On the ground floor are two schoolrooms, a "working" school, which is the designation they give to the lower classes, and an "industrial" school, where the more advanced scholars assemble. Above these are the dormitories for the boys. We next went to the workshops—blacksmiths', carpenters', tinmiths', tailors', shoemakers', etc. Kaffir boys are being taught in all of them, and an immense amount of work is turned out. I asked the father if the vow of silence was absolute. He said, "Absolute." I asked if there were not certain periods of intercourse by tongue permitted. He said warmly, "Never, never. A Trappist No never!" I asked why the vow was imposed. He said there are reasons spiritual and secular. As an act of self-abnegation silence was spiritually beneficial. It was secularly beneficial inasmuch as there was no quarrelling when there was no talking, and there was much more work done. That the brethren work hard the buildings and the farm show. The father pointed to his own house, a large, substantial red-brick building, and said with pride, "All you see there was worked in less than three months." He pointed to another building and said, "The whole of that was built by Kaffir boys without any assistance from the brethren." He said, "You see monks are good for some things. Some people say they are not." I saw a great hollow that had been a swamp and was now a garden, and Kaffir boys at work building great Roman arches, and others at their books, others on their knees, others working in wood, cloth, metal and leather, and I could not help thinking the father was right on this occasion. I asked what they intended to do with all their Artisans. He said, "We shall keep on building here for nine years, and all who come will be employed. There, pointing to a site near, we are going to build a monastery for another order of monks, the Franciscans. Brethren are coming from Europe every three months, and as soon as we have leisure we shall manufacture everything we want, and

also for sale. At present we make clothing for men. Then I went to the shops. Kaffirs and Europeans can now be supplied with almost everything they want. There are also made Kaffirs' coats of boots, and these are sold to Kaffirs as coats of boots. The father said: "To clothe the beggar is to make him don't want to make profit on it." "What do traders say to that?" He replied: "You grumble, but the Kaffirs come to us from all parts of the country, and that is how they become acquainted with us." There were self-topped boots made on the place and for fifteen shillings, and shoes for twelve shillings, which is cheap for this country. Over every work shop was some text. It puts one in mind of the prophetic picture of the time when "Holiness to the Lord" will be everywhere inscribed. The father told me very simply the story of this settlement and two others with which he had been connected as abbot and founder. All were started without funds—"Waretto will this thing grow." The father has 5000 acres of ground in Grizeland, East Cape Colony, and he bids fair to revolutionize the whole trade of this colony. As he gave up to me his time so freely and talked so simply I thought him one of the most remarkable men I ever met. I went away amazed, bewildered, and not until I got out into the street did I realize how much I had gained with nature. I do not doubt that a true zeal for God burns with the monks, a zeal that is careful of repeating in this day some of the wonders of the architecture of the early and middle ages; for though there is nothing much at present but plain brick buildings, I remember that Westminster Abbey was at first only a wooden church and there were other wonders than these.

THE FARCE ENDED.

The Forgeries Commission a Dead Letter—The Conspiracy Traced.

The last number of United Ireland to hand has a pointed and interesting article on the infamous Forgeries Commission, showing the satisfaction felt in Ireland at the action of Parnell and his followers in refusing to recognize the farce any longer. The sympathizers with the Parnell movement on this side of the Atlantic have long been satisfied with the truth of the forgery of the famous letters and it would like to have seen the Irish leader leave court long ago. The article in question is as follows:—

There is a deep sigh of relief in the country at the length shaken the dust of the Forgeries Commission from their feet. The pretty practical joke which Parnell's pal, Houston, concocted with Le Caron, who has fully replaced the deceased penman in his friendship, has changed suddenly into grim reality. The "Forger's" accomplice, as he is in effect confessed to Mr. Davitt, was the author of the Evening News scare about the blowing-up of the Commission. The Irish Party have blown it up in a manner that has not only rendered it innocuous, but has also rendered it a laughing stock to the world. It did not require much of an explosion to demolish it. It was a shaky bit of Coercion jerry-building from the first. The shock of the Parnell exposure loosened its foundation. It has been crumbling ever since, and by the indignation withdrawal of Mr. Parnell and his party, the last lingering fragments of interest in it are proceeding to disappear. It is no use denying that Irish feeling at home and abroad has been daily growing more sore at the patient submission of the Irish leaders to the scarcely-veiled sneers and insinuations of the judges selected by Sir Wretched Fisher and his client and colleagues to pack the Commission. It made a man's blood boil to read of the same Sir Wretched Fisher, who had made himself personally and professionally responsible for the forgeries, with the tacit sanction of the Court, heap vile insinuations on honorable men to whom his very presence was an insult. It was a curious anomaly truly that the forgers and the aiders and abettors of forgery, when their guilt had been made clear as noonday, should be rewarded by a free licence further, and that the public should be invited to look on the forgers as the victims. The Forgeries Commission from the first simply deserved the confidence of the Coercion Government that selected and created it. Lord Salisbury, in his first speech after the Pigott exposure, seemed not without hope that his Commission would report that the forged letters were all signed by Parnell. Whether the Commission will justify his lordship's confidence is a subject with which we do not care to concern ourselves. Their report is awaited with the most profound indifference on all hands. It will not, we venture to think, influence the mind of one man in the Three Kingdoms. It will have much more interest vitally as a year old newspaper. The public have read the evidence for themselves, and will judge it for themselves, and the Irish Leader and party have no fear of that judgment. It was well said in the Star that the report of the Commission on the political questions, which since the suicide of the wretched Forger were the only questions before it, will be the final opinions of three men, two of whom are dead, and the third, who underestimates the position. The report will be the political of three selected rascals of strong party bias. The judges justified the confidence of the Coercionists who selected them. We need not put it further than that. In ten thousand ways they exhibited their sympathy. The Forger was a fool for the widest latitude. Every crime committed in the country was detailed before the Court, and the gruesome details repeated over and over again with the laudable motive of holding up Ireland—the most crimeless country in the world—as a nation of monsters. From first to last no effort was made to show that any man was more than a mere tool of the Forger. The issue that the horrors of Jack the Ripper. But when the defence attempted to enlighten the blank ignorance of the Court on the still more appalling horrors of famine and eviction, in which the agitation had its root, the evidence was checked by the President who had read the evidence. Its effect on the outside public was dreaded by the Coercionists. There was something almost ludicrous in the blank dismay of the Court as charge after charge and witness after witness of the "Forger" ended in collapse. It was noted that all the acerbities of the Court were reserved for the defence. When the confession was extorted from Pigott's pal, Houston, that he had, in view of the inquiry, destroyed all the incriminating documents that had passed between them, the serenity of the President of the Commission was not disturbed. He had no word of censure for the wretched Forger himself or his suborners when their names were placed upon the witness stand. Charles Russell's cross-examination. But his sensitive soul was subjected to the "most acute moral torture" by the evidence of Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., which every man in Ireland knows to be the literal truth, that juries are packed in Ireland for the conviction of innocent men. The witness was shut at last by the Commission. The witness who had read the Irish leaders stood up long borders on the sublime. It has had its reward. The in-qualitorial investigation has been pushed to its utmost limits. Even malice itself cannot suggest that there was anything concealed or to be concealed. No party that ever existed could have come under the light of the ordeal. But when they claimed equal justice they were denied it. The Forger's conspiracy was traced into the very doors of the I.L.P.U.—the infamous lying Pigott Union, which Houston was, and continues to be, secretary. The funds of the association were spent, not in the purchase merely, but in the distribution of the forgeries. The whole vile concoction

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

—AT THE TIME OF THE—

CRUCIFIXION.

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by the thousands of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception, beauty of color, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvelous work, some words combine many miles to see, from the CITY, Mount OLIVET, MORNIAH, MIZPAH and ZION, the grandest PANORAMA to be seen at the OYOLORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

tion of "Parallelism and Crime" proved to be but a "straw" decoction of "Parallelism Unmasked," which was written by the wretched forger, Pigott, and paid for by the money of the I.L.P.U. That distinguished young Irishman, Mr. Wolfe Flanagan, who did not dare show himself in the witness-stand, like Mr. Peckoff put in a fancy window here and there in the Parnell structure, and made it of no account to the Commission. The grandest PANORAMA to be seen at the OYOLORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

to come? It might come, Mr. McCarthy thinks, with the rise of some pig-headed monarch who would lead the nation into national disaster. Interference with domestic policy is out of the field of a monarch's activity. But in foreign policy there is an open through which crowned stupidity might work the nation evil and itself ruin. The English people are wholly unused to defeat. If defeat came through the policy of a sovereign who interfered with a popular minister, and forced on the nation a struggle ending in disaster, no repetition of an ancient saw such as "the king can do no wrong" could, Mr. McCarthy thinks, save the throne. "Impeachment is obsolete." Indeed, Mr. McCarthy observes truly that the alien safeguards of the throne are gone. The sentiment of personal loyalty has departed with the superstition of a divine license for the monarch. A Prince Charles could not muster a barony to-day, were his personal graces never so great, had he aimed as gracefully as the prot-type, Marjory, Mr. Moneybags no longer sees in a Republic the best of the Ancestral. Millions have piled their piles under the wings of the giant Republic of the West; and Mr. Kiffel has found materials for his tower in the land that is celebrating the centenary of State-General. Did the monarchy become an evil, therefore Mr. Moneybags would not look upon his necessary choice between it and a republic as a choice of evils. That fact makes it necessary for the wearer of the English crown to bring a judicious head for the decoration. Summing up Mr. McCarthy writes: "The glamor of the throne is gone. The dread of republican institutions is gone also. The vast majority of the population care nothing about royalty. There is nothing to hold on to if from any cause royalty were to make itself unpopular in England at the time of some great national crisis. It is, at least, not impossible that we may have a bad king in this country; and in that case it seems to me that a complete change of system would be a more natural and probable event than mere change in the succession." The article is most interesting, and most instructive—for princelings.

CHURCHILL AS A SOCIALIST.

Lord "Randy" Astonishes England with his Views on the Labor Question—Rescue of the City Workmen from Landlord Oppression.

LONDON, July 30.—Lord Randolph Churchill made a speech at Walsall last evening and to-day Liberals and Conservatives alike hold up their hands in horror at the sentiments expressed. Lord "Randy's" eccentricities are so well understood that up to yesterday most people would have supposed that nothing that erratic Lord could possibly say could astonish anybody, but last night's speech at Walsall demonstrated this theory, and if the speaker's sole object was to refute the idea that he could no longer surprise the English people, he could scarcely have improved upon the language used or the sentiment expressed. In the first place, he advocated a change in the land law, so that owners of land would be deprived of the right to bequeath it to any one after his death. This position he supported with all the vigor, eloquence and logic for which he is noted, and his language was such as would be most apt to be looked for at a gathering of ultra-Socialist reformers than from the lips of a noted Aristocrat member of dual House. Next he advocated the purchase of municipalities, under the rights of eminent domain, of large tracts of land within the limits of their cities and the erection thereon of

BLACK BUT BEAUTIFUL.

Three Shining Examples of Devotion in Negro Catholics.

Among the negro children, the Church has had lamentable losses since the war. Recently freed from slavery and identifying too often, also, their masters' politics with their religion, many of the Catholic negroes went over to the sects, chiefly to the Methodists and Baptists. Amid this ruin, however, it is consoling to find notable exceptions, of which three will form the matter for this paper. One of the old slaves of the Carroll family, now living in Baltimore, is chambermaid in a wealthy Catholic family. Her life had kept an even tenor from her earliest years. Leaving the Manor—the familiar name for the Carroll mansion—the soon got the place she is now in. Of the same even kind has her daily life been, faithfully Christian and externally free from the hard trials to which so many of mankind are a prey. Rising by five o'clock, this old woman, for age is whitening her crepey locks, prepares the fires in the house, and gets to church promptly for Mass at six, returning in good time for her work so as not to put about the family. Five times a week she receives the Bread of Life, which is her chief sustenance, for she is very abstemious.

Following an old-time practice, she eats no meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and keeps Lent and all fast days in the Apostolic fashion, not breaking her fast till after sunset. Needless to add that her dealings with every one, superior or equal, breathe the meekness and gentleness of the hidden Heart, which only rejoices in the hidden, unknown life of its devout servant. The old woman's generosity, which is a rare virtue now-a-days, is simply astonishing; for, regularly every month, she gives one-half of her wages to the church. Truly, a beautiful Catholic life, worthy of imitation by all of us! It may be summed up in this one sentence of the Following of Christ: "A pure, simple, and steady spirit is not distracted by a multitude of affairs; because he does them all for the honor of God, and, at rest within himself, strives to be free from all self-seeking."

THE THRONE.

A Review of Mr. Justin McCarthy's Article in the "North American Review."

From the Dublin Nation: Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., contributes to the North American Review for July an article on "The Throne in England." In it he examines a question the immediate importance of which is not pressing, but which is, nevertheless, interesting—Is there any likelihood of a republic ever being established in England? Mr. McCarthy notes that there is much less talk of an English republic now than in the days—sixteen or eighteen years ago—when Mr. Chamberlain, with Birmingham vestry honor thick upon him, marched into the House of Commons, and to prevent his personality from sinking into inconspicuousness, donned the red cap. There was a propaganda of Republic. Ideas in those days, and Fenway young men perpetrated in honor of the goddess Liberty. But that was not the way to make a Republic of John Bull. Mr. Bull does not care three rows of pins for ideas, and the fate of the English monarchy will never be decided in the debating societies of England. It is when the issue between monarchy and republic comes to a practical issue—when it comes to be one of the determination of which will depend serious convenience and inconvenience—that the Britisher will seriously ask himself the game of maintaining the throne worth the candle. Now, if he troubled himself about it at all, he would, probably, come to the conclusion that the game of revolution would not be worth the bother and expense. The answer therefore to the question, "Is there any likelihood of a republic ever becoming a national sentiment, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Mr. McCarthy acknowledges to be an ideal constitutional sovereign. "On the whole, the best queen

he was sold to a planter living in Alabama. Although young he, however, had been taught his prayers by his devoted mother, and in his heart he was faithful to them for a time. Gradually, however, he forgot them save the "Halleluyah," so he even now will call it. This prayer to the Queen of Heaven was his life. He was constantly saying it? out in the fields, in the cotton patch, along the roads, when driving his oxen, in short, everywhere and always. He was by his overwork, abused by his fellows, he still stuck to the prayer. Time and time again, his brother slaves brought him to their churches and even forced him up to their mourners' bench; the refrain he had for all their melodies was the "Halleluyah." And always he declared his faith, although in all these years he never saw a priest nor entered a Catholic church.

When the war was over, the newly made freedman started to work his way back to Baltimore in the fond hope of seeing his mother, if alive. His journey, which was made across the Mississippi, lasted several years and it was only some time in the evening that he reached his childhood's home—a man in the prime of life. After several years of search, he found his aged mother, whose joy on seeing her long-lost boy can be better imagined than described. In 1876, he presented himself to the writer for instructions and soon made his first Communion, receiving shortly afterward confirmation; he has been a monthly communicant ever since.

The third case is altogether different. Among the slaves of Baltimore in 1846, was a remarkably handsome quadroon girl about twenty years of age, who was brought up a Catholic and was very devout. In some or other, her mistress grew suspicious of her and soon showed it, which the girl could not but notice. One day, when engaged in dusting the parlor windows, she saw an evil-looking man passing the house, who scanned her very closely. At once, almost by instinct, the thought of the trader flashed across her mind. Her fears were not lessened when an hour or so afterwards the same man called at the house and was ushered in by the trembling girl. He spoke kindly to her, but her heart was not soothed. Upon leaving him, the unfortunate girl ran to her mistress's room, and, throwing herself at her feet, implored her not to sell her. Pacing up and down the room, the mistress led the poor thing back to the parlor and handed her over to the trader, for such he was. In a wild frenzy of despair, the quadroon flung herself again at her mistress's feet, who, naturally tender, hurried away to escape the scene, her own eyes brimming with tears. In a grief vial, the trader bade the girl arise, come along and give him no trouble. Blessing herself and placing herself under the care of the Blessed Mother of God, she meekly followed her new master and in a day or so reached Richmond, Virginia.

For three weeks she was in the pen, being daily forced to undergo repeated examinations, at once rough and repulsive. To every would-be purchaser she said she was a Catholic, all the while praying fervently to the Mother of God not to allow her to be robbed of her faith or virtue. Finally she was bought by the Protestant family, who soon became very fond of her. Not only did they allow her every privilege of her faith, which the poor soul desired, but even fitted up in her room a small altar with a crucifix, with our Lady upon it, setting it off in some plain candlesticks and vases. The girl always managed to have candles in abundance, and allowed by her kind mistress freely to cut flowers for her little shrine. Here the once heartbroken girl found a home, to which she became so much attached that, when the war was over and herself free, she remained with her old mistress, no longer rich but sadly impoverished like so many others in the South; nor did she leave her loved mistress till she closed her eyes in death.

In Richmond she was a greater wonder to her fellow slaves. For she was the first Catholic slave, or at least the first who openly stood up for the Catholic Church. For years, they made her the butt of endless annoyances, called her by every vile name, and on some occasions went to far as to pelt her with stones. Under it all, like her Divine Master, she was silent and finally won all their respect. And in fact "Aunt Emily" became the beloved of white and black, Catholic and Protestant alike. Since her mistress's death she has been supported by the Catholics of Richmond, and, when about two years ago she was at death's door from pneumonia, several leading Catholic gentlemen of the city volunteered to act as pall-bearers in case of her demise. During her convalescence—in fact, throughout her whole sickness—there was a continued succession of visitors, bishops and priests, brothers and sisters, ladies and gentlemen, to the sick chamber, with ever-fresh supplies of delicacies.

For thirty years, "Aunt Emily's" steady prayer was that the Lord would spare her to see a church in Richmond for her people. The Master has granted her prayer.

But there were few and far between, some one might say. True; yet a race which all worth laboring for—and, for that matter, dying for also. God grant that in the hearts of some noble souls, which is a rare virtue now-a-days, is simply astonishing; for, regularly every month, she gives one-half of her wages to the church. Truly, a beautiful Catholic life, worthy of imitation by all of us! It may be summed up in this one sentence of the Following of Christ: "A pure, simple, and steady spirit is not distracted by a multitude of affairs; because he does them all for the honor of God, and, at rest within himself, strives to be free from all self-seeking."

The next story of negro devotion is a bit of curious history. About ten or twelve years before the war, a slave mother, who was a devout Catholic was leading by the hand her little boy of seven or eight years along the streets of Baltimore. By some chance, the child was parted from her. While wandering around, a respectable dressed white man accosted the boy, and showing pity for him and then giving him some candies, coaxed the guileless child to go along with him in search of the lost mother. The pair walked up and down the streets of the city in their fruitless search, when finally the man led the footless and heart-sick child to a large building in which he was promised rest. On entering, the boy was ushered into a large room full of negro men and women of all ages and descriptions, in all postures; sitting, standing, and laying at full length. Little heed was paid by the motley crew of the new-comer, who, soon tiring of the place, tried to get out, but the door was locked. Going to the windows, he saw they were heavily barred with iron; thence he wandered in fear and dread around the room. An aged slave, noticing the child's anxiety, kindly spoke to him and soon rescued the day's history. With tears streaming from his eyes, which fell upon the innocent face of the child, the old man bent over and told him that they were in the slave pen and his guide must have been a trader. Again and again the child, young as he was, had heard of kidnapping, for the "pan" and "trader" were familiar terms in the "quarters." Now, to his heart-rending cry for his mother, only a look of pity could be given; and that mother he was not to see again for nearly thirty years. The next day

CANADIANS IN CAVALIER COUNTY, DAKOTA.

The thriving town of Langdon, county seat of Cavalier County, Dakota, is surrounded by thousands of acres of choice government land. Country settled chiefly from Ontario. Secure a farm from the government land. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Who would tread upon a worm or wantonly crush a butterfly or kick a dog if he were vividly realizing the pain he was inflicting? And, still more, who would wound a fellow being by word or deed or look, or (let us press the poor, cheap ignorant, or (let us press the feeble, if the distress they created was ever present before them? So true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart."

GOVERNMENT LAND IN DAKOTA.

Millions of acres of free government land to the Moore River, Turtle Mountain and Devils Lake regions of Dakota, near the great markets of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth. Secure a home in Dakota. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. P., M. & M. Ry. St. Paul, Minn.

If you do not renounce the sin to which you are most addicted when it is possible to do so, it is not you who forsake the sin, but the sin which leaves you.—Ven. L. de Blois.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as his advances recede, then he will soon be left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Samuel Johnson.

A good Catholic may be known by his vessel. Not for glory the Mother of God.