

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Life, weary life, speed not!
See how friends quit our slowly-moving
band
The best are on ward gone.
They left the long-beld hand,
And started singly for the far-off land.

Remember how they went,
Departing from us when we least had
thought,
Death beckoned—well content
They passed away. They sought
God's will alone; save this, they cared for
nought.

Mourn not, though they were young—
She sisters, brothers of thy childhood's life:
Mourn not, through prattling tongue
Had called the mother. Wife,
Mourn not the husband saved from toll and
strife.

Mourn not, ye little ones,
Her who made kind your father's care-worn
face:
Nor him, ye lately sons,
Who trained for your life's race—
All soon will reach their blissful resting
place.

Yes, grieve not for your loss,
Bear bravely this addition to your load:
'Tis but another cross,
Wh-rewith to climb the road;
And they—await you in the Blest Abode.

'Tis far from earth to heaven—
But heaven to earth is very, very near,
And countess helps are given
Throughout each weary year,
Till we, in turn, the welcome summons hear
—D. B., in Irish Monthly.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WHISTLING DICK.

He never gave up. He was always
hoping. He was generally singing or
whistling, so the street boys called him
whistling Dick.

When his widowed mother died, he
kept her peanut stand on a board on top
of an old clothes basket till he was sold
out, and the little money he saved for
new stock was stolen. His one suit of
clothes was fast falling to pieces. He
kept it on with twine suspenders and
strings tied round his neck and armpits.
He wore his mother's shoes with their
heels under the middle of his soles and
his heels in the middle of their high
backs.

He kept himself warm at night with
shavings in the rooms of an unfinished
house, till the house was built, and a
door and windows shut him out. Then
he found a big barrel under one of the
river bridges. A couple of staves were
missing from one of its sides. Dick
rolled it till the opening was toward the
stones of the bridge pier, and he slipped
into it, wrapped in a dirty sail.

It kept the wind off. He slept well
there, lying on his face now and then
for a few minutes when the cold woke
him up. But one night he was roused
by policemen in a boat firing stones
among the empty tin cans and rubbish
and at his barrel.

"Too early for water-rats," one of
them said.

They were only on the lookout for
river thieves; but when they had passed
on, Dick scampered away from his
barrel house. It was early, as the police
had said,—about ten o'clock. The cold
wind nipped Dick's ears. He picked up
an old hat and pulled it down over his
cap, tucking the brim under his coat
collar. The sail was still tied around
him. He tried to whistle, but he was
hoarse and hungry.

"We be awful hungry, tunin' folks,"
he said to himself, pinching his throat,
—"beun't we?"

He sat down on the grating over a
restaurant kitchen, opened his coat wide
an instant, then folded it suddenly over
his nose and mouth, as if he were taking
a bite of the delicious smell he had col-
lected. He kept the repeat up awhile,
telling it over to himself,—“Onions, tur-
key, puddins, chickings, beef, beets,
kerrots, pies, jellies.”

He tried to read the big sign near by,
but he could not get any farther than
“P-a-r, Central Park. No. P-a-r, par-
adise. No. P-a-r paradise. Ha! ha!”

He walked away, singing hoarsely:

“Cold fowl or turkey,
All's one to me,
Salad with onion,
Or ma ow-ro-nee!”

He came against an old gentleman
whose hat had blown away, and whose
eyes were blinded with the ends of the
scarf that still protected his head. Dick
bent himself to the ground, and scurried
along with the wind, rescuing the hat
with a wild whoop.

He crossed his hands behind his back
and whistled with all his might while he
watched the owner put it on firmly and
arrange the scarf.

“Nice face. Very,” said the latter to

himself, looking at Dick. “Poor, but
cheerful. No driving there.”

“If it hadn't been for you, boy,” he
added out loud, “my hat might of been
in the river. ‘Where there's a will,
there's a way.’ Don't you ever turn
that to ‘where there's a wish.’ Will, will,
will! Carry my bag up the steps, bub.
Oh! wait a moment, sonny!”

He opened the bag, and presented Dick
with a lemon.

“Bring that to my office (Sawyer &
Sawyer) to-morrow, sonny,” he said “and
you won't be sorry you came.”

They reached the station of the elevat-
ed road. “Sawyer & Sawyer” turned to
pay Dick, found he had left his change
at his office, thanked the stars he had
memory enough to carry his train tickets,
told Dick he would make it all right
when the lemon was presented, and
rushed away.

Dick was hungrier than ever. Some-
thing very like tears were in his eyes
and a lump in his throat. He turned
the lemon over in his hand. It had
“Sawyer” cut on it in large letters, but
the absent minded old gentleman had
given no address.

Dick hung around that station all
night in the cold, for fear his new friend
would come back on a train he might
miss. He stayed till near noon the next
day; then, faint and weary, wandered in
and out the neighboring streets. But
“Sawyer and Sawyer” did not appear.

Dick's head felt as if it were growing
bigger and heavier every minute. In
spite of the cold, his throat burned. He
longed to taste the lemon; but he re-
peated over and over to himself, “It ain't
where there's a wish, but where there's a
will.”

Putting a pebble in his mouth, he tried
feebly to imitate a thirsty soldier on the
march, with a stone in the mouth to
make saliva and prevent thirst. At last
he stepped aside from the bustling crowd,
and sat on the steps of a huge warehouse.
Some one straggled in and out of the
great doors now and then, but the shut-
ters were up, as if business was at a
standstill.

Every time the door opened, Dick
melt the same smell as at the restau-
rant, and drew each time a little nearer,
till he had slipped in the door. A clerk
pounced on him with a roar of laughter.
“Ticket!” he cried, as he seized the
lemon in Dick's hand. “Rather late for
Father Sawyer's birthday spread!”

Dick was ushered into a great, lighted
wareroom, which had been turned into a
banquet hall. Who the crowd of guests
were, which were rich and which were
poor, he could not have told, nor what
loaded the tables.

“Not a seat left!” some one said.

The words were hardly spoken, when
the host had jumped from his chair, and
the little figure in the ragged sail and
two hats was placed in the seat of honor.
It was before an untouched, mighty,
eighty-pound round of corned beef in a
sea of red and yellow stars, a carrot tur-
key with outspread wings surmounting
it, a ring of lemon lanterns guarding it,
and beet roses blooming from many
points side by side with onion lilies. By
it lay a card: “With compliments of
the Parker House.”

“I allus knew,” said Dick, lifting up a
trembling voice, “there must be lights
and vittles and flowers for me some-
where, if I could only hang on long
enough.”

He burst into a flood of tears, but
checked himself immediately. He
caught the table with his cold, dirty
little hands, and bracing himself up,
gave one quivering whistle, and fainted
away.

But whistling Dick was able, in the
years that followed, to do justice to more
than one of old Mr. Sawyer's queer
birthday feasts. He did not need lemon
tickets for them, either. Slowly but
cheerfully he worked his way in the
house of “Sawyer and Sawyer,” till he
was one of that firm.

It was young Richard Harris who kept
the men together when times were hard
and wages low. He had such faith in
them; and in better days coming they
could not leave him. When his old
friend, the head of the house, was long
dead, and he too was old, and on cold
days covered his thin hair with a scarf,
he loved to meet a boy that laughed and
sang in spite of rags and hunger. And
his change-book was never empty, though
his fingers were taking something out of
it most of the time.

When at last he could walk no more
in the streets, softly whistling to him-
self and putting with his cane the chil-

dren he met, when the hand of death
laid him low, and friends shrank at the
sight of his suffering, a happy smile
was always on his trembling lips, and
his last words were, “Oh, the good, good
time that's coming,—the best time of
all!”

DOMESTIC READING.

Attempt great things for God; except
great things of God.

Our Lord regards the prayers of St.
Joseph as commands.

To obey is to go to Heaven borne on
the shoulders of another.

When God desires to enrich a soul
with grace, He enriches it first with con-
fidence.

When a soul is niggardly towards God,
it well deserves that God should show
himself niggardly towards it.

Jesus desires that we should love His
Mother so that in this, as in everything
else, we should resemble him.

We have countless excuses for our own
faults, yet we admit none for the short-
comings of others.—Cornelle.

If thou durst pass by thy neighbor
here, he will lie in thy path when thou
passtest over to the gate of heaven.

Though you have several saints as ad-
vocates, be particularly devout to St.
Joseph; he is very powerful with God.

Oh! what great mysteries of hope and
love for us are the Passion of Jesus and
the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

The value of acts of virtue, love, hope,
resignation and contrition, do not consist
in the sentiment but in the will.

It would be an abuse to leave good
works which must be public in order to
avoid the dangers of vain glory.—St.
Teresa.

Let us beware in matters of impurity
of reasoning with the temptations. Let
us reject it immediately without exam-
ination.

A Military Guard for the Blessed
Sacrament.

A Society has been formed at the Car-
ragh Camp, with Father Delaney as Pre-
sident, and soldiers of the various regi-
ments, as officers. The object of this is
to promote thrift and religion. The
members of the Association provide a
soldier in uniform to pay an hour's visit
to the Blessed Sacrament each day. This
duty will fall on the members in rotation.
Should the man whose duty it is be un-
able to attend, the Rev. President will
provide a substitute. The Society ap-
proach the Altar for the receiving of
Holy Communion on the third Sunday of
every month. The members are also en-
rolled in the Sodality of the Sacred
Heart. They are also required, when
able, to attend the evening devotions on
Sundays.—London Tablet.

The Spring.

Of all seasons in the year, is the one for mak-
ing radical changes in regard to health. Dur-
ing the winter, the system becomes to a cer-
tain extent clogged with waste, and the blood
loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exer-
cise, close confinement in poorly ventilated
shops and homes, and other causes. This is
the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so
general at this season, and which must be
overcome, or the health may be entirely
broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has at-
tained the greatest popularity all over the
country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It
expels the accumulation of impurities through
the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin,
gives to the blood the purity and quality ne-
cessary to good health and overcomes that
tired feeling.

KILLING NO MURDER.—An American
went to hire a horse of a livery-stable
proprietor who was very particular about
his stock, and always extorted a promise
from his customers not to drive fast as a
condition of letting, “You can have the
horse” he said, “if you agree not to drive
him fast.” “Well” said the man, “I
want him to go to a funeral, and I am
bound to keep up with the procession if
it kills the horse.”

Holloway's Pills.—The chief wonder of mod-
ern times. This incomparable Medicine in-
creases the appetite, strengthens the stomach,
cleanses the liver, corrects biliousness, and
prevents flatulency, purifies the system, in-
vigorates the nerves, and re-instates sound
health. The enormous demand for these Pills
throughout the globe attests their every body,
and a single trial convinces the most sceptical
that no medicine equals Holloway's Pills in
its ability to remove all complaints incidental
to the human race. They are a blessing to the
afflicted, and a boon to all who labour under
internal or external disease. The purification
of the blood, removal of all restraints from the
secretive organs, and gentle aperient action,
are the prolific sources of the extensive cura-
tive range of Holloway's Pills.

Don't Cross Bridges Before
You Reach Them.

One day conscientiously lived up to
will keep eyes bright and cheeks round
and rosy. Don't begin to worry about
things beforehand. It will be time
enough when they happen. It is the
dread of what may come, not what is,
that makes one old before the time. If
you lie awake half the night worrying
about something that is going to occur
the next morning you will be far less
able to face bravely and work out the
problem than if you had made an effort
and thought of something else until sleep
came. It is not half as hard as it sounds
and will grow easier every time you try
it. Perhaps after all, the disaster will
not befall you or will be less awful than
you anticipated, and just think what a
lot of unnecessary wrinkles you have
worrying into your face. Another thing,
don't worry yourself about what people
are going to think about this and that
action. No matter what you do or leave
undone some one will criticize you
severely and the very best rule for get-
ting through life with comparative com-
fort is, after you have made up your
mind as to the propriety and advisability
of a certain course, pursue it calmly,
without paying the slightest attention to
the criticisms of the lookers-on from the
outside. You see, just because they are
on the outside they can only see the
surface. It does not matter in the least
what they think, so long as your heart is
at peace with God.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A friend in need is secured by everyone who
keeps a bottle of Hazzard's Yellow Ointment
for use against accidental sprains, bruises,
cuts, burns, scalds or any inflammatory pain,
such as rheumatism, quinsy, sore throat, etc.

A LONDON CABMAN'S HOPE.—Old lady,
to driver of growler: “Now, driver;
“Certainly, mum.” Old lady: “And not
to go racing with other cabs.” Driver:
“No mum.” Old lady: “And not to
turn the corners quicky.” Driver: “Ail
right mum.” After a course of one mile
and one thousand seven hundred and
fifty yards, the old lady hands Jehu a
shilling, with the remark, “You have
driven me very carefully and well, driver.
Have you driven a cab all your life?”
“No I hain't mum. I used to drive a
hearse; and bleast if I don't go back to
it. It's a better game than this. I hope
as how I'll drive ye again mum.”

A CURE FOR COUGHS.

There is no remedy that makes as large a
percentage of perfect cures as Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every case of
coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness,
croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt and
lasting.

“HAVEN'T you written that letter yet,
Annie?” “Yes, George, dear: all except
the postscript. I'm trying to think of
something to say in it.”

“I got my start in life through picking
up a pin in the street. I had been refused
employment by a merchant, and on my
way out I saw a pin, and—”

“I know; I've heard of that boy so
often. The merchant, was impressed by
your carefulness, and called you back
and made your head of the firm.” “No.
I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold
it for £100. It was a diamond pin.”

THE RED RIVER.

The red river of life is the blood, like other
rivers it sometimes becomes impure, but un-
like other rivers it only needs Burdock Blood
Bitters to perfectly purify it and remove all
its disorders from a common pimple to the
worst scrofulous sore.

OLD Mr. Bently (reading the paper): I
see that in a recent storm at sea a ship
loaded with passengers went ashore.
Old Mrs. Bently placidly: How fortunate!
I can imagine how glad these passengers
were to get on dry land.

THE DAZZLER.

One new weave of Rich Heavy Velvet Car-
pets at \$1.05, worth \$1.33. Montreal Carpet
Warehouse.

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