The Daughter.

My little daughter grows apace;
Her dolls are now quite out of date;
It seems that I must take their place.
We have become such friends of late,
We might be ministers of state,
Discussing prejects of great peril,
Such strange new questionings dilate
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace
Doth every movement animate;
With germents gathered for the race
She stands a goddess slim and straight.
Young Artemis, when she was eight
A mong the myrtle bloom and laurelI dout if she could more than made
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face, Leaving the lines more delicate, Till in her features I can trace Her mother's smile, serenc, sedate, 'Tis something at the hands of fate, To watch the onward years unfur! Each line which goes to consecrate The beauty of my little girl.

ENVOY.

Lord; hear me, as in prayer I wait, Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl; And, when Thou countest at the Gate Thy jewels, count my little girl.

A SUBSTITUE.

BY HELENE R. GREANELLE.

Adele stood in the hall waiting. Every nerve seemed strained in her effort to keep quiet. She was staring at the closed door before her, and her hands were tightly clasped, as if to foreibly prevent them snatching at the knob. The house seemed uncomfortably slient; within the library doctors were talking, but the sound of their voices did not reach Adele's ears, even faintly. For five minutes she stood in one position: then the library door was one position: then the library door was opened and she stepped forward impetuouely. "Doctor," she said excitedly, "say papa

will get well."

The grey baired physician who preceded the two other doctors into the ball felt very sorry for the young French girl as he took her hand and beld it in silence for a moment. During the year Adele had spent in America her mother and sister had died: while yet in mourning for them a new bereavement was apparently very near, for her father lay dangerously sick,

and the doctore gave no hope.

"Miss De Naneau, you begged me a moment ago to tell you the truth," said the doctor; "I have very little hope of your father's recovery."

"But you have some," Adele persisted, its attendar roles.

in a strained voice.

Here there was an interruption. "Mademoiselle, your father has spoken

An elderly woman brought this message

to Adele, addressing her in French.

Without any apology Adeleturned from
the doctor and darted upstairs: one of the
doctors followed immediately, fearing the
excitement she might cause in the sick-'Papa, I am here-speak to me." Adele

elipped to her knees at her father's bedside and took his hand. The patient opened his eyes.

"Adelc-where is she ?" he saked feebly. "Why does she let strangers trouble me?"
"Paps, paps, I am here. Do you not know me?" "Adele-I want Adele!" was the only

The doctor new interposed. "You will excite him if you remain here, Miss De Naneau," he said. "He does not

know you."
"Mademotselle, come with me," gentle Annette was saying, and Adele passively

But in a moment she had burst into bysterical crying.
"O Annette, Annette!" she sobbed.

"Hush, dear child." Aunette sa'd.
"Kind Annette! You think my papa will not die, do you not ?" Adele asked, hope struggling through her grief,
"I cannot know," Annette answered sadly.
'Oh! oh!" Adele almost screamed.

Annette laid her hards upon the weary, sching head, but did not speak.
"Annette," Adele said suddenly, "will

Adele took a pencil and a note book from her pecket, and wrote the following lines upon a leaf torn from the book :

"DEAR SISTER-Will you please, please come to me? The doctors think my papa will die, and I am so unhappy. Come and tell me that they do not know, please Yours in grief, "ADELE DE NANEAU."

A servant was hastily despatched with this note to Sister Gertrude at the Orphanage, for Annette was needed in the sick-room, and Adele would not keep her away by ser ding her on this errand of her own. Then Adele went downstairs to wait at the door for Sister Gertrude.

Half an hour had passed when Alele uttered a sign of relief as through the glass she saw Sister Gertude coming up the stoop with a little girl. In an instant Adele had opened the door, and a moment later she was in the parlor, clinging to Sister Gertrude and crying bitterly. "Sister," she sobbed, "they say papa will die, and then I will be all alone in this America. There is no one else left

now, and if papa dies what shall I do?"
"Hush!" Sister Gertrude said. "Dear
child, God is in heaven still. Even yet your father may recover, and if he must die you know that you will never be

forgotten."

"Yes; but, Sister, I have not anyone else." The depth of loneliness in these words was indescribable.

"No one in this world, you mean,

Adele; so then you are specially dear to The sobs began to be less frequent,

Sister Gertrude talked at times, but was oftener silent. Yet very soon Adele was The little girl who had accompanied

Sister Gertrude sat in a great chair and hardly moved. She felt very sorry for the young lady who seemed to grieve so

much. Suddenly Adele noticed the child and spoke to her impulsively: "How dull this must be for you! Are you not Annie Clare, whom Sister has spoken of to me? You were sick not long sgo, I remember. And now I know of something that would be nice for you to take. There is a great basket of fruit someone sent to me; will you not carry house at Brechin, which is known as the it with you?"

Annie looked up at Adele, and bashfully answered:
"It would be very nice for the girls in

the infirmary." The unselfish words touched Adele, who stooped and kissed the upturned face almost involuntarily.
"I am very sorry for you," Annie con-

tinued, still very timidly.
Sister Gertrude watched the little scene siter Gertrude watered the fittle scene and noted the effect it produced upon Adele, whose face had brightened up wonderfully at the childish sympathy. At parting Adele answered Annie's thanks for the beautiful fruit by another

kiss
"Good-bye, dear child," Sister Gertrude said, "and visit our Lord tcmorrow—it is Holy Tauraday, you know
—and tell Him all that you need."
"That is so," said Adele, and a sweet
smile rested upon her lips. "I had forgotten it. Good bye, Sister."
So Sister Gertrude and Aunie left

Adele with the smile still upon her face. But the cloud had not disappeared entirely; it had only drifted to Annie's eyes, to give the deep blue a yet deeper tings of thoughtfulness.

The alter in the Asylum chapel was dark, and the Tabernacle door stood open, revealing the emptiness within. All the awful desolation of the eve of

Good Friday rested upon the Sanctuary. But another scene took up one side of the same chape!—lights, flowers, gold, and silver made the repository a wonder of brilliance. There Our Lord dwelt for the day of adoration while the high altar was in its scrrow. Before the Blessed Sacrament two little girls knelt side by side, their white veils falling from the slightly-bowed heads almost to the floor. Farther back a Sister, too, was kneeling as she said her Rosary. One of the little

girls was Annie. With her hands clasped in an entreat-ing way she was earnestly talking to our

"Dear Lord," she prayed, and there were tears under her closed eyelids, "I am so sorry for that sweet, young lady. Won't You please let her papa get well? If there is anything I can give up to help her, dear Lord, I will give it to her with all my heart."

Annie opened her eyes and raised them pleadingly to our Lord. Then she bowed her head again and continued through her head again and continued her prayer in a simple, trusting way all through her Hour of Guard.

That evening Sister Gertrude sent Annie to the infirmary because she seemed feverish; the next day the little

girl was very ill. A glorious sunrise followed the dawn

on an Easter Sunday morning. Adele De Nanesu, throwing wide open her window-blinds, lifted a face almost shin-ing with happiness to the heavens, and sang the first notes of a "Gloria." A moment later she greeted Annette in the lower hall with the sweet words in

French "Our Lord is risen."

"He is risen, indeed," Annette responded.
"And oh! has He not been kind to us? Think, Annette, my papa is really better!"

Annette laughed with Adele, through joy which had to find vent, and then the older face sobered as Annette reminded Adele that the hour of early Mass was near at hand.

True, my Annette, and what a happy communion day this is !" Adele said softly, her heart filled with humble gratitude to our Lord.

Just as Adele knelt before the flowerdecked altar to receive our Lord in Holy Communion, He came to another lying quietly upon a little cot in the Orphan Asylum Infirmary. Not veiled in the sacrament did He come, but in all His heavenly glory. Annie had suffered only a little while, to open her eyes on Easter morning and say, "Sister, this is my first Communion day," and then go to meet her Saviour in His Father's

"At nette," Adele said suddenly, will you please to beg Sister Gertrude to come to me?"

"If you wish it," Annette answered, thankful for the calm words from her thankful for the calm words from her had left the one who seemed so much needed, and had taken the orphan who needed, and had taken the orphan who had always been especially His own. So in Adele's beautiful home Esster came with great rejoicing, and in the Orphan Asylum one of First Communion band did not join the rest; more privil eged than they, on Easter morning she greeted our Lord face to face in heaven.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

The corner stone of the new Church of Our Lady of Grace was blessed and laid by His Grace Archbishop Duhamei in the city of Hull, Que., on Sundey, 15th inst, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. His Grace was assisted by Very Rev. Father Routler, V. G., Very Rev. Father Augler. Provincial of the Oblates, and Fathers McGovern, Boullion, Brault and other priests. The Very Rev. Father Augler presched an elegent sermon on the preached an eloquent sermon on the holiness of the Catholic Church, and specially congratulated the people of Hull on the work which they were undertaking, and which would be at the same time a homage to Almighty God and a monument of their piety and zeal for religion. Over ten thousand per-sons are estimated to have been present. The church will be a beautiful one and

will rark among the finest in Canada.

Mr. J. P. Folsy, late of Brechin, Ont, in the diocese of Toronto, was one of those fervent Catholics who do not leave good works undone during life, yet he did not omit to make suitable provision for works of charity after his death. By his will he left \$1000 and the use of the homestead left \$1 000 and the use of the homestead to his wife during her life, and also the proceeds of his estate. \$1,000 are bequeathed to the Bishop of Killarney for the poor, \$5 monthly in perpetuity to a priest for a Requiem Mass to be offered for the repose of his soul and that of his wife \$5,000 to the Archbishop of Toronto. wife, \$5 000 to the Archbishop of Toronto for church purposes, and the rest of his estate to be divided equally between the House of Providence and the Convent of the Precious Blood, and two other Convents to be selected by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. There are be-Archbishop of Toronto. There are besides some smaller legacies to relatives.

Mr. Foley was a magistrate highly respected by all his neighbors. During life he built and furnished the Catholic school

THE LITTLE WAIF.

church, built in one of the most crowded sleety rain was falling. Little children were huddled in street corners, with scarce ly sufficient clothing to cover them, and certainly not sufficient to keep them warm.

| An entire examination held in this town four pupils from the convent school wrote, and all were successful. The names are as follows: Maggie Cargiil, Jepnie Powers, Lizzie Fuzgerald and Mary Graft. Success to the "Academy of Dirty, untidy women were looking out of the doors of dirty, untidy houses, and a few men were falling about. It was a picture of wretched squalor very common in some parts of London, but rarely to be

met with anywhere else.

The little bell went on tinkling. "Come come, come," it seemed to say; but few of those poor I am speaking of heeded it. of those poor I am speaking of needed it.

Some there were; but my story has not to
do with them. One little boy, about
eleven years old perhaps, stood leaning
against the doorway. He was ranged, and
his poor little feet were bare. His teeth
chattered with the cold, and his lips were blue. He was very, very dirty, and his face was all the dirtier for the tears which had been but lately shed. He did not appear to be tainking of going into the church, and yet there was something in his look which spoke of misery rather than

wickedness.

As he looked up, a gentle woman, holding by the hand a little girl about the same age as himself, passed him to go in. She was prettily and warmly dressed; but her too clear complexion and bright, instrous eyes showed that wealth does not keep away disease and death. Little Mary was in a decline, and no one had as yet per-

celved t.

Something in the appearance of the little girl struck the boy's heart, and before they had time to open the door a great sob was heard. Both looked around and saw the boy.

"Poor boy," said Mary, "how cold he looks? Ask him to come in, deer

mother. Perhaps he is a poor Protestant child, and is afraid,"

Her mother, who was not touched, as her little girl was, with sympathy for this particular case of suffering, hurried in as the bell stopped. But the sound of those gentle, pitying words, to which he was so unaccustomed, and the sweet voice of the little pleader went deep into the boy's heart. Now for the first time, he wished to enter, although his great inducement was to catch another glimpse of that gentle, ethereal face; so, without further consideration, he fol-

lowed them in.

He crept into a corner, and he was not afraid, for he saw other ragged boys there, quite as untidy as himself, kneeling and saying their prayers. He did what he saw the others do; he stood up at the Gospel, and then knelt again. Then came the thought of a poor, patient mother dead and gone, and he remem-bered how he had knelt at her knees, and said 'Our Father." He is alone now, a deserted child; but those words came naturally to him as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and he said them again and again for want of any.

thing else to say.

Then he beard soft music, and the tears of the boy rose to his eyes again, and he listened and watched the priest until life and all its troubles seemed to pass away, and he fancied he was before the throne of God, with beautiful little of God, with beautiful little Mary by his side.

For the child had knelt with his head

For the child had knelt with his head in his hands, and being tired and cold and hungry, he had fallen asleep.

He roused up just as Mary and her motter were passing by. He looked up into her face, but she did not see him. She was walking with downcast eyes, and he could see that there were tears

in them.

He did not try to rise; he was stiff, he did not feel it. The music had ceased; he simply looked straight before him at the altar; he still seemed to be in

dream.

A hand was laid on his shoulder; a kind face looked into his. His little story was soon told—the old story of the story was soon told—the Pather in homeless and deserted. The Father in nomeless and deserted. The Father in heaven had heard the simple prayer of faith, ignorant as he was, of His poor child on earth, and had sent a father to him to bring him to that home.

The child was a good, faithful child. He had an earthly home found for him, and he soon learned the faith, and grew

up a good, holy man. For a time he saw Mary daily in her place at church, and then he saw her no more : for she was dead. He never spoke to her in his life and she never saw or noticed him again She never knew how those kind, ge words, heard by her Father, though un brought the stray sheep into the fold. But he prays for her day by day, and they will both know each other for a benefactor when they meet again before the throne of our Father Who is in

CATARRH.

CATARRH.

A NEW HOME TERAMENT FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

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