"Keep Me Close to Thee."

"Keep close to me, my God,

Keep close to me!

The storm is bearing on me florce and wild.

Thy face is hidden from Thy weary child,

On me the billows of temptation roll

And threaten to eaguif my fainting sou!;

Oh, be Thine arm my suresupport and slay

Or else the flood will sweep me far away!

Keep close to me, my God,

Oh ! close to me!

"I hide me close to Thee, my God, Aye, close to Thee; one cles can know my bitterness of grief, or any heart save Thine can bring relief. fear my hands may slip from off their hold ne winds are keen, the storm is very cold at if Thou hold me I can still endure ill night is past and morning breakett sure-

Oh! keep me close to Thee, my God! Ave. close to Thee!"

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

"To forgive is the noblest and most "To lorgive is the noblest and most glorious revenge; and oblivion is the infallible remedy against the sadness caused by insults and injuries. Forgive and Forget, but avoid leaving yourself in the power of those whom you know to be your engaging."

If each man says let there be a world of progress in me, let me live to make my life more intelligent, more fair, more beautiful, more religious, more reveren-tial; let me live so that around me there tial; let me live so that around me there shall be diffused an air of light and fragrence and gladness and joy so that others may become also modeled by these ideals which have been upheld by me and have lured me on—this ought to be the aim of each and every one of us. It is the aim given to us by our religion, by the providential constitution of our national life. It is an aim we can follow everywhere, and which we must with more eagerness continue to follow until in this country there shall be no rich man who is not a benefactor, no wise man who is not a benefactor, no wise man who does not help to make other men less unwise, no strong man who does not help the weak, no brave man who does not resist the cruel and unjust.—Bishop

THIRTEEN HUNDRED CONVERTS.

Very Rev. Vicar General Gilbert, of the very Key. Vicar General Gibers, of the archdiocese of Westminster, in Eugland, is authority for the statement that in that archdiocese alone, during the past year, thirteen hundred converts from Protestantism have been received into the Church. Should the annual number keep on increasing as in the past few years, the on increasing as in the past few years, the question of the return of the English people to the faith of their forefathers will soon be discussed by the mathematicians among the problems of acclerated ratics.

USEFUL TO OTHERS.

It must be a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back on the years which are passed and feel that you have lived not for yourself alone, you have lived not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happi-ness at any period of life. There is nothing in this world so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improve ment of your own character, and it give you zeal and importance in society—much beyond what any artificial station

PLEA FOR UPRIGHT MEN IN POL ITICS.

Cardinal Glbbons, in an address of congratulation to the congregation of St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore, last Sunday, used these words: "When we find the most upright citizens taking no interest in politics, showing no zeal for the good government of the country, we may expect political stagnation and corruption. But when the best citizens manifest interest in public affairs we have good government and honest administration of public trusts. and honest administration of public trusts and honest administration of public trusts. It is the duty of every man to take an active, personal interest in the welfare of his country, and to see that the best citizens are elected to public places."

THE BRAVE HIGHLANDER. The Battle of Waterloo was in progress and the French troops were making deadly landers were in the direct line of their fire. Suddenly a flag was lowered; the color sergeant who held it had fallen into ditch, his heart plerced by a French

Just then one of his comrades shouted "I will get the fig!" and rushed forward at the peril of his life. The hands of the color bearer had already stiffened around the flag staff, and could not be disen-gaged. Upon seeing this the comrade did not hesitate, but lifted the dead soldier, flag and all, upon his shoulder, and born him off amid the shouts of the army, the French gallantly forbearing to make another charge until he was safe within his own lines, "Bravo!" they cried. "Bravo, L'Ecossals!"

THE BLIGHT. A stinging blight will strike on all who oppose the Church. A generation may escape. Three generations may be at the same time subjected to it, but mark what same time subjected to it, but mark what we write that no matter how successful those who have antagonized God's Church have been in the eyes of the world, no matter how wealth and fame have pro-moted them or their descendants, even in this world they will be found to have been buffetted by stings of diagrace; by stings which have poisoned their social existence, and by stings which have not served to incite them to conversion.

And now don't many "nasty" things en? A baronet, named Fitzgerald, sed the whipping of a priest in Ireland decreed the whipping of a priest in Ireland in the year 1798; there was no reason for the infliction of the punishment; the priest suffered it, he was scourged until his bones were bared, and Fitzgerald declared he was satisfied. The priest died under the torture. He had not long been ordained; he had not had time to become engaged in patriotic strife, he was whinned to death.

Limerick county, Ireland. He was in Dublin shortly after; he wrote to his wife: "I am going down by the night train; my body will be found in the 'pig's hole' in the river in the morning." He was found drowned where he had deliberately suicided in the river on his own state.

estate.

His son, the present baronet, another hater of the Church, is carrying the blight. He is in the penitentiary for robbery—and a robbery of whom? For robbing a woman, an abandoned woman, of her jewels, in London.

Jewels, in London.

Ol course, many a person may say:
How can you prove that all these misfortunes directly flow from the scourging
of the priest? We say: We do not attempt to offer proof. We present the
fact of the scourging; we show what followed it.—Catholic Advocate.

NEVER KNEW HIM.

PATHETIC STORY OF A BLIND GIRL AND ITS

A touching story is told of the child of a well-known French painter. The little girl lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable. Three years ago, however, a famous coulist in Paris performed an operation on her great and reatured her operation on her eyes, and restored her sight. Her mother had long been dead, and

Her mother had long been dead, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told that her blindness could be cured, her one thought was that she could see him and, when the cure was complete and the bandages were removed, she ran to him, and trembling, pored over his features, shutting her eyes now and then, and passing her fingers over his face as if to make sure that it was he.

The father had a noble head and pres-

The father had a noble head and presence, and his every look and motion were watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed her, or even looked upon her kindly, it brought the tears to her

eyes.
"To think," she cried, holding his hand close in hers, "that I had this father so many years and never knew

How many of us are like the blind

child!

How many young men just entering life have made no close friendship at school or elsewhere, because some bodily defect or poverty has soured their tempers, and made them cynical and suspicious. It is their lot, they think, to go alone through the world, to find women shallow and men shams. Luck is against them. They will have nothing to do with friends; they will fight their own way, and ask help of none.

Women who know themselves to be plain and unattractive often feel this morbid jealousy and bitterness; they case themselves in a pride and reserve and

themselves in a pride and reserve and keep their lives more solitary than could any prison walls.

The eyes of there souls are shut. If they would open them, they would see that the world is full of true and helpful friends waiting to work and be happy

with them.

They Would see unnumbered chances in their own lives, however poor or sorrow-ful they may be, for healthy and cheerful work, for hearty good-will and love and

comradeship.

And under and above and around their ungrateful discontented lives, they would be conscious of an Almighty love and tenderness, holding them as the sunshine holds the floating mote of dust. The oldest and wisest of us—scholars, men of business, women of the world—go through life like the blind child, never seeing the hand of Him who sets the sun to light our steps, who feeds us day by day, who makes ready a home for us here-

But this blindness of the soul, whatever men may say about it, is not beyond a cure. We have but to seek the Great Paysician, crying with one of old, "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" At His touch our darkness will vanish, and with the new light we shall find ourself in a

Then, like the happy French child, we shall be ready to exclaim, "To think that I had this Father so many years and never knew Him !"

A BRIEF HARANGUE ON TALKING

SLANG From Harper's Young People

This "sermonette" is especially for you, dear girls. This advise could be put in three words—Don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a lifetime—when a good round bit of the genuine article "slapg" would prove funny. But to hear vulgar words used by a gentle girl is almost invariably shocking. I remember passing two girls in the street, and hearing one of them say "I'll bet you a quarter." It gave me a shiver. bet you a quarter." It gave me a shiver.

And when a group of school-girls fill their
conversation—as, alas! they often do—
with one slang phrase after another, the
effect on an outsider is painfully disagree-

able.

The habit of talking slang grows rapidly. It is like reporting a bit of scandal.

Have you never noticed if you say an unkind word against a neighbor, how quickly a chance comes to say another? And

a chance comes to say another? And with just that same appalling ease a habit of using careless, coaree words increases. Weeds grow rapidly.

There is plenty of good, strong English to give expression to wit, drollery, indignation or sympathy, without recourse to the phrases which belong to horse jockeys, gamblers, tipplers and vagabonds.

The streat Arab nicks up alarge se he does The street Arab picks up slang as he does the ends of old cigars from the gutter. Surely a well-bred girl is not on the same level in her speech and manner. Why should she use vulgar words any more than she would stain her hands?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BROTHER'S STORY.

IS TOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF BOYS AND ALSO OF THEIR PARENTS,

I am a Brother teacher in one of the Catholic schools of a lower ward of New York City. Every day for the past twenty five years I have daily traveled to and from between the school and the Brothers' house; on the horse cars at first and now on the elevated.

Of course these daily journeys have brought me in contact with persons of every character.

One day, some eighteen years ago, I was

overy character.

One day, some eighteen years ago, I was seated in a crowded horse-car. At Third street a lady and a little boy got abroad. I recognized the boy as a pupil of our school. He was ten or twelve years old and of a delicate and sensitive build. The lady with him was of a very com-manding presence. Both Brother Louis and myself arcse and profifered our seats to mother and son, judging we were bet-ter able to stand the jolting of the car

than a delicate boy.

The boy, blushing hotly, took off his cap to us as he seated. His mother eyed us sharply and without a word pulled him into his seat.

Soon the car was again halted. This time a young woman carrying a child got on. The boy, Frank, ast nearest the door. He, was about to arise to give the woman his seat, who, in fact, was hardly able to stand, when his mother whispered sharply into his ear:

into his ear:

"Keep your seat. I have paid for it!"

Again the hot flush of shame. Poor boy, how we pitted his sensitive soul, striving to do right, but forced into the

striving to do right, but forced into the wrong by the coarse nature of the woman. The young woman was tendered a seat up at the end of the car.

Ten years went by. I saw Frank go through the school and finally graduate. I noticed also that, from being a sweet, obedient child, he became a coarse, vulgar boy, wholly careless of the comfort or convenience of others.

One day I had some business after school hours in the rectory. I met Father

school hours in the rectory. I met Father
W —— in conversation with an elderly woman who was weeping copiously. I was preparing to retire when I was asked

to stay.
"This is the mother of Frank said Father W — ; "I suppose he is an old pupil of yours. She can do nothing with him. He is disobedient. He stays out nights and goes with bad company. She has tried everything to make him obey. His latest act was to rob her of all the ready money she had and leave her penniless for the time being. What can

you suggest?"
The words "Keep your seat; I have The words "Reep your seat; I have paid for it," rang in my ears; and again I saw the weary woman and child standing in the crowded car. What could I say. She had built her son after her own model, and now she was reaping the fruits of her evil teachings. From a sweet, kind hearted child, Frank — had grown a coarse natured man.
On! mothers, take warning, "As we do unto others, so will others do unto

- subsequently died a broken hearted woman, and, being told of her death behind prison bars, where he had been sent for a theft, Frank gave the messenger a curse and scowl for her re-

A CUP OF COLD WATER. One of the many churches of Spain bears the strange name of "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water." This is its history: A certain good-hearted, but very poor priest living in a little village not far from the mountains, was one day not far from the mountains, was one day startled by two or three soldiers entering his house, and carrying with them a bleed-ing brigand, with a broken arm. The priest hastened to bind up the wounded arm, though the captors seemed to care little whether or not their prisoner lived. The injured man, who bore his suffering without a groan, then begged for a drink of water, and, as he raised his head to rewooded hills. When the prisoner had been dragged away, the cure went in search of the poor children, found them crying and hungry, and brought them to his humble home. Then, poor as he was, he sent the boy to school and the girl to he sent the se a neighboring convent; and, by much self-denial, and in spite of the many re-

marks on his folly, provided for their Years passed away, and the children were almost grown up, when one day a magnificent carriage stopped at the door man in uniform, his breast covered with glittering decorations, stepped out. He explained that he was the wounded brigand, that he had escaped, and in one of the many Spanish revolutions had chanced to be of the winning party, now held a high office, and had returned to claim his children. And when he had affectionately greeted them, he asked permission of the good old priest that he might build him a second to see the constant of the good old priest that he might build him a second to see the conscious of honor in its wounding; we know we are ashamed and suffering; we look far up to the heights of the opposite delight, and whish we stood there again. As mountains are best revealed by standing at their feet, so in the low vale of disgrace do we most keenly appreciate honor. One needs to con care fully his moments of shame; how it hap pened; what one did or said that humiling of the humble parsonage; a fine-looking man in uniform, his breast covered with him a new church in the place of the shabby little mountain chapel, and that it might, in remembrance of his kindness to the suffering, be called "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water."

A MAN OF HONOR.

A MAN OF HONOR.

"Carry your honor high, my boy."
I was standing at a railway depot, in
Boston. Near me was an elderly man, in
a rather shabby yet carefully kept buffalo
overcoat, such as we used to see in Vermont twenty years ago. The old gentleman was parting hands with his son, evidently, who was a city dweller, probably
a young and struggling business man here
in our town; and I should not be surprised if even yet he had some of the
father's farm money as the nest-egg of his father's farm money as the nest egg of his

capital.
"Be a man of honor. Keep it high up

him all the credit, when the great harvest is brought in, for any added good his golden homily may do hereby.

A delicate sense of personal honor is certainly rare, if you take men by the thousands. Wordsworth says "'tis the finest sense of justice known to man." It contemplates both yourself and others, and one may be the soul of honor as regards the rights of others, an upright agent, a keeper of promises to the very letter, alive to every detail of the obligation imposed by a contract, and yet not keenly sensitive as to what is due himself. The man of honor feels the loftlest self-respect ever upbearing him. He is not conceited, but he does say to himself: "My muscles are not hemp, they are silk. I cannot carry a disgraceful load. My soul is not red earth, but of the texture of the light of day. I cannot forget who I am—son of a good father, grandeon of a fair lineage." He thinks on his hopes, and he had rather die than befoul them; on his personal history thus far, and it seems like suffocation to give it the lie now by an ill-matching deed. He says: "If I were to do this base thing suggested to me, I might or might not be afraid to confront other men, but I should be afraid of my own mirror as I dressed the next morning."

"A man of honor" is not easy to define. Words help us, but they clude us; and yet we insist that we have the idea. We say, "He is a type of manly virtue." "He is of strict integrity." Such a person is "of high moral worth." These titles are useful; to repeat any one of them often during a business day is a sort of strange tonic. Try it, my young reader. As you leave your door step in the morning to morrow, take any one of the above definit tons on your mind's tongue, repeating it often to wourself. These is a character.

leave your door step in the morning to morrow, take any one of the above definitions on your mind's tongue, repeating it often to yourself. There is a charm, a practical spell for good, I mean, cast over the mind by such words as probliy, good faith, principle, a man of his word, a sterling fellow, the soul of rectitude. Something is gained by familiarizing one's self with the very terminology of honor. One can hardly find a sharper rebuke than some of these descriptions made a predi-One can hardly find a sharper rebuke than some of these descriptions made a predicate to his own rame. Am I a high-minded man? Am I chivalrous—spirited to resent a mean, craven, selfish or lecherout suggestion? Am I unbribed, always, thus far, unbought and incorruptible? In fact we never get on very far in the study of any idealism without the use of these old signboards by which mankind have found their way in the time past. A young person is to be congratulated who knows the names of things. A time-server, a fortune-bunter, a mercenary server, a fortune-bunter, a mercenary sneak, a back-biter, a blackguard, a slip-pery Dick, a parasite, an ingrate, a snivel-ler a fawner for favors; these are like warning notices posted on a country high

way, "Dangerous."

A world of trash goes under the name honor. Men boast themselves of honor in the face of the lie direct, yet who are foul with lust. Men tip the hat like grandees on Beacon street, in the after-noon sunlight, who, down in midnight Washington street, cry to her coarsely as she passes, "Hullo!" Poor Alexander Hamilton thought to defend his honor by participating in murder; yet the same illustrious mind might have freely and unblushingly confessed gallantries, with-out dishonor according to the code. A sensitive honor in trade is far from sensure nonor in trade is far from enough. Money is no more sacred surely than womanhood. Political reputation is no more a precious thing than a young working girl's purity, or that of her who is dependent on the senator for her place in the department to seem her widowed. to earn her own and her widowed mother's bread. Sophomore honor in football, is a fine sentiment; but so is truth in the monthly account drawn on

father, or regard for a mother's wishes in health or morals. Many alawn tennis player would perish before he would cheat; yet the photographs of actreases displayed on the mantle up in that college room, lacking in decency, suggest a mind stenchful with the foulest personnel dishoner. personal dishonor.

This delicate sensibility has to be culticeive it, encouraged by the priest's kind manner, he whispered that his two children were left friendless on the edge of the baseness of secret heart. Honor is tously prepared to burn the critical Mr.

good taste extended to matters ethical, to which questions of dress and the fashion in behavior are but the street gate and outside door. Honor is the ele pened; what one did or said that humili-ated him; what unspeakable self-wrath and anguish one suffered. Then resolve

hereafter that honor leads in just the op posite direction. posite direction.

The child's honor should be a parent's earliest care. Whatever religious training you may inculcate, there can be no steadfast character without a sensitive and yet rigorous sense of personal honor. It is high, good breeding. The neglect of this appeal is sure to leave your child vulgar, though you fairly plate him with wealth. The ready response to the rights of others; the beauty of self-denial; the quick, keen appreciation of dis-grace as a personal defacement; the boy's power to blush, than which at eighteen nothing under God's sun is more beautiful; and, above all, the vivid, lofty, yet humble consciousness that an Unseen Eye is ever on him, to approve the good and despise the base in his childish soul, been ordaned; he had not had time to be something akin to become engaged in patriotic strife, he was whipped to death.

Titzgerald boasted that he would sweep the d—d Popish priests from the land. He died the death of the accuraced, miserable, blaspheming, and alone.

His son was a magistrate of his county; he emulated, as far as the times permitted, his father's harred of priests; he emulated, as far as the times permitted, his father's harred of priests; he openly, on one occasion, expressed his register that he could not, as his sire did, lay the lash on the back of the priests of P-pery. This was in a court house in Minard's Liniment relieves Neura'gia.

There ought to be something akin to be one of honor. Keep it high up out o' the dust. Be mighty sensitive about it. Be quick as seat about your honor when it's involved. It'll pull you through this world anyhow. That's the best I can say for your new year. Goodbless you!"

His son was a magistrate of his county; he emulated, as far as the times permitted, his father's harred of priests; he can be if you do not agree with me?

FAREMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neura'gia.

Liniment relieves Neura'gia.

Land desples the base in his childish soul, or hand or foot—these are the marks and trackings of the finest educational work through this world anyhow. That's the best I can say for your new year. Good-bye. Good bless you!"

If among the hills of Vermont that honest, ancient your and sever done on earth. If now a young man or maiden can but preserve that sensibility of a pure childhood's home amid the shock of the market and the best of the market and the best of the market and the best of the world's broader ways, if, amid the bribes of the market and the times of young market and the best of the world's broader ways, if, amid the bribes of the market and the bound of the world's product ways. His amon

guide himself when their voices are hushed forever, and, above all, if by a loving fear to offend man's best of all friends, his God, he can "carry his high honor," old farmer of the hills, will he not do well? Yes, rich or poor, well.—Emory J. Hyncs.

IRELAND AS A TOURIST RESORT.

London Universe. There was a charming article in the There was a charming article in the Daily News lately drawing attention to the inviting qualities of Ireland as a holiday resort. The man who wrote it knew the country and used a sympathetic pen, daintily tipped with the flame of poetry. He was as graciously pictureeque, fresh and enthusiastic as William Black or Andrew Laing treating of a Scottish theme. Ireland has not had her Sir Walter, it is true, but she does not lack word-painters to depict the soft beauties of her skies and fields, and the latest is not among the least. In the name of our

word-painters to depict the soft beauties of her skies and fields, and the latest is not among the least. In the name of our kindred we thank him.

But he alluded to the western and southern coast districts of the island, particularly the beaten show regions, ignoring those parts where the most interesting objects — the people — can be studied in their proper unsophisticated aspect. Hotel touts, guides, cardrivers, sellers of nick-nacks, and that class generally, are not the people; their civility, too, often has its market value, and their appreciation of anybody's merit is based precisely on the amount of money they get from him. We remember once having had a gossip with an old fellow who bad charge of the salt water baths at Seapoint, near Dublin. He spoke glibly of his patrons. "Sir Edward Blakeney, troth, he was a grand man entirely"—he always gave him silver. The same of Lord This and Judge That, and then we causally asked him did he ever see Richard Pigott? "Yis," he answered: "he kam here regularly, and 'twas he was the heart's blood of a fine gintleman, and always tipped me a shilling!" We turned away with a sickish feeling.

There is too large an element of this mean raffishness among the population, and if Ireland were fifty times as fair, and they were in the excess, she would not be worth singing about or making a sacrifice

and if Ireland were fifty times as fair, and they were in the excess, she would not be worth singing about or making a sacrifice for. But we look upon these sordid wretches as but the residuum, the lingering sediment of turbid irruptions. They are to be found in the vicinity of Dublin, which is still largely a city of the Pale, a city too much cursed with pitiful affectations and the apings of a small gentility, and in Killarney and a few other spots where nature is counterposed with valetiam; but go to Cork, merry intellectual Cork, or to the rich virgin cone of the Munster counties, if you wish to meet the Irishman unadulterated. Assuredly in Dublin and the other localities mentioned Dublin and the other localities ment Dublin and the other localities mentioned where he is good, he is very good; but for the free, sprightly, devout, fun-loving, hearty Milesian, give us Munster. It is long before they would call a creature fine or a gentleman there merely because he crossed their palms with coin. Capin-handism is dying out except to honest brains; "his honour" is disappearing for ever — blown away

to honest brains; "ils honour" is disappearing for ever—blown away before the free breath of Atlantic breezes; he who is most welcome is not the titled or salaried spawn of foreign adventurers, unconverted vertebias in the tail of Strongbow, Cromwall or Dutch William; but he of homewall or Dutch William; but he of homewall or Dutch William; but he of home well, or Dutch William; but he of home-blood who has striven or suffered for the home land. We wish we could induce tourists to go over there, not for the sake of the gold they would spend, but for the advantages to themselves and to their health, physical and mental. It would be equivalent to an educa-tion on the Irish question; they would learn that the native is neither ' Pat" nor a gorilla; that he is shrewd and intelligent, and can be industrious where a reward is to be reaped; that the local lealers are not village loafers but men with minds above the British vestry or church warden standard; that Ireland is silluent in tracts of ripe lovelices and fertility; that a brick is not heaved at the stranger's head there Ralfour in efficy: We should hear less contempt for Irishmen among political enemies, and less almost as insulting patronage of Irishmen among political

So much for Englishmen who take a run across with minds open to the correction of prejudices. As for Irishmen, a week on their native soil, amidst congenial surroundings, would be most invigorating of tonics, Brighton and the Derbyshire Peak combined, better than all the patent medi-

She Was Saved

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From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure — Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea-kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was

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For sleepless nights depending on worry, vexation, indigestion, etc.. Burdock Blood
Bitters is a remarkable efficient cure, "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for sleepless nights and now sleep well all suffering the sleepless of the slee sleepless nights and now sleep well all night. I recommend it to all suffering irom imperfect rest. Geo. H. Shiel, Stony Creek, Ont.

Orin Catlin, 49 Pearl Street Buffalo, N. Y, says: I tried various remedies for the piles, but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications.

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FOR EARLY MASSES, BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

eached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City. New York Catholic Review.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. "He had done all things well." (Gospel of the day, St. Mark vii., 31-37.)

This was the verdict of those who knew our Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh, of those who heard His words and witnessed His deeds. And this too has been the verdict of the civilized world for eighteen hundred years. For that Jesus Christ "hath done all things well" is admitted even by those who refuse to accept His doctrines or submit to His law. And, Jesus Christ is the only being that ever lived on this earth in whose character men have not been able to discover some flaw, in whose actions they have not been able to find fault.

And this fact is in itself a sufficient proof of the Caristian religion. For it is universally recognized that error, in a greater or less degree, is an essential characteristic of everything human, that there is nothing mortal that is not by the very necessity of things more or less imperfect, so that we are accustomed to associate imperfection; in some shape or other with every man and with every work of man. We certainly know of nothing human that it is absolutely perfect, and we have yet to hear of any mere man in the whole history of the race of whom it can be said with absolute truth—"He hath done all things well." The noblest in intellect we read of were astray on a thousand points, the religious terms of the rest of a thousand points, the religious contents of the rest of the said with absolute truth—"He hath done all things well." The noblest in intellect we read of were astray on a thousand points, the religious contents are the religious contents. And this fact is in itself a sufficient things well." The noblest in intellect we read of were astray on a thousand points, the noblest hearts had a thousand failings—men of the most exalted natures have always had their little weaknesses, and men of the bighest sanctity their little imperfections. There is only one character that stands out on the vast and shifting scene of human life that is faultless and concerning whom it can ha said with

concerning whom it can be said with absolute truth, "He hath done all things well "-Jesus Christ! And as it is simply impossible for human nature ever to transcend itself or escape the consequences of its innate imperfection, that unique and solitary being, the sum of all perfection must be more than human and solitary and solitary being. more than human and hence divine—
Jesus Christ is God the Son of God
equal to the Father no less in the pages
of human bistory than in the Gospel of

No man or work of man, has ever stood the supreme test of perfection, but Jesus of Nazareth has stood this test. His own immediate disciples and followers who were with him day by day, and the multitudes that constantly gathered round Him, could detect no weaknesses in Him; His very enemies who dogged His steps and tried to en-spare Him in His speech and action, could find in Him no shadow of contraaiction. Perfect candor, perfect con sistency, divine strength and harmony, marked every phase of His life and conduct. The civilized and advanced races of markind have for eighteen centuries made Jesus Christ the subject of their made Jesus Christ the subject of their profoundest thoughts and investigations, and they have found nothing but perfection in Him. Infidelity itself pays homsge to His perfection, for, while it retuses to submit to His yoke, it acknowledges with Pontius Pilate that it can find nothing to condemn in Him, and even the lips of unbelievers heeitate not to proclaim Him the perfect age. the to proclaim Him the perfect sage, the perfect moralist, who "hath done all things well."

In view of all this, what guilty pride, what blind perversity can lead men to reject Christ and His teachings? Does the world present any other such model and guide? Can human life have any higher aim than the imitation of Jesus of Nazar. eth? On the basis of pure reason alone, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the only being worthy of our rational confidence, and adoration and love.
Who can inspire perfect confidence but

He whose character was perfect as His counsels? Who but He can command our adoration who was adorable in His every adoration who was adorable in His every thought and word and act? And who can excite a divine love in the heart of soul, unselfish, absolute, perfect love?

ADARK ABBEY.

STORY OF THE ANCIENT CHAPEL AND ITS MARTYRED MONK.

From the English Illustrated Magazine. Passing first under a ruined archway whose keystone bears the saltire of the Kildares, blezoned with orange and silver the diltchen, and then through a low and narrow ing di doorway with a slab of gray limestone for porch, we leave the warmth and sunshine for shadow and chill air, and find ourselves suddenly transported from the nine-teenth to the fifteenth century. Above our heads a tall, gray tower lifts itself into the sunshine which steeps its rugged brows in gold and brightens, too, the glossy plumege of the jackdaws who sit chat-tering at each angle: in front of patering at each angle; in front of us st the blue sky is seen through the stone given the blue sky is seen through the stone mullins of a noble, shafted window; at our feet the damp, dark grass, starred by no daisies (for no sunshine ever comes to drink its dew-drops), is checkered by old monumental slabs worn level with the those ground, and on each side of us rugged wills, partly covered at the base by rude plaster, but displaying at the top nothing but scarred stones, warmed and enlivened dividu by every variety of moss and lichen. We are in the nave of the church; let the reader pause to look at the perfectly preserved sedilia, at the recessed tombs with their carved and crocketed finials, and that si then pass into the transept under one of the two pointed arches which, springing from an octagonal pillar, divides it from was to the nave. Facing us is one of the recesses above mentioned, and we notice at once that the wall within it is stained and sequent spotted with dull red. The imagination immediately conceives a scene of violence and bloodshed, and is in this case not

Wrong.
When the Cromwellian soldiers came Eucha

down upon the abbey
THE PRIEST WAS SAYING MASS.
On each side of the altar stood the little
Often acolytes swinging their censers; in the body of the church knelt the faithful. Suddenly the low murmur of the Latin prayers and the wall of the "Miserere" were broken by the clatter of hoofs, by Scripts

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