

Admonition.

Well mayst thou halt, and gaze with brighten- ing eye! The lovely Cottage in the garden nook Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook Its own small pasture, almost fit to own sky! But covet not the Abode; forbear to sigh, As many do, repining while they look; Intruders, who would tear from Nature's look This precious leaf, with harsh impudency, Think what the Home must be if it were thine, Even thine, though few they want!—Roof, window, door, The very flowers are sacred to the Poor, The roses to the porch which they entwine; Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day On which it should be touched would melt away.

A COMPACT OF CRIME.

A Terrible Memory of One Who Was Saved by God's Mercy.

When I was a lad I joined as an ensign the— Regiment of Infantry. My father was not a rich man, but was yet able to give me an allowance which should have been ample for my needs. I had a happy home; my mother was one of the best of women, though it may be she had a little over-indulgent with me. I was a boy of a somewhat impetuous temperament, excitable and headstrong; I had never learned the value of self-control and was too much given to self-indulgence. Gifted with a strong imagination, there was a romantic vein in my nature which led me to find the keen est enjoyment in adventure.

The youngsters of the regiment were rather a loose lot and had the unenviable reputation of being a decidedly "fast" set; but even among these I soon acquired a "bad eminece," and, with one exception, I was looked upon as the worst of the lot.

This exception, Claude Helmsdorf, was my most intimate friend. He was a German by blood. There was that in Claude's disposition which endeared him to me above all my companions. His tastes were the same as mine, and he had the same half sentimental, half grotesque sort of philosophy which made me something of an enigma to my other more matter-of-fact comrades.

We were neither of us happy without excitement. The dull monotony of garrison life at Gibraltar, where the regiment was quartered, gave us scant openings, but what we could do we did. Drinking, gambling and other kindred vices, so far as means were available, I confess with shame, we indulged in without stint.

We got into numerous scrapes, some of them very serious ones. On these occasions each had found the other true as steel, and our mutual affection grew daily stronger and stronger. After two years of this life money troubles began to harass us.

No troubles wear down a man's courage and patience like money troubles, and on my excitable and emotional nature the long strain began to tell. I grew morose and gloomy, and had fits of terrible mental depression, which did not escape the notice of those about me. I knew it was whispered that Helmsdorf and I were getting into serious difficulties, and this knowledge was gail and worrow to me.

At last I wrote, in desperation, to my father. I sent him a penitent letter, stating that I was in great straits for money, finally imploring help, hinting that my reputation and the retention of my commission depended on a favorable answer. Once before, in a less serious crisis of my affairs, I had made an appeal which was successful, but my father, while granting my request, had written in terms which made me far from hopeful when writing the second time.

My forebodings proved true; one dull, dark afternoon Helmsdorf found me in my room in the casemate barracks reading my father's letter, which he read aloud:

"MY DEAR EDWARD—The last thing you wrote to say was in difficulties I imagined, but at considerable inconvenience, to send you the sum you asked for. At the same time I warned you that you must not expect me to help you again. I am a poor man as you well know, and such money as I have I need for myself, your mother and sister. You cannot expect that I am going to cause them discomfort in order to supply you with luxuries.

"You exceeded your allowance very considerably a year ago and wrote to me for assistance, which I gave. You now write to me for a far larger sum.

"I regret that I must refuse your request. Were I richer, I do not know that I should be wise to grant it, as it is, I cannot. You have bitterly disappointed."

"Pshaw!" cried Helmsdorf, throwing the letter on the floor; "never mind the sermonizing part. The main thing is, he refuses to help. Now, what are you going to do?"

"I did not answer. My mind was full of the blackest despair.

"You gave a check for your mess bill to Holmes, didn't you?" asked Helmsdorf, slowly.

"I nodded.

"And another to the quartermaster, who cashed it; didn't you?"

"I did not answer.

"And one or two besides to other fellows, I think. Have they been honored, do you suppose?"

is, if there is a charge!" he added, in the same slow tones.

"I don't know what you mean Claude." I said at length.

"My dear boy, you know I have been acting paymaster for Dolby while he was on leave?"

"Yes."

"Well, Dolby's leave is up, and he is due back by the mail expected to-day; the mail which brings your checks back, in fact."

"Yes," I said again.

"He will look in the treasury chest for £150 which ought to be there."

I looked fixedly at Helmsdorf.

"Well, he won't find them!"

There was a long silence.

At first a horror of what he had done made me feel sick, but with a rush the reflection came upon me with awful force that I was no less a thief than he!

"What are you going to do?" asked Helmsdorf, at length.

He seized my hand with a grasp of iron and wrung it.

"We've been through all sorts of things together, old fellow; we won't part now. We don't leave much. There are too many blanks in the lottery of this world to make it worth living in. Life is Dead Sea apple at best. Shall we stay to face the shame, the disgrace, the pity, the—Hark!"

The boom of a gun came sullenly over the quiet harbor.

The mail was in.

He went to the window, which looked out into a large courtyard.

"See! There is old Pensioner Williams lighting the lamps. He's a very methodical old chap, and will be ten minutes, at least lighting them round the court."

I know his habits perfectly; he will light all round the court first, and last of all he will light the two lamps on the post in the centre of the yard. Now, Ned, old fellow, listen to me. I shall go to my room and get my pistol ready. I shall write a few lines to say it's nobody's fault but my own, and to tell Dolby I am sorry I let him in. By that time the lamps will be nearly all lighted. I shall watch old Williams, and when he lights the right hand lamp of those two in the centre I shall go. When he lights the left hand lamp you will come too. We might have a bet, he added, with ghastly merriment; "which lamp he will light first."

There was a pause.

"Is that agreed?" asked Helmsdorf. Oh, the black despair in my heart!

"Yes," I answered calmly, and we shook hands once more.

We felt we should not meet on earth again.

He seized me by the shoulders and looked straight into my eyes. I have never forgotten his look, and never shall. It comes back to my recollection over the mists of years with the reality of life.

"Good-bye, Ned," he said at length, "till then!"

I lit a candle and tore open the first. It was from my agent:

"SIR—We beg to acquaint you that a draft for £100 has been placed this day to your credit. We have honored the draft payable to your order. Helmsdorf, Bramham, Messrs. Saccane and Company and Messrs. De Laros, leaving your account with the balance of £125 in your favor. We remain, Sir, Your obedient servants, HAMBROED AND COMPANY."

I opened the other letter. It was from my mother.

"Why, dearest Ned, did you not write and tell me of your troubles. You know, my darling how dearly I love you, and that I would gladly starve myself rather than that you should want."

"I wish, dear, that you had written to me as well as to your father. Of course young men will be young men, and do foolish things, though I know you are too good to do anything really wrong. Your father is a little stern, but he loves you for I have been writing him a letter every day for I have been thinking how I should like to see you and how I should like to see you."

"I soon saw that something was wrong about you, though he did not want to tell me anything about it. But it is no use trying to conceal anything from your mother, and I soon got at it, though I know you are too good to do anything really wrong. Your father is a little stern, but he loves you for I have been writing him a letter every day for I have been thinking how I should like to see you and how I should like to see you."

"I am not going to scold you, dear; I know that the trouble you have had is severe punishment enough. I feel, somehow, quite sure that you are going to be wiser in the future, and not quite so extravagant. I could not scold you, my darling, for I have been picturing you looking so happy you will be when you hear your mother's letter."

"I wish so much, oh, so much! that you would ask your mother to let you come home on leave for a little while. You have been away so long and I do so want to see you again, and I am sure a change would be so good for you in every way. Do try and get leave."

"I have been thinking of your father, and heeps of kisses from Edie, who is growing so pretty and young ladyish, and from me, oh, my darling, you can never know how dear you are to me!"

"Ever your loving mother, MARY ENGLEBORNE."

"P. S. Old Stinson, the carpenter, was here to-day. He asked after you, and says he wants to see you. I shall go to my room and get my pistol ready. I shall write a few lines to say it's nobody's fault but my own, and to tell Dolby I am sorry I let him in. By that time the lamps will be nearly all lighted. I shall watch old Williams, and when he lights the right hand lamp of those two in the centre I shall go. When he lights the left hand lamp you will come too. We might have a bet, he added, with ghastly merriment; "which lamp he will light first."

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"Good-bye, Ned," he said at length, "till then!"

I heard him walk down the corridor to his room, which was only four or five rooms from me. I heard his door shut and all was quiet. I looked out into the courtyard through my window. It was a dull, murky evening. The sounds of life and movement of the barracks some distance beyond reached me faintly, making the surrounding stillness more marked. The old pensioner was moving his ladder to commence lighting the second side of the court. I felt I must prepare. Never in my life I was calmer. I went to my pistol case and loaded my pistols with scrupulous care. That finished, I took pen and paper and sat down to write to my father.

How often in after years, when the torturing remembrance of that horrible evening comes before me, have I shuddered to think of the black wickedness of my heart at the time. No thought of my kind mother seemed to come over me; only seemed to feel a sort of selfish satisfaction in punishing my father for his refusal to assist me, and a kind of relief at the near prospect of release from my disgrace.

When I laid down the pen I looked out of the window. Old Williams had just finished lighting the last lamp in the court, and was advancing with his ladder to the lamp post in the centre. My heart gave one throb. I took up my pistol and waited. He began with the right hand lamp.

There was a sort of buzzing in my ears as I idly watched. My hour was then postponed a brief space. I saw him arrange the wick, and then, with his taper, light the lamp. Hardly had the flame shone forth when I heard a sound like the slam of a distant door. The singing in my ears grew louder. Old Williams descended the ladder, placed it against the opposite rest, and ascended to light the second lamp, that on the left. I placed the muzzle of my pistol between my teeth. What was the old man fumbling about? Would it never light? I was quite calm and motionless. I recollect that I could think quite distinctly. I determined I would not touch the trigger till the lamp was alight and sat grimly watching.

But it never did light. After handling it for some time the old man lifted the lamp out of its socket. It was evidently out of repair. He took it down with him, shouldered his ladder, and went away, leaving one lamp burning only. Then there came upon me sudden and violent reaction. I laid down the pistol and sat trembling in every limb. I don't know how long I sat in the dark, helpless, half stunned with shuddering thought, which I felt powerless to give shape to. At length I was roused by a knock at the door.

"Mail letters, sir," said the voice of the post-sergeant through the gloom. I rose mechanically and opened the door. There were two letters for me.

and talk about his lamp being lighted! What could he mean? But no one will ever know what the poor fellow meant now," he added, sighing.

After a pause he continued:—"I did my best, but it was useless. The money was wrong beyond a doubt, and we could not get any evidence to show he was not sane except the letter, so far as it went, and they said they could not conscientiously give a verdict other than the one they gave."

"What have they done, then?" I gasped. "What does it mean—their verdict?"

"It explains," said the doctor sadly, "why there was no funeral. Poor Helmsdorf did a felon's deed, and he lies in a felon's grave. They carried him out last night at midnight and buried him beyond the lines—But what a fool I am!" he burst out excitedly, as he saw how terribly I was agitated. "Calm yourself!" and no woman could have soothed me more kindly or patiently.

My story is done. I need not go on to say how, when I reached home, I found the love I so little deserved awaiting me unchanged; nor how, to escape terrible memories, I exchanged to another regiment, and, a changed man in heart and soul, put the past away and strove to live a nobler and worthier life.

It has stirred me, as I have written this, more than I have ever been stirred since that awful day itself, but it may be for my good.

I look up once more at the outward sign of honors and successes in life; I see the miniatures of the little faces of my children's children, and every sign and symptom of a happy and honorable old age, but the pages I have just written, still wet with tears (for I have wept as I have written) remind me of what, but for God's mercy and goodness to me, I might have been.

AN EFFECTIVE PLAN.

To meet the unholy crusade against the Catholic Church in England by the stamp of Chiniquy, Mrs. Shepherd, Edith O'Connor and Bradbury, a society has been formed which is known by the name of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. Members of this order attend meetings patterned after the Music Hall gatherings of this city, ask questions and refute slanders publicly.

The step was undertaken at the suggestion and by the advice of some of the most earnest Catholics in London. Good work has been accomplished already, although there have been scenes of disorder and confusion. When these reckless slanderers realize that they are apt to be called upon to prove their statements they become more conservative.

A Protestant minister, who, like Miner of this city, lends his aid and his services to these bigots, wrote to Cardinal Manning complaining of the interruptions caused by representatives of the "Ransomers." He wanted to know whether His Eminence sanctioned such proceedings, and whether it was the purpose of the Catholic body to disturb Protestant gatherings. The Cardinal's secretary replied as follows:

"The Cardinal desires me to acknowledge your letter received this morning, and in reply to say:

"1. That he never heard of any interference with any Protestant meetings on the part of Father Fletcher or his association.

"2. But as to whether he would have approved or not of such interference he desires me to say that Protestant meetings are of many kinds.

"He strongly disapproves of any interference with any Protestant meetings such as those that are now taking place in Exeter Hall, or such as are held with great fitness and propriety all the year round.

"But there is another kind of Protestant meetings in which scandalous and apostate priests and impostors, describing themselves as ex-puners, falsely accuse the Catholic Church and calumniate Catholic persons, to the injury of the public morals of the country. Such false and malicious conduct would in his judgment justify interference on the part of any Catholic or of any honest Protestant; but whether he would approve or disapprove of interference in such cases would depend upon many conditions. The Cardinal desires me to add that he has answered your question: from any sense of obligation, but because the quality of your letters leads him to believe that his silence might be misused."

To a later communication the secretary replied informing this inquisitive bigot that while His Eminence did not institute the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, he approved of the plan and scope of the organization.

In England a public meeting is a public meeting. Anybody who attends, has a right, and the right is recognized, to discuss the pending question, to refute false and malicious statements and to interrogate the speakers. The guild of "Ransomers," when a meeting is called for the purpose of denouncing Rome and Romanism," appoint a committee of trained debaters who are familiar with Catholic history and Catholic truth to attend and to represent the body of which they are members. When some "escape," with a shady record, undertakes to abuse the Church and its practices, he or she is questioned and usually is obliged to surrender. The committee of evangelizers do not relish this sort of thing. They tried to get Cardinal Manning to interfere in their behalf. But the venerable prelate has, on the contrary, given his sanction to the project. Something of this sort, properly conducted, would be profitable and useful in this country as well as in England. It is worth trying at any rate.—Boston Republic.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

Brother Nethelme's Rescue from Death in Quebec.

Great excitement prevails in Quebec over the miraculous cure of Brother Nethelme of the order of Christian Brothers. The story may be briefly told as follows: Frere Nethelme, who is now forty-seven years of age, joined the order several years ago. He was then in the enjoyment of good health, but in 1881 was taken suddenly ill and for several years remained in what seemed to be a dying condition. He vomited large quantities of blood and had to be installed in the Hotel Dieu Hospital. In 1888 Frere Nethelme was stricken with partial paralysis, the lower portion of his body becoming lifeless, while sores broke out on the upper portion. He was unable to walk or even to move his legs, and had to be carried about like a child. The next year the paralysis became so great that his insensibility became so great that his body without the entire length into his body without pain to himself, while if a finger were pressed into the flesh and taken away again the denture remained there.

The doctors who were attending Frere Nethelme then gave him up, stating that it was impossible for him to live much longer. In his distress Frere Nethelme bethought himself of good Jean Baptiste de la Salle, founder of the order of the Christian Brothers, and when his anniversary came around Frere Nethelme decided to undertake a novena. The novena ended on May 4 last, when Frere Nethelme was carried to the chapel, where he heard Mass and received holy Communion.

AT THIS TIME THE PARALYSIS LEFT HIM.

although when he was carried to the church he was in a fainting condition. As soon as he had partaken of the Eucharist Frere Nethelme, to use his own words, "felt an indescribable and glorious sensation" running through his body, and in an instant he was standing on his feet—a thing he had not done for years. Unassisted he returned to the pew, where he knelt in prayer for forty-five minutes. After rising he was able to climb a long flight of stairs, and since that time has been as strong in body as ever, the paralysis and sores having left him entirely.

This wonderful cure is attributed by the members of the Christian Brothers to the direct intervention of their beloved founder, Jean Baptiste de la Salle, with the Almighty for the cure of Frere Nethelme, wherefore they desire that he should be canonized and made a saint.

The miracle was reported to Archbishop Fabre, who in turn transmitted it to the Pope with the request that their "beloved brother in heaven" should be canonized.

Canonizing a dead brother is esteemed one of the greatest honors that can be conferred upon a Catholic order in Quebec, and the Christian Brothers are, therefore, making every endeavor to prove that the cure of Frere Nethelme was a genuine miracle. Such claims, however, are very strictly inquired into, for, as Vicar-General Marrechal informed a correspondent, "there must not be the slightest possible doubt on such a matter. If any doubt at all exists the Pope will not give his consent to the canonization of the one who is supposed to have brought about the miracle."

The Pope ordered that an inquiry be made, and forwarded a list of questions to be put to the witnesses. Tribunals of such a nature, while always held secretly, the faithful ever being kept in ignorance of what transpires, are at the same time most impressive. If those who claim the miracle succeeded in establishing their claim then the information is scattered broadcast, but if a doubt exists nothing more is said about the matter.

The ecclesiastical tribunal is being held in Archbishop Fabre's private chapel at Montreal. The Catholic clergy in Quebec have no power to render a decision in the matter, as the evidence taken is forwarded to Rome, where the Holy See decides.

Stay Out Doors.

Live out of doors as much as you can. It is the place for a man to be. A distinguished physician was in the habit of saying, "However bad the air may be out of doors, it is always wiser in the house. It is a good for the temper. People who are always shut up in the house are apt to grow fretful and peevish. They are prone to acquire narrow views of things, and to worry over trials not worth considering. It is good for the whole character—for strength, hope, patience and fortitude. It expands and softens one's nature and makes one more charitable."

The Australian Commonwealth.

The Australian Commonwealth will have grand results but the results of using Burdock Blood Bitters for diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood surpass all expectations. Dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, scrofula, etc., are promptly cured by B. B. B.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

Goldwin Smith.

Goldwin Smith is opposed to Sir Charles Tupper in many ways, but doubtless both would agree that no better remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, kidney troubles, skin diseases, etc., exists than Burdock Blood Bitters, the best family medicine known.

A BURN OR CUT will heal quickly and leave less scar if Victoria Carbolic Salve is applied at once.

Miranda's Liniment for Rheumatism.

BROTHERS OF SAHARA.

What the Order Expects to Do—A New French Catholic Movement.

One of the men about to make a peaceful conquest of the great Sahara passed through Chicago last week journeying to France. He was in the city a few hours and lunched at the Palmer. Victor Murger was one of the first to respond to the call of Cardinal Lavergie for volunteers, and he is one of the leading members of the Brothers of the Sahara. A few weeks ago his only brother died in Colorado and M. Murger sailed across the ocean on a sad mission. As soon as he gets back home he will go to Africa. The Brothers of the Sahara will establish agricultural colonies, making water-horizons and turn the desert into bearing soil. They will use their efforts to draw about them the nomad tribes. These missionaries will all be armed, but never fire until fired upon. The Cardinal's first call was answered by nearly two thousand educated Frenchmen.

"Sahara is dead now," remarked M. Murger in telling of his work. "It is inhabited only by wretched tribes who live plundering. The Saharans gather in goodly numbers and raid the Soudan, which is rich. After an atrocious rapine they return with droves of slaves, who are sold in Morocco and eventually scattered over the Turkish Empire. These man hunts are so enormously wicked that the whole world would rise up in arms were the truth only known."

"Do you expect to stop these raids?"

"That is the object of fertilizing the Sahara. When we shall have restored it to the fruitfulness that it enjoyed at one time there will be fewer villains. There is enough water in the Sahara, and life will spring up everywhere as soon as water is brought up to the surface. The wells have been obstructed and the oasis uncultivated. If the nomad tribes could obtain sustenance from the land they would not resort to robbery and murder."

"Will you tell something about the Brothers of the Sahara?"

"They are men who are willing to give their energy, efforts and ambition to a most worthy cause. There is no chance of material gain in the work, and those without the spirit of sacrifice are not in the order. We will harden ourselves to be gotten from the soil, learn the Sahara and Soudan dialects, labor with the uncivilized, and become skilled in the use of firearms. Very few of the brave men who have gone into this land of the dead have ever returned and it is not probable that we will have some fighting to do."

"How will you live?"

"We will wear the tunic of the Tuaregs with veils to keep off the sand, and our food will be hard biscuit and dates. During the warmer months we will work at night and sleep during the day. We will have a sort of socialist home and agree to remain for five years, though no vow is required. We will build a number of small hospitals, where we hope that the natives will come to be healed. When the tribes hear of our 'God's houses,' as the hospitals will be called, they will send the ailing to be treated. This movement is looked upon with great favor in France, for all the European nations are getting footholds in Africa. The English are coming by the Niger, the Italians through Abyssinia, and the Belgians are at the equator. Cardinal Lavergie has the backing of the French anti-slavery society and other powerful organizations."

The Peripatetic Gambler.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, before he became a peripatetic gambler and card sharp, staggered under a very heavy and voluminous accumulation of official titles. His regular designation was Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, K. G., K. T., K. P., C. S. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., P. C. In addition he is personal A. D. C. to Her Majesty the Queen, a field marshal of the forces, colonel-in-chief of the First and Second Life Guards and of the Royal Horse Guards, colonel Tenth Hussars, honorary colonel of the Oxford and Cambridge University corps, of the Middlesex Civil Service Corps of Rifle Volunteers, honorary captain of the Royal Naval Reserve, a field marshal in the German army and colonel of the Blucher Hussars. In civil and social life he is an Elder Brother of Trinity House, grand master of the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England, president of the Society of Arts and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and fellow of the Linnæan Society.

But it is safe to say that in none of these exalted posts of honor and emolument has he won so much distinction and notoriety as came to him from the little incident at Tranby Croft. The long string of initials which serve to indicate his various patents of nobility and social eminence may be increased by the addition of P. G., which will in future mean "peripatetic gambler."—Boston Republic.

For Many Years.

We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for many years in our family and find it an excellent medicine for all forms of summer complaint. John A. Valens, Valens, Ont. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price 35c., sold by all dealers.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.