Aroutus Visit to the

ms, in the Eucharist, is there.

Why seek for words in moments of devotion, When holy silence in itself is prayer? Why strive to stay the tide of sweet emotion?

yonder cress! It marks His earthly dwelling; t our hearts all worldliness expelling, rtby might be, to love, and thank, and

JAN SEVE

No.

Mature upon her sable couch reclining, Wrapped in her starry mantle, caimly alcope; Yet in our midst the light of love is shinng-a Our Lord. His loving visil keeps!

See! in the gloom one little lamp is burning; Its trembling beams speak to our hearts of m! it us enter, filled with tender yearn Adoring with the unseen seraphim.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! Art Theu sad and Within Thine humble altar home tomight? at our hearts might burn for Thee, Thee As burns the faithful Sanctuary light!

What our souls, all earthly things foreak ing.

Might enter through you tabernacle door.
And rest in Thee, dear Sacred Heart! partaking

Of Eucharistic love forevermore!

—M. E. Jordan, in Echoes from the Pines.

THE OUREN OF THE CIRCUS.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY.

the Messenger of the Sacred Hear Everywhere along the dead walls ot a European city, about two years since, might have been read the following announcement, with that of other stars of the Circus Company R—: "Miss Zenobia, First Acro-bat." It is her history, given by herself, that is narrated here:

Twenty-four years ago a little girl was born into the world in an out of the way village of Canada, and, so soon as a name was needed to point her out, called Matilda Prescott. There was no talk of christening her and the world she came into was son rowful and unchristian enough. Her father was sober from drink only on odd days; and her wretched mother had sunk into a state of almost brutal stapidity under long-continued ill-treatment from her husband. When the little girl was able to walk about she was only too glad to be sent on some occupation, out of sight of the misery which was always before her eyes at what was called her home. In the long days of the Canadian ries in the woods, and thus eked out the scanty food of the family, or by their sale obtained a few pence to

supply liquor for the craving appe-tite of her drunken father.

One day there passed along the road, near the thicket where she was at work, the noisy caravan of a circus that had been exhibiting in the at the end of the line of wagons rode a few young women, the chief per-formers of the mountebank company Seeing the open-eyed wonder of the child, they asked for some of her berries, and took her up with them selves while they went on their way Her story was easily drawn from her. It is possible that the heart of some of these wandering people was touched by the brightness of the little girl whose whole appearance told of poverty and wretchedness She was lithe, too, as only those who Give in the open air and woods from childhood are. Soon Matilda discovered that, in her delight at the unaccustomed drive with her new friends, she had already gone far from her own place, and was on a strange road. She wept, but her companions consoled her and asked her to remain always with them. They told her that it was too late to go back; and soothed by their promises and by almost the only kindness she had yet was carried away. Father and mother she never saw again; soon she would not have known them, in she was thrown. So she grew up a performer in the gymnastics of the circus from her childhood. Her name was changed, as is the custom with that kind of people; but we shall know her only by her last professional title-Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat.

Zenobia, as was to be expected, soon excelled in every trick of her art. None could leap so skilfully as she, or perform such daring feats. She had been stolen away from her parents who did not deserve to be entrusted with her care. As she grew up it was not likely that she would feel any great obligation towards those who had taken her with them for their own advantage. She soon ran away from this first company of rude country performers, and joined herself to another band. Her fame spread, and the little ragged child of the Canadian woods became a great morsonage in her own curious world.

far and wide. She performed for some years in the North, and aftersome years in the North, and afterwards through the principal cities of South America. Thence she found her way to Australia, where she remained some length of time, and then visited the European colonies in India and Egypt, Her wandering star led her to French Algiers, and over to Spain. Here, for the first time in her life she entered a church. Up to this she had imagined the great temples in the cities through which she passed to be only theatres of a sort different from those she knew, and closed to such as she. One knew, and closed to such as she. One day she saw the Spanish common people mingle with others of every class and making their way alto-gether into the church. She made bold to join the throng, and found to her surprise that nothing had here to be paid at the door:

It was the holy time of Christmas. Like the others she drew near the Crib of Bethlehem, so commonly re-presented in Catholic Churches at this season, and in a country like Spain, with the most realistic adorn-ments. In her first awkwardness she did like the others, and knelt before the shrine where the Child Jesus was laying on the straw in the Manger. Coming out of the church she asked a little girl, who was near, what child that was before whom the lights were kept burning. The astonished girl could not understand that even gipsies should be ignorant of our Christian mysterios, and answered: "It is the little Jesus."

"Is Jesus alive?" "He is not alive there; that is His

mage."
Hearing this Zenobia went back into the church, and looked long and attentively at the Child placed in the Crib, wondering who 'Jesus' might be, and what it could all mean. The astonishment of the little girl whom she had first addressed made her it was the beginning of a life of calm afraid to ask an explanation of the for her. She was tired of the world

Zenobia went on her way deeply mpressed at what she had seen. It impressed at what she had seen. was all strange to her. There was then something in life which all her wanderings had not taught her. She gathered as much as this from the praying throng, where she saw men and women and children of every class interested and consoled, but most of all the poor and suffer-

About this time, she had two dreams which left a deep remem-brance after them and incited her to go on in this new way, which had so strongly excited her ouriosity. One night she saw before her a Lady of majestic mien, who put before her a great book in which all her actions were written. The poor Zenobia ex-claimed: 'This is God, or the Mother of God, if God has a mother.' An-other time, during the day, she saw a solitary park in which young ladies, with the same noble mien, at work, the noisy caravan of a circus that had been exhibiting in the
beighboring town. In the carriage
not the slightest notion of what conthough she could chatter in half the princinot the slightest notion of what conpal tongues of the universe—he left sons who love God well, and whom baptism to an English speaking God loves well.' For the present the priest, a religious of his city: dream passed away, leaving only a regretful memory, as of a glimpse of other and better things. But they were to be brought again strongly and the structed as the structed was to be instructed as the structed as the struct were to be brought again strongly at a future day, when the adventuress of the circus should at last learn true happiness, as far as it may be had in this world.

Now and then the ideas she had of religious things were again aroused within her. Possibly she found her life of constant excitement already palling on her; and her delicate nature could not refrain from thoughts of what was to be after this life is over. She happened two or three times during her many journeys to be obliged to put up for the night with some Christian family. Here, in the conversation which she willingly turned to such subjects, she heard them speak of the unquenchable fire, which shall be the lot of known, she soon resigned herself and those who misuse the gifts God has given them, and who reject His holy law. In the solitude of her room she lighted a fierce fire in the grate, the variety of new scenes into which and deliberately thrust into it for a moment, first her hand and then her bare foot. When the intense pain made itself felt, she said to herself. "Yet this is nothing to a fire which burns the whole body, and burns forever. And there is something in me which does not die and which would hinder my body from being con-sumed in such a burning!"

She now observed curiously whatever concerned the religious life and actions of the countries through which she passed. She performed successfully in France and Austria. and was at Moscow when the late emperor of all the Russias met his tragic fate. His horrible assassination was carried out by means of the explosives which modern science has taught unchristian men to use. Concerning it she had many curious details to tell, which had come to her knowledge from the adventurous people into whose company her pro-fession constantly threw her. She

With different 'troupes' she travelled now retraced her steps, performing far and wide. She performed for in the different cities of the German Empire, and so came into Italy. She was in the first rank of her strange was in the first rank of her strange career, wandering, adventurous, careless for the morrow. Yet she was not without an ever-present thought of a different mode of life, and of making ready for the life to come. It is touching beyond measure that she should not yet have learned that the Christian religion, and the ministrations of its priests, were for her as well as, even more than, for those who crowd the churches, and still lead more thoughtless lives than she was doing.

been everywhere, 'she said, 'and they alone pray seriously.'

Peace was to be her portion; but at the cost of many sacrifices. Her absence from the customary rehearsels of the company was remarked, and the usual fine increased constantly. But she was not willing to lose the opportunity of instruction so dear to her. At last the time came when her skill was especially put torward to attract the gaping crowd. The placards announced that Miss Zenobia would, on a certain day,

In the meantime, unconsciously waiting for the moment when Providence should at last number her ously with a companion who openly declared herself the rival and enemy of the successful Miss Zenobia. Some time after, when her would-be rival fell sick, she took care of her, and supplied her with all necessary means in her time of need. As they were approaching Venice, she was wretched woman of her profession, once like herself the admiration of all for her sprightliness and skill, but now that her day was gone, left to die of want and misery. us stop here," pleaded the generous Zenobia, shuddering at her own future. "I will go and see her, and make some provision for her."

In a provincial town of Sicily an

offer of honorable marriage was made to her. Her heart responded; grown people around her. Everyone was praying devoutly; it was clear that an American acrobat, uninstructed in the ABC of the Christian did not enter into their she was still to fill her engagement troupe—the comwith all its tinsel and gilt and forced with her present troupe-the company R.—. At Palmero, she was spoken to of Christian instrucpany Rtion and baptism, as a preparation for her marriage. She long since made up her mind; but she waited until she should arrive in one of the great Italian cities, where she was to perform during the win-ter. There she would have a longer time for her needed training in Christian truth and practice. She asked who were charged with the management of Christian churches, and was naturally given the name of the Archbishop of the place. On arriving she sought an interview with him, and told the venerable pre-late her whole story. He was touched, and after examining her on the knowledge she had already gained, entrusted her to the ladies of the Sacred Heart to teach her that which mere observation could not give. As he discovered that Eng-lish was still the only language vent life was: 'These must be per- the care of her final preparation for

entered the first object which struck her eyes was a large statue of the great Patron of those who instruct many into justice—St. Anne, represented as teaching the Blessed Virgin. It was the majestic lady of her dream. Her guide led the way to the garden of the religious, where several of the nuns were walking, as is their wont, silently to and fro. It was indeed the beginning of the realization of all her visions and hopes for this child of the Good Shepherd. She had been lost to him without fault of hers; and by wonderful ways He had sought His own.

The priest, who had been named o examine her on the sufficiency of her knowledge and to give the last preparation for her admission to the Sacraments, could not leave off wondering at the ease with which she grasped Catholic teachings and their bearing. 'I was still more surprised, he says, 'to find in her a certain Christian instinct, a convert's fervor and a delicacy of feeling, hardly to be looked for among persons of her class.' I asked her: 'What is this?' showing her a host. 'Bread.' 'And to-morrow, after the consecration at Mass, what will it be?' 'No longer bread, but Jesus.' 'But you will see only bread.' 'Yes, but Jesus will be behind the bread—no—in the place of the bread.' 'And if I break the host?' 'You will not divide Jesus. Why not?' 'Because if you should divide me, you would not divide my soul.' 'Then there is more than one Jesus in a single host?' 'No, it is the same. Who is in Australia, and

here, and everywhere.' 'What are the effects of the Eu-

charist? 'I do not know, but let me think a little. First, it should keep us from all grievous sin: and then it should kindle in the heart a great fire of love, and bring us much peace.'

She repeatedly said that it was not the great charity of Catholics which attracted her, but their piety. 'I have been everywhere,' she said, 'and they

Zenobia would, on a certain day, perform a feat, which was unique in itself and to be done only by this Queen of the Circus. It was the most dangerous possible to any other, it could not be imagined unless seen. idence should at last number her among the chosen children, she lived up faithfully to the light that was in her. She was able by economy to save each month several hundred dollars from her earnings. Half of this she regularly gave to the poor. When she arrived in a city, she bought whatever was needed for the time, and on her departure, left it for the needy whom she had hunted out. One day she quarrelled seriously with a companion who openly constant practice. As it happened, poor Zenobia had not tried it for the last five months. Day after day she was absent from the repetition, and finally there was but one more. In her anxiety not to miss the least part of her preparation for Baptism, now rapidly approaching, she took a sublime resolution and sacrificed this last chance. She told the religious, who were aghast; but she calmly recommended the affair to their pray ers and herself earnestly prayed to the Blessed Virgin. The day came. Her nerves were tingling with excitement, but she was filled with trust in the Providence which had never yet forsaken her. She commenced badly. As she dashed round the ring, she fell in front of her horse who passed over her in his furious career. The crowd was intensely agitated; but she sprang to her feet, untouched and unharmed, and again mounted. Then the decisive moment came. Her old skill had not left her in her hour of need, or her heavenly protectors were guarding her. uccess was brilliant: but amid the thunders of applause her overwrought nerves gave way, and she shrieked amid the clamor: 'O Blessed Virgin thou hast prayed for

'What would you have said if the people had understood you then?' some one asked. 'I should not have been sorry,' she replied. She had no pride, only gratitude for her success. Meanwhile she had not been unnoticed by her unhappy companions. She openly brought her prayer-book to the representations of the circus, so as to go at once to the convent when her part was finished. Some of the wretched creatures ventured to mock at her. Zenobia answered gently: 'Until now I have lived like the brutes; henceforth I wish to live like a Christian. Would that I might die atter my baptism. And the white veil, I wish to keep pure until my death; I wish to be buried with it.'

At last the great day came, only ous a risk. It was the 16th of January, 1884. The ceremonies began, as the rubric touchingly prescribes, outside the door of the church of the Sacred Heart. Then Zenobia was introduced into the body of the sacred building. A Princess was at her left as her sponsor; and His Grace the Archbishop had asked to admit, in his own person, this waif into the fold of Jesus Christ. He administered to her the four Sacraments-Baptism, Confirmation, Matrimony, and her first Communion. Zenobia was filled with emotion. Her tears ceased not flowing during the entire ceremony, but they were tears of joy. When everything was over she embraced all the good nuns, who had shown such interest in her. Kissing the hand of the Father who had prepared her for this new birth of her soul, she said : 'Father, have you ever made a soul happier than mine?

Yes, the theologians were right to Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat, doing what was in her power, God did not deny His Grace!

Buffalo Union.

Jay Gould—the Mephistopheles of Wall street, and king of trap makers—seems to laugh at the classic aphorism:

Labor omnia vincit. The time may come, however, when his laughter will be changed into groans.

"Buckshot" Forster—the man, who, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, filled prisons with as pure and patriotic Irishmen as ever lived, and would have shot them to death if he dared—is dead. No Irish tears will bedew his memory.

Snug Little Fortunes

may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Main. offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home. The profits of many are immense, and every worker is sure of over \$5 a day; several have made over \$50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once. DO PROTESTANTS PERISH!

WHAT A FOLLOWER OF CALVIN DISCOVERED

WHAT A FOLLOWER OF CALVIN DISCOVERED BY CONSULTING ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

To the Editor of the Independent:

The enclosed letter of the Archbishop of New York is explained by the article that accompanies it. My own note need not occupy your space. It simply asked whether I was at liberty to print, and, if so, whether my report was sufficiently accurate.

so, whether my report was sufficiently securate.

That sort of Guy Fawkes' bitterness, which comes to us from the British Islands always throws the advantage on the side of its victims; and a spirit that shall deny what these gentlemen say, and actually refuse the testimony which these fathers in the Church so frankly give, actually builds up the American Catholic religion; for, if we fill our pulpits with any assertions that are untrue, we weaken ourselves as to all the rest, and allow ourselves to be impugned in other differences.

I send my own paper without alteration, and am, my dear editor, yours very truly,

REV. JOHN MILLER.

In the winter of 1883, I needed to

tion, and am, my dear editor, yours very truly,
REV. JOHN MILLER.
In the winter of 1883, I needed to know the best commentary on the Epistle to the Romans in each of the great Churches of the present day. I had intended to write to some Catholic scholar, but stumbling by accident upon the street in New York behind the Cathedral, I inpublished determined to eathe the in New York behind the Cathedral, I impulsively determined to settle the question in that church at once, and presently was on the steps of the Cardinal's palace, and was handing my card to the janitor to be presented to the Cardinal myself. I was not a little abashed on being asked if I knew what an invalid he was, and on my drawing back and saying I had forgotten, and that my errand was not of importance to give the trouble of an interview, the janitor proposed that my card should go up, and that he should explain to the Cardinal my general errand and how I could communicate as well as by letter.

ommunicate as well as by letter.
In a few momente I was ushered into a In a few moments I was ushered into a handsome study, screened off from draughts at the door, and a man strangely reminding me of Dr. Alexander in simplicity and transparent genuineness and grace, struggled up from his chair, and, with a shaking hand, welcomed me and made light of my feeling of trespass.

I never knew a man so insensible to all that was grand shout him so constant in

I never knew a man so insensible to all that was grand about him, so constant in his ideas of work, so gracious in all his speeches of other workers, whether Catholic or not, and so borne down with regret that the failing condition of his health kept him from pushing on and carrying higher the great accomplishments of his office.

It is a lesson to a man bred in Protest

office.

It is a lesson to a man bred in Protestantism to come suddenly upon the very flower of Roman Catholicism, and find it so gentle in its tints and so sweet in its fragrance in the very splendor of pontifi al state.

Heavenwide as I am from Rome I can

not imagine that any glamor was put upon me of tact or speech; for the very thing that shone out so luminiously in our Presbyterian saint was the unmistak-able light and sweetness of this great Arch-

able light and sweetness of this great Archibishop.

Hurrying to go, and repeating my apologies for the visit, I was followed to the door by a priest, whom I had supposed a secretary, to whom I remembered to have been introduced, and whose name I only heard as the Cardinal called after him. It was Archbishop Corrigan.

It was an interview with him that I wish

o narrate. He insisted that I should pay him a sep-He insisted that I should pay him a separate visit, and, going to his shelves in a study wide and handsome, like that of his superior, he took down the book the Cardinal advised me to buy, added another of kindred make, told me to the cardinal Newman writes in a similar Cardinal advised me to buy, added another sense:

of kindred make, told me not to return sense:

"As regards England, vast multitudes "As regards invincible ignorance.

your Church in respect of any impulse to join it. I admire you definition of faith, and wonder at Luther that he ever madly disturbed it. Shoals of Roman Catholic converts have come to you provoked by ideas of faith that Luther and our modern Reformed have painted among the people. Newman hardly would have left us but for the instinctive notions of a saint that we were wrong in this particular. When you had the whole definition clear and traditional, too, so that it was really apostolic and divine, that fides formata was faith "infused with love." The madness of us Protestants in controverting that, and making faith immoral, the morality a and making tath immoral, the morality a sequence afterward, is a most deplorable mistake, and one that adds to the respect with which one looks on your adherence to what is better. The perfectionism of Rome, pardon me for counting off, and, above all, that form of perfectionism that makes faith not only perfect, but superogatory in the most eminent saints. But makes faith not only perfect, but superogatory in the most eminent saints. But the simple teaching that faith is not saving till it is loving, and that holiness is not its result, but its nature, that I cannot help feeling grateful to Rome that she has preserved, not simply by their bad logic in making faith both the result and cause of regeneration, and their bad choice in making faith the only grace not in the first instance holy, but by their insidiousness in tempting worse than by idols, by ness in tempting worse than by idols, by this idol trust to a mere intellectual believing.

But then, said I, Archbishop, I am infinitely removed from the ritualistic empha-sis of Rome. I am not even a sacramensis of Rome. I am not even a sacramentarian to the extent of Calvin. I believe in the Eucharist no more than in prayer, and in prayer no otherwise than in the Church, and in the Church no more than in any wisely-appointed and definitely-commanded instrument of the world's salvation. I believe if man does anything commanded there is a reward, and that a special one incident to the command, and, with these Zwinglian extremes, I, an old man, consider it to be certain mand, and, with these Zwinglian extremes, I, an old man, consider it to be certain that I will never reconcile myself to the Sovereign Pontiff. Now, for insight into your creed, the point I wish to settle is: What, in the opinion of your Church, will become of me when I come to die?

My report of the reply I mean to mail to the Archbishop before I mail this to any paper. It is time to rectify mistakes, and if this high dignitary mails it back as

a correct account of our interview, the English of it all is that we have been deceived. We have been needlessly virulent against our Roman Catholic neighbors. And we ought to be glad to understand that they are not so idolatrous as to make Church and ordinance override grace, and the holiest of Protestant asints to be on their way to quick undoing.

Lifting up both his hands, the Archbishop exclaimed: It is an amazement to me that Protestants should conceive such a question. There is no Church as quick as ours to teach that, in outward things, what a man is not conscious of as necessary cannot be a ground of death, or even a subject of transgression. It is a shame, after all our explicitness, to doubt that belief. If you—brought up by your venerable father in the thought that your Protestant rule is binding and all your outward things right and by the appointment of the Master—simply hold on to that conviction, we know that you suffer lose, as not having the advantages of what is fuller and more Scriptural; but, if you believe and repent, you will just as certain to be saved as I or any other of a more prescribed confession.

If I were to guess why you ask such questions, it would be this: that we tell our people that they will be lost, and so do you tell yours. I mean that if a man has been bred a Catholic, and knows his duty, and admits the obligation of the Mass and our Sacraments generally, and lives in a condition of neglect, he will perish; and precisely this you declare in respect to the observance of the Sabbath and any duty of the closet thoroughly confessed and yet wilfully forborne and trampled.

I went away with quite a revelation! By our college I met the village priest, and told him where I had been. He fell into the same train, with added accent and force: You area Catholic, his expression was, if you repent and believe. All the excellence of your Church you got from ours; and, as a Paulist Father expressed it afterward, round about the true Church there are cloudy imitations of it, deriving the

the cross, and bringing sons and daughters to a sure salvation.

I mentioned all this to a professor, and he just echoed my thought:—"I did not know it." The question is: "Are we not bound to know it?" "If we are to believe Rome," so we have been talking, "all Protestants will perish." Ought we not to quit talking so? Or else to find out where this interview was decentive. where this interview was deceptive, or where this liberal speech does not contra-vene the idolatrousness of the old idea.

Princeton, N. J.

New York, Jan. 20, 1886.

Rev. John MILLER: DEAR SIR—In
reply to your note of even date, which
has just come to hand, I think I cannot do

has just come to hand, I think I cannot do better than quote one or two short passages from standard Catholic authorities, and ask you to draw your own conclusions. Cardinal Manning says:

"The doctrine that 'out of the Church there is no salvation' is to be interpreted both by dogmatic and by moral theology. As a dogma, theologians teach that many belong to the Church who are out of its visible unity, as a moral truth, that to be out of the Church is no personal sin, except to those who sin in being out of it. That is, they will be lost not because they are geographically out of it. They are incuipably out of it who are and have always

of kindred make, told me not to return them while they were in use, and then settled himself for a talk, the subject of which I chose, and which I have long desired to recount to others.

I said to him: This is the first time is the first time in the subject of which I chose, and which I have long desired to recount to others.

I said to him: This is the first time is the first time in the subject of invincible ignorance. . Now, while they so think they are bound to act accordingly. . . Nor does it suffice, in order to throw them out of this inches in the subject of invincible ignorance. . I said to him: This is the first time that I have thought of a certain question in the presence of one so amply able to answer it.

I am thoroughly convinced against I am thoro

p. 309).

A sittle book called "Catholic Belief" published by Benziger Brothers, in this

sity, says:
"Catholics do not believe that Protes-

"Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are blamelessly ignorant are excluded from heaven, provided they believe in God and His Son, our Redeemer, and repent if they have ever offended Him by sin." (p. 230).

Hence you will see, reverend dear sir, the meaning of my former words. As far as I can remember now, I stated at our interview, first, that the Church promises no judgment regarding individuals, for the reason that God alone sees the heart. Next, that God will not and cannot know. Hence, vast multiand cannot know. Hence, vast multi-tudes may be saved though not in visible union with the Church. all non Catholics who die in baptismal ignorance; all who live in the blameless gnorance already described, and who wash away their sins, if any, by true repentance, and various other classes.

Above all, the Catholic Church is logi-

cal, and, therefore, never could say that non-Catholics must enter her pale to be

Her theologians teach that while the blameless ignorance in question lasts, one cannot, with a safe conscience, hear us or connect himself with us. The inference is clear.
I trust these hurried remarks will

auffice to remove certain inaccuracies of memory that I notice in your letter, and if they serve any useful purpose you may do as you think best with them. Meanwhile, wishing you every blessing during this year, I am, reverend dear sir, very respectfully yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN. She was Saved

She was Saved

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.

safe, harmless.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best-results.

Written for the Catholic Mirror.

THOUGHTS IT SUGGESTS.

BY J. M.

Of all the devotions proposed to faithful, there is none more salutary more conducive to holiness than offered to the Holy Face. A few obvations will serve to make this appart to all reflecting minds.

The sorrows of Christ have ever be a served on the most truitful sub-

egarded as the most truitful sub) of meditation and the most efficac means of salvation. In contempla these sufferings, pious souls learn conceive a hatred for sin which can conceive a hatred for sin which cat them, and to appreciate at least in si-degree, the great work of Redempt They also find motives for exciting t gratitude and love, and arousing t sympathy, since they are reminded whatever virtue they possess or a they inherit, is due to the sanctif-influence and agency of divine g operating upon their minds and he and inspiring and regulating tactions. This grace, they are aw was purchased by the sufferings death of Jesus Christ, and made a able by Him through the channels death of Jesus Christ, and made a able by Him through the channels by the means which He appoint chiefly the Sacraments of His Chu In this spirit the piously disposed accustomed to recall the sorrow Christ, and learn from their constation to bear patiently the trials afflictions of life in imitation of blessed example. The sustaining p thus acquired, and the strength obtainave enabled such souls to do valuatile, resist every temptation, and have enabled such souls to do va battle, resist every temptation, and come every obstacle in the way of spiritual progress or advancemen virtue. Wherefore they sought occasion, and rejoiced in the opp-nity, which tested their fidelity, by pre-their willingness to walk in the foot of Him who endured every form of ering, nay, even death itself, for thus affording the strongest pos proof of His love, for he Himself declar "Greater love than this no man can Greater love than this no man can than that he lay down his life for Having taken upon Himself the

Having taken upon Himself the firmities of our nature for the pur of atoning for our transgressions. Ohas made us sharers in His dignity participants in His merits. He did us what we could not accomplish it own behalf—namely, restored us the lost inheritance by reinstating us it grace and firendship of God. This is us debtors to Him in a degree renders it impossible for us ever tharge our obligation. We can, ever, manifest our gratitude by sha a willingness to do what is in our towards making our lives confort to His; for in this way we render fir His precious merits. It should not this precious merits. It should not thought hard, then, if we are called to share in the sufferings and labo Christ; for it is thus we become it fied with Him in this life, and may ned with Him in this life, and may to partake of His glory in the nex is, therefore, profitable to dwell the sorrows which He endured for and invites us to contemplate in touching words: "All you who pay come and see if there be sorrow

unto My sorrow." Although at different times durin Although at different times durit life Christ thought proper to ma His glory, to the great joy and cot tion of His followers, yet it was of establish more solidly their faith id divinity. He wished also to give a foretaste of the glory that ave them in heaven, and thus sustain in their trials and waverings; for perceived that some were growing hearted in His service. But no does He exhort His disciples to co plate Him in the aspect of His such a purpose, but rathe Having assumed our imperfect nat order that He might expiate our sufferings and humiliations became portion. He was obliged to perfor office which He had voluntarily upon Himself, that of ransoming kind from the slavery of sin. The His life was a continued series of ings, persecutions, and, finally, de the cross. To add to the bittern His sorrow and the intensity of H erings, He was betrayed, denied abandoned by those whom He had to be His special and intimate f and companions. Nay, more, His I Father delivered Him to the fury enemies, and permitted them to be manner of insult and opprobrium

Him, and resort to every species ment which fiendish malignity an cious barbarity could invent. Est hell conspired to cast obloquy Man.God. In the cruel punis inflicted upon Him no regard was the laws of modesty or the cla decency. His sacred person was vin the most shameful manner. in the most snameful manner. I ruthlessly stripped of His garmen exposed to the rude gaze and insthe rabble, whose merciless strip buffets so disfigured His imm body that no sound spot could be in Him. Placing upon His head to of thorns, and in His hand a rece of thorns, and in fils hand a ree saluted Him as a mock king. S Him on the face, they cried out i sion: "Prophecy unto us, O Chr-it is that struck Thee!" Thus Christians are reminded

infamous treatment to which Ch subjected by His enemies, and ferings He endured in order to plish their salvation. Hence the tude should become intensified, a zeal quickened; for it seems im to reflect upon the sorrows of Cur out experiencing such sentimes. resolving to make some return love. Though Christ suffere love. Though Christ suffere acutely in all the members of Hi acutely in all the members of Hi body, yet it was in His Holy F He endured the most cruel ind It was made the special object hatred of His enemies. Instit the demons, they directed their attacks towards the defilement destruction of the countenance who was styled "the most among the children of men;" from His being God, Christ, as I the most perfect being that appeared or ever will appear of To insult a man in his present