

VIA SOLITARIA.

An Unpublished Poem.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city.

Where each seems happy with his own;

Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—

I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices

Though moved by loving sympathies;

On birds, your own piping voices

Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches

Its plumes in many a feathery spray;

In vain the evening's starry matches

And sunlight day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;

Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;

They gaze on other lands than ours.

On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the offer.

The blade is stolen from the sheath;

Life has but one more lesson to offer,

And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,

And, therefore, life and health must crave.

Though she who shows the world its beauty

I see in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living

Who drew their earliest life from thee.

And wait, until with glad thanksgiving

I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station

Wherein apart a traveler stands—

One absent long from home and nation,

In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,

Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,

To hear, approaching in the distance,

The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating

Beyond the shadows of the tomb,

On yonder shore a bride is waiting

Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing

And there—oh! mother and delight—

I see the child and children straying

In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh

Stealing the treasure from my eye,

I'll call thee blessed when thou makest

The parting—

September 18, 1861.

Now that our best and sweetest poet has

left us, reading by his departure

that sanctuary—his immo-
bilized life and feeling—

it may not be unprofitable to publish

what would have been a sacrifice before the

public eye, but simply to give utterance to

heart-aching thoughts which were the death

of his wife, in 1861. It was sent to me by a

friend in Boston some years ago, after my

great affliction, and has, therefore, a

double sacredness to all who have passed through

a similar sorrow. It was written by me

long and patiently, with what brave and

uncomplaining heart he has, therefore, a

double sacredness to all who have passed through

a similar sorrow. It was written by me

LONGS OF US.

When faith tells us that in all

our sufferings we are not alone, but that

we are partakers of His suffering, and so

we shall one day be likewise His joys,

then suffering ceases to be an evil, and so

far from the just man being induced to

forsake the path of justice, for fear of

suffering, he exerts himself with the Apostle,

that the sufferings of this time are not

worthy to be compared with the glory to

come, that shall be revealed in us.

'And not only so; but we glory in tribulations.'

For this reason does the Church

during this holy season of Lent, when she

seeks to kindle in her hearts love of

penance and mortification, to detach you

from the love of pleasures and vanity, and

to inspire you with good resolutions not

to sacrifice your duties to the love of

worldly advantages or earthly satisfactions,

exhort you in a special manner fre-

quently to occupy your minds with the

Passion of Our Lord.

The whole of Lent is a preparation for

Holy Week when we solemnly commemo-

rate His Passion and Death; each Friday

is dedicated to the memory of some one of

the mysteries of His Passion; the Stations

of the Cross are frequently performed; and

at this time, and you are in a special manner

exhorting during Lent to assist daily or at

least frequently at the Holy Sacrifice of

the Mass, which calls back to our minds

the memory of His Passion, and where is

shown forth the Death of the Lord, until

He come. These devout practices, if care-

fully attended to and earnestly performed,

cannot fail to kindle in your souls a tender

and solid devotion to the Passion of our

Lord, and to impress you with the impor-

tance of the lessons which that Passion

teaches. You will learn not only to be

patient under sufferings but seeing how

your Lord has loved sufferings and how

He died for you, you will be more patient

under sufferings, and you will be more

cheerful in submitting to the laws of penance

prescribed by the Church, you will not

shrink from performing your duty through

fear of inconveniences to which you may

be subjected in consequence, you will not

refuse a life of ease, and you will not

lightly resist all pleasures which might in

any way lead you astray from fidelity to

your God.

"TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY."

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.

DEAR SIR:—The account published last

week in your issue of the above subject,

which is rather unfair and not quite cor-

rect, is that the Great North Western

is controlled by American monopolists. As

a matter of fact, over four thousand

shareholders are there by Canadians. How

then can it be controlled by American

monopolists? And you say, "The people

will not be the mercy of a heartless monopoly."

HAPPINESS IN POOR SURROUNDINGS.

Mrs. M. E. Blake in Boston Journal.

How little, after all, either happiness or

contentment have to do with the worldly sur-

roundings which we are so apt to think

of as the source of both. From the

windows of the sunny upper room, where

the children play and prattle, I can look

over some low roofs into the back win-

dows of a little house and at the domestic

arrangements of a family life which inter-

ests me exceedingly. From time to time

now for years, in the day but often at

night, I have seen the cheery, happy

mother, with her brood of young children

cooped up in three small rooms, washing,

sometimes at ten o'clock in the evening,

what seems to be the changes for the fam-

ily next day, up at daybreak to iron and

cook and mend, and so on until midnight

again, but to all appearance as glad and

thankful for her share of the world's

blessings as if she had a cashmere shawl,

two-thirds border, and all the other attri-

butes of a feminine paradise. The oldest

girl, a little maid of twelve, seems to be

following her mother's footsteps, and

takes her share now in the housework

with the same alacrity and gladness as

the mother. I have seen the father, a

sturdy, honest man of the old school,

with a stout heart that would stand up

for itself, and so far have always come

out victorious. The father, who looks up

sometimes in his lap or at his knees and

kindly sort of man that those hard work-

ing, honest heads of households usually

develop into when they are free from the

care of drink. I make my diagnosis of

his two strong points from his usual

mode of commission and omission. The chil-

dren gather in his lap or at his knees and

with their heads and cuddles them; his

wife lifts and tugs, fetches and carries,

and he never lifts a hand to help her.

Only a kind man would do the first—only

a stupid one would do the second. She

meanwhile—good, valiant woman—goes

her humble, happy way, and is troubled by

any vague longings or regrets. I think

sometimes how much wiser her unques-

tioning, thankful spirit, which carries its

heavy burden of care and toil so bravely,

is than our more exacting doctrine of

rights and belongings. If there were less

of cavil and complaint, more of the can-
didly honest cheeriness, and the hearty

and unselfishness of each lot in

life, how much less breaking down we

would hear of. Do you think any poor

woman, with her four little children and

three little rooms, and her unceasing effort

to make both ends meet and cover the

penury of her resources with the scanty

of thrift and industry, do you think she

will ever become a victim of that "nervous

prostration" which appears to be the

malignant genius destined to be the curse

of the woman of the future? She would

Catholic Customs Revived in New

England.

April 7th has been named by the Govern-

ment of two New England States, New

Hampshire and Vermont as the annual

Fast Day in their respective States,

and because that day is good Friday.

This has been done in Connecticut.

Fast Day has been saved from being

altogether given up only by its appoint-

ment on Good Friday, and its observance

has been more universal and of a much

more noble character since the custom

began. Whatever may be the common

action of the governor has provoked

the action of the conservative people of

Vermont, it is certain that he as well as

the Governor of New Hampshire, has chosen

the day which above all others should be

observed as a fast day by all Christian

communities.—N. Y. Churchman, Pro-

testant.

Asthmatic.

or suffers from phthisis, should address,

with stamp, pamphlet, "WORLD'S DISPENS-

ARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION Buffalo N. Y.

Laid on the Shelf.

Mr. Thos. Clayton, Shelburne, Ont.,

writes: "I have been suffering with a lame

back for the past thirty years, and tried

everything I heard of without success.

Not long ago I was persuaded to use St.

Jacobs Oil. I purchased a bottle, and

strapped it on before I had used it all, I

was perfectly cured. I can confidently

recommend it to any one afflicted. No

one can speak too highly of its merits."

Mr. W. E. Weekley, also of Shelburne,

thus mentioned a matter of his experi-

ence: "I have been a sufferer with rheu-

matism for a long time, and I can truly

say that St. Jacobs Oil produced the

quickest relief that I ever experienced.

I cheerfully recommend it to every suf-

ferer."

Never despair of becoming a good

writer when Esterbrook's steel pens are

within the easy reach of all, both in the

case with which they can be procured

from the stationers, and the low

price at which they are sold.

Bleeding of the Lungs.

Bowmanville, Ont., Nov. 8, 1872.

Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston:

Gentlemen—I have been troubled with

bleeding of the lungs for a long time.

About two years ago I took a severe cold

which made my lungs very sore, but after

using one bottle of your Balsam of

Wild Cherry the pain and cough dis-

appeared and have not troubled me since.

I believe the BALSAM is the best medicine

in use and well worth the price asked for

it.

Yours truly, JESSE BUCK.

50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by dealers

generally.

This is unhappily an age of skepticism,

300,000

ELEGANT SCRAP

PICTURES

Purchased at Auction,

SELLING OFF VERY CHEAP.

We will send you by mail, prepaid,

THIRTY ASSORTED PICTURES

FOR 25 CENTS,

ALL NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS, the

highest achievement of art; or 25¢ for one

picture. It is our desire to build up a large

trade on other goods, and we know that these

pictures will give entire satisfaction, as we

trade on other goods, and we know that these

pictures will give entire satisfaction, as we

trade on other goods, and we know that these

pictures will give entire satisfaction, as we

trade on other goods, and we know that these