The Reptile Slander.

www., this is my friend," I said, "of whom I am fund and proud: This is my friend, whose good name, you say, rests under a cloud.

"well," and I stood up straight, and I looked him right in the eye; "whatever you say of my friend, I know that it is a lie!"

Back be shrank, like a whipped cur, green eyes giaring venomous hate;
But I mrghed at his auger and scorned his threats; they had not a feather's weight.

Ob, he who talks of snother, be sure he's the one that's wroug; The wicked are hiways envying the beauti-ful, good, and strong.

Are always reaching out greedy hands and typing to drag them down, who by integrity, truth, and right, have won fair Honor's crown. He who was talked of thus knew not even my name:

my name;
I had never spoken to him, nor touched his hand, but I loved him all the same.

in the Pt @aex Park on that Sabbath day when he was Chief Secretary looking out from his Lodge at the bloody battue upon women and children, old men and beard less youths—a bloody bettue of his own ordering. But the detectives at the Lein ater Hail on Tuesday night: did not they swarm about in groups, their hands in outside coat-pockets, finger on trigger, propping up the walls, skulking in doorways, and thinking that nobody could suspect their profession. The old "G" men were nowhere, if we except an odd one here and there smiling at the "greenhorn" from the "depot," the greenhorns looking very serious and exceedingly cute. Some of us thought we identified more than one Scotland Yard man amongst the crowd But the constabulary detective is the man for Ireland. He is the beau ideal of a self-sufficients buy trotter, a genuine caw-Per I knew of the good deeds he had done, the good words he had said; Knew him a breve, true, noble man, tender-hearted, wise of head. Me need to meet God's great hearts to un-gerstand what they are: That soul could no more fall from its place than could heaven's highest star.

Brave benefactor of mankind! my friend, nay, my brother was he;
And I'd fight for him against all the world, as he fights for humanity.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

self-sufficients by trotter, a genuine cau-bogue, as a Corkman would describe him. But we sheer off from the caubogues to look for the merriment of the night, and what do we hear? A warlibe clatter of

the Giant's Causeway to witness. All the streets leading to the Hall were blocked

LORD LYON'S CONVERSION.

London, Dec. 12th.—The controversy

to whether Lord Lyon's lived as we

I knew Lord Lyons well, and also his

sister, mother, the present Duke of Norfolk, and all the Howard family. Lord Lyons had been a Protestant all bis

his sister's children, Lady Minna Char-

lotte Howard, is a nun; and another, Lady Etheldra Howard, is a Sister of Charity. His sister became a Catholic toward her end and on her death bed,

toward her end and on her death bed, not long ago, had a serious interview with him, urging him to obtain that peace in the Church which she enjoyed. I know this produced great effect upon his mind, and he began to study our faith and attend our church. During the last two months he almost deity attended mass either at

Father Purcell, the priest in charge of

"he's Much Older Than Her Bus-

We heard a young girl make the above

baud,

leavings for some time.

THE "GREAT" UNIONIST MEETING.

In Hawkins'-street I certainly was not in the enemy's comp. When I got there the first sounds I heard were the glorious eld strains of "God save Ireland," joined in with passionate earnestness by almost the entire crowd. Having got as far as the ticket inspector. I was stopped while a dozen of resplendent young men surrounded me. One by one they took my ticket, examined it carefully, held it up between them and the light, emelt it, and tasted it. Then my features were scan ned, and my entire "get up," to see had I any bandage of nationality about me. Some of them shook their heads, but there was my ticket. "it's all right, pass him on." I got on, and was escorted to the "overflow" meeting. They were resolved at all bazards to have an overflow meeting. I understood the doors of the hall were shut long before it was even sparsely filled, and my Unionist friends all round me protested more loudly than discretely. "I say, steward," said a foreigner from the Custom House, "this his too demand bad. Custom House, "this his too demned bad. The hall is not half filled, and denn't can't we must, whether the hall's filled or not, bave an overflow. We've been boasting about it, and if we hadn't it we'd be the laughing-stock of the kingdom." But there was a miserable overflow notwith-standing. The building was scarcely half filled. The most of the audience were promenading, and bad plenty of room. These saviours of the empire also had their smoke. After a time the steward sremon strated, but the weed was too enticing to trated, but the weed was too enticing to lay aside for the sake of appearance or even comfort, or for this glory of the Union. So they smoked away. This is a movel feature, but being the Empire they could do as they liked. The three ladies the platform evidently pardoned the offence and smiled and laughed away exitations.

quite pleasantly.

The character of the meeting—it had no character. Government officials comprised eighty per cent, clerks, grooms, butlers and stable boys were the remainder. lers and stable boys were the Francisch.

I couldn't more truly describe it than to
quote the words of one of the speak-is—
"We represent everything worth having in
this country." Quite true. There was
the cat out of the bag. The meeting
thought so, for they laughed right heartly
be put his foot in itso beautifully. Before the proceedings began I witnessed some exhibitions of brutality the like of which I never before heard or saw. A young man called for three cheers for Gladstone. The response was prompt and surprising. Manly throats, many indeed, rang out their bursahs for the Grand Old man. their hurrans for the Grand Old man.
Instably the spirit of the Union and of
fair play was shown. All jumped to their
feet. They yelled like demons I thought,
locking round, bad I got into Pandemon
inm. The young man was savagely
knocked down, butally kicked about the knocked down, brutally kicked about the head and body while on the ground, then dragged down the floor. Every "uphoider" got a blow of a stick at him as he was dragged along. One inhuman character atruck him a frightful blow on the head, which I thought had killed him outright. A crowd gathered around this man. They thought he had struck the wrong man. were about pulling him down,
a steward rushed up. "It's all
He struck the right man. I saw
This settled it. Smiles took the him." This settled it. Smiles took the place of frowns. There was mutual congratulation and rejoicing at the prowess they had so valiantly exhibited against one. They burst into loud cheers. A man beside me exclaimed, "if a few more would do the same we'd have some fun."

During the chairman's speech he had his During the chairman's speech he had his fun. Three more were ejected in the same savage manner. The chairman appealed for a hearing, but to no purpose. Except during the few minutes they had no one to put out, all was perfect up roar. Again and again the chairman shouted, with his hand crooked on the side of his mouth, in the manner of a corner boy doing the softe voce, but in vain At last he desisted, shook his head, and sat down. As for enthusiesm, except for the down. As for entbusiesm, except for the demonical conduct just adverted to, there

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Rip Van Winkle will sleep for ever if his eyelids were not lifted by the hurricane of boos which made Mr. Power's carriage shiver and shake upon its hinges. It was bad generalship of Commissioner Harrel to lead Rip and the Skeleton through such a cyclone of roars and groans. Three thousand youths massed around the front entrance to the Leinster Hall, gave the Marquis and the fighting politician their first experience of national vigour in Dublin. No wonder Mr. Goschen was sour and the Marquis as heavy as lead when they rose to deliver their common places about the integrity of the Empire. At six o'clock Hawkins' street began to fill. The Dalton Williams boys were there, as full of fun as of fight. They would not personally molest the poor old

WHAT EDWARD BLAKE SAW IN IRELAND.

Rip, nor souse the Egyptian bandsman in the Liffey; but through their throats they would express their opinion of the renegade Lib-rale, and so they did with the energy of strong lungs and sound hearts. I must here note the extraordinary quietness and good humour of the "force." They must have received strict orders to be amiable towards the people. It would not suit the visitors to have broken heads in Dublin on Tuesday night—no more than it would agree with Lord Hartington's policy to have punished Mr. Hynes and the Kingstown Commissioners who first read his lordship a truthful address and then boosed him on his landing at old Dun leary. The Marquis of Hartington must have an ugly recollection of broken heads in the Ptonex Park on that Sabbath day when he was Chief Secretary looking out form he Lorden to the heads in the Ptonex Park on that Sabbath day Boston Pilot.

Hon. S. H. Blake, Q. C., ex Vice Chancellor of Ontario, and a leader in the movement for the promotion of temperance and charity, has received letters from his brother, the Hon. E. Blake, who has recently been travelling in Ireland.

Referring to his brother's visit to Ireland and the remarks he is reported to have publicly made concerning an evic-

Referring to his brother's visit to Ireland and the remarks he is reported to have publicly made concerning an eviction in Limerick, Mr. Blake said: "I was much interested in his statements re specting what he saw in Ireland, because I spent some time in that country during the present year. I was anxious to see for myself what the actual condition of the people was and whether they were able to pay their rents or not. I visited a number of estates and went among the tenantry. I went to their cabins and questioned them as to their position and prospects. Frequently large families would be found living in huts in which we, in this country, would not put our pigs. The prices of produce have declined to such a great extent lately that the entire produce of some holdings would not be sufficient to pay the rent. In many instances I found that the staters of families had to go away to work in the collieries of England, or wherever they could get employment, and the money they earn is sent home to pay the rent, while the wife and children remain at home and try to eke out a living from the soil. These poor people are kept with their noses to the grindstone constantly, and as most of them have got in arrears with their rent, or are merely tenants at will, the fear of swinting is constantly hanging constitution.

eviction is constantly hanging over them, and their spirit and energy are broken.
"Wulle some men go away to England to earn money, others manage to send their children to America to earn money their children to America to earn money to help them, and thus there is enforced separation and breaking up of families, just such a state of affairs as prevailed in the Southern States during slavery times. Indeed it is worse, because the slaves of the South were clothed, fed slaves of the South were clothed, fed and comfortably housed, while the poor Irish tenants suffer from cold, hunger and want of proper shelter. The cow or the pig which formerly brought ten pounds, and was enough to pay the rent of a small holding, now brings but three or four pounds. Butter, which formerly brought a shilling a pound, is now worth only seven pence, and other articles of produce have declined in value proportionately, but still the landlords think they ought to get as high rents as ever. they ought to get as high rents as ever. I was convinced from what I saw that in the majority of cases it is utterly impossible for the tenants to pay the rents

streets leading to the Hall were blocked by a line of police, who allowed no one to pass through without showing a ticket of entree to the meeting. The new Chancellor being one of the Government, his Cabinet colleagues managed the business very nicely. But somehow the front entrance was packed with Nationalists, who never ceased cheering for Win. O'Brien, groaning for Balfour, and singing "God awa Ire-"I travelled chiefly in the South. some evictions at Coolgraney, in we some evictions at Coolgrancy, in Wexford County, and examined some of the estates of the Earl of Kenmare. That is a landlord with a rent roll of \$400,000, yet he seldom visits his tenfor Balfour, and singing "God save Ire-land," "The Wearing of the Green," and other National anthems.—United Ireland. ants and knows or cares very little about their condition. He lives in London, and has recently put up a pile of buildings costing \$350,000. His wife, they told me, had never been seen in the village on his estate but two or three times.

The great difficulty with the landlords is that they do not realize
that their wealth brings with it dutes
and responsibilities. These men shirk CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN THINK HE HAD BEEN CONVERTED BEFORE HE WAS and responsibilities. These men shirk entirely. The only interest the m-jor ity of them seem to take in their tenants is to exact money from them. A land lord with such a large rent role ought to devote a portion of it at least to improving his estate and elevating the condition and character of his tenants. He should show them that he has some sympathy with them in their struggles, and encourage them to look forward with hope in the future.

If saw nothing to instift the charge as to whether Lord Lyon's lived as well as died a Catholic, or was unduly proselyted, having reached the press here, both secular and religious, I sought this morning Father Godwin at Brompton, a Tory friend of the Duke of Norfolk and all the Howard family. He was shown copies of a paper wherein Chaplain Gill of the British Embassy had raised the question After reading these, Father Godwin said:

long life until within the present year, when he became a convert to Catholic ity. But what is the wonder? One of

The Nuptial Mass.

our church. During the last two months he almost daily attended mass, either at Warwick Street or Corpus Christi Church. His nleces, the Ladies Howard, were also his instructors in our tenets. When the subject of being formally received into our Church was broached to him, a few weeks before his stroke of paralysis, he said, with reverent modesty: "I fear I am not good enough for that." But if he had lived in health a few weeks longer that blessed event would have publicly occurred. I was called to Norfolk House at the time the first stroke occurred. When the Catholic Bishop arrived we all left them slone. The Prelate propounded many questions as to his faith and feeling, to which he responded by intelligent looks and affirmative nods. Shortly afterwards I assisted the Bishop in a conditional baptism of Lord Lyons. I am satisfied he was sensible of all that occurred. From the Church Progress. "Another Nuptial Mass! They must be coming into fashion," remarked Miss—, with a peculiar smile. For Miss— had always held in her secret soul that it was rather elegant to marry a Pro testant, and have an evening wedding at the house, standing under a "wedding bell" of calla lilles. It was more distinpolity of calls indee. It was more destin-guished than to go quietly of a morning, at seven or eight o'clock, to a cold church, everybody in soher garments, the bride herself in a traveling suit. But when it came to a Nuptial Mass, with deacon and sub-deacon, the music of the choir, brides-Corpus Christi Church, was also quite certain that his Lordship had Catholic

mpon a very important subject.

Sometimes our Catholics speak of a Nuptial Mass as a pegeant—a show. They forget what graces and blessings are garnered up in the Nuptial Mass, and when we come to a question of display, the evening ceremony, the crowded church, the graded reception, the wedding remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her hus-band, although she is really several years the evening ceremony, the crowded church, the crowded reception, the wedding supper, are surely on the side of display, far more than the solemuity of the Nupital Mass and the wedding breakfast; while, when we look at the social bearings of each, we shall see how much is gained by the beautiful, impressive ceremonial of the Mass. In this time of divorces, when even Catholics are found to take advantage of the civil law we according to the proposed to the contract of the civil law we according to the civil law w tage of the civil law we cannot surround the marrisge ceremony with too many holy and beautiful associations. This is no longer a "missionary country," and there are no excuses for depriving a holy rite of its attractive forms.

HEALING BY FAITH.

A MON CATHOLIC PAPER ON THE MIRA CLES OF LOURDE

We find the following editorial in the Ypsilanti Sentinel (whose editor is not a Catholic): The doctrine that the age of miracles

is past came in with the Reformation. The Catholic Church has never relin-quished the claim that faith could work quished the claim that faith could work mirscles, or that the power conferred upon the Apostles to heal the sick, and so forth, has been taken away from the Church. Consequently, the working of mirscles has been claimed for canonized saints in all ages, and is still. There are also celebrated shrines at which cures are claimed to be effected in connection with present the power of the content are claimed to be effected in connection with prayer, the most celebrated of which at present is the grotto of Lourdes in the French Pyrenees, the cures at which are subjected to the strictest medical scrutiny and are narrated with a particularity that sets disbelief at defiance, so far as belief of the facts set forth is concerned. But here will come in the stumbling block to the Protestants: the Grotto of Lourdes is a shrine of the Blessed Virgin, and the mirzculof the Blessed Virgis, and the miracul ous cures are attributed to her interces ous cures are attributed to her intercession. It must be humbug, they will say. But stop a little. Patients coming to the grotto bring with them the certificates of their physicians in relation to their condition. European governments are stricter than our own in regard to the competency of physicians, and therefore we must dismiss the idea of collusion. When a cure is claimed the patient is submitted to an examining bureau on the spot, to establish the reality of what is claimed. The Church authorities are careful in these particulars, and just as Jeeus said when he cured the leper, say "go show yourself to the priest," that the latter might see it was a real case and cure, so at Lourdes she says, "go show yourself to a physhe says, "go show yourself to a physician." The Church has suffered too much by charges of fraud in this kind of matter to be careless. Instances are related, however, in which it seems as if related, however, in which it seems as if medical examination could give no additional confirmation. For example, a child of three years old, with a foot distorted from birth, is cured, the by standers actually looking on and seeing the limb take on its proper form and position before their eyes. In such a case, seeing, and seeing only, is believing. But every one can't have the chance of seeing such a thing, and those that cannot may have the equally strong evidence of competent and impartial men, as for instance in the case of the cabinet maker of hacour, who after suffering maker of bacour, who after suffering thirty years from incurable varicose thirty years from incurable varicose veins, and ulcers on his limbs, was cured by a single application of the blessed water of Lourdes in a single night! The facts are certified to by the doctors of Lacour, the place of his residence, as well as by a number of the medical faculty of Paris, who were acquainted with them. All agree in the account, but now near externating explain it. Says

with them. All agree in the account, but none attempt to explain it. Says Dr. Bernet, of Paris:

"Macery appeared to us as one doomed to a perpetual infirmity—and all we could do was prescribe palliative remedies as our medical brethren had done before before.

* To-day, August 15, 1871 Macary came a third time. The ulcer is perfectly healed—no appliances compress the limbs, and there exists not the slightest trace of an enlargement * * The most attentive ex-

How Catholic Missionaries Work. From the New Zealand Tablet.

There is a new and promising field of labor being prepared for the Chiniquys and other sons of the Gospel light, who devote themselves to the extinction of Popery. It exists in Korea, where complaint is made by a Protestant missionary that unless the members of his sect d their duty a little more energetically—in supporting the mission, we conclude—
there will be a "Romish instead of a
heathen people to convert." But, as we
all know the ease with which a Romish people are converted, this should form matter for congra ulation in evangelical quarters. The Protestant missionary quarters. The Protestant missionary who delivers his lament in the columns of the Yokohama Daily Herald thus de-scribes the work of the Catbolic missions.

"They have, as you know, a large following in Korea of the natives, and from those that we have seen, they have some noble converts. These men are all trained to work in some way or other for the cause and thus they have a host of workers. For the training of these men they have now in Korea, as far as I can learn, ten, if not more, French priests, all but two of whom are well versed in Korean, and they have just added to their Korean Romanist iterature several tons of tracts, all of which are neat specimens of work, and go far abead of any other Korean printing that has yet been done by foreigners They have already bought a large tract of land on the main street of Seoul, near the centre of the city, on which they expect in a few years to begin the erection of a cathedral. For the purpose of raising up a native ministry, they have from fitteen to twenty Koreans studying for holy orders in their theological seminary at Nagasakl." But what a glory it will be for our evangelical friends when they have won all this over from Rome.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES ALONE SUCCESSFUL.

The New York Sun, speaking of the fate of Father Connaughton and his cempanions on the coast of Africa, says:

Many Roman Catholics in America will recall Father Connaughton, who came to this country about two years ago to collect funds for his mission work on the gold coast of Africa. He is the last of twelve priests of his society who within the past two years have died in the harness on the gold coast or on the pestilential banks of the lower Niger. Mr Flegel last year described an interesting feature of the work these self sacrificing priests were doing.

feature of the work these self sacrificing priests were doing.

It is well known that some of the Niger river tribes offer human sacrifices to their gods. They believe that they can heap upon the poor victim, who is almost in variably a child, all the sins of the people, and that this load of sins is completely washed away in human blood. Great crowds a seemble to witness the sacrifice. crowds assemble to witness the sacrifice.
The multitude fill the air with frenzied imprecations and wave their arms wildly toward the trembling little victim. After all is over the people go home light of heart, believing that their sins have been expiated.

The victims are usually obtained by the form some of the word developed.

purchase from some of the most degraded Niger tribes, who bring their sickly and weaker children to certain markets, and there sell them with the full knowledge that the children are to be murdered. These Catholic missionaries have been doing their utmost to break up this horrid custom. While trying to induce these tribes to give up their sacrifices, they have also kept a close watch on the markets, also kept a close watch on the markets, and have also saved scores of the children from a fearful fate. They have induced many of the parents to take their chi dren back home. When they have failed in this they have bought the wretched merchandise themselves, have nursed the children back to health, taught them how to work and instructed them in the Christian faith. It was in the perform ance of humanitarian labors such as these that Father Connaughton feil.

how to improve their physical condition, while the Protestants confined themselves to teaching biblical doctrines that were almost incomprehensible to the natives Baron von Schwerin, the Congo traveller,

ays:
"The French missionaries are teaching "The French missionaries are teaching the natives how to work. I cannot say as much for the English and American Protestants. Some of these have written worthy little books on the native languages, and others, like Mr Grenfell, have made their mark as travellers; but they are far from making themselves so useful to the natives as Catholics."

A TRAGEDY ON EMMET.

THE PREFACE OF A NEW AND INTEREST ING DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.

Mr Joseph I. C. Clarke of New York is

Mr Joseph I, C. Clarke of New York is about to publish through the house of George P. Putnam's Sons a tragedy founded on the brief but glorious career of Robert Emmet. The publishers bave favored us with advance sheets of the in troduction to the drama. They read as the future.

The same of the powerty and bis misery of tenants is due to intemperance, but the general charge is quite untrue. There may be cases of intemperance, but the general charge is quite untrue. There may be cases of intemperance, but the general charge is quite untrue. There may be cases of intemperance, but the poor tenants as a rule have not got the liquor nor the mans to obtain it. A great deal of liquor is, no doubt, consumed in Ireland, but it is not drunk by poor tenants or those in whose interest land law reform is sought. You will also see it asserted that the savings bank deposits in Ireland are increasing. That was also the case in 1880, the great famine year, but it is not the rack-rented tenants who deposit the money.

The Nantiel*

The nant monograph. The prose form has been chosen in the present work for many reasons. Chief among them is that no maker of verse could rise to loftier heights than Emmet himself in the prose of that marvellous speech in the dock which has become a classic of the language Its great periods and its arrows sentences may not be rashly broken to suit the needs of verse. It sets high the mark for all that can be written about Robert Emmet, his purpose, his love and his down The author is madelabled to D. doom. The author is much indebted to D Thomas Addis Emmet of this city, a grand-nephew of Robert Emmet, for the kind-ness with which he allowed a thorough examination of the rare collection family documents, illustrations and

PRICELESS RELICS which he has gateered, and which he treasures with such loving care. It has thus been made possible to present with this volume absolute reproductions of the this volume absolute reproductions of the originals of all the portraits of the young hero. The fontispiece is an artotype of the Comerford miniature which was sketched on a piece of brown paper during the trial and afterward tinted. This miniature was copied on ivory many years later, and all reproductions of this likeness hitherto made have been from the copy. The authorisch under the the copy. The autograph under the miniature is reproduced from one of Robert Emmet's books which he used at Trinity College, Dublin. Most important, perhaps, of all are the fac simile reproductions of the pencil sketches by George Petrie, the artist and archæologist, made during the trial. Here in the hasty lines the artists has caught the very spirit of the thrilling moment, when, baited by the fierce judge, young Emmet stood, the embodiment of calm scorn and defiance. The drawn brows, the contracted eyelids, the curling lips, the folded arms, bring the awful scene before the eye with startling reality. Many drawings and prints have been made from this original, but

none have preserved its spirit. The profile outline drawn on the same paper shows the young face in repose. The three seals which are reproduced in large form have each a romantic history. Suffice it to say here that the design for the beautiful seal of the United Irishmen was made by Robert Emmet in 1798. It was cut with masterly skill upon a emerald, and is at present in the possession of a member of the family. The seal of Thomas Addis Emmet, cut upon a white cavnelian, with its willow tree bowed by the storm, its harps of the breaking strings and its leg-nd, "Alas, my country," was worn by him on the moraing of the execution. cution.

PIOUS THOUGHTS.

We ought not to attach any more importance to gold or silver than to the commonest stones; for the devil wishes to blind those who desire and prize gold more

blind those who desire and prize gold more than it is worth—St. Francis.

The world's adorers hide their deformities, and cover with hypocritical splendor whatever is criminal and misshapen. Tear off the mask and they are hideous monsters—B. Henry Suso.

God was pleased to ransom us, to suffer ignominy to glorify us, to choose poverty to enrich us, to die in the disgrace and agony of one condemned, to secure for us everlasting life in the happiness of Heaven.—St. Ignatius of Loyola.

Be patient in sifliction, watchful in prayer, busled in work, prudent in words, grave in manner, and grateful for favors received; for as a reward of your

grave in manner, and grateful for favors received; for as a reward of your labors the one God, in three Divine Persons, offers you the kingdom of heaven.—
St Francis de Sales.

I see your childish tears and troubles. Know, then, that all our childishness comes from this: that we forget the maxims of the Saints, who warn us that we must act as if we were daily to begin anew the labor of our advancement; we shall not be so much astonished to find miseries and faults to correct in ourselves. The work we have undertaken is never finished; we must continually begin over

The work we have undertaken is never finished; we must continually begin over again with a heart—St Francis de Sales.

There are three kinds of love, the first two are deceitful, the third alone is true. The first is happired solely by profit; the second solely by pleasure; but the third makes us love our neighbor of his own welfare.—St Thomas Aquinas.

I would prefer a thousand times to be blackened by the calumnies of men, and, being innocent, to be accused of the most enormous, most horrible crimes, than be guilty before God of the slightest fault.—Ven John Tauler.

culty before God of the slightest fault.—

Ven John Tauler.

"I know," says Francis de Sales,

"that little annoyances are more haras
sing than great ones, because of their number and importantly. Domestic annoyance

are more unendurable than those that come
from without; but I also know that the victory gained over the former is more acceptable to God than such as attract the attention of the world, and ore falsely deemed more meritorious;" which means that virtues are to be valued more by the love of God, which inspires them, than by

A LITTLE CANDLE'S BEAM.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning she said:

"Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—the great temptation of a seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he (for he told me the story) "I gave the promise, and went the globe over to Calcutta and Mediterranean, San Francisco and Cape of Good

kept me there till I had slept off the in-toxication; you then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told meed yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the largest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and

How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word in the green hills of Vermont! O, God be thanked for the mighty power of a mother's love.

\$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their dis eases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Ramedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case.
Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

Description.

Pleasing, soothing, healing, relieving, cur-ing, is the description of Nasal Balm, which is receiving a national reputation as a cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc.

What Toronto's well-known Good Samaritan says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and I have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."

CLARA E. PORTER.