

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Freshed in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-Ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. EVERY SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. "Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbly himself shall be exalted." (Gospel of the Sunday.)

These are very familiar words, my brethren; they are brought to our attention nearly every year on this Sunday, and perhaps a good many other times besides. No doubt we think we know nearly all that is in them, or that can be got out of them, by this time.

Perhaps we do; but this may be doubted. Still, I have no doubt that you have all heard them very well explained quite often, and if you have remembered all you heard, and thought about it a good deal yourselves, this little sermon may be quite superfluous to you. Nevertheless you might humble yourselves by listening to it; and if you do, surely you will get some share of the promise which the words contain, whether you learn anything new about them or not.

Let us consider them, then, for these few minutes. Suppose I were to ask you what is meant by the first part of them, "he that exalteth himself shall be humbled," what would you say? Probably you would answer "that is plain enough; it is to be one who brags of what he is or what he can do, and to take the lowest seat, instead of the highest, which he had been trying to occupy, as our Lord puts it in this parable, in another place."

Well this is true, at least in many cases. Still we must confess after all that a man is often taken pretty nearly at his own valuation in this world; if he wants to succeed, he must put himself forward. Some discount may be made on the statement one makes of one's own worth; still, they sell better than those of one who does not advertise at all. No doubt one may lose by boasting too much; but also it is quite plain that one may be too modest, and lose perhaps more than that. "He that humbly himself shall be exalted," perhaps he may sometimes; but generally humbling oneself is hardly a success.

But you will say, "These words of our Lord do not refer to mere worldly matters. It is one who pretends to be better off than he really is, spiritually rather than temporarily, that is meant by 'one that exalteth himself.'" One who is like this Pharisee, trusting in himself as being just or holy, and despising others for their wickedness; not one who boasts of his wealth, strength, or natural ability."

I think that in this you are quite right. Still, hypocrisy, and a good many others who are not just that, but are fairly good sort of people, though not so good as pretty plain people, often get along pretty well through life, and hold up their heads in the church and in the community generally, without getting humbled in any very notable way. And the really good and humble Christians who make no parade of virtue at all, are very often, and indeed generally, not found out; it is only those who know them very well indeed, that find out their humbling; at any rate, not by the world at large.

And then there is another difficulty. The fact is, that these humble and retiring good Christians do not want to be exalted. There are, perhaps, some people who go round saying that they are miserable sinners, hoping that somebody will pity them, and help them; but that is not the kind of people we are talking about. The real saint is really humble, and the really humble man does not want to be praised, flattered, or even thought highly of.

Well, then, what does our Lord's promise amount to? It would seem that the proud do get the humbling which is promised to them; and the humble do not get much praise or exaltation of any kind, and wouldn't want it if they could get it.

In other words, something else which our Saviour meant by this promise, and which is also fulfilled, is that "he that exalteth himself shall be humbled;" he that tries to acquire virtues without humility; he that thinks he has got a good deal of it already, and is pretty well on the way to be a saint; such a one will find his mistake sooner or later; on the day of his death, if not before, the whole structure of false sanctity which he has built up will fall to pieces like a house of cards, and he will be humbled even in his own eyes; and if he gets into heaven at all, his place will be quite a low one in it. The sinner who has really repented, and from the depths of his abasement, shame and misery, has called on God's mercy and received it, will take a higher one.

"He that humbly himself shall be exalted." Shall be exalted, not by being called a saint, but by really becoming one. Shall be exalted, not in the sight of men, but in that of God. Shall be exalted not by the earth, or by those that dwell on it but by being raised from the earth, from its passions and temptations; shall be exalted above sin, and brought near to God Himself. This is the kind of exaltation the saints have wanted, and which they have humbly, first, last, and all the time, in the very life and strength of the soul in its struggle toward the eternal kingdom; it is the foundation, never to be taken away, on which the whole spiritual life is built; and pride is its sure overthrow, even should it come in at the very end. This is the interpretation of these words of our Lord which I would submit for your consideration to-day.

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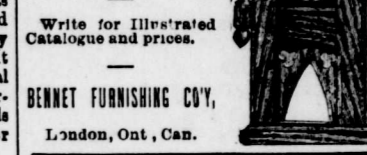
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HEALED BY PRAYER.

A REMARKABLE CASE WHICH EXCITES COMMENT IN OSWEGO.

This account of an apparently miraculous cure is sent out by the associated press from Oswego, N. Y., under date of June 23:

Nellie C. Hennessy of No. 308 West Third street, that city, twenty-one years old, has been unable to walk without the aid of crutches for eight years, because of hip disease. She was treated by many noted physicians, but to no purpose. On Wednesday last Father Hartmann, a Jesuit priest from Buffalo, came here to hold a retreat for the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. John's Church. The young lady sought the priest and asked what could be done to relieve her. He told her to pray, and he prayed with her. For three mornings she went to the church to early Mass, and there the members of the Sodality joined the young lady and her family in prayer for her recovery. Last evening services were held in the church by Father Hartmann, to receive forty young ladies into the Sodality. Miss Hennessy was among the number. She went to the railing with her crutches, and the priest put the Sodality medal about her neck. She instantly felt something give way in her side and back. Trembling and pale she sought her pew, using a crutch. When the services ended she arose to go, but left her crutches behind. Sobbing and weeping for joy, she walked forth from the church, to all appearances perfectly well. The fact created great excitement in the neighborhood. When a reporter called at the house to-day she capered about the yard to show him that she was healed.

Further particulars of the miracle are given by Father Hartmann in an interview with a reporter of the Express of this city:

An Express reporter last evening called on Olanthus College, the Jesuit stronghold in Buffalo, and there had an interesting talk with Father Hartmann. He said: "The dispatch as printed is practically correct. I might make a few corrections, however. I believe the young lady was sick but seven years instead of eight, and then, too, it was not definitely decided by the doctors that she had hip disease. It was thought by some that she had spinal disease, and by others that she was partially paralyzed, but of one thing there is a certainty—she had to use crutches for seven years."

In explaining the matter further, Father Hartmann said: "I do not consider myself an instrument at all in the matter. The young woman came to me and asked what she should do for her affliction, and I, of course, told her to put supreme faith in God, to pray to Him, and that I too would pray for her. I gave her some water blessed with the relics of St. Ignatius, the founder of our order, and told her to drink it. It was through this water that the miracle was worked. You know we do not believe that the relics themselves caused the miracle, but we believe that St. Ignatius, being in heaven, is nearer to God than ourselves, and that he interceded for this little girl. There were two things we owed to Him—one was loving adoration and the other was to make reparation to Him for all the grief we gave Him. No doubt all of us had disappointed Him, like the barren fig tree, and I am afraid many of us have wounded Him, and some have buffeted Him, while some have forsaken Him. This is a terrible thing to do. He is always dwelling in the midst of us on the altar, and how often whole days will pass without some one of us coming to kneel down and adore Him. You leave Him all alone. Now that is not like the fervor of a loving disciple. Therefore I ask you to-day to come and enroll yourselves in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and begin humble begging, and I will ask you to give your help and aid to the schools which belong to this church. There are one hundred and eighty children cared for in them. The number is small because the flock is small, but the school is in quality worthy of great regard, for a better school, and one more faithfully taught, and one which shows more clearly the good work of its teachers and pastors, does not exist. The inspector of the diocese bears testimony to this. I will ask you to give your help either by a donation or, what is better, by an annual subscription. I need not remind you that there is no work dearer to the Sacred Heart than

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

For it is the work of their baptismal fonts, and there are no souls in the world that are so innocent as the souls of children, and none that are more in danger, especially in such a city as this. There are no souls so helpless in themselves, and therefore there are none committed to your charity and care with such an emphatic commission as the children of the flock. Therefore I ask you to love of our Divine Lord to do all you can for the children in this flock, and where ever you may dwell. You cannot offer up a sweeter work to our Divine Lord than to labor for the salvation of children. It was a work which He did Himself when

HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS and blessed them. More than this, He took up a little child in the midst of His disciples and asked them to be like that child in humility and obedience and love. You need no more words from me to urge you to do what you can for them and their eternal salvation. May the blessing of God be with you.

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Suddenly Prostrated. GENTLEMAN.—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation about every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which was my life. Mrs. J. N. VAN NATTER, Mount Brydges, Ont. Minard's Linctament relieves Neuralgia.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

ELOQUENT SERMON BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP. London University, June 14.

At the Church of St. Peter and Edward, Palace street, on Sunday High Mass was sung by Father Kirk, Fathers Silverster and Hore being deacon and sub-deacon. The music (Haydn's 1st Mass) was rendered by the choir of the church, conducted by Father Butler. Amongst those present in anticipation of the visit of the Cardinal Archbishop were Lady Simeon, and the family of the Austrian Ambassador, for whom special places were reserved. His Eminence, who took for his text the words, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me," from the 14th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, said: "You remember that our Lord said to His Disciples, 'Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know,' and they said to Him, 'Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?' and He answered, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'" These words have a very exclusive sound. They mean that there is only one way to life, only one truth, and only one life; and I do not know in what way we can better compare and contrast what is human and what is Divine than with reference to these words. If you come to Holy Communion He will help to change you into His own likeness. And then one other motive for your devotion is that as there is no heart that loves you so much as there is no heart that is wounded more all over than the heart of none so susceptible of being wounded because of its perfection. What a spectacle was the world for which He gave His precious blood! Sin and death reigning in it from east to west! In the sight of our Divine Redeemer there could be nothing more wounding, if it were possible that He could be wounded in heaven, than the warfare of His Church upon earth, and the schemes which have rent millions of souls from the unity of salvation, and the heresies and unbelief of the world. And yet there was something worse than that, for, as the prophet said, He was wounded in the house of those that loved Him, in His Church, and by His Church—that is, by those who outwardly belong to it. There were two things we owed to Him—one was loving adoration and the other was to make reparation to Him for all the grief we gave Him. No doubt all of us had disappointed Him, like the barren fig tree, and I am afraid many of us have wounded Him, and some have buffeted Him, while some have forsaken Him. This is a terrible thing to do. He is always dwelling in the midst of us on the altar, and how often whole days will pass without some one of us coming to kneel down and adore Him. You leave Him all alone. Now that is not like the fervor of a loving disciple. Therefore I ask you to-day to come and enroll yourselves in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and begin humble begging, and I will ask you to give your help and aid to the schools which belong to this church. There are one hundred and eighty children cared for in them. The number is small because the flock is small, but the school is in quality worthy of great regard, for a better school, and one more faithfully taught, and one which shows more clearly the good work of its teachers and pastors, does not exist. The inspector of the diocese bears testimony to this. I will ask you to give your help either by a donation or, what is better, by an annual subscription. I need not remind you that there is no work dearer to the Sacred Heart than

ALL MANNER OF CONTRADICTION, including all manner of truth, when a doubt arises upon any question, throwing it open. The second is that within the circumference of every human community, every human Church, you will find contradictory doctrines continually multiplying; they were subdividing themselves moreover and becoming more and more divided as time went on. How is it with the Church of God, which being Divine, is absolute and exclusive? No terms of reproach can be greater than to be exclusive, and yet the one thing in the world which is most exclusive is truth. Truth will admit of no contradiction, and all the world knows it. When it is a question of science, the exact sciences which are the most absolute go on perpetually, excluding every doubt, every error, every hypothesis which cannot be proved. Where doubt exists there is no science; where science is there is no doubt, and the exact sciences, the mathematical and physical sciences, which are perpetually extending, advancing, and comprehending more and more of the energy of the world, those sciences are exclusive in all their operations. And why? Because truth can never contradict itself. When we come to the question of Christian truth, why is it that the intellect of man should wonder and conceive that Christian truth means perpetually multiplying contradictions and open questions on which man may think as he likes! Now, there are two lines which I have no doubt every one of you will remember to have heard, for they are quoted continually. For points of faith let senses be bigots tight. For points of sense let faith be bigots tight. Well let us paraphrase those lines and say: For charts and compasses let senseless bigots be wrecked who steer the ship aright!

Certainly, but who is it that can steer aright without charts and compasses? If there were no charts and compasses the shores of THE WHOLE WORLD WOULD BE STRAWN WITH WRECKS.

There is only one person who can without charts and compasses steer the ship, and that is He who by His word commanded the winds and the waves, and who guides His own Church. It is perfectly true that the Catholic Church is the most exclusive and the most dogmatic of all authorities on the face of the earth, and that is because it knows that the deviation of a hair's breadth from the truth as it is in Jesus Christ is a wandering from the way of eternal life. Look at the history of the Church in all times. There arose in the most early times of the Church men who said that the Son of God was God; yes, and had a human nature, but not the very nature of the Father, and the charge they made in the creed was that

THEY LEFT OUT AN iota, and what did the Church do? It condemned them all, tyrannically, as the world will say, and for this reason, that that iota changed the whole truth of the revealed faith of God. Then later on there were men who began to philosophize and deny the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the holy sacrament. What did the Church do? It defined the Real Presence in the very words we use to this day. Later again men began to indulge themselves in two ways—in being cold and worldly and in being disputatious and contentious about the humanity of our Divine Lord. What did the Church do? By the inspiration of God it instituted the great devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that is the subject to which I will bring your thoughts to-day, and for this reason, that the month of June in every year is consecrated by the CATHOLIC CHURCH to the devotion of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. A Confraternity of the Sacred Heart was founded in this church as soon as it was opened, and it has its devotions every Tuesday night, and I have no doubt that the majority of those who hear me are not enrolled in that confraternity, and my object is to urge them to enroll themselves without delay. I will explain what that confraternity is. Its object is the adoration and imitation of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. In human parlance, in speaking of a friend, we speak of his heart, because that comprehends his whole character, and especially HIS CHARACTER IN ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL AND LOVABLE ASPECTS, and so it is the object of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master. Everything in Him is Divine—not only His Godhead but His manhood, and therefore we adore Him not only in His Godhead but His manhood. What are the motives for honoring Him in His Sacred Heart? First of all, there is no heart ever loved you with such an intimate love as the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He loves you with the infinite charity of

the love of God, and the charity of God is incarnate in His person, and He loves you with that love from eternity. He loves you not only with the love of God but with a human love the most perfect and elevated above all other human love, HE IS THE CHANGELESS FRIEND, always receiving you when you come to Him in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar; and, more than this, He gives His heart to you. When you go to Holy Communion, what do you receive? You receive, indeed, the substance of His Body and Blood, but you receive with that substance Himself, for His whole person comes to dwell with you. His Sacred Heart is in you, and He commands you to be like Himself, it is an inward conformity which He requires of you, but He does not ask you to imitate Him without giving you the power to do so. The commandment to be like Him is accompanied by His power to be like Him. What is it He requires of us? To be humble, to be pure, to be generous, to be good in every sense of the word. I will go beyond that, for good people may fulfil all duties and yet may be very unlike Him. They may not be fervent, He bids you not only to love your neighbour, but to love your neighbour as yourself. Therefore He bids you to be like Him in a certain temperance of heart.

HE requires of us that we should be unselfish, and that we should bear patiently with the faults of our friends. If you come to Holy Communion He will help to change you into His own likeness. And then one other motive for your devotion is that as there is no heart that loves you so much as there is no heart that is wounded more all over than the heart of none so susceptible of being wounded because of its perfection. What a spectacle was the world for which He gave His precious blood! Sin and death reigning in it from east to west! In the sight of our Divine Redeemer there could be nothing more wounding, if it were possible that He could be wounded in heaven, than the warfare of His Church upon earth, and the schemes which have rent millions of souls from the unity of salvation, and the heresies and unbelief of the world. And yet there was something worse than that, for, as the prophet said, He was wounded in the house of those that loved Him, in His Church, and by His Church—that is, by those who outwardly belong to it. There were two things we owed to Him—one was loving adoration and the other was to make reparation to Him for all the grief we gave Him. No doubt all of us had disappointed Him, like the barren fig tree, and I am afraid many of us have wounded Him, and some have buffeted Him, while some have forsaken Him. This is a terrible thing to do. He is always dwelling in the midst of us on the altar, and how often whole days will pass without some one of us coming to kneel down and adore Him. You leave Him all alone. Now that is not like the fervor of a loving disciple. Therefore I ask you to-day to come and enroll yourselves in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and begin humble begging, and I will ask you to give your help and aid to the schools which belong to this church. There are one hundred and eighty children cared for in them. The number is small because the flock is small, but the school is in quality worthy of great regard, for a better school, and one more faithfully taught, and one which shows more clearly the good work of its teachers and pastors, does not exist. The inspector of the diocese bears testimony to this. I will ask you to give your help either by a donation or, what is better, by an annual subscription. I need not remind you that there is no work dearer to the Sacred Heart than

THE INFORMER'S GRAVE. Sir Thomas Gratian Edmond writes: How small the world is, after all, and how universal is the stamp of Irish association! There is a grave in Port Elizabeth inseparably linked with the recollections of Ireland's recent history, and with an episode as dark and drear and tragic as any of the many tragedies her sad annals recall. By the blue waters of Algoa bay the bones of an Irishman have found their resting place whose deeds have earned for his unhallowed memory infamy and undying, and have entitled him to rank among the innumerable heroes of Irish and English history, and with an episode as dark and drear and tragic as any of the many tragedies her sad annals recall. By the blue waters of Algoa bay the bones of an Irishman have found their resting place whose deeds have earned for his unhallowed memory infamy and undying, and have entitled him to rank among the innumerable heroes of Irish and English history, and with an episode as dark and drear and tragic as any of the many tragedies her sad annals recall. By the blue waters of Algoa bay the bones of an Irishman have found their resting place whose deeds have earned for his unhallowed memory infamy and undying, and have entitled him to rank among the innumerable heroes of Irish and English history, and with an episode as dark and drear and tragic as any of the many tragedies her sad annals recall.

Not the least acceptable of many heartfelt congratulations to Cardinal Manning on his "silver jubilee" were those of the Sisters, Sisters, and the old men, women and young children who are inmates of Nazareth House, Hammesmuth. They presented to him—"the father of the poor"—a beautiful illuminated address. On hearing that the old people were in attendance at the Cardinal's house, the venerable prelate observed: "They must not have the trouble of coming up stairs; I will go down to them. They are old; I am young." The Cardinal gave a book and a picture to a poor armless girl—a inmate of Nazareth House—who had written him a letter with the pen in her mouth, and sent his special blessing to the whole community with all his heart.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

THE GREAT PURITAN STRONGHOLD. Very few persons who have any knowledge of the anti-Catholic character of the original inhabitants of that Puritan stronghold—Salem, Massachusetts,—could be induced to believe that this celebrated town would become a nursery for Catholic priests and female Religious. Yet such is the fact. Among the priest-hood of diocese in the Eastern and Middle States there are twenty-six priests (all with Irish names) who were born in Salem. Thirty-five Catholic young ladies, who also claim Salem as the place of their nativity, have given their services to God in different religious orders. Providence thus changes Protestant strongholds into fruitful gardens for the glory of His Church.

WHAT IS TRUE LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is no life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to the darkness and the light—to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a mere fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to mere mechanism of life. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry waste within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—all these are the true enlightenment of our natural being.—James Martineau.

ARTEMUS WARD'S LAST JOKE.

Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography in the August Century, relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton he was tended by his devoted friend, "Tom" Robertson, the English playwright, who was also a friend of Jefferson. "Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. 'Ward said: 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff,' Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, 'there's a dear fellow. Do, now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you.' 'Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, 'perchance for the last time. 'I would indeed,' said Robertson. 'Then you take it,' said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON MUSIC.

The following interesting and suggestive thoughts upon music are from the pen of Cardinal Newman: "There are seven notes in the scale: make them fourteen. Yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What essence brings so much out of so little! Out of what poor elements does so great a master in create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art like some game of fashion of the day, without reality and without meaning? Yet, it is possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes so rich, yet so simple, so intricate, yet so regulated, so various, yet so majestic; should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stringings of heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it

LET IT DRY.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few to-day. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he. One bit of wisdom which he gave to a young friend is well worth noting. A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology. "My dear boy," Father Graham said, "a word of advice from a man who loves peace: An insult is like mud; it will wash off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be a quarrel."

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

GENTLEMEN.—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalketh, Ont. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What is has done once it will do again. Minard's Linctament cures Burns, etc.

Love Unexpressed.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. The sweetest chords among the human heart strings.

Are dull with rust: The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels, Are clogged with dust. We pipe and pipe in dreary music Upon the self-same strains, While sounds of crime and fear and desolation Come back again in sad refrain. On through the world we go, an army marching, With halting ears, Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music life never hears; Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort, A word of tender praise, A word of love, to cheer the endless journey Of earth's hard, busy days. They love us, and we know it; this suffices For reason's share. Why should they pause to give that love expression With gentle care? Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching, With all the hating pain Of hungry love that longs for the music, And longs and longs in vain. We love them, and we know it; if we falter With fingers numb, Among the myriad strings of love's expression, The notes are dumb. We shake with words unvoiced, In voiceless sorrow, Leaving the words unaid, And, side by side with those we love the dearest, In silence on we tread. Thus on we tread, and thus each in silence Fate fulfils his part: Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music Beyond the distant hills. The only difference of love in heaven From love on earth below Is: Here we love, and know not how to tell it, And there we shall know.

Love Unexpressed.

Not the least acceptable of many heartfelt congratulations to Cardinal Manning on his "silver jubilee" were those of the Sisters, Sisters, and the old men, women and young children who are inmates of Nazareth House, Hammesmuth. They presented to him—"the father of the poor"—a beautiful illuminated address. On hearing that the old people were in attendance at the Cardinal's house, the venerable prelate observed: "They must not have the trouble of coming up stairs; I will go down to them. They are old; I am young." The Cardinal gave a book and a picture to a poor armless girl—a inmate of Nazareth House—who had written him a letter with the pen in her mouth, and sent his special blessing to the whole community with all his heart.

WHAT IS TRUE LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is no life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to the darkness and the light—to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a mere fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to mere mechanism of life. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry waste within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—all these are the true enlightenment of our natural being.—James Martineau.

ARTEMUS WARD'S LAST JOKE.

Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography in the August Century, relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton he was tended by his devoted friend, "Tom" Robertson, the English playwright, who was also a friend of Jefferson. "Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. 'Ward said: 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff,' Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, 'there's a dear fellow. Do, now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you.' 'Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, 'perchance for the last time. 'I would indeed,' said Robertson. 'Then you take it,' said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON MUSIC.

The following interesting and suggestive thoughts upon music are from the pen of Cardinal Newman: "There are seven notes in the scale: make them fourteen. Yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What essence brings so much out of so little! Out of what poor elements does so great a master in create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art like some game of fashion of the day, without reality and without meaning? Yet, it is possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes so rich, yet so simple, so intricate, yet so regulated, so various, yet so majestic; should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stringings of heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it

LET IT DRY.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few to-day. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he. One bit of wisdom which he gave to a young friend is well worth noting. A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology. "My dear boy," Father Graham said, "a word of advice from a man who loves peace: An insult is like mud; it will wash off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be a quarrel."

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

GENTLEMEN.—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalketh, Ont. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What is has done once it will do again