archical promotion is favor. After a certain se who deserve best of me deputies of Paris; ers are recommended ion of the rural bor-

cipal Council of Paris, reemasons, that, even ws were passed, spoke on of the schools and ice, it has gone further needed prerogatives, in ws against religion. it. A secret govern-

nts the greater part of al positions; and that se influence we so long at, is to-day the despotic

N FOR WOMEN.

ukee Citizen ilwaukee Catholics but ather Damen, the note when he was connected urch, preach on matters to their salvation. Red a lecture in New York
is of bad literature on
Ve produce the closing
the subject:
ing now that I wish to

on to, because that to it to allude fosters bad hts; and evil and wicked icked and sinful acts-I ading of novels and roly newspapers such as the say they are very bad or tions; but I do say that omances in these weekly er bad thoughts and disdestroying the piety and , and generating habits idleness, we all know, to young or old. The then, of perusing those ons is that they dry up all ty, devotion and religi eekly, poring over it night lly good for nothing. She ng but dress, no matter comes from. She must ne she reads about. ease, and she must get d romantic. And hence, ow and sighs, for the fate who never had any exist-ne bewildered brain of the ter. She is of no use to Oh, no! If she is asked the washing or in clean-

E DISHES, INDEED ! itzardle did not do that, is not going to spoil her Oh, no! it could not be Oh, no! it could not be ne cannot think of putting delicate fingers in greasy mother—yes, she has to do the house: she must sween nd scrub, but her darling be the girl of the period; o is to sob and sigh over think about the heroes of Then, when she is through lling, as the case may be, to the ball-room, or the moonlight excursions, so ine heroine. In the mean-

she shrugs her shoulders

a heroine, like the one in

FATHER AND MOTHER
nard to support this novellady. Let the father toil
let the mother scrub and
ork night and day the poor Irish parents slave e, the fair daughter, must Such is the sad result of weekly story papers. sons and daughters to grow and religious. The girl who torment to her mother. If y does happen to earn five does she give it to mother? Ob, not not at of the kind. She fashion; she purchases conces, and all the inle extras that go to make filet. There's the result of s weeklies. Again, let me them from your houses. akened the virtues and de ety of more young men and an easily be imagined. But must have something to hen, if they wish for reade there not plenty of good papers which do not contain ash to be found in Harper's r? But some will object her, I like very well to have er in my house, but

AFFORD THE EXPENSE. afford the expense, and you cents for an anti-Catholic never has any good word gion, and you will not pay f the price, for a paper that iolicity. Shame on you! and others of that stamp tholic Church, while Catho-ke part with it. Will you ite to support our enemies ls? If you support antidicals you support the ene-hurch. If, on the contrary, hurch. If, on the contrary, Catholic periodicals, you e who defend the principles against the attacks of Free els, and the whole host of ed against us. Take sides, e on the side of the religion rs, by your preferring Cath-atholic journals.

k like new by using the Dia-and you will be happy. Any nable colors for 10 cts. at the Vells, Richardson & Co., Bur

nown To Science. ration is undiscovered which r. Fowler's Extract of Wild s a cure for Cholera Morbus, d Summer Complaints.

The Year Round. ons, when the system is foul tive powers feeble, or the neys inactive, Burdock Blood equired. Your Star.

That is your star, you say, that shines apart, Farther than all the stars, and oh! more You know a world of light throbs at its heart, As ray on ray beats out into the air.

[For Redpath's Weekly.]

That star you choose of all the stars to-night, As, in a place where tall white illies are, one illy blooms alone, of all most white, So, 'mid those lights unnumbered, glows your star. III.

And I will set my sail that untrod way, O'er that dim sea wherein no tide doth flow.

And spread strong wings until, ere break of day,
tach the garden where those white stars

IV. And all the stars on either side shall stand To light a silent pathway, where, afar, lown that long aisle of glories hand-in-hand, I only see the radiance of your star.

And I shall rest there for a little space Until its tender beams I can endure, Then pluck it from its stem and hide its face Close in my bosom, till it burns me pure,

And I will spread my wings and steer my Bearing your star of stars through all the air.

And find you waiting here as you stand now,
And set that star upon your forehead,
there.

Providence, R. I., June 1, 1884.

### THE HOLY FATHER.

A Little American Girl's Visit to Him

HOW SHE MANAGED TO REACH HIM. A gentle, winning and brave little American ; girl who is travelling in Europe, caring devotedly for her invalid father, a retired army officer, writes to a lady friend in Washington, giving the following bright and ingenuous description of an interview she succeeded in gettion of an interview she succeeded in get-

tion of an interventing with the Pope:

ROME, April 30, 1884. ROME, April 30, 1884.

Do you know what it is to exist in a dream that you fear will change when you awaken to only a memory of something sweet, something very lovely? I am in such a state, my dear friend, and I had no tangible meets of the state. sach a state, my dear friend, and I had no tangible proof of the reality. I would be sure my imagination had played me false, and all too soon find the deception; but from evidence substantial I know that I have knelt at the feet of the Holy Father, have held and kissed his hands, have felt the warm pressure of those dear hands on my head, and heard his voice pronounce blessing on me and invoke special bene-diction on all I love, and how all this came about in these days when even a general audience is rare and a special interview almost unknown I will tell you. You know we were present at the passage of the Papal Court to the consistory of lardinals, and Monsignore told me thought that was all I could expect. So did I, but it did not prevent my asking if there was anything else I could obtain. You know I wanted to see the Pope bless the crucifix myself, so I made up my mind to ask Mr. Astor if it would possible for me to have an audienceimagine! Of course I expected to have a ticket to one of the very few general audiences given after Easter, to which even in the old days it was not easy to gain admission. In the time between my decision and carrying it out I went into a picture gallery to execute a commission for a friend in Nice, and to my delight recognized in the picture dealer Mr. a person I had seen at the consistory in court dress. Surely. I thought, he will know all about the audience, and I asked him. He said there would be, he was certain at least one of the court of the c tain, at least one, and recognizing me as an American, he said he could, if I desired it, get papa and me tickets—the privilege being his, because he very often represented the French minister at the Vatican. We were so delighted, and I waited patiently all the week after Easter hearing nothing from the short of the control of ing nothing from the chevalier. Then we saw him and he said at the end of the following week there would be "some-thing." So I waited impatiently. The week was closing. We were to leave Rome on Monday, for papa wanted a change, you know; he gets tired because he can't run about as I do. Well, Friday morning my card came! Permission to morning my card came! be present at the Pope's Mass at half-past seven Sunday morning, in a private chapel, the Sala Matilda, and a tiny card giving information that after Mass the Holy Father would converse with those who had been present. Now, dear friend, that meant a general audience, as about two hyndred and after about two hundred and fifty were there. So I was not wholly pleased, but you will hear what a perfectly lovely ending I had to my Roman visit. Papa felt unable to You know he can't kneel, and did ot wish to even seem wanting in respect out he very much desired me to s Holy Father. To begin with, I awakened hours too early, and was afraid to go to sleep again for lear of delaying the carriage, and missing the appointment. Finally I was dressed—wore—of course you want to know what I wore—my black silk train and Spanish lace veil, and, at 7, we started, I fasting in hopes to receive Holy Communion from the hands of the Father, as he sometimes administers it, but in this case did not. However, 1 was too happy to feel hungry, so did not in the least suffer. At the Vatican, leaving my maid in the carriage, I presented my card and was led by a guard up the broad stairway across a court, that of St. Damasus, up more magnificent stairs, to an ante-chamber, where the Swiss guard are on duty, and into a fine room fitted with an altar, adorned by sumptuous drapings and with superb tapestries in massive gold frames and a most bewilder ing mass of gorgeous frescoes. The room was full of favored visitors, all carrying objects of devotion to be blessed by the Pope as he passed through, which a chamberlain told me was all that was needed; but I was avaricious and wished more for your crucifix, and you will see I got more by the simple process of not knowing when I had enough. Presently his Holiness came in, two of the Garde Mobile clearing the way for him, and standing on either side of the altar during the Mass, at which several of his house hold served. He said Mass in low voice which several times showed weakness, though I am told he is not ill—his man-

ner full of dignity and his countenance

saintly.
After Mass he blessed us all, and

in passing. There was a Mass of thanks-giving said by a young priest, and then the holy father rose, and with some diffithe holy father rose, and with some diffi-culty made his way from the room to the corridor, where he was seated in a sedan chair, and the audience filed to fore him, each one kneeling and kissing his hand. Assisted by him to rise, they passed on without leave to say a word. I saw him pat the cheek of a little girl just before me, but he did not speak. Of course I was obliged to do as the others did, but I was not satisfied, and when a lady told me she held a card for a special interview. I she held a card for a special interview, I was more than ever anxious, and conclu-ded to ask a pleasant-faced chamberlain what he thought of the little card I had from the Chevalier—did it not mean a special interview, I so wanted it? He smiled and said Monsignor Macchi (the Pope's rejected. smiled and said Monsignor Macchi (the Pope's private secretary) could tell me, and courteously led me to a room and bade me wait. The lady whom I envied was called in. I waited and waited. No sign of Monsignor. So I went and asked, and he took me to another ante-room, and sent a gentleman in waiting who took and sent a gentleman in waiting who took my card to the Monsignor, and he imme-diately sent for me. I went to another ante-room, waited a moment, was called, and went through more magnificent rooms to one more simple when Monsignor Macchi, after speaking to two Passion ist Fathers, came towards me, his pleasant face lighted up and smiling, he asked

me:
"Have you not seen the Pope?"

"Have you not seen the Pope?"
"Oh, yes," I replied.
"And kissed his hand and received his blessing?" he questioned.
"Oh, yes." I said faintly. "And what mere?" he asked, but with such a genial smile that I was encouraged to tell him I wanted your crucifix blessed specially, and I did so want the holy Father to say a word to me! He laughed, but very kindly asked me all about myself; I said I was an American-Catholic from my birth; papa a naval officer, a convert, and birth; papa a naval officer, a convert, and we were to leave Rome the next day. He we were to leave Rome the next day. He said the holy Father was much fatigued, but he would see, and, if at all possible I should have the pleasure I longed for; but not to be disappointed if I were refused; but I must wait a while longer. I answered I could wait ever so long, and patiently enough. Special audiences, you know, mean several people who kneel know, mean several people who kneed about, and the Pope goes round and speaks to each one, and this I thought was the way I would have my pleasure, and while I was regretting I could not get while I was regretting I could not get more, Monsignor sent for me, and I was led through more grand rooms to one wherein I found waiting the lady from whom I got my idea of special audience. So, my dear friend, I had the satisfaction to know she had not got very far beyond me. She left the room and I amused my-self watching the three ladies who were waiting their turn, when, imaging—my waiting their turn, when, imagine—my dear, imagine—I was the second one called, and before I could realize I had been called I was in the room with our "high priest." He sat at one end of the apartment, all in white, and looked so penignly at me while, in a few words, Monsignor made the introduction of the little American girl, who wanted his Holiness to say a word to her. Then he left. The Holy Father smiled and looked so gracious that my familed and looked so gracious that my fear vanished, and in a moment I was on my knees at his side and alone with him. I don't know if I ful-filled a single point of the sure I only called him "Mon Pere," and I didn't give him a single title. I could think of nothing formal. I knelt there half leaning on his knelt there half leaning on his knee, on which I laid my rosaries. In my left hand I held your crucifix, and in my right I clasped his dear hand, which I might kiss at will, while his soft, beautiful keen eyes seemed to read my soul! He asked me all about myself, and dear ways and manuers and myself, and dear papa and mamma, and my home, and my pleasures, and looked distressed when I told him of the trouble which ever grieves me. He said he would pray for us each and every one, then gave your crucifix a special blessing, laying his hand on it and my precious little cross, gave me he benedictive. ross, gave me a benediction with both hands on my head, and then, with a wave of his hand and a sweet smile, dismissed me; but before I went many steps he called me and sent particular blessing to papa. I did not come out of his room at all in the proper way, for instead of courtesying myself out, I turned and dropped on my knees in the middle of the room, when he again blessed me, and then with my knees are then, with my head up and my eyes full of tears, I ran out, and I don't believe the Holy Father liked it any the less, for Monsignor called me as I passed to wait, and went into the Pope's apartment, from whence he hastily came carrying a silver medal, which he pressed into my hand, looking very, very pleased as he told me the Holy Father sent it, with a blessing, for my very own. This is my proof that I have not dreamed all this, and the precious gift to the little American girl hangs on my rosary, a souvenir of a visit to be remembered while I live. I did have

# sense enough left to thank the chamber-lains, one and all, as I passed, for their courtesy, and get down stairs and out into my carriage, reaching home at 11, and wonderic if all the happiness had been BLAINE'S RELIGION.

WHAT FATHER LAMBERT SAYS OF HIS

In an interview with a reporter, Rev. Father Lambert, of Waterloo, says that James G. Blaine was confirmed in the Catholic Church in 1836 by Bishop Kendrick, at Philadelphia. Blaine and his mother were Catholics, as were at least two of his brothers, and his father was converted and became a member of that Church about five years before his death. Father Lambert was brought up with the Blaine boys and knows a good deal of their early life. He apparently sets at rest the contractors were Plaint to the state of the state of

troversy over Blaine's religious views.
"I knew the Blaines well," said Father
Lambert. "I grew up with them, and
have always been friendly with them. My
father was one of the piones (Tethelies father was one of the pioneer Catholics of Vestern Pennsylvania when Ephraim Blaine, James G.'s father, settled near Brownsville, away back in the twenties. James was older than I, and I was at school a good deal, so I did not see as much of him as of the rest of the family. Ephraim Blaine married a Miss Gillespie, whose family were intense Catholics. Their children were all brought up in the mother's faith. John

Blaine, Jim's brother, and I used to serve Mass together in Elizabeth. His mother made the cassocks we wore during the service. As regards James G., I have not the slightest doubt that the parish regis-ter at Brownsville will show him to have heen baying a catchelis. ter at Brownsville will show him to have been baptized a Catholic. I am told on what I consider good authority, which I do not care to divulge, that he made his First Communion and was Confirmed by Bishop Kendrick. I have been told that if he were asked to day whether or not he was a Catholic, he would say yes or refuse to answer. He is not a knave. No one with the Gillespie blood could be a knave. With the spirit of his family to prompt, and its traditions to guide him, he would rather, I am sure, forfeit the Presidency than his self-respect."

"Why it is said that his father was a Why it is said that his father was a

Protestant. "Well, he was one, but he died a Catholic, having been converted about five years before his death."

### SURSUM CORDA.

T. H. C. in Catholic Columbian, "God is Love." Love is the parent of mercy; and so Divine mercy made us what we are, even though Divine wisdom knew better than we do now, how un worthy of our lives we would prove our-How sweet is God's mercy! How consoling to think that Hope is not killed by sin; that though the devil is busy tempting, mercy is ever urging men to its tribu-nal, where the priest sits as the represen-tative of the God man; as merciful as God as was He kind as man, kind with a human heart sensitive to the sorrows of mankind, kind with a human tongue to give generous consolation to the afflicted, kind with human eyes more than once bathed in tears of sorrow and finally blinded in streams of blood. If divine justice made heaven, Divine Mercy fills Justice made neaven, Divine Mercy fills its courts with the souls of forgiven sinners. The children of justice are few. The children of Mercy are many. God's justice is slow to act. God's mercy is busy everywhere, giving the weak strength, busy everywhere, giving the weak strength, giving the strong hope, giving the hopeful perseverance, giving the persevering Heaven. God's love then gives us mercy; mercy is the soul of our hope, and the end of our hope is Heaven.

These cheering thoughts give us the reason why the church weekly cries out to reason why the church weekly cries out to us in solemn song "Sursum Corda," "raise your hearts." She wishes us to take our hearts far above the dusty, dreary ways of the desert, live up to the thought of that refreshing Heaven, which God's only purpose in giving us life, his only purpose, in preserving us therein— to raise them from the pews wherein on Sunday we are seated to the contemplation of seats cushioned with eternal com-fort in an edifice, not framed by the human mind nor fashioned by the human hand-to raise them from the hearing of organ and choir to "harpers harping on many harps," and the seraphic song many harps," and the seraphic song Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus—to raise them from the thought of sister, mother brother and father, to angels glistening in brother and lather, to angess gissening in lily light: to martyrs bearing their crowns studded with the peerless garnets of their hearts' blood; shed for, and after the manner of Calvary's martyr—she wishes manner of Calvary's manuar-she us to raise our hearts to the Blessed Virgin, us to raise our hearts to ours, is as the whose love compared to ours, is as the dark shadow of the rose to its sparkling tints and perfect formation,—to our Lord, whose love is more than brothers', stronger than father's—to raise them to "our Father Who art in Heaven," whose wish made and whose wish daily spoken, sustains all things and all m wishes us to raise them from the altar of mercy to the throne of Grace. She wishes us to raise them from God's Sacrament to God upmasked of humility and resplend-

ant in his native Glory.
What is Heaven? St. Paul who saw it could not, with all his scholarly attainments aided by the gift of inspiration, give us anything positive on the subject. He confesses the weakness of his power and by so daing average this grower and by so doing suggests the grandeur of our What Heaven is no man can say. By learning properties it has not, we will feelly conceive something.

Heaven can be considered as our sor-

rowless home. Where can you find word in which is crystalized such a meaning as there is in the word "Home. Home, whose memory is not effaced but refreshed by the tears of the exile. Home without which every joy is well nigh joy less, every sorrow doubly sad. Home that roofs everything sacred, everybody dear;—the father, whose strong hand raised the wall which shelters those whose comfort gives him his pleasure,—the mother whose love repays the father's toil, softens his manners, sweetens his sorrows, and beneath the radiance of whose vir tues, her children grow up "children of light,"—the mother who thinks and talks by day and dreams by night of her absent

by day and dreams by high of her absent ones; whose very absence multiplies her love, anxiety and solicitude. Such is an earthly home, from which we can take thought on our Heavenly home from which, though heirs thereof, we are exiles. A home whose domes were made by Him whose gilt footstool is the we are exiles. A mone gilt footstool is the made by Him whose gilt footstool is the sky; a father ever anxious to see, and happy when He really sees his children gathered round his knees to share his ungathered round happiness. A Home where the conversion, and continued: Alas, in this great country, filled with millions and great country, filled with millions and great country. by her prayers the justice which the mem-ory of Calvary would effect, were she not present to sweetly remind her Son of the sweetness of Nazareth: a mother named Mother of God by an angel; named Mother of Man by a God; a mother who as such was baptized by the warm, living loving blood of mankind's dying love, a mother who has loved us, prayed for us, blessed us and sighs with solicitude for our best interests, just as fervently as the day she went down the steps of Calvary's altar with St. John and took him to herself as her own; a mother who knows her absent ones, better far than any earthly Mother can; and, pointing to the blood which marks their souls as Christian sues Christ for new graces for the abandoned, new hopes for the afflicted. Such is our Heavenly Home with its Father and its Mother; love for us on earth which is nothing at all compared to the love exist.

Down In Dixie.

The wife of Mr. J. Kennedy, dealer in by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. The best throat and lung healer known.

### SOUPERISM IN IRELAND.

Boston Republic's Special Correspondence.

Dublin is excited in a quiet way, if you will pardon the bull, over the recent revelations of a return, on the part of the Irish Church Mission Society here, to some of the worst practices of the worst days of "Souperism" as revealed by a case brought before the Queen's bench a few days ago. A widower, named John Murray of Car-A widower, named John Murray of Carlow-Graigue, Queen's county, entrusted three infant children to the care of Rev. Father Brennan, and Father Brennan placed the children under the charge of a respectable woman, a Mrs. Hicks, the sextoness of Westland Row Catholic Church, by whom they were well taught and treated, but from whose care they were kidnapped, and, as an eye-witness told the clergyman, were taken to the were kidnapped, and, as an eye-witness told the clergyman, were taken to the Girls' Home in Luke street, which is under the charge of the Irish Church Mission Society. The case came before the Queen's Society. The case came before the Queen's bench, where Lawson of Invincible notor-iety presided, on application by the chil-dren's father for a writ of habeas corpus to compel the principal fanatics of the rascally society to deliver up the children As two of these were ladies who move in high society,

THE CROOKED LITTLE BIGOT,

THE CROOKED LITTLE BIGOT, Judge Lawson, "did not see anything in the affidavit to bring these ladies into connection with the matter," notwith-standing the fact that it had been sworn that the "ladies" were active managers of the institution to which the poor little children were taken on their abduction, and the writ was consequently granted against the third party named in it, a sanctimonious Chadband called Man The case derives additional interest here from the fact that one of the ladies concerned is the well-known concerned is the well-known Mrs. Smyly, mother of one of the leading Dublin physicians, and whose name has reeked, for more than a quarter of a century, with the rankest odor of Souperism. She has been the theme of many a sermon, and has furnished matter for many a pulpit denunciation and editorial reprobation; she has been talked about and cursed and sung of in street ballads for years, and yet has pursued the evil tenor of her way without shame and with-out remorse. Many children have been out remorse. Many children have been kidnapped by her or her agents either to the Girls' Home or the Bird's Nest a

Kingstown. She is
THE FOREMOST SCUPER IN IRELAND,
"by merit raised to that bad eminence," as Milton observed of the gentleman whom the good folks of Dublin believe to be her helper and abettor in her infamous do ings; but of course it would be altogether too much to expect Judge Lawson to issue a mandamus to bring such a "respectable" kidnapper to book for her doings. Oh, dear no, in spite of recent events, we are still above and beyond the law, we high-toned Protestants! But I leave you to ancy how wild would be the outcry and how terrific the denunciation if Catholics which they won't) were to attempt such (which they won t) were to attempt such high-handed proceedings. I well remem-ber, when I was sumething younger, a ballad of Mr. Smyly's souperistic procliv-ities which some of the old ballad-singers, ities which some of the old ballad-singers, a class now unhappily nearly extinct, used to troll with wonderful lung power and unctuous delight. It professed to be the composition of a mother whose son had been seized by the "swaddlers" (synonymous with souper),
TAUGHT TO DENY HIS RELIGION,

and who turned out, on all hands, a pretty bad egg, after Mrs. Smyly had induced him and others, as the song felicitously expressed it, to

"Sell their sowls for penny rowls
And soup and a little bacon." The arch-proselytizer has grown bolder, The arch-proselytizer has grown bolder, it seems, with advancing years, but the feelings of the good people of Dublin are still pretty accurately expressed in the concluding portion of the old ballad in question.

tion: "But all I shall say to my dying day Is, 'Bad luck to you, Mis. Smyly "" But is it not intolerable that such things sachusetts for one moment? I trow not.

#### CARDINAL MANNING ON CHRIS-TIAN ENGLAND

London Universe, May 24.

On Sunday night his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster preached the second of his course of sermons at St. John's, Duncan Terrace, Islington. Taking his text from the 12th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, "Be not conformed to this world but he referred in the second of t Romans, "Be not conformed to this world, but be reformed in the newness of world, but be reformed in the newness of your mind," his Eminence said that as no man could serve two masters, so they could not serve God and the world; for God and the world were enemies. If they served the world, they would die with the world; but if they served God, they would live with Him for ever. And the reason of this was very plain. Relig-ion was a life; Christianity was a life; it noontide light of faith, nor were they born into the midnight darkness. England is a Christian land; the people of England are a Christian people, and in it much of the light of Christianity lingered. Still a great darkness brooded over that light, and twilight reigned everywhere, and, therefore, there was an almost universal doubt, and men were seeking for the truth, and if they could find it, multitudes would follow it. But they born in a state of privation. They were born cut of the unity of the one fold— that fold of the noontide light. Those who have been born in that twilight and darkness outside, but who have, nevertheless, been baptized of and darkness outside, but who have, nevertheless, been baptized of water and the Holy Ghost, are, so long as they continue in invincible ignorance, and cannot know the perfect truth, and are faithful and upright according to the light that they possess, and are ready in what is called preparation of heart—that is, will ingness of heart to follow the truth if they see it—those so born and so disposed are counted by the Catholic Church to be drugs in Dixie, was cured of a chronic cough | Catholics in heart, and if they died in that state, not having sinned mortally, they should count them to be members of the

soul of the Church, though not members of the body -invisibly united to God; invisibly united, even to the Church, though not visibly united, because they never have been born or received into it. And it was only when coming to the knowledge of the truth, and making what And it was only when coming to the knowledge of the truth, and making what was called perversion—a choice of error rather than truth—that they became materially opposed to the truth, and if they knew better and persevered in that state, it was a sin because it was a resistance to the truth that they knew. He bore testimony to the great goodness of the multitude in this country, who, alas, were outside the true Church, and he hoped the day would come when the light would shine upon them, and when the scales would fall from their eyes. As prayer was the sign that St. Paul was turning to God; those who prayed would receive the light, and the light would grow as the daybreak and twilight of the morning grows into the full light of noon. Our Lord has said, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"—meaning that none hear, let him hear"—meaning that none were so deaf as those that would not hear. If the will was perverted, the intellect would not see, the ear would not hear, and the heart would not understand.

#### HIS FALL AND RISE.

LAWYER O'BRIEN, OF CHICAGO, TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH LIQUOR TO THREE THOUSAND PERSONS IN FARWELL HALL,

On Thursday evening, May 29th, 3,000 persons assembled in Farwell Hall, Chicago, to listen to a temperance talk from W. W. O'Brien, the ablest criminal lawyer talks with West Alexan younger the 3,000 in the West. A large number of the 3,000 people he faced were his fellow-country-men—members of the Catholic temper-ance societies. After acknowledging the ance societies. After acknowledging the kind expressions of sympathy and encouragement, he said he was not on the platform of his own volition, but at the request of friends, particularly of one who had led him out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage. [Applause.]

"Within the last few days," he went on "Within the last few days," he went on, "many kind friends have taken me by the hand and said, 'O'Brien, are you going to stand firm? Are you going to keep that pledge? How do you feel? This is a great trial. I hope you will be equal to the emergency." For the benefit of those friends, for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have already signed the pledge, and for the benefit of those who have at this to several hundred dollars expense, or even be killed outright. He thinks it a cute thing to roll off barrels of salt, barricade the bridge, set an old shed on fire or to stop up the chimneys on a widow's which the law won't look at in the funny light.

There is to-day in the Michigan State Prison a boy whose career I watched for wo years. I first saw him prowling around o' nights. He had an honest face and a good heart, but his father had an great trial. I hope you will be equal to to several hundred dollars expense, or even be killed outright. He thinks it a cute thing to roll off barrels of salt, barricade the bridge, set an old shed on fire or to stop up the chimneys on a widow's which the law won't look at in the funny light.

There is to-day in the Michigan State Prison a boy whose career I watched for wo years. I first saw him prowling around o' nights. He had an honest face and a good heart, but his father had an enemy. I have accepted and received the command of the Spartan mother to belonged belonged within the stood his country: 'My son, return with thy shield or upon thy shield. Victory or death!' I have put my hand to the plow, and with God's help I shall not go back. As to how I feel, and the terrible ordeal, I will say, my friends, that I have never felt better in my life. I have experienced no ordeal. I have not felt the least trouble. I made up my mind I would not do, I would not think. I have done, and it shall remain done, (Applause.) At the age of 30 I did not know the taste of liquor. My friend says, 'Were you not more happy then than you are now.' I say no. It is true I was prosperous and happy. The sun of Heaven seemed to rise but for my happiness. Everything I put my hand to yielded to my wishes. I was happy, but I did not know then what was in store for me. I didn't know the ordeal through which I had to pass. I didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a to yield a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a to yield a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a to yield a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a to yield a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a to yield a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a to yield a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know that the hunging furness we have he was a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have had a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have had a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know the say the hunging furness we have he had a didn't know the say the her son on his way to meet the enemies of which I had to pass. I didn't know that the burning furnace was being heated over seven times more for my misfortune He was not there for the purpose of

can exist, even under English laws? Would you permit them to exist in Massachusetts for exist in Massa mony to that which he had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears— that which he knew to be true from that which he knew to be true from observation and personal experience. After answering the various excuses given for drinking—to be social, have a good time, political success, misfortune in business, domestic troubles—he spoke of the being one of the being on thirteen young men (he being one of them) who studied law in Peoria many years ago, headed by George Carson, a brilliant fellow, who boasted that he could take a drink or leave it alone as he pleased. The others followed his example and all but three were now in drunkard's graves. When he came to Chicago he joined the "Knights of the Screw," which started in Dublin, where the membership embraced such men as Carran, Grattan, Emmet, Shiel, The ornaments of the bar were members, convivial men, each followed in the footsteps of the other, and nearly all to-day fill the dishonored grave of the drunkard. He asserted, challenging contradiction that interconvenient the tradiction, that intemperance was the cause of nine-tenths of the crime committed in the United States. He told of his experience among criminals, who almost invariably said whiskey was at the

An old favorite is the remedy known as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Thirty years reliable for cholera morbus, diarrhoa and summer complaints.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet will be the same strife for used in the control of the country will depend upon you twenty years hence you wouldn't waste your time! you will sooner or later have to take hold as the rest of us did. There A lady from Syracuse writes: "For to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am who has wasted his time will be the man thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least insonvenience."

For Female Complaints it has no equal. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dun-way of the busy, money making world.

## No Such Word As Fail.

A failure to relieve or cure summer complaints can never be truthfully applied to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All dealers sell it.

#### SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press So you want to run out o'nights, eh? Well, my boy, if there is one single habit more than another calculated to bring a lad to evil ways it is that of run-ning around a village, town or city o' nights. All the bad in human nature be-gins to butble as soon as the sun goes down. You wouldn't dream of doing a mean act to your neighbors by daylight, but after dark it seems a good joke to lug off gates, upset outhouses, steal fruit or raise a false alarm of fire. It may seem fun to you, but when you come to sit bring a lad to evil ways it is that of runfun to you, but when you come to sit down and think it over you can't help but admit that it is small business. Any action of your's which puts any one else trouble and expense may be questioned to your detriment.

Find a murderer, burglar or thief-Find a murderer, burglar or thief— point out to me the biggest loater in your town and I will show you a man who began his career by running out o' nights. I don't say that George Washington or Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln didn't throw down lumber piles or rob fruit trees at ten o'clock at night, but if so, they started out just right to become bad men.

so, they started out just right to become bad men.

Don't I want a boy to have fun?

You bet I do! and by-and-by, I'm going to put you up to a dozen different things in that line. But this grabbing your hat after supper and sneaking out over the back fence is a mean view of over the back fence is a mean piece of business when you come to figure it down. Down on the corner you meet Jim this or Tom that. You go "over town" and are seen hanging around this or that place. You may sneak into a saloon to see a game of billiards, but you hate yourself for it. You may sit in Smith's grocery and hear a lot of old bald headed liars spin their yarns and abuse religion, but you go out feeling that you could kick any one of them who dared bow to your

within three months the police had to caution him. Inside of six months he belonged to a gang of juvenile thieves. Within two years he was a burglar. When he stood up in court to receive his five years' sentence women wept to see that one so young had drifted so rapidly to the had

What can you do o' nights if you remain

home I Scores of things, my boy. In the first place there's the checker-board, and in the next place your father wants to sit light down and teach you all he knows about it. Outside of the interest in a chance game your wits are made the sharper by such struggles. A good chance game your was are made the sharper by such struggles. A good checker player will never be a rash busi-ness man. This very training makes him cautious in his dealings. There are dozens of good boy-books to be had, and your father had better buy you two three per week than turn you over to the town. There's no end of mechanical tops

and toys and games.

And suppose you learn how to draw or paint? Look at a watch and you will over seven times more for my misfortune and my destruction. I have passed through the ordeal, and I look back and feel more happy than I ever did, for I have are lots of one wheeled men in the world. They can sell goods, make engine or keep a butcher shop, It is the handy man who is helping this world along—the man who is full of world along—the man who is full of wheels and springs. Don't be afraid because you have planned to study law,

the man who knows the least is the greatest bigot to argue with, and the meanest est bigot to argue with, and the meanest man with whom to transact business. No one in twenty of our High School pupils know how a mason mixes his mortar, or a painter his colors. They never saw a tinsmith at work, or a grainer imitating the various woods. Now then, when you find the evenings dull, ask your father to put on his hat and help you post yourself. Did you ever see a printing press at work? Did you eversee a printing pressat work? Did you ever look over the queer machinery in a tinshop which bends the metal in shape for covers and bottoms and handles? Ever visit the gas works or go through a big flouring mill or pass an hour in a foundry? There are dozens of places to be visited at night where you can learn something useful. Each point you seize upon helps to broaden and en-lighten your mind and make a well-posted almost invariably said whiskey was at the bottom of their troubles. Why would not drinking men open their eyes and see what was before them—that they were going down the path of shame, humiliation, disgrace, and death?

Respect Old Age.

Respect Vld Age.

An old favorite is the remedy known shop and see how from can be turned as easily as pine—go into a planeing mill—down where they saw blocks of stone by steam-go somewhere and see something

> will be the same strife for place and fame and riches as you see to day, and the boy who has wasted his time will be the man who is pushed here and jostled there and

### Great Negligence.

There is great neglect with most people to maintain a regular action of the bowels, which causes much disease. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation.