

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them. But no discovery has ever yet been approved by doctors which will cure consumption that way. Germs can only be killed by making the body strong enough to overcome them, and the early use of such a remedy as Scott's Emulsion is one of the helps. In the daily warfare man keeps up, he wins best, who is provided with the needed strength, such as Scott's Emulsion supplies.

OUR LADY OF GRACE. BY SARA TRAINER SMITH. This was the gift of love—this statue tall and fair. Mark you its gracious beauty, its sweet and serious air; Beneath the veil close folded, the curve or its soft hair. See its kind eyes! Forever they answer mine unceasingly. I am rebuked with pity, with sweet approval; At will sit—oh, surely, how would it stand amazed! Wide awake the spolia mantle, the hands are stretched to bless; The slender feet the serpent in holy victory press. But yet the head droops gently toward those who know distress. This is my own dear Lady! Not gold nor art could place On stoniest shrine the rival of its family face— Ah, truly, it doth image Our Lady of All Graces! Ave Maria.

The Creator's Wisdom as Shown in Nature.

FOREST FIRES. In the Scottish Geographical Magazine for June Dr. Robert Bell has a very valuable and suggestive article on the geographical distribution of forest fires in Canada, and his distribution, habits of growth, the conditions which obtain in the forests and the features are pretty much the same when the forest is on fire, though it is impossible that, owing to the denser growth of certain species of conifers in Canada, the fire there may be more violent and widespread. The summer months are the months in which forest fires are most likely to prevail. The ground is covered with dead and fallen trunks and branches, and thickly coated with moss. After the prolonged hot weather and drought of the summer the mossy carpet and fallen timber are thoroughly dry, while the moisture has largely been driven out of the gummy boughs of the standing trees, thickly crowded together, so that the conditions are thoroughly favorable for a destructive conflagration the moment the spark is touched to it. The cause of forest fires is usually lightning, though many occur as the result of human carelessness. In coniferous forests, when the fire has got under way, the pitchy trees burn with almost explosive rapidity. The flames rush like ignited gunpowder through the resinous tops of the trees. The ascending heat soon develops a strong breeze which, if one does not happen to be blowing already, drives the flames before it, as fast as a horse can gallop. In a large forest fire the flames reach to a height of 100 or more feet above the tree-tops, or, say, 200 feet from the ground. The fire is accompanied by the most terrifying noises, namely, the roaring of the flames, the snapping of the smaller branches, the crash of falling trunks and the explosions of confined gases. The rapidity with which the flames traverse the country is astonishing. One fire in the Saguenay region ran over 150 miles in ten hours, that is, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Numerous tracts of country have been known to be burnt up at a single conflagration. In 1845 a fire was started west of Lake Superior and swept around its north side, travelling about 300 miles in less than a week. A few years later another fire extended from north of Lake Huron into the Ottawa Valley—a distance of some 200 miles—in the space of a few days. Every one can remember the destructive forest fires, hundreds of miles long, which swept through Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota a few years ago, destroying hundreds of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. If one watches the progress of a forest conflagration it will be seen that great sheets of flame disengage themselves from the fiery avalanche, and leap upward as towering tongues of fire, or dart forward, bridging over wide spaces, such as lakes and rivers, and starting the fire afresh in advance of the main column. Dr. Bell thinks that these immense sheets of flame are the large quantities of highly inflammable gas developed by heat from the actual combustion. This helps to account for the incredible speed

of most of the larger forest fires. It is a singular fact that the wild animals of the forest, although they seem to have warning, and understand the significance of the roaring noise and clouds of smoke, rarely escape destruction. The terrified deer, wolves, foxes, lynxes, followed by a crowd of the smaller fur-bearing animals, flee for their lives. Sometimes the deer and larger beasts—if they are fortunate enough to be near a lake or river—may escape, along with beavers, muskrats, otters and minks, which cover for from water, but as a general rule the fleeing animals are soon overtaken and destroyed. Even the birds do not escape. They fly up into the air in confusion in advance of the wall of fire, and appear to become stifled by the heat and smoke, and after fluttering about for a few minutes, they fall into the flames and perish. The conflagration comes to an end in various ways. It may be by a change of wind or deluge of rain, by coming to a wide extent of provisionally burnt country or small deciduous trees, or to a chain of great lakes. The reforesting of a region after a conflagration is an interesting phenomenon. The dead trunks of the larger trees generally stand for many years after the fire. In the summer following the fire the ground is covered with a growth of herbaceous plants, berry bushes, and shoots from the roots and butts of deciduous trees which have retained some vitality, besides numerous small seedling trees. In fifteen or twenty years, the ground is covered with poplars, birches, willows, etc., to a height of about thirty feet. By this time the trunks of the burnt trees have lost most of their branches, and the smaller ones have fallen. At the end of about fifty years the young conifers are everywhere showing their heads above the other trees. In one hundred years the poplars are dying and falling down, the conifers have attained its maturity, and soon after slow growth of old age. The younger conifers of various ages, which have been sprouting up from seed every year, take possession of the ground left by the decay of the first occupants, and in one hundred and fifty years the forest has again become almost entirely coniferous, and is ready to be destroyed once more by fire. Perhaps one-third of the whole area consists of "second growth" of less than fifty years, one-third of trees from fifty to one hundred years old, while the remaining third may be one hundred years and upwards. It is a most singular fact in the phenomenon of reproduction that one species of tree—the Banksian pine, a native of Canada—requires fire for its propagation. Its knotty cones do not fall, but stick to the tree as long as it stands. If the tree dies, or falls over, the cones scatter about unopened. When, however, the standing trees are scorched by a forest fire the cones, which are thoroughly favorable for a destructive conflagration the moment the spark is touched to it. The cause of forest fires is usually lightning, though many occur as the result of human carelessness. In coniferous forests, when the fire has got under way, the pitchy trees burn with almost explosive rapidity. The flames rush like ignited gunpowder through the resinous tops of the trees. The ascending heat soon develops a strong breeze which, if one does not happen to be blowing already, drives the flames before it, as fast as a horse can gallop. In a large forest fire the flames reach to a height of 100 or more feet above the tree-tops, or, say, 200 feet from the ground. The fire is accompanied by the most terrifying noises, namely, the roaring of the flames, the snapping of the smaller branches, the crash of falling trunks and the explosions of confined gases. The rapidity with which the flames traverse the country is astonishing. One fire in the Saguenay region ran over 150 miles in ten hours, that is, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Numerous tracts of country have been known to be burnt up at a single conflagration. In 1845 a fire was started west of Lake Superior and swept around its north side, travelling about 300 miles in less than a week. A few years later another fire extended from north of Lake Huron into the Ottawa Valley—a distance of some 200 miles—in the space of a few days. Every one can remember the destructive forest fires, hundreds of miles long, which swept through Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota a few years ago, destroying hundreds of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. If one watches the progress of a forest conflagration it will be seen that great sheets of flame disengage themselves from the fiery avalanche, and leap upward as towering tongues of fire, or dart forward, bridging over wide spaces, such as lakes and rivers, and starting the fire afresh in advance of the main column. Dr. Bell thinks that these immense sheets of flame are the large quantities of highly inflammable gas developed by heat from the actual combustion. This helps to account for the incredible speed

of one's labors or absence from one's home and therefore while they inspire a spiritual glow to the aroused soul, it inevitably to the distraction of the world. Monastic quiet, the clear, conventual guest chamber, the plain fare, the presence of neighboring religious the order of the regular life are circumstances which give reality to the atmosphere diffused in the time of retreat. The novelty, the peace, the spirit of a religious house are most delightful to the world weary soul. Many a man and many a woman also, whose restless past and sinful present foredoom a hopeless future and impel them to the despair of suicide, would save their life and their soul besides did they but know the soothing influence of a retreat and the consolation of the confessional. Many some who know the sweet silence of the world church "we only hear" whose presence fills the world and their lives center outside the retreat in some monastic house. The interior voice speaks to the awakened conscience. Why should the spiritual luxury be left to the clergy? Have not men in the world who also which they treasure and cherish these are thought to dwell, may be fully indicated. Moreover, they aim at peculiar purity of life. A certain stiffness, almost rigid in their view, marks the dweller of heaven—something apart from the soft living lines of earthly significance. Herein, also, is the stronger, loftier side of the late Barno Jones. His angels—thank heaven!—are not the mere winged people of pretty faces—of heap prettiness at that—which deck our Christmas. Then she goes on to indicate that this artist gives a nineteenth-century conception of the angels, that diverges curiously from the older types. "Early," she continues, "of a tone of mind, and our ideal, are parted from the Fra Angelico thought by the great divergence of centuries. . . . The Angelical ideal remains, in its way unapproachable, its transparency of clear color, its divine pall, of tone and sky-blue, its gold and silver of unassured glitter, are, one and all, touches of heaven. Much of the ideal still abides in the Catholic Church, despite the lapse of years, and is part of her perennial charm." A great deal more might be quoted from this admirable, well considered paper, and though our space is limited, we must give one more extract. The author says that there is a naive longing in the human heart for a greater purity than it possesses, and then elaborates this idea as follows: "King David's cry after the heat and dust of battle was far from any thought of kingship. 'O, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.' It is the prayer of the spiritual rather than active need; it is innocence, the purity of his boyhood, of his early shepherd life, spring up before him in unutterable vision as he thought of those crystal waters. Is it not a similar impulse that takes our great merchant from Chicago to St. Louis, the scene of his commercial victories, back again to the West, to the farm-house of his early days? We wonder, perhaps, to see him buy pond-lilies of the Plymouth Mayflowers from the boy who sells them on the train. Is there no vague wish to come in touch with what he feels to be 'pure tone' in this simple act, a feeling after God to find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." This idea of again falling in touch with a lost purity may be the beginning of penitence and a return to peace; the divine energy being a moral force and of limitless power. As the soprano dominates so purity dominates. . . . It bids the painter regress his vision of angels, the musician catch the pure tones; it cries out to the sculptor for the perfectness of ancient marbles, white as sanctity itself; it speaks to a willing world from the manger at Bethlehem, and the gracious Madonna and the Child Jesus." This, Miss Swan insists, is the only "pure tone" of today, and when we have it within ourselves, our search for it is ended. S. H. Review.

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the earthly Gothic architecture. One that is especially fine is a little central doorway with its recessed arch and zigzag moldings, the whole graded by two bold buttresses. Another one is a noble Norman arch circling over three fine lancet windows, with flowing tracery surmounted by a row. "Still above the Norman arch is a choice little maillor light, of elegant workmanship, with eight trifoliated compartments; and a mutilated inscription underneath is translated: "The Abbot Adam did this work. May he rest in happy peace. Amen." S. H. Review.

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"Pure Tone."

In a thoughtful article on "Pure Tone," in the Globe Quarterly Review, Caroline D. Swan explains the meaning of her subject, with many apposite references and suggestions, which will make the question clear to the non-professional reader. Among other things she says: "The skillful painter knows perfectly what he means by purity of tone, in case of a fine instrument. The very sound must be free from jar and defect—this first. Next, it must have positive qualities. Flatness or mediocrity will not satisfy; it must be clear, sweet, and satisfactory to the musical ear, within the range of sound it produces. It may not possess exceptional qualities of depth, richness, or glorious resonance; but the unmistakable, unalloyed accuracy of crystal vibration, as of glass bells, must be had, or there is no purity of tone." She furnishes numerous other pertinent illustrations, especially from religious art, and she remarks that the great painters in this field are pre-eminently for purity of color, and quotes Ruskin in the opinion that "the finer the eye for color, the less it will require to gratify it intensely." In speaking of the artists who have become famous by treating sacred subjects she remarks: "To express the holiness of that angel they diminish shade, and the medium of glorified ether, wherein these are thought to dwell, may be fully indicated. Moreover, they aim at peculiar purity of life. A certain stiffness, almost rigid in their view, marks the dweller of heaven—something apart from the soft living lines of earthly significance. Herein, also, is the stronger, loftier side of the late Barno Jones. His angels—thank heaven!—are not the mere winged people of pretty faces—of heap prettiness at that—which deck our Christmas. Then she goes on to indicate that this artist gives a nineteenth-century conception of the angels, that diverges curiously from the older types. "Early," she continues, "of a tone of mind, and our ideal, are parted from the Fra Angelico thought by the great divergence of centuries. . . . The Angelical ideal remains, in its way unapproachable, its transparency of clear color, its divine pall, of tone and sky-blue, its gold and silver of unassured glitter, are, one and all, touches of heaven. Much of the ideal still abides in the Catholic Church, despite the lapse of years, and is part of her perennial charm." A great deal more might be quoted from this admirable, well considered paper, and though our space is limited, we must give one more extract. The author says that there is a naive longing in the human heart for a greater purity than it possesses, and then elaborates this idea as follows: "King David's cry after the heat and dust of battle was far from any thought of kingship. 'O, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.' It is the prayer of the spiritual rather than active need; it is innocence, the purity of his boyhood, of his early shepherd life, spring up before him in unutterable vision as he thought of those crystal waters. Is it not a similar impulse that takes our great merchant from Chicago to St. Louis, the scene of his commercial victories, back again to the West, to the farm-house of his early days? We wonder, perhaps, to see him buy pond-lilies of the Plymouth Mayflowers from the boy who sells them on the train. Is there no vague wish to come in touch with what he feels to be 'pure tone' in this simple act, a feeling after God to find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." This idea of again falling in touch with a lost purity may be the beginning of penitence and a return to peace; the divine energy being a moral force and of limitless power. As the soprano dominates so purity dominates. . . . It bids the painter regress his vision of angels, the musician catch the pure tones; it cries out to the sculptor for the perfectness of ancient marbles, white as sanctity itself; it speaks to a willing world from the manger at Bethlehem, and the gracious Madonna and the Child Jesus." This, Miss Swan insists, is the only "pure tone" of today, and when we have it within ourselves, our search for it is ended. S. H. Review.

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Miscellaneous Locals. Here is a joke about an electric shock said the humorist. Pat it under the head of "Current Fun," replied the editor.—Life. AWAY DOWN EAST. From east to west people have heart trouble. This causes violent headaches, neuralgia, nerve trouble and prostration. Says Mrs. Somers, of Moncton, N. B.: "I tried many remedies but never found anything to give me such prompt relief as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done. I suffered from the above symptoms, but now gladly testify to the cure these wonderful pills have made in my case, and I hope I sufferer will try them."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. Miligan—Divil take these spring local! Mrs. Miligan—Phwat's the matter? Miligan—Why to keep the young ones out of me trunk while I was away I was locked the key up inside. N. Y. World. PROMPT, PLEASANT, PERFECT. Norway Pine Syrup is a prompt, pleasant and perfect cure for coughs, colds, asthma