

Over The River.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side,
Their voices are lost in the dashing
Of their snows that are melting and glide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes that reflect of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried me over, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearfully entered the phantom bark;
We felt it slide from the silver sand,
And all our sabbings grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the myrtle river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not under the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They wait and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is fading and the stars are bright,
I shall one day see them on the shore,
And wait for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall wait for the gleam of the sailing sail,
I shall hear the beat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale.

To the better shore of the spirit land,
I shall know when the mist has gone before,
And joyfully greet will the meeting day,
When over the river the boatman will be,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Queen Margaret has prevented the destruction of two beautiful little chapels of St. Stanislaus Kotaka, in Rome, belonging to ruined convents. In one of these chapels the present Pope, Leo XIII, said his first Mass.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a boat which, if the first and second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw out, then it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—St. Augustin.

Some faces catch the reflection of the moment so vividly that you never see them twice alike. Others, solidly and comely handsome, scarcely vary at all, and I think it is of these last that would soonest weary. Irregular features have generally most character. The Venus de Medici would have made a very stupid freestone companion, nor would I venture to enter, for Oxford honors, a son who had the profile of the Apollo Belvidere.—Miss Muloch.

The Missions Catholiques officially announce the beatification of Fathers Canel and Peyboire, Wisconsin. These were the first members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith raised to the altar, and, as Mgr. Lamaze, Bishop of Olympe, in a letter to the Missions says, "There can be no doubt but that Leo XIII wishes the glorification of the martyrs to be also the glorification of that Society, a recompense and encouragement to its associates, and especially to those generous Christians who form its councils."

The next Cardinal Consistory will take place either at the end of December or in March. The reason why it is thought that it will take place in March, and not sooner, is that no one of those who will be created Cardinals have received intimation of the fact. Now, this information they must receive at least a month before the Consistory, in order to make the necessary arrangements. It is said that amongst the Cardinals will be the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Malines, and an American Archbishop.

In a letter to a Scotch correspondent Sir William Harcourt has inflicted a merited castigation upon his Grace of Argyll. Referring to the recent land legislation, which is so bitterly condemned by the Duke because it has topped some thousands from his rents, Sir William admits that much may be said in theory against State adjustment of rents, "but the doctrines of the Duke of Argyll, illustrated by the practice of the Marquis of Clanricarde, have been too much for the freedom of contract." We may add that the Duke of Argyll's doctrines are illustrated by nobody better than by himself. The reductions made on the Clanricarde estates by the Land Commissioners, large as they have been, represent a much larger average of reduction than that made by the Scotch Commissioners who have come to the relief of the miserable cottiers on the Argyll estates.

Gratitude is so eloquent, so graceful, so persuasive a missioner. It is not only a virtue in ourselves, but it makes others good and virtuous also. It is a blessedly humbling thing to be loved, a veritable abasement to be affectionately remembered by those about us. And gratitude make our benefits look so little that we long to multiply and enlarge them, while it softens our hearts and unites from them all manner of little antipathies, mean jealousies, petty rivalries, and cold suspicions. . . . It is the sign of a vulgar man, that he cannot bear to be under an obligation. . . . A grateful man cannot be a bad man; and it were a sad thing indeed if either in the practice or the esteem of this virtue the heathen should surpass the disciples of that grateful Master, who, at the end of time and in the busy pageant of the Judgment, will remember and repay the cup of cold water given in His name.—Father Faber.

CREMATION.

Public attention is anew called to the decisions of the Holy Office, issued under date May 19th, 1886, in reply to the *dubio* presented by several members of the episcopate relative to cremation and to Catholics. The Supreme Congregation in regard to the first *dubium*: Is

it permissible to affiliate one's self to a society, the scope whereof is the propagation of the practice of the cremation of human bodies?—returns answer in the negative, adding that: "When it is question of societies affiliated to Freemasonry, they incur the penalties inflicted on the latter. To the second *dubium*: Is it allowable to procure the cremation of one's own corpse, or those of others? The answer was likewise negative. The Holy Father, approving the decision aforesaid, ordered the communication thereof made to the Bishops of the Catholic world, to warn their flocks against the deadly abuse of cremation.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO CATHOLIC ZEAL.

A Protestant missionary, Mr. R. J. Davidson, of Hangehung, has been giving, in a magazine called *The Friend of Missions*, his candid opinion of Catholicity in China. It is an extraordinary contrast to the crude and bigoted notions about the Catholic Church which find circulation among so many Protestants at home.

"I was rather struck," Mr. Davidson says, "with a speech at the Richmond Conference about the activities of the Roman Catholics, and to find that away in the West of America they were said to be more numerous than all the other bodies of Christians combined; and here we find them just the same. How they do work!

"In Oheutu, I heard there were about ten thousand Roman Catholics. Just lately a priest has come to live here, and opened a house, and has taken away some of the stragglers of the Church.

"At Ch'eng K'u, twenty-five miles from here, there are quite a number, and it is wonderful the knowledge of the Gospel some of them have. When one of their members was told that we were not the same, and that Roman Catholics worship the cross and such things, he said, 'No we do not; we only have them in remembrance of the death of Christ.'"

THE DOOR TO BE CLOSED.

The Chevalier Gerald de Hampe, was a very rich and proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast. At the conclusion of a sumptuous repast, his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the chevalier loved flattery, he can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One man among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:

"Sir Knight," he said, in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing, but that is a very important item.

"And what thing is that?" demanded the Knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be nailed up," replied his guest.

"At this rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerald himself looked as much as to say, "This man is mad." "Wishing, however, to have the clue to this riddle, he continued, "But which door do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

These words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all things earthly; from thenceforth he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He was completely altered, and only made use of his riches for good works thus laying up for himself an eternal inheritance.

THE TELEPHONE INVENTOR AND HIS RISE IN THE WORLD.

The story of Alexander Graham Bell reads like a romance. Little more than a decade ago this man, who came originally from Canada, and is said to be now worth \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, was walking about the streets of Washington, peddling his telephone stock at 10 cents on the dollar and with no buyers. He was, says the *New York Graphic*, in the phraseology of the day, literally "upon his uppers." Before that time he had been teaching a deaf and dumb school in Boston at a salary that brought him a very lean support. He had married a deaf mute with not only beauty, but considerable property, a bit of which had been sunk in the effort to place his telephone before the public. At that time they boarded in a shabby looking house on Four-and-a-half street, a little distance from the Washington jail. Now they live in one of the finest residences at the capital, for which he paid \$125,000, and he and his sweet-faced wife are surrounded by all the luxury that great wealth can procure. Nor has he forgotten his own days of hard struggle nor the early profession which at one time brought him means to procure his daily bread. Just across the street from his big house there is a charming little cottage, where on three days of every week he gathers a class of deaf mute children and teaches them the things that will help to brighten their silent lives.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

During the reign of the Roman Emperor, Valens, there were many Christians in the city of Edessa. The Emperor, who was a pagan, had issued an edict commanding all the churches to be closed. But notwithstanding the edict, all the people went to Mass, for the priest sent word to them that he would celebrate in a field outside of the city walls.

The Emperor was told of this, and greatly enraged, he ordered the mayor of Edessa to massacre the whole of them on the next time they should assemble for Mass.

Now the mayor was a kind hearted man, although he, too, was a pagan; so he sent word secretly to all the Christians that he had received these orders, thinking they would stay away.

But, lo! when Sunday came the streets were thronged at an early hour, and there were more people than ever at Mass.

HARMFUL LITERATURE.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

That great saint of the Catholic Church, St. Teresa, when about fourteen years old was a victim to the passion for reading romances. At that time, the beginning of the sixteenth century, there was, if we may so express it, a perfect epidemic of Spanish romances, and the desire for reading them was stimulated to an unnatural and hurtful degree. Teresa was a precocious child, of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament. Her parents were both good, pious people, and very careful of her religious education. The father especially was inclined to be very strict with his daughter, but the mother, who seems to have been infected with the prevalent passion for romance, was inclined to indulge the daughter in that kind of reading without the knowledge of the father, who disapproved of it. Of course the romances that the mother and daughter read were of the least objectionable kind, yet the saint, in her autobiography, says that her mother's excessive fondness for books of chivalry was harmful to her children, though it did not hurt her mother so much as it hurt her, because her mother never wasted her time on them. "Only we, her children," she says, "were left at liberty to read them. . . . It annoyed my father so much that we had to be careful he never saw us. I contrived a habit of reading these books, and this little fault which I observed in my mother was the beginning of lukewarmness in my good desires. I thought there was no harm in it when I wasted many hours, night and day, in so vain an occupation, even when I kept it from my father. So completely was I mastered by the passion that I thought I could never be happy without a new book." And for these two faults she never forgave herself. And, but for the fact that she states that she had no evil intention at the time and was assured by her director that she had not committed any sin, we should judge from her strong expressions of self-deprecation that she had been guilty of very great sin.

What a lesson is here for mothers and daughters! If there was an epidemic of romance in St. Teresa's day, what shall we say of the times in which we live, when novels are multiplied by the hundred thousand and are devoured with the greatest avidity by every class and condition in society, and when parents too often seem reckless, and the character of the books which their children read? How many souls who have not the special graces which were vouchsafed to St. Teresa are ruined by the pernicious trash with which the country is flooded, God only knows and eternity alone will reveal.

TITLED TOMFOOLERY.

Mark Twain is at times very serious, as in his remarks concerning the influence which foreign novels have upon young Americans. He speaks wisely and suggestively when he says:

"The most effective way to train an impressive young mind and establish for all time its standards of fine and vulgar, right and wrong, and good and bad, is through the imagination; and the most insidious manipulator of the imagination is the fictionally written romance. The statistics of any public library will show that of every hundred books read by our people, about seventy are novels—and nine tenths of them foreign ones. They fill the imagination with an unhealthy fascination for foreign life, with its dukes and earls and kings, its fuses and feathers, its graceful immorality, its sugar-coated injustices and oppressions; and this fascination breeds a more or less pronounced dissatisfaction with our country and form of government, and contempt for our republican commonplaces and simplicities; it also breeds longings for something 'better,' which promptly crops out in diseased shams and imitations of that ideal foreign life."—Colorado Catholic.

PEN-PICTURE OF THE DRUNKARD'S CAREER.

"Opportunity makes the thief," says the proverb; and "Idleness is the fountain-head of all vice," says our old pastor. Jan did not know what to do with himself the whole day long. He went to the inn, at first to amuse himself, then from habit; he drank first one dram, then two, then several.

The inn keeper treated him with great attention, and flattered his pride; the loud toasters, who, unhappily, are everywhere to be found, followed him wherever he went, and praised everything he did or said, to get a drink at his expense. In short Jan Stears had become a drunkard before either he or his parents were aware of it.

* * * When once a man becomes the slave of drink, he has made over his soul to the devil. Very few ever get out of his clutches again. * * * So it goes with all drunkards, my son; the beggar's wallet, or theft, or—yet worse still.—By Hendrik Conscience.

JUST SO.

As a rule those Catholics that never attend sermons are the very people that complain of the length or tenor of sermons.

They that never enter a confessional are the people that blubber against the abuses of confession.

They that never spoke to a priest are the people that clamor most against priestly fanaticism.

They that ignore the very first word of their Catechism are the first to set up as infallible doctors in every question of faith and morals.

Those that never read a Catholic paper are the loudest to complain of the dullness of the Catholic Press.

Those that never give the slightest encouragement to Catholic publications are the readiest to wonder that Catholic books don't sell cheap.

For forty years Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been demonstrated to be the most reliable remedy in use, for colds, coughs, and lung diseases. Slight colds should not be neglected. The Pectoral will prevent their becoming chronic.

In a Dreadful Condition.

Hattie E. Masterson, of Mill Village, Ont., says, "My cough was dreadful, I could not sleep at night on account of it, but when I used Hagar's Pectoral Balsam I had rest and was quickly cured." All druggists sell this invaluable cough remedy.

PALM WORMBORE INVADES suffering from poverty of the blood, biliousness and those whose circulation is depraved, should use without delay Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure, the celebrated blood purifier, which stimulates digestion, increases the nutritive properties of the blood, and expels impurities from the system.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid to internal medicine in the treatment of scrofulous sores, ulcers and abscesses of all kinds.

THE FAILURE OF MARRIAGE DISCUSSION.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mrs. Mona Caird's article in the *Westminster Review*, with the title, "Is Marriage a Failure?" which question she answered in the affirmative, has been exciting a good deal of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. At one time the discussion threatened to degenerate into a silly farce, and to become one of those unclean things which a self-respecting person could not even look upon. But the debate has assumed a more serious aspect in the past few days. To a Catholic such a question must seem foolish in the extreme. Marriage being to him an sacrament, he knows that it cannot be a failure under any circumstances, however men and women discover themselves by violating its solemn vow. Still, the mere fact of such a discussion going on may be a healthier indication of moral instincts yet remaining in the outside world than would be a mere flippant indifference. Byron makes "Manfred" say:

"I have ceased
To justify myself to myself,
The last infirmity of evil."

These people, even the worst of them, who have been writing so hotly on all sides of this marriage question show that they have not, at least, reached the "last infirmity of evil." Those who have cast off the marriage bond, or are perhaps only contemplating such an act, are desperately bent on justifying themselves. For there can be no disguising the fact that those who consider marriage a failure look to divorce as the only remedy.

The *Freeman's Journal* does not always like the course of the *New York Herald*, but the *Herald* has certainly done a valuable work in securing the opinion of the leading divorce lawyers in the chief cities of the United States upon the interesting question propounded by Mrs. Caird. They differ widely in their views—a difference largely owing to the optimistic or the pessimistic character of the men. Dealing always with the darker side of life, most of the lawyers seemed to take a purely professional view of the subject. However, they give facts and figures, which form a better basis for discussion than do mere opinions. Thus we find that there is an average of 3,000 divorce cases in St. Louis every year, and 1,250 in Chicago. Other cities have not this high average.

The towns named obtain their evil record largely from strangers, attracted by the lax divorce laws of Missouri and Illinois.

The correspondents of the *Herald* reports some striking interviews and facts. Among them we find the following from Boston:

Mr. Malvin O. Adams, one of Boston's brightest young lawyers, had just come from the divorce court when the reporter met him. "Looked at as a civil contract," he said, "marriage is the most successful business venture in the world. The Roman Catholic Church commands my admiration because of its method of inculcating in its adherents' minds the sacredness of the marriage tie, and it is doing as much as any agency we have in protecting the community from the divorce monster."

Exactly so, Mr. Adams. And, behold, from the Catholic city of New Orleans—a city where Catholic strength and Catholic traditions rule, even among those who do not submit to the Church—a city having a Catholic atmosphere, as it were, comes the corroboration of the Boston lawyer's words. This is the report from New Orleans:

"Is marriage a failure? This question must be decided in the negative, as far as New Orleans is concerned, if the records of the courts are conclusive of marital felicity. An appeal to public sentiment will result in the same conclusion. In no city in the Union, certainly in no large city, is the marriage relation regarded with such reverence and are the appeals to the courts to abrogate it so infrequent. There are in round numbers 40,000 married pairs in the city. The record shows that the number of pairs who find the bonds of matrimony too galling to be longer borne and who go to the courts for relief will average two to the thousand."

Marriage is never a failure among the genuine Catholics, because they are taught that it is a holy sacrament, to be always respected and revered. Besides, they have, to aid them in fulfilling the obligations of matrimony, the sacrament of penance and of holy communion, that keep fresh the grace of the marriage sacrament, and sustain it by their inspiration and the counsel of the Ghostly Father.

Marriage is a failure among Protestants because they do not value the matrimonial bond high enough, and are deprived of the stimulants afforded by the practice of penance and the reception of the Holy Eucharist.

This is about the sum of the matter. The corner-stone of the family and the State finds its chief champion in the Catholic Church, whose influence is exerted always for the suppression of immorality and license. That is her mission.

The Mighty Dollar

In long distance by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica, pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, Nerviline. Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of Nerviline, only 10 cents. Take no substitute.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Farnese's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

A High Valuation.

"If there was only one bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant, of Montclair, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums"—the only few being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose. But the directions are plain and should be strictly followed.

J. T. Teller, M. D. of Chittenden, N. Y., expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

"Safe, pleasant, and certain in their action," is the concise testimony of Dr. George E. Walker, of Martinsville, Virginia.

"Ayer's Pills outsell all similar preparations. The public having once used them, will have no others."—Berry, Venable & Collier, Atlanta, Ga.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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The 17th Monthly Drawing will take place ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19, '88 At 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000.
CAPITAL PRIZE: \$50,000.
One Real Estate worth \$5,000.

LIST OF PRIZES.
1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00 5,000.00
1 " " " " 5,000.00 5,000.00
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1 " " " " 1,000.00 1,000.00
10 Real Estates 300.00 3,000.00
30 Furniture sets 20.00 600.00
30 " " " " " " 10.00 300.00
20 Gold Watches 50.00 1,000.00
100 Silver Watches 10.00 1,000.00
1000 Tissues 1.00 1,000.00
2307 Prizes worth \$50,000.00

Offers are made to all winners to pay their prizes cash, less a commission of 10 p. c. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.
Drawings on the Third Wednesday of every month.

H. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary.
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All suffering from General Debility, or unable to take sufficient nutriment to keep up the system, should take Harkness' Food, Iron and Wine. We are safe in saying there is no preparation in the market which will give better results. In bottles at 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

HARKNESS' & Co., Druggists

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CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.
W. J. THOMPSON & SON,
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Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages & Coaches, and is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion. None but first-class work turning out. Prices always moderate.

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PURE NATIVE WINES.
Alike Wine is specially. Only Native Alize wine used and recommended by His Eminence Cardinal Tachereau, Specialy recommended also by His Rev. Archbishop Lynch and Bishop Walsh.
We also make the best Native Claret in the market.
Send for prices and circular.

The Messrs. Ernest Girardot & Co. of Sandwich, being good practical Catholics, we are satisfied their word may be relied on, and that the wine they sell is of the highest quality. The Holy sacrifice of the Mass is pure and unadulterated. Therefore, by these products made in Canada, we entrust to the clergy of our diocese.

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Complete Classical, Philosophical & Commercial Courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting.
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REV. L. FURBER, O. B., D.D.,
President.

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The object of this Agency is to supply to the regular line of goods, and the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—
2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides, the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

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5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade generally, are allowed the regular or usual discount.

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PARTIES WISHING THEIR PIANOS tuned and properly attended to should leave orders at A. & S. Nordheimer's, 415 Richmond Street.—A. S. Nordheimer, Tuner.

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The Missions Catholiques officially announce the beatification of Fathers Canel and Peyboire, Wisconsin. These were the first members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith raised to the altar, and, as Mgr. Lamaze, Bishop of Olympe, in a letter to the Missions says, "There can be no doubt but that Leo XIII wishes the glorification of the martyrs to be also the glorification of that Society, a recompense and encouragement to its associates, and especially to those generous Christians who form its councils."

The next Cardinal Consistory will take place either at the end of December or in March. The reason why it is thought that it will take place in March, and not sooner, is that no one of those who will be created Cardinals have received intimation of the fact. Now, this information they must receive at least a month before the Consistory, in order to make the necessary arrangements. It is said that amongst the Cardinals will be the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Malines, and an American Archbishop.

In a letter to a Scotch correspondent Sir William Harcourt has inflicted a merited castigation upon his Grace of Argyll. Referring to the recent land legislation, which is so bitterly condemned by the Duke because it has topped some thousands from his rents, Sir William admits that much may be said in theory against State adjustment of rents, "but the doctrines of the Duke of Argyll, illustrated by the practice of the Marquis of Clanricarde, have been too much for the freedom of contract." We may add that the Duke of Argyll's doctrines are illustrated by nobody better than by himself. The reductions made on the Clanricarde estates by the Land Commissioners, large as they have been, represent a much larger average of reduction than that made by the Scotch Commissioners who have come to the relief of the miserable cottiers on the Argyll estates.

Gratitude is so eloquent, so graceful, so persuasive a missioner. It is not only a virtue in ourselves, but it makes others good and virtuous also. It is a blessedly humbling thing to be loved, a veritable abasement to be affectionately remembered by those about us. And gratitude make our benefits look so little that we long to multiply and enlarge them, while it softens our hearts and unites from them all manner of little antipathies, mean jealousies, petty rivalries, and cold suspicions. . . . It is the sign of a vulgar man, that he cannot bear to be under an obligation. . . . A grateful man cannot be a bad man; and it were a sad thing indeed if either in the practice or the esteem of this virtue the heathen should surpass the disciples of that grateful Master, who, at the end of time and in the