

RACHEL'S FATE.

From the Catholic World.
A TALE OF CAPE ANN.
Once upon a time there lived on Cape Ann, in the old colony of Massachusetts, a widow named Phebe Scudder.

"I've heard pop say that it brought bad luck to destroy a fish-hawk's nest," spoke a voice behind them, and turning, they saw Sam Bowline approaching.
"Bad luck? Had luck? Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dick, who seemed to care little what was said to him.

is a staunch craft, well built and wholesome, exactly like her namesake; and I am sure she will be lucky, too. Why, who knows, I may discover a new island like the one Dick told us about in one of his stories, where the pebbles on the beach were all gold."
"Dear Phebe," answered Sam, kissing away a tear, "let us not make this happy hour unhappy by talking about my departure. Of one thing be assured: I will make short cruises; I will try to visit you every six months; and you must let me take Old Harry with me—for the word which your mother has taught him to pronounce will keep reminding me of my home."

cedars between the beach and the fallen pine-trees," replied Rachel. "But now let me go to my room; I must dress." With this Rachel withdrew. But when she had made her toilet, instead of rejoining the others, she knelt by her bedside and prayed for Dick—Dick, whose pet she had always been—Dick, who had been her child-lover. Now that he was a father-grown man, much handsomer than Sam Bowline, with an eye whose passion pierced her through. But alas! he seemed bent on a hare-brained scheme. How would it end? What might be Dick's fate? "May the gracious Lord protect him!" said Rachel. "He asks me to sail with him thousands of miles away—to leave Cape Ann, and mother, and Phebe. O Dick! I love you, I love you, but I cannot quit you this boon. No, no, I cannot."

A FATHER OF THE REFORMATION.

Character of Wyclif and his Doctrines.
John Wyclif is frequently held up to the admiration of the Protestant world as a precursor of the Reformation, and as a man who preached the Gospel in a time of general darkness. It is, therefore, of interest to us to find an article on this reformer and evangelist in a recent number of the London Month, from which we obtain some particulars as to the nature of the man, and the gospel preached by him. Wyclif, the writer tells us, was no hero and showed no will to suffer for the opinions he professed. These, though dangerous and extravagant, did not interfere with his promotion or expose him to any loss or danger, and when he was stricken with paralysis, of which he died, on December 21st, he was rector of Lutterworth, and was engaged in hearing Mass in his parish Church. Notwithstanding his great show of sanctity and mortification, he did not scruple to conceal his opinions when he found it advantageous to do so. The more moderate members of the Church of England have been careful not to express too warm a sympathy with him, and the Continental "Reformers" also looked upon him with suspicion. "I have looked in Wyclif," says Melancthon, "and have found many errors whereby judgment may be formed of his spirit. He neither understood nor held the justice of faith. Concerning civil dominion he wrangles like a sophist and a rebel."

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

Many years ago an Italian artist, while wandering through the streets of Florence, saw a little boy whose countenance bore a beauty so wondrously pure that, in contemplating it, he forgot the troubles and anxieties of pecuniary embarrassments.
"How I should like to portray these features!" soliloquized the artist. "Will you come to my studio, my little lad?" he said to the child. "I should like so much to paint your picture."
The boy accompanied the painter, and soon enjoyed the pretty sight of another little lad, his second self, smiling down upon him from the artist's easel.
Years passed, and once again the artist sauntered through the streets of the beautiful city; he came upon a youth whose features bore the stamp of vices so terrible, of a degradation so low, and an expression so diabolical that the sight caused him to cease his steps. "What a picture! How I should like to sketch these features as a contrasting piece for the beautiful, pure innocence of the boy I portrayed years ago," said the artist to himself.
The youth, having noticed the interest with which the artist scanned him, begged for money, for he was both a beggar and a thief.
"Come with me to my studio; let me paint your portrait, and I will pay what you demand."
The youth followed the artist. When the sketch had been completed and he had hidden in his pockets what the artist had given him, the beggar turned to go.
As he did so, his gaze fell upon the picture of the little boy. He started as if stung by a serpent, while his eyes seemed riveted on the painting. He grew pale. It seemed as though he would ask a question, but tears and sobs came to choke his utterance.
He pointed to the picture, and, throwing himself down upon his knees, he wept and wailed aloud.
"Man, man, what ails you?" asked the astonished painter.
"But twenty years ago you bade me come to you as now, and then, as now, you portrayed me. See that face there was mine; and you now see me a wreck, a human being so degraded that all the good turns their faces from me in disgust."
The artist could hardly credit the testimony of his senses.
"But tell me, man," said he, "how did you change so much, and for the worse?"
The youth told his story. An only son, his parents spoiled him. Bad companions, low theatres and other vice resorts exhausted his patrimony. Then, unwilling to work, and as yet ashamed to beg, he began to steal. Caught in the act, he was thrown into prison.
His story as told by himself sounded terrible, and brought tears to the painter's eyes. He adjured the youth to give up his felonious career, and offered his assistance in doing so.
The artist placed his portrait by the side of that of the beautiful boy, and when his patrons asked him why he placed so terrible a face beside another of such wondrous beauty, he answered sadly: "Between you and me, my friend, you and I are but twenty years of vice."

WHY DON'T WOMEN MARRY?

On every hand we read of a condition of things which complicates the problem much, viz: That marriage is growing more difficult for woman and less desirable for man.
And why?
The question is intricate and the causes subtle.
That woman is not married is owing to a variety of reasons.
First, Her health.—So general now is her "delicacy" that it is said and repeated to-day that not one woman in ten can be said to be a fairly healthy creature; and this is true of all classes, upper and lower, workers and idlers. As a rule, women do not know how to keep well and handsome, and they laugh at those who do.
Second, Her mental condition.—If sick in body, her mind and spirits and temper are sorely disturbed. She must be sensitive, nervous, possibly fretful and unhappy. If so she is unfit to be the helper and companion of man.
Third, Imprecipitate theories.—It is quite common for young girls to fancy they are to marry a man and be "happy"; that they are to "be the idol of that man," and to receive everything and to do nothing. That they are not to be helpful, but are to be helped.
Money becomes of first importance in such a scheme of life; and that few workmen have or can expect to get, in adequate quantities for married life.
Fourth, The average man is often ignorant, rough, greedy, sensual. His coarser pleasures and vices consume his earnings. His tastes are thus vitiated, and the dull serenity of home life too often seems undesirable.
There is one more of these most apparent obstacles to marriage, and that is—the number of unhappy marriages. The causes which have been touched upon will account for many of these. The undue familiarity of married life will help to account for others; for it is true in a degree, that "familiarity breeds contempt," and it is true in many cases that men and women, once married, treat each other with less kindness and decency than they do strangers.
And lastly, Many men cannot afford to marry.
Wages of able working-men now range from two hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred dollars per year, and are gradually decreasing in all civilized States.
It becomes a serious question as to whether and every man, not whether he ought to marry, but whether he is not imperatively forbidden to marry. It becomes a serious question for every woman whether she should bring children into the world to become drudges, or worse.
It is certainly true that no sensible workman can afford to or will marry a "lady,"—a woman who certainly will do no work.—[Charles W. Elliott in North American Review.]
Don't be Alarmed
at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidney, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

WHY DOES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SPEAK LATIN?

1. The Church is apostolic. She is the Church of St. Peter and of the Apostles, and she has guarded with tenderness all the precious memories of the Apostles. When they parted for their mission over the four quarters of the globe, to announce to all nations the Gospel of Salvation, they found that two languages were spoken and understood by the two great divisions of mankind—the Latin in the West and the Greek in the East. Hence they preached the faith in Latin and Greek; their teachings and their constitutions were written in those two languages; and the Church has preserved these monuments with a religious veneration. This is the reason why her language in the West is Latin, and Greek in the East. Yet that, which in fact is a testimony in favor of the Church, is made the theme of reproach to her.
2. Evidence had already disposed everything in advance. Latin and Greek became dead languages, and hence invariable; whereby they became wonderfully adapted to formulate the doctrines of the Church, which know no variation, because she is divine. An interesting calculation, instituted on the changes of living languages, has shown that had the Church, instead of adhering to the Latin of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Mark, etc., adopted the French, she would have been obliged to modify the formula of the sacrament of Baptism one hundred and sixty times; otherwise this formula would never have expressed in the correct language the idea it must convey. By this we can form an idea of the transformations which the Greek should have undergone, to say nothing of the degrees of primitive councils and of ancient Popes!
3. The Church speaks Latin, not only because she is unchangeable, but because she is Catholic, which means universal, and has to address herself to all times, nations and countries. During the three or four first centuries the Latin was the language of the civilized world, and, although a vernacular language it had that Catholic, i. e. universal character which is indispensable to the language of the Church. Whilst the world was divided into many nationalities, the Church still preserved her beautiful primitive language, and this remained one in her forms as she has ever been in her essence.
Thus the Church speaks Latin because, first, she is apostolic; second, she is unchangeable; third, she is Catholic.—Mgr. Segur.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.
Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrow, writes us June 3rd. "We have sold Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for a number of years, and find nothing equal to it, for the purpose for which it is designed." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of Dowel complaints incident to Summer and Fall.

How the Devil was sold.

It is related of a man who sold himself to the Devil on condition that his Sautanic majesty would always supply him with money, the bargain being that when the Devil failed to furnish the cash the contract was void. For many years all went on smoothly, but the man becoming tired of the bargain set himself to devise means to break it, but without avail, for no matter how extravagantly he spent money, it was always ready for him, until at last he consulted a wise man who told him to start a weekly paper. He did so and the consequence was that the demand for money becoming too frequent the Devil told him to go and be hanged, he would have nothing more to do with him, as it was utterly impossible for him to provide all the money wanted to run such an institution. In this way the bargain was broken.

Summer Complaint,

diarrhea, dysentery, bloody-flux, cholera morbus, and kindred affections promptly yield to Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-weed. Sold by druggists.

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at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidney, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.