

The Better Part.

By SARA TRAINER SMITH.

Was it so long ago? that passing hour,
When Martha's house revealed the Holy Guest,
And busy woman's hands their gentle power
Of skill brought forth to serve Him with its best,
While love adoring—thinking, feeling naught
Saw the beloved Presence—at His feet,
Each life-filled accent from the Master caught
With deep devotion, marvellous and sweet.

So like—so like it seems to our To-day!
So much to do, and we alone are tired,
While others, sitting where the shadows play,
Forget the toll to dream with those inspired
Like Martha's, too, our questioning mood and pause:
"Hast Thou no care that we must serve alone?"
Wilt Thou not summon to Thy meek cause
These, idle-handed, waiting, dumb as stone?"

Our dear Lord hears us, but He answers not,
Within our souls the reproaches glow a shame.
"Careful and troubled," still, our need forget,
Not all too late, we learn their silent name.
There are God's own, resting upon His word,
They wait His coming, and the bliss it brings.
They speed with prayer, and centuries are stirred
To farthest cycles by their angel wings.

There is the better part. To love is more
Than still to serve for love and please our love.
To listen, thirsting for His wisdom's store,
Lifts the saved soul from soulless self above.
In the old days our dear Lord's gentle tone
Entered Martha's trouble to its woman's heart,
And echoing onward to the pang we own,
Bids us, with Mary, choose the better part.

THE VALLEY OF AOSTA.

Written for The Register

The train for Aosta was in the station, so leaving the old Syndaco and his companions, we took our places as the clock of the village church tolled the solemn hour of midnight. The night was cloudy with now and then a fierce blast of wind which for a moment despoiling the clouds showed us a pale wintry moon. It was cold but with that peculiar frigidity that we experience in high, elevated table lands where the sharp and biting air seems to freeze the very blood in our veins. The train pursuing its way now, over innumerable bridges that roughly span the mountain torrents, now crushed between huge boulders of rock that rear their shaggy heads on either side, seemed to me a phantom weird and monstrous. The evil spirit of the place that loved to revel and disport itself in its dark encased mantle of smoke and flame.

Dr. Ball was engaged in conversation with a gentleman of the country and so I was left alone to contemplate the scene before me. As I have said the sky was cloudy, but the wind, over and anon despoiling the clouds, revealed the wintry moon, and seemed to run a race with our train in its headlong flight down the valley of Aosta. Cloudy though it was, by the pale glimmer of the moonlight we could discern far up the mountain sides the uneven and irregular streaks of white that betrayed the foamy track of the mountain torrent which rushed with devilish glee over trees and rocks and boulders madly striving methought to intercept the passage of our lonely train as it coursed at the mountain's base. Now it was through tunnels cut deep in the hard bed of the mountain rock. Now over bridges that shook to their very foundations, the rattling of whose chains awakened horrible echoes that reverberated through the mountain passes and were prolonged in the valleys beyond.

"What a place for a man with an evil conscience," said a French gentleman. I made no reply but thought within myself—What a place; and what a companion! The gloomy monitor of a remorseless conscience that repeats the dark and hidden crimes of a hapless past, laying bare every little detail of a sinful life, aggravating nothing, diminishing naught but with Plutonic cynicism awakening memories that you thought had long since been relegated to the shades of oblivion. What a place; and with what a companion!

It seems to me that the soul feels more vividly the presence of the Creator

when alone in such wild solitude, as now, surrounded by mountains, than at any other time. "I shall lead her into solitude and there I will speak to her heart" passes for a truism amongst ascetic writers but it is as well to feel at times the force of such truisms. We look up at these great mountain rocks whose summits pierce the clouds and whose peaks are covered with the snows of a thousand years. We regard the wilful gloe of the torrent as it rushes down the mountain side, hurling itself over trees and rocks and boulders to plunge with great roar into the chasms below.

Afterwards we contemplate the sky with its pall of dark grey clouds that rush calmly, noiselessly before the face of the storm—the stars peeping here and there from their little holes in the heavens—the moon beautiful and majestic in its icy chastity seeming to shine only for us directing our path through the valley of Aosta. We think of such scenes and pondering them well and meditating upon the weird beauty of the combination, how can we refrain from exclaiming in the recesses of our heart "*Deus omnium creator et auctor.*" God the Creator and Author of all.

The fool says in his heart "There is no God." He says so with his tongue, rather the negation is on his lips but in his heart—in his inmost soul he must feel the presence of Him in whom we live and move. He must think sometimes and thinking on what nature unfolds to his gaze he must recoil with horror at that which he names "Chance" and be driven irrevocably to a Being whose hands have fashioned the bulwarks of Heaven and whose right arm supports the foundations of the earth; whose presence is revealed in the mountain and the valley and whose glory is proclaimed by the silence and the echo of the gentle rivulet and the mountain torrent.—*Leaves from a Boy's Note-book.*

Walter Besant's Maxims.

Walter Besant, the well-known novelist, gives the following maxims, which are at once as cynical as they are clever:

Out of ten men nine are born to work for the tenth. Resolve to be the tenth.

Without tramping, the cleverest cannot get rich.

Dives is never an example, because nobody considers himself really rich.

If you cannot become rich remember the many miseries of the rich.

The consolation of those who fail is to depreciate those who succeed.

When you lose a leg begin at once to practise with a wooden one.

Men's motives are mercifully hidden by their shirt front.

One of the good ways to make a man honest is to make him ashamed of being found out.

There may be pride even in confessing mistakes.

Everybody says that gentle birth is an accident, and everybody treats it as an achievement.

The most charming attribute of friendship is the right of candor.

The court has pronounced judgment in the matter of the Irish National Parliamentary funds, deposited in Paris, ordering the Bank of Deposit, Munroe's Company, to immediately deliver the money to Justin McCarthy. The court's order to Munroe & Co. to deliver money to Justin McCarthy refers only to the second, or special account. The judgment states that Mr. McCarthy's application relative to the first deposit is inadmissible, but that he can continue his legal action relative to it in common with Mr. Keuney.

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A SCOTCH LASSIE RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired Of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.

From the Glasgow Echo

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Harding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 203 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy-cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeared to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, "Oh mother, I cannot rise to day," and before she had got out the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, "The poor lassie is very far through." We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, "Lizzie may stand the winter, but if she does, that will be all." One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills not like other medicine but altogether of extraordinary virtue called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, "In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Well before the first box was empty there was an improvement. She persevered and when she had finished the fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person in the street and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up or down stairs; I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation of my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and feel that they saved my life."

Miss Wood the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her house. "The change," said Miss Wood in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sonnie lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hands."

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of July, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	8.00 7.40	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	1.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	noon 9.00	2.00 7.30
	6.30 4.00	10.40 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00	n 9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
	10.00	
U.S. West'n States	6.30 12 n.	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
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