THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Will be Better take tone - selan in which is the

OBLATES OF MARY.

2

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

THE SAVAGES. destroyed all vegetation, and it was with ifficulty that even the roots and stumps of trees could be found wherewith to kindle a fire at the close of a day's ourney. On the morning of the 14th of December ha writer. ourney. On the morning of the 14th of December he writes:--"We left our snow bed at the early hour

"We left our snow bed at the early hour of 1 a.m. to continue our journey; we traveled all night; at 10 a.m. we halted to rest and to partake of a little food. We found it almost impossible to kindle a fire. At last we partially succeeded. I sat beside the dying embers, cold and hungry and wearied; a peculiar sadness oppressed me. I was then nine hundred wiles distant from St. Roniface." oppressed me. I was then hine hundred miles distant from St. Boniface." This sadness of which the good bishop

<text>

istering it. He recited family night prayers for the members of his own spot could be found for her grave.

The missionary spirit of Monseigneur Tache, though sorely tried and chastened by the succession of disasters we have spoken of, was not crushed or cast down thereby. He lost no time in setting to work for the rebuilding of what had been destroyed by fire and flood. An ample benediction was awaiting the heroic efforts of the devoted prelate to raise up again the ruined walls of the Jerusalem. From the sakes of the former cathedral. ing with the Fathers in their labors for the sanctification of souls, we quote the following incident which Monseigneur Grandin relates: From the ashes of the former cathedral, phœnix like, a church of noble dimen-

hungry and wearied; a peculiar sadness oppressed me. I was then nine hundred miles distant from St. Boniface." This sadness of which the good bishop speaks would seem to be a presentiment face, the news of which he would not learn till his return. Leaving the zealous prelate to pursue his journey in the desert with a solitary guide, we ask our readers to accompany us back to St. Boniface. The hospital shelter of the bishop's house had been extended, in his lord-ship's absence, to a great sufferer, a venerable missionary, Father Goifion. This devoted priest, being on his way to the promptings of his zeal, left his cour-panions behind and davanced alone on horseback, hoping thus to get quicker to his journey's end. On the 35 at for the same name inter midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious tempeat, alone in the midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious tempeat, alone in the midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious tempeat, alone in the midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious tempeat, slone in the midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious tempeat, alone in the midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious tempeat, alone in the midst of a great prainic, where he was overtaken by 3 furious the coult fird no a beiter, A violent and intensely cold wind lifted the same name of time sationary. Rev. Fr. Arnaud, by the Siour on Lake St. Croix, between Kainy Lake the souwin thick clouds from the ground, father Groiflon's clothes, which were still wet from the rain of the previous the dig gentleman discovered the Upper Missouri from the Yellowstone. Accom-panied by two servants they crossed the outry, and were the first white day. His general suffering were sog forth that he did not preview that both his her when saw and ascended the Boy olog separated from one that he did not preview that both his again a new marriage was necessary, as they had been so long separated from one another. Besulieu, to whom he appealed for advice, felt embarrassed for some moments as to the counsel he should give. the courty, and were the first white men who saw and ascended the Rocky mountains, north of the Missouri. The same gentlemen discovered the north branch of the Saskatchewan in its full moments as to the counsel he should give. At last, after some reflection, he made the following reply:—'If I lose an object, I do not thereby lose my right to it; consequently, if I find it again, I can lawfully take possession of it. It seems to me, therefore, that we can argue in the same manner with regard to your taking back your wife. However, in order not to act imprudently, let us ask God to enlighten us, and let us kneel down and recite the roary together for that "The conquest of Canada by England "The conquest of canada of Eugenia put a stop, for a long period, to a regular French Canadian expedition in the wilderness of the northwest. The mis-sionaries themselves had to abandon the country. The work of the Roman Osth-olic missionaries was re-assumed in 1818. country. The work of the Roman Cath-olic missionaries was re-assumed in 1818. Lord Selkirk, anxious to secure for his colony of Assumeboine the co-operation of the French Canadians disseminated in the country requested of the Bishop of Quebec the services of two priests. The Rev. J. N. Provencher, and Severe Dumoulin, both French Canadian priests of the diocese of Quebec, were asked by their bishop for the important and diffi-cult task. They willingly accepted the proposal, started in birch cances from enlighten us, and let us kneel down and recits the rosary together for that object. Having prayed fervently to God for light, Beaulieu feit that he had given the right counsel to the young man. He then advised him anew to live with his wife, without seeking for any other marriage ceremony than that which had already taken place between them." of the diocese of Quebec, were asked by their bishop for the important and diffi-cult task. They willingly accepted the proposal, started in birch cances from Montreal, and landed at Point Douglas, now Winnipeg, on the 16th of July, 1818. They soon aiter crossed the river, and began the settlement of St. Boniface. Rev. Mr. Provencher remained in St. Boniface until his death, which occurred on the 7th of June, 1853. He was con-secrated bishop in 1822, and conse-quently was thirty three years bishop of St. Boniface. After his death, Bishop Tache, who had been his coadjutor, suc-ceeded him in the see of St. Boniface. The diocese of St. Boniface, at first, com-prehended an immense extent of terri-tory; it is now divided, and was created an archdiocese in 1871. Bishop Tache was, at the same time, named Arch-bishop. The new ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface comprehends the arch-diocese of the same name, the diocese of St. Albert, on the Saskatchewan, presided over by Bishop Grandin; the districts of Athabaska and McKenzie, under Bishops Farand and Clut, and This was the first time Monseigneur Grandin visited Beaulieu and his family since he had been a biahop. Unfortun-ately they were then suffering great priv-ations from want of food. With tears in his eyes Beaulieu informed the bishop that then had nothing but a faw can. that they had nothing but a few carp to offer him to est, as the floods in the river prevented them catching any other sort of fish; besides, his sons had failed in their besides. of han; besides, his sons had failed in their hunting expedition. "This being so," said his lordship, "I will spend the night in hearing the confessions of all who are prepared to approach the sacra-ments, and to-morrow I shall be ready to take my departure." This resolution was necessary to be adopted, for if the nens, and to-morrow I shall be ready to take my departure." This resolution was necessary to be adopted, for if the bishop drew upon his own stock of pro-visions whilst stopping with Beaulieu, he would find himself unable to proceed further with his journey. Beaulieu was much grieved when he heard that Mon-seigneur Grandin would be compelled to go away so soon. The old chieftain earnestly begged the bishop to send a missionary to stay always with his tribe. "Formerly," he said, "whenever I asked you to send us a Father, you used to say to me that I should apply to the 'great priest yourself, it is to you I make appli-cation. The chief trader has informed me that the sum of thirty pounds is comunder Bishops Farand and Clut, and British Columbia under Bishops d'Her pricet yourself, it is to you I make appli-cation. The chief trader has informed me that the sum of thirty pounds is com-ing to me from the sale of my furs. This is all that I possess in the world. I will put this sum aside for the support of the missionary Father. Moreover, he can count on the aid of our willing arms to halp him to line "" The following desthe configuration, all efforts to rescue him proving useless. Burning embers from the house on fire were carried by a high wind towards the cathedral. That noble building was soon wrapt in flames. In two hours nothing remained of the finet edifice in the Hudson Bay territory but a few fragments of calcined walls. After a

several Indians of neighboring tribes. The bishop erected a large cross on a prominent position, and counseled Beau-lieu to pray often at its foot for the Holy Father, Pins IX. "I always pray for him," replied the old chieftain. He then recited aloud a prayer for the Pope and the church, which he said Fathers Farand and Eynard had taught him. "I alone," he said "know that prayer, but I repeat it aloud that all the others may be able to join with me in saying it." TO.BE CONTINUED,

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

United Ireland.

United Ireland. Who could ever have thought it a couple of years ago, that some of the most representative men in England would in the autumn of '87 be addressing crowded and enthusiastic National dem-onstrations in every corner of Ireland, and that Conservatives and Coercionists would be exhausting their coopious vocab-ulary of abuse in denunciation of the latest "Saxon invasion." Yet so it is. Mr. Gladstone has wrought this miracle. He has sown the seeds of amity between the two nations, and it has grown and thriven like the miraculous gourd of the Scriptures, which after a single night cast its refreshing shade round the prophet that planted it. "The English in Ire-land !" What terrible recollections the words evoke. The English in Ire-land !" What terrible recollections the words evoke. The English in Ireland ! The devils in hell ! This was the Irish notion of their occupation only a few years since—a hell of their own making. If the devil delights in discord, bloodshed, sin, and misery, most infallibly for seven centuries the English have done the devil's work here. There is a very remarkable book which bears this same name, "The English in Ireland." That eminent Liberal-Unionist, Mr. Froude, is the author. If we were anxious to re-kindle bitter race-harred between the the author. If we were anxious to re-kindle bitter race-batred between the kindle bitter race batred between the two peoples whom God has made neigh-bors on the wide sea, we would commend that book to the perusal of our readers. English barbarities in Ireland are narra-ted there with graphic force; they are narrated with callous exultation. Mr. Froude does not deny the English savag-eries; he defends them. He is an ortho-dox and thoroughpaced coercionist. The Irish are in his view a cursed race set apart for persecution. It was the duty household every night. By such means he kept faith and piety alive in his family during the long intervals that necessarily elapsed between the visits of missionary Fathers. apart for persecution. It was the duty of the superior race to crush them down and stamp them out, and the only regret of the author seems to be that they have failed in the completion of their task. Can it be wondered that such savage and systematic tyranny as is therein decrembed and defined the such such savage and systematic tyranny as is therein described and defended should have provoked on the other hand fierce hate and a wild hunger for revenge. The history of the English and Irish connec-tion is the saddest the world can show. It is not a seven years,' but a seven hun-dred years' war. England has been over-head all the time and Ireland down in the dust, but the straggle has never ceased. Ireland was beaten many a time, but conquered never. For his own safety sake, as it seemed, at last the English buil dog was compelled to keep his teeth tight clutched on the Irish wolf-hound's throat. Up to two year's ago this was what was called the union of the two countries. The union of two the two countries. The union of two foes grappling to the death. In the Irish foes grappling to the death. In the Irish patriot's heart hatred of England struggled for supremacy with the burn-ing love for his own dear land. It is the fashion for the coercionists of the present day to belaud the patriots of '48, whom the coercionists of that day (there were always coercionists and patriots) impris-oned and slaughtered without mercy. Coloniel Ffolliott the other day at the landlords' big bow-wow waxed eloquent in his eulogy of Meagher and Mitchel. If anyone wants to know what Mitchell and his comrades thought of England and the English let him read the Jail Journal-

Mr. Graham, M. P., and a host of other, are learning and teaching great learning and teaching great learning and teaching great learning and membrane the point of the grain of the senses? Such happiness is the best right to speak for English Liberals. He is that the the row half-accustomed, and the violence in the points? In the mest to which the forest Stuart, there of English dear of the worst Stuart, the worst days of the worst Stuart, the worst days of the worst Stuart, the sense in the fore the mesting in Ireland. In the index is the happiness, and the rife are the necessary adjuncts of public meeting in Ireland. In the most digits of the worst days of the worst Stuart, there of English deard, revolt against the index the police spy, the baton, the bayon the free atmost further worst days of the worst Stuart, these meen, fresh from the free atmost further worst days of the worst Stuart, these meen, fresh from the free atmost further worst days of the worst Stuart, these meen, fresh from the free atmost further worst days of the worst Stuart, the the Tory ascendancy in both court, the pleasure which we have the happing their own loss. English and the Tory ascendancy in both court, the pleas mean with a liver that dees not access to us is not connected with a mather bay joint of a spatent of our plane and social distinction to a mather the spatent with the own before their unities that has triumphed in their diagned in the rows are granted in the spatent with the component with the component with the spatent and well fed athlete. The CNLY BEAL BEEDY.

THE ONLY REAL REMEDY.

FOBEIGN CATHOLIC PHYSICIAN IMPLORES

THE INTERVENTION OF THE CHURCH. At the great Catholic Congress at Liege

At the great Catholic Congress at Liege, Belgium, a remarkable paper was read by the celebrated Dr. Petithan. We trans-late the following passages: For the drunkard there is no virtue, no conscience, no hope. No evil passion, no pernicious hercey, no despairing philosophy does so much harm as drunkness. Pius IX and Leo XIII realized this, they granted large indulgences to the Lasgue of the Cross that has been organized in England to combat this evil by the formation of temperance societies. But I am fraid that existing remedies are not sufficiently prompt and efficacious, especially in our country. The evil is so inveterate, and our efforts are so feeble, that we must our efforts are so feeble, that we must try to make up for lost time. The tide of alcoholism is increasing with alarming rapidity; its effects are a proof of thia. Italy and Spain, those nations removed for their temperance, are infected. Ireland and England are poisoned. Belfor Ireland and England are polsoned. Bel-gium, the most Catholic nation in Europe, is the most drunken. Leo XIII, our illustrious Pope, who watches with so much solicitude over everything that concerns the integrity of the mind and the salvation of the soul, points out these great dangers and fatal errors in his immortal Encylicals. No danger is comparable to this plague of drunkness; none is more worthy of the supreme remedy which we humbly implore. We have full confidence in the intervention of the Sovereign Pontiff; though we dare not attempt to indicate the use of religious means in this matter. A simple physician of the body, a submissive and grateful child of Holy Church, I content myself with asying to her: "Human reason is in peril, life is menaced. Science, politics, justice are impotent. Save us, O Mother!" After referring to the human means at our disposal tor fighting this formidable enemy; such as the limitation of the number of saloons by high license, &c., the eloquent doctor proceeded: Was I not right in saying that all these means are inadequate on account of the gium, the most Catholic nation in Europe, the eloquent doctor proceeded: Was I not right in saying that all these mean

not right in saying that all these means a are indequate on account of the magnitude of the evil? They depend upon the cleverness of political electors, upon the good will of judges, upon the zeal of school teachers, upon the self-love of families—three elements permeated by sub-sub-second iscreme. Note show the

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reason, since the pleasures which wealth can purchase are, in the main, of a gros-ser kind, and fail to stir the finer happi-ness instincts and joy capacity of our souls. What are yachts and horses and acres to a man with a liver that does not secrete? Or what are literary, artistic or military fame and social distinction to a man with dyspepsia? Now, the happiness which religion assures to us is not connested with bodily well-being, but thrives as well in the case of the pain-racked invalid, as in that of the robust and well fed athlete. Besides, the pleasures which flow from the gratification of a cultivated taste, and which are acknowledged by all to be the keenest that man can enjoy, are not only tolerated but encouraged by religion. The imagination of the poets has con-ceived no bliss more pure or radiant than that which wells up from the centre of a refined and contented household; and it cannot be denied that religion not only approves of such happiness, but may be justly said to be its parent and sponsor. Religion likewise invites us to the enjoy-ment of the fascinating creations of art, and takes delight in fostering the genius of those who aspire to a sympathy with its loftier moods and strivings. There-fore it is that in Catholic countries we find a keener appreciation of the beauti-ful in nature and in art, and a more decided reijsh in its contemplation. It is nonsense then to charge true Christianity with moroseness and sour-ness, since the Church has even given the highest coope to the growth and development of all the tendencies that appeal to the brighter and more joyous insuits and yearnings of the race. Re-ligion insists more volumently than Mr. Ingersoll that men should love their wives and children and fathers and moth-ers and brothers and sisters with a deep and tender love, and it sets the highest tore on the hannines which suring

wives and children and fathers and moth-ers and brothers and sisters with a deep and tender love, and it sets the highest store on the happiness which springs from the gratification of those natural and beautiful affections. As for the hap-piness that is born of a passionate love for the beauties of nature, it surely can-not be forgotten that to Christianity alone we are indebted for the charms of descriptive poetry, that through its alone we are indebted for the charms of descriptive poetry, that through its influence men have been led to a rever-ent love of nature as she manifests her-self in the myriad attractive shapes that adorn her on mountain and woodland, by "the beached margent of the sea" and the flow of her arrowy rivers. The Church is in fullest harmony with what are is bright heautiful and foce.

whatever is bright, beautiful and free; and through her love of these she guarantees to man a happiness which never abandons him, thus rendering him truly happy; for, as Sir Thomas More has tersely and truthfully remarked, "He alone is-happy who is happy day by day."

Forgiveness.

HOW A FRENCH PRIEST SAVED & HATED ARISTOCRAT. During the French Revolution the in During the French Revolution the in-habitants of a village in Dauphine had determined on sacrificing their lord to their reverge, and were only dissuaded from it by the eloquence of the Care, who thus addressed them : "My friends," said he, "the day of vengeance is arrived; the individual who has so long tyrann-ized over you must now suffer his merited punishment. As the care of this flock has been intrusted to me, it behooves me to watch over their best interests; nor will I forsake their right-eous cause. Suffer me only to be your leader, and swear to me that in all cir-cumstances you will follow my example," All the villagers swore they would. cumstances you will follow my example." All the villagers swore they would. "And," continued he, "you will further solemnly promise to enter into any en-gagement which I may now make, and to remain faithful to this your oath." All the villagers exclaimed, "We do." "Well, then," said he, solemnly taking the oath, "I swear to forgive our lord." Unexpected as this was, the villagers kept their word, and forgave him.

Ministering.

"What though your feet are often "What though your feet are often weary, on ceaseless errands sent, And tired shoulders ache and ache so "Neath heavy burdens bent! Be patient, let the ones whom you ar

OCT 15 1007.

Slip past you unaware " "Ah, then. no joy would seem so do

blessed, As spending months ard years In ceaseless service for the vanishe

In casciess service for the vanishe ings. So vainly mourned with tears, Eut while you have your dear on around you, Do not regret your care; Far easier aching feet and arms and the

ers, Than aching hearts to bear."

"And still beyond your household

reaching, Stretch forth a helping hand, So many stand in need of loving com All over this wide land; Perchance some soul you aid to-d

May with the angels sing: Some one may go straight from your o

table To bar quet with the King " -Unident

THE PRINCESS CASILDA

AND HOW, BY THE GRACE OF GOI CAME TO RECEIVE BAPTISM.

I. There once reigned in Toledo a whose name was Almenon and with the Christian King of Castile, Don nando the Great, was on terms of o friendship. King Almenon had a daughter, r

King Almenon had a daughter, i Casilda, who was beautiful and ver-der-hearted. A Christian slave tol little girl that the Nazarenes (for a Moors called the Christians) loved Moors called the Christians) loved God, their king, their parents, an their relatives. The elaves said als the Nazarenes never lost their m because even if they were deprived who bore them, they had another M in Heaven, whose name was Mary who was their patroness through lif their consoler at the hour of death. Years passed by and Casildo con

Years passed by, and Casilda gr stature, in beauty and in virtue. mother died, and she envied the lot Nazarene orphans. Beyond the walls of the beautifu

Beyond the walls of the beautifu den that surrounded the palace of King was a glocmy prison, in many Christian captives were si hungry and loaded with chains. Or Casilda happened to be walking if father's garden, when she heard lamentations of the poor captives. young Princess wept bitterly for and returned to the palace, her filled with sadnees.

filled with sadness. At the raise door Casilda me father, and, kneeling before him

said: "Father! O my father! in the beyond the gardens a multitude of tives lament. Take off their chainer the door of their prison, and let the turn to the land of the Nazarenes, parents, brothers, sisters, and wive weeping for them." In the depth of his heart the Moor b bis demotry bareness and ware nord.

In the depth of his near the moor of his daughter, because she was good, a loved her with a most tender love, was his only child, and the living im the beloved sponse whose lors he had the beloved spouse whose loss he had mourning for over a year. But still, a Mussulman and a King, he consi himself obliged to punish the bold Casilda's request; for to express co sion for Christian captives, and to a their liberty, was a orime which the phet decreed should be punished death. Therefore, he concealed the inge of his soul, and in an angry said to his daughter: "Begone, false believer! begone! I have your tongue cut out, and your

have your tongue cut out, and your cast into the fismes; for such is the isbment decreed sgainst those that

for the Nazarenes." And he bastened to call the execu ers, in order to deliver Casilda into hands; but the young Princess once threw herself on her knees, and begg pardon by the memory of her mothe the queen, whose death Almenon still mourning. The King felt his eyes blinded tears, and pressing his daughter t heart, he forgave her, saying: "Be careful, my child, not to speak in favor of the Christians, nor even t compassion for them. The holy Pr-has written: "The believer that will exterminate the unbelievers shall the terminated." terminated." 11.

day. His general sufferings were so great that he did not perceive that both his feet had become trozen. His horse could carry him no farther, he had to alight. It was then he discovered that he could to any the her he discovered that he could no longer use his feet. At the side of his poor horse he sank down in the snow. There he lay for five long nights and four days. His horse died of hunger and fatigue. To save his own life from death by starvation, he contrived to out some morsels from the dead body of his horse. On the morning of the 8th of Novem-

ber he was discovered in this frightful situation. The Fathers of St. Boniface hearing of his condition, went immediately in search of him. They stayed with him for a fortnight, awaiting his being suffici-ently recovered to bear the fattgue of his removal to St. Boniface. Medical aid, with some difficulty, was procured for the invalid. On examination it was found that constants of both fact some is invalid. On examination it was found that amputation of both feet would be necessary, in order to save his life. This operation was performed. That necessary, in order to save his life. This operation was performed. That night hemorrhage set in. On the morning of the 14th of December his life was despaired of. At ten s. m., that day the attandants in the chamber of the holy sufferer were suddenly startled by the cry of "fre." Presently Fathers Simonet and Mestre rushed into his room and informed him that the house was on fire, and that they had come to rescue him. had come to rescue him.

"Go quickly fathers," he said, "and save "Go quickly fathers," he said, "and save other lives more precious than mine. Leave me to perish in the flames, for my life is worthless. I am ready now to die, if it be God's will," Hurriedly seizing him they bore him safely through the dense smoke and stifling heat. Perceiving that he was almost naked they endeavored in vain to re-enter the burning house to pro-cure a covering of some sort to wrap him in. They were forced, by a sad necessity, to allow him to remain for a considerable time in the cold December air, without covering of any sort to preserve the needed covering of any sort to preserve the needed warmth. But the kind providence of God warmth. But the kind providence of God rendered this circumstance instrumental in saving his life. The intense cold stopped the hemorrhage and his life for that time was spared. The flames continued to spread. Vain were the efforts of the fathers and the crowd of affrighted In-dians who flocked to their help, to stay the progress of the fire. Alas! one poor blind man, who was housed through the configgration, all efforts to rescue him the configgration, all efforts to rescue him the configgration, all efforts or escue him the configgration, all efforts to rescue him the configgration.

As an instance of his zeal in co operat-

"In 1856, when I visited Beaulieu for

his comrades thought of England and the English let him read the Jail Journal-that marvellous and mournful monologue in which the brightness of Macaulay is combined with the scorching heat of Carlyle. Love and hatred beam equally through the wonderful book-love of Ireland and hatred of the cruel power that oppressed her. Hatred of England was one of the main links that bound the gallant Fenians together in more modern times. Heretofore revenge was almost as potent a motive with an Irish patriot as liberty. Englishmen were not, and could not, be blind to Irish hatred. With many well-meaning, just—aye, and generous Englishmen our National antipathy con-stituted the main obstacle to Home Rule. They admitted and regretted the injustice of the past. But the past they believed could not be condoned by con-fession or repentence. England, they knew, had earned Irish hatred. Their love for England tempted them to keep Ireland down. They doubted the possi-bility of friendship between two peoples who had inflicted and endured such wrongs. Home Rule, they feared, must lead to separation, and separation to war. They kept the handcuifs tight on our wrists lest we should use our liberties to strike. Such motives influenced many homest votes at the last General Election. English let him read the Jail Journalov culpable co

to strike. Such motives influenced many honest votes at the last General Election. They will influence none at the next. Race hatred is dead and buried between the two peoples. It is in vain that fero-cious writers in the Coercion Press, and ferocious speakers in Parliament and on provincial platforms strive desperately to galvanize the foul monster into life as the one enemy that can now defeat Irish freedom. They are flogging a dead horse; they are blowing a quenched fire. Mr. Gladatone has made peace between the two nations. He has taught them to know each other and respect each other. For the first time in all the centuries the two Democracies have looked each other squarely in the face, and clasped each other honestly by the hand. The Eng-lish people have frankly expressed their abhorrence of the wrongs done to Ireland in their name by their enemies and ours. The English Democrat has addressed to his Irish brother the touching apology of Hamlet in the play. the one enemy that can now defeat Irish Hamlet in the play .-

"Let my disclaming from a purposed evil Free me so far in your mest generou thoughts, That I have shot my arrow o'er the house And nurt my brother."

f the And hart my brother." The Irish people have accepted the at the trish people have accepted the at the trish people have accepted the day it was offered. It is no wonder that the Coercionists are dismayed and enraged by the latest Saxon invasion. "The Eng-thins-by the latest Saxon invasion. "The Eng-d all lish in Ireland" have a new meaning and a new mission. Mr. Labouchere, M. P.; a to Professor Rogers, Mr. Conybeare, M. P.;

is not there! It is where God has put it -In the intervention of the Church, who has received the promises of Christ. She alone will never fail in her work for the welfare of poor humanity.

TEMPORAL HAPPINESS AND RE-

LIGION.

Catholic Review.

One of the charges urged against the Catholis religion by the so-called philoso-phers of our day is that it deals exclusively with the future and takes no account of the worldly happiness of men. It is de-picted by certain flippant talkers and picted by certain hippant taikers and reckless writers as gloomy, morose and inclining to dark and unhealthy views of life. Mr. Ingersoll, for instance, claims that, whereas his religion, or, rather, non-religion, delights in sunshine and flowers, in fragrant breezes and the music of birds, in the free life of the woods and the water and a generous participation in the offi-

in the free life of the woods and the water and a generous participation in the gifts with which nature has so bountifully be-sprinkled our path, Christianity is crabbed, sour and sombre, and calculated to dry up the sap and succulence of our nature. These latter-day followers of the Em-peror Julian are so intense in their naturalism, so blind in their devotion to the new fetih-cult, that they construe the rational restriction which Christianity imposes upon the passions and visions imposes upon the passions and vicious propensities of men into a mercilese cramping of our souls and an unwarranted interference with our pursuit of handlese The short sightedness and shallowness of this conception of religion is almost too obvious to require comment; yet its strange and extensive prevalence all but commels us to bestow some poise on it

strange and extensive prevalence all but compels us to bestow some notice on it. . Montesquieu has well marked that the religion of Christ, while teaching us how to win felicity in a future life, constitutes the happiness of this. And, indeed, the whole tenor of the saintly lives of those men who have lived up to the rule and spirit of its teachings conclusively proves the truth of this shrewd observation. In whom has a uniform cheerfulness shone whom has a uniform cheerfulness shone forth more conspicuously than in the saints ! And if their lives have peen mortified and austere, have not their lips been free from the curl of a contemptuous cynicism and their foreheads free from

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a com-plaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable 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 thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least incon-venience." For Female Complaints it has no equal. A lady from Syracuse writes: "For has no equal.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: "I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething. Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden

cynicism and their foreheads free from the lines of a heart-consuming care? It is true they denied themselves many of those pleasures which a thoughtless world mit takes for happiness, but their souls were bathed in content and a beautiful accently lighted up their lives. They lived for the sake of others, and found joy in the glad-it not be said of such man that they were essentially happy, and that their happt.

II. The birds were singing their swu carols, the flowers were opening, an eoft morning breeze was bearing the fume of the gardens to the palace o Moorish King. Casilds was very a she went to the window to seek for distraction from her melancholy thou the went to the window to seek for distraction from her melancholy thou The gardens looked so beautiful the could not resist their charm, and she out to walk through the fragrant sh As she went along, the Angel of (passion, in the form of a beautiful bi fly, appeared before her, and deligher heart and her eyes. The but flaw from flower to flower, and C.

flew from flower to flower, and Ca followed it, without being able to cat Finally, she came to a strong wall which the butterfly flew, leaving the

cess tired and disappointed. Behind this strong wall Casilda I the sorrowful lamentations of the Nazarenes, hungry, and loaded with ch for whom relatives and friends mourning throughout Castile; and ch strengthened her soul and illuminated

strengthened her soul and illuminates understanding. The Princess returned to the Palace taking food and money, she retrace steps to the prison, following the bu fly, which went before her again. money was to win the favor of the gu and the food was for the captives. had both food and money concealed i skit of her drees, when in turning corner of a path between the rose-bed met her father, who also had come o seek distraction from the gloomy thou that oppressed him.

"What are you doing here so e light of my eyes ?" said the King t

daughter. Casilda bung her head, and turns red as the roses that were stirred by gently morning breeze. But the King did not notice her

barrassment. "I have come," he added, "to loo the flowers, to listen to the warblin