OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A message from the Sacred Heart;
What may its message be!
My child, my child, give me thy heart—
My child, my child, give me thy heart—
My heart has bled for thee."
This is the message Jesus sends
To my poor heart to-day.
And eager from His throne He bends
To hear what I shall say.

A message to the Sacred Heart;
Oh, bear it back with speed;
"Come, Jesus, reign within my heart—
Thy Heart is all I need."
Thus, Lord, I'll pray until I share
That home whose joy thou art;
No message, dearest Jesus', there—
For Heart will speak to heart.

-Fr. Russel, S. J. THE MEANS OF ENJOYMENT.

One of the most successful merchants of his day was Mr. Alexander. In trade he had amassed a large fortune, and now, in the sixtieth year of his age, he concluded that it was time to cease getting and begin the work of enjoying. Wealth had always been enjoying. Wealth had always been regarded by him as a means of happiregarded by him as a means of happi-ness; but, so fully had his mind been occupied in business, that, until the present time, he had never felt himself at leisure to make a right use of the means in his hands.

So Mr. Alexander retired from business in favor of his son and son-in-law. And now was to come the reward of his long years of labor. Now were to come repose, enjoyment, and the calm delights of which he had so often dreamed. But it so happened, that the current of thought and affection which had flowed on so long and stead ily was little disposed to widen into a placid lake. The retired merchant must yet have some occupation. His een a life of purposes, and plans for their accomplishment; and he could not change the nature of this life. His heart was still the seat of desire, and his thought obeyed, instinctively, the heart's affection.

So Mr. Alexander used a portion of his wealth in various ways, in order to satisfy the ever active desire of his for something beyond what was in actual possession. But it so hap-pened that the moment an end was gained, the moment the bright ideal became a fixed and present fact, its der linger. power to delight the mind was gone.

Alexander had some taste for Many fine pictures already the arts. hung upon his walls. Knowing this, a certain picture broker threw himself v. and, by adroit management and skillful flattery, succeeded in turn ing the pent-up and struggling current the old gentleman's feelings and thoughts in this direction. The broker soon found that he had opened a new and profitable mine. Mr. Alexander had only to see a fine picture, to desire its possession; and to desire was to have. It was not long before his house was a gallery of pictures.

Was he any happier? Did these pictures afford him a pure perennial source of enjoyment? No; for, in reality, Mr. Alexander's taste for the arts was not a passion of his mind. He did not love the beautiful in the ab The delight he experienced when he looked upon a fine painting, was mainly the desire of possession and satiety soon followed possession.

One morning, Mr. Alexander re-paired alone to his library, where, on the day before, had been placed a new painting, recently imported by his friend the picture-dealer. It was ex-quisite as a work of art, and the biddings for it had been high. But he succeeeded in securing it for the sum of two thousand dollars. Before he was certain of getting this picture, Mr. Alexander would linger before it, which cost but a single dollar, is gazed and study out its beauties with a de-lighted appreciation. Nothing in his collection was deemed comparable of paintings and statues. collection was deemed comparable therewith. Strangely enough, after it was hung upon the walls of his library, he did not stand before it for as long a space as five minutes; and then his thoughts were not upon its beauties. During the evening that followed, the mind of Mr. Alexander was less in repose than usual. After having completed his purchase of the picture, he had overheard two persons, who were considered autocrats in taste, speaking of its defects, which were minutely indicated. They likewise gave it as their opinion that the paint ing was not worth a thousand dollars. This was throwing cold water on his enthusiasm. It seemed as if a veil had suddenly been drawn from before his eyes. Now, with a clearer vision, he could see faults where, before, every defect was thrown into shadow by an all obscuring hearity. all obscuring beauty.

On the next morning, as we have said, Mr. Alexander entered his library, to take another look at his purchase. He did not feel very happy. Many thousands of dollars had he spent in order to secure the means of gratification; but the end was not yet

A glance at the new picture sufficed, and then Mr. Alexander turned from it with an involuntary sigh. Was it to look at other pictures? No. He crossed his hands behind him, bent his eyes upon the floor, and for the period of half an hour, walked slowly backwards and forwards in his library. There was a pressure on his feelings, he knew not why—a sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction.

No purpose was in the mind of Mr. Alexander when he turned from his library, and, drawing on his overcoat, passed forth to the street. It was a bleak winter morning, and the muffled pedestrians hurried shivering on their

"Oh! I wish I had a dollar." These words, in the voice of a child, Mr. Alexander, as he moved along the pavement. Something in the tone reached the old man's feelings, and he partly turned himself to look at the

speaker. She was a little girl, not CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. over eleven years of age, and in com-pany with a lad some year or two older. Both were coarsely clad.

"What would you do with a dollar, sis?" replied the boy.
"I'd buy brother William a pair of

nice woollen gloves, and a comforter, and a pair of rubber shoes. That's what I'd do with it. He has to go away, so early, in the cold, every morning; and he's most perished, I know, cometimes. Last night his feet were soaking with wet. His shoes are not good ; and mother says she hasn' money to buy him a new pair just now

Instinctively Mr. Alexander's hand was in his pocket, and, a moment

after, a round, bright silver dollar glittered in that of the girl. But little farther did Mr. Alexander extend his walk. As if by magic, the hue of his feeling had changed. The pressure on his heart was gone, and ts fuller pulses sent the blocd bounding and frolicking along every ex-panding artery. He thought not of pictures nor possessions. All else was obscured by the bright face of the child, as she lifted to his her innocent eyes, brimming with grateful tears.

One dollar spent unselfishly brought more real pleasure than thousands parted with in the pursuit of merely elfish gratification. And the pleasure did not fade with the hour, nor the That one truly benevolent act, impulsive as it had been, touched a sealed spring of enjoyment, and the waters that gushed instantly forth continued to flow unceasingly.

Homeward the old man returned, and again he entered his library Choice works of art were all around him, purchased as a means of enjoy-They had cost thousands ment yet did they not afford him a tithe of the pleasure he had secured by the ex-penditure of a single dollar. He could turn from them with a feeling of satiety; not so from the image of the happy child whose earnestly expressed wish he had gratified.

And not alone on the pleasure of the child did the thoughts of Mr. Alexan There came before his imagination another picture. He a poorly furnished room, in which were a humble, toiling widow and her It is keen and frosty with children. out; and her eldest boy has just come home from his work, shivering with While he is warming himself cold. by the fire, his little sister presents him with the comforter, the thick gloves, and the overshoes, which his benevolence has enabled her to buy. What surprise and pleasure beam in the lad's face! How happy looks the sister! How full of a subdued and thankful pleasure is the mother's coun-

tenance. And for weeks and months did Mr Alexander gaze, at times, upon this picture, and always with a warmth and lightness of heart unfelt when other images arose in his mind and obscured it.

And for a single dollar was all this obtained, while thousands and thou-sand swere spent in the fruitless effort to buy happiness.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Alexander did not profit by this lesson— grew no wiser by this experience. The love of self was too strong for him to seek the good of others, to bless both himself and his fellows by a wise and generous use of the ample means which Providence had given into his hands. He still buys pictures and works of art, but the picture in his imagination

If Mr. Alexander will not drink from the sweet spring of true delight that has gushed forth at his feet, and in whose clear waters the sun of heavenly love is mirrored, we hope that others, wiser than he, will bend to its overflowing brim, and take of its treasures freely.

THE PASSIONIST FATHERS.

The idea of preaching to non-Catho lics is growing wonderfully. Already the Connecticut apostolate is an as sured success. Following the example set by the Paulist Fathers, the Passion ist Fathers, whose monastery is in West Hoboken, have entered the field of non-Catholic missions. The first of these missions to be given by them opened in West Fortieth street, New York, last Sunday night, and it will continue throughout the week. The object of the mission is, of course, to preach and explain Catholic doctrines to the Protestants and non-believers, with a view to converting them. The methods adopted by the Passionists are almost identical to those used by the Paulists in similar work throughout Paulists in similar work throughout the country. The Passionists are a religious order of priests of Italian origin, which was founded in the eighteenth century. To one of this order, Father Dominick, is attributed the conversion of Cardinal Newman.
The Passionists did not establish a branch in the United States until 1852, but since then they have been mos active in the missionary field. All their efforts in that line, however, have been confined heretofore to reviving the religious spirit among Catholics alone. Their entry into the non-Catholic field is considered significant in view of the recent attempts by some Europeans to belittle the work of the Paulists in the eyes of the

One of the strongest forces exerted on a young man's character and conduct is the influence of the company he keeps-of "his crowd." subservient to it and it is evil, he will probably go to the devil. If he has the spunk to resist it when it clashes with his principles, he will grow strong. But it is hard to fight. It is likely to prevail. His best hope of security is to have no associates whose example tends to drag him downbetter no friends than vicious friends; better solitude than society that de-

Began to Drink in Youth. Nine drunkards out of ten are so to day because they did not resolve in youth to lead a sober life.

Do Right. Gain first God's approval, then thine own; setting thy small watch by the great Regulator, and let the opinion of the world count for naught. Do right. If the world approve, well; if not, thou losest but a triffs.—C. P. Nettleton.

Inspect Your Repair Outfit.

It is always as well for a cyclist, be fore starting out for a spin, to inspect his repair outfit. Rubber solutions and ements have a habit of drying and be coming so thick as to be useless rider who, after a year's immunity from tire accidents, recently had a puncture some miles away from anywhere, had to waik to the nearest repair shop, owing to the solution in his outfit having dried up.

Don't Be a Growler.

The young man who is dissatisfied with his employer is not an uncommon type of humanity. He is looking for perfection in a world where no such quality exists. He is so independent that he wants to do what he pleases, regardless of the wishes of his employer, the person who pays saiaries and who has to carry the weight of the business upon his shoulders. Now this is very foolish. The young man will discover this if he ever becomes an employer himself--which he is not likely to do while he continues in his present complaining frame of mind.

The young men who get on are those who do what they are told to do, as long as there is nothing dishonor-able proposed, without consulting their own feelings in the matter. They feel that they are hired to do certain things, and they perform their duties to the best of their ability. They are like the brave soldiers at Balaklava who obeyed the command to charge, though they knew that someone had

Advice to Young Debaters. Let me say a word to the young de-bater: Never get up to speak before you know what you are going to say. When you have nothing to say, say nothing. It is all moonshine to trust to the spur of the moment. The spur of the moment will probably make you say something stupid or rid iculous,—something you will regret having said at all. Lord Cockburn tells of a man who, having been unexpectedly requested to give a toast at a public dinner, cast about for something fine, and then gave: "Here's to the moon, shining on the calm bosom of

Webster's power as an orator was founded on great natural ability, de veloped by a liberal education, strengthened and ennobled by constant and varied study. Nothing came amis language, his images, his whole style has something of classic purity about it; his figures and illustrations are drawn from the noblest sources; his sentences are strong, forcible, polished his manner is highly dignified and impressive; and his power of seizing and disposing of the salient points in argument, unequalled. For great mental power, sound logical reasoning, and classic purityof style, Websterstands unrivaled. It was his large literary culture that analysed him to give such public ture that enabled him to give such noble expression to those patriotic sentiments which have rendered his speeches the admiration of every citizen and the favorite declamation of every student of oratory, wherever English is spoken.

Paying Too Much. Paying Too Much.

It is a truism that success often costs too much, and that men pay for it more than it is worth. It is always a mistake to put so much energy and force into securing success that when it is won there is no freshness of feel. ing or vitality of mind left to enjoy it. Few failures are more pathetic than

that of the man who, in getting rich, has lost the power of enjoying the things which money brings. To burn out one's life in eager pursuit, and to seize the prize at last with a hand which cannot hold it, is to write futility over a whole life. Force and which cannot hold it, is to write fairly over a whole life. Force and energy are great and virile qualities, and they ought to be adjusted to the work to which they are set; they ought not to be put forth in blind discount to be put forth in bl

only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla frequency of the relative value of the final reward, nor in disregard of the conditions under which that reward may be enjoyed.

Many a man impoverishes himself by the very magnitude of his successput so much of himself into the doing of the work upon which he has set his heart that when the work is done the man who accomplished it is a spent force. When this happens, there has been a lack of adjustment between the energy put forth and the value of the end sought. For the worker ought always be superior to his work; ought not only to survive it with undiminished power, but to be enriched by it.

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An END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the stomach, has a marked effect upon the headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will

Shakespeare was not exhausted by the writing of "Hamlet;" he was, rather, enlarged in his thought and reinforced in his will by a task which held him to the highest exercise of his whole nature, but which did not drain him of his vitality.

It is true that there are tasks which

a man may not escape, and which con-sume his vitality, as those duties in the discharge of which one must count his life as dross: but these supreme tasks and duties are rare. To most men the opportunity is offered to determine the opportunity is offered to determine the price they will pay for success. The danger of over-payment is, however, peculiarly insidious, because it is often not recognized until too late; the man who meant to fix the price he is willing to pay, suddenly awakes to find that he has already overned. he has already overpaid. He meant to exchange time, strength, and pleas ure for success; he discovers that he has also parted with freshness of feel-

ing, the capacity for enjoyment, the ability to use leisure, the faculty of friendship. Success costs more than it is worth when a man lets these things go out of his life for the sake of it; and the danger is that a man may lose them with out being conscious of his loss. Every man must protect himself against hi

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

Baltimore Mirror.

The incident which prompted the writer of "Morning on The Irish Coast" was often related by the author. the late John Locke, whose Irish nature was profoundly touched by it. The poet, on one of his voyages across The poet, on one of his voyages across the Atlantic, became acquainted with a fellow passenger, an Irishman, who never tired of talking about the land of his birth, to which he was returning after an absence of thirty years. arent was his desire to see it that he asked the officers of the ship to tell him of the very first glimpse of Ireland, be the time day or night. It so happened that land was sighted early in the morning. In accordance with his oft expressed wish the old man was awak ened. As he came upon deck the sun broke in splendor over the hills of Kerry, and with its first rays illuminand transfiguring his tear ating stained face, he advanced, with out stretched arms to the rail, exclaiming Oh, m'anam le Dia! But there it is, The dawn on the coast of Ireland!

The dawn on the coast of Ireland! God's angels lifting the night's black veil From the fair sweet, face of my sireland Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look, Like a bride in your rich adorning, And with all the pent-up love in my heart I bid you the top of the morning.

This one short hour pays lavishly back For many a years mourning.

Sure, I'd almost venture another flight
There's so much joy in returning.

Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning.

Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?

I bid you the top of the morning.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal, so tair, so loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should pause
And dream of thee in his roving.
The Western home may have gems and gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it:
But the heart will fly to that absent land
Where the lovelight first illumed it.

See, see! Upon Cleena's shelving strand
The surges are grandly beating:
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting.
Into the shore the sea birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out from the cliff a million of waves
With welcomes charged come trooping.

With welcomes charged constraining there
Watching the wild waves motion
Leaning her back up against the hill,
With the tips of her toes in the ocean.
And I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells:
Ah! May be their chiming's over.
For 'tis many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty years, asthore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on O'er memory's dim horizon:
Even so 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me—
But dreams are dreams! And my eyes would To find Texas skies still o'er me

And often upon the Texas plains,
When the chase and the day was over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary waves,
And round this coast line hover:
And the prayer would rise that some future
day.

day
All dangers and doubters scorning,
would heelp to win for my native land
The light of young liberty's morning. Now fuller and truer the shore line shows, Was ever a scene more splendid? I feel the breath of the Munster breeze. Thank God my exile's ended! Old scenes, old times, old home, old friends

again!
The vale, the cot I was born in!
Ob, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the morning!

"YELLOW JOURNALISM."-The preter natural development of the sentiment al faculties is caused by the intellectua poison supplied by "yellow" journalism, and the mind loses its equipoise. This explains the strange conduct of many persons who outrage public morality. American Herald.

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It is nothing unusual to hear of several cures of Kidney Disease, every day, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this neighborhood. The medicine is in universal use. It has the record of having completely cured every case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Heart Fallure, Urinary Disease, Dis-eases of Women, or Blood Impurity, in which it has been used. Our people claim that it is the only medicine earth that will cure these diseases.

A still further claim is made by those who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They assert emphatically, (and to speak the truth, they bring convincing proof,) that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are as easily cured, if Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, as is a

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, of Smith's Falls, whose cure is the latest reported, has many friends in Kilmarnock, and her complete recovery amazes, while it deights them. Her case was a severe one of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a wonderfully quick and complete cure.

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tried it have the same experience.

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THEY ARE NOT VIOLENT IN ACTION.—

bottle of it in my house."

THEY ARE NOT VIOLENT IN ACTION.—
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