Memorare of the Blessed Virgin.

BY REV. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

Remember holy Mary,
'Twas never heard or known
That anyone who sought thee,
And made to thee his moan;
That anyone who hastened
For shelter to thy care,
Was ever yet abandoned,
And left to his despair.
No! never, Blessed Virgin!
Most merciful, most kind;
No sinner cries for pity.
None, none, O Holy Mary!

And so to thee, my Mother;
With trusting faith I call;
For Jesus, dying, gave thee,
As a Mother to us all;
To thee, O Queen of Virgins!
O, Mother meek! to thee,
I run with trustful fondness,
Like a child to its mother's knee.
See at thy feet a sinner,
Groaning and weeping sore;
Ah, throw thy mantel o'er me,
And let me stray no more!
No more, O, Holy Mary!

Thy Son hath died to save me,
And from His throne on high
His heart this moment yearneth
For even such as I.
All, all His love remember,
And Oh! remember, too,
How prompt I am to purpose,
How slow I am to do.
Yet scorn not my petition,
But patiently give ear,
And help me, O, my Mother!
Most loving and most dear.
Help! help! O, Holy Mary!

A GLASS OF WINE.

A large party of excursionists, guests of the company, were on an Arkansas railway train, en route to visit the advertised lands of a famous pine district. Baskets of champagne had been provided and the excursionists, in that unrestrained conviviality which steals along so gently with the alleged juice of the grape, soon became unable to distinguish one kind of land from another or to recognize the difference between a pine log and a sycamore sapling.

At a way station a young man boarded the train and took the only vacant seat in the car, beside a rather old gentleman who did not seem to join in the festivities of the intoxicated occasion.

"Join us, cap'n," said a red-faced fellow, handing him a glass. "Fill 'er up to the brim," pouring out the seething enemy to a clear head. "Everything goes," and he passed on in answer to the summons of an uplifted glass at the other end of the car. Just as the young man was about to drink the old gentleman said:

"Will you wait until I tell you a story, before you drink that?"

The young man looked in surprise at the old gentleman.

"I won't detain you long. This reminds me so much of something that occurred years ago in my life that I cannot refrain from speaking of it."

His earnest manner impressed the young man, and as he held up the glass and looked for a moment at the shining beads arising from its stem-like bottom, he replied:

"Yes, I will wait."

"Thank you," and in a manner still more impressive the old man began: "I had been away from home a number of years and was returning on a steamboat, when I fell in with a party very much like this one. Champagne was as free as water, and with that deceitful idea of hospitality which wine inspires, I was enjoined to drink. I shuddered at the thought. My father had died a drunkard and my elder brother was in a drunkard's grave. I had ever been sober, and my mother, the gentlest of women, looked to me as the solace of her feeble years, the one embodiment of purposes, rescued from the wreck of our household ship.

"I say that I shuddered in the mere contemplation of taking the wine which they insisted that I should drink, and to escape the noisy crowd I went to my state-room, but this was no safeguard against their hilarious persistency, for they beat upon the door and declared that if I did not come out they would beat it down. Thus, I was compelled to join them, but still I refused to drink. Finally, a very respectable looking and quiet old gentleman said to me: 'Take a glass or so; it won't hurt you. A little champagne is no more hurtful than a little water. Here,' and he filled a glass and handed it to me. I drank, and soon felt that the old man had well advised me, for I felt no inconvenience, but on the contrary, decidedly improved. I took another, and another and the crowd seemed to be less noisy. I went with the men who had knocked on my door and prevailed on another young man to drink. I laughed immoderately and thought that I had never before seen so gay a company. Once my mother's often repeated words, 'my son, I would rather see you in your coffin than to see you drunk,' sounded like a distant knell, ringing from away back in childhood, but they became fainter and fainter until at last I heard no warning. The old man who had advised me to drink, came to me and said: 'Look here, you have had enough wine?' I had become rich. I knew well enough that I had but little money, but somehow I was rich. The boat seemed to be flying down the river, and I laughed at the trees as they seemed to whirl along the bank. I had a great scheme on hand, after that was going to drink nothing but wine. I thanked the old gentleman time and again for introducing me to drink so delightful, and thought what fools men were to toil in discontent when they could drink wine and be happy. After awhile the pleasurable feelings left me, and were supplanted by sickening sensations.

"My head swam so that I could scarcely see anything. While I was in this condition the boat reached my landing. I saw a hack, heard half familiar voices, and then I saw a face, ghastly pale. I was whirled away in the hack, and saw the ghastly face again, and heard groans of despair. In the night some one tried to arouse me, but in vain. At morning I awoke with a feverish thirst, and in that horror and shame—that feeling which convinces a man of his unworthiness to live—I crept out of bed and stole down stairs. I could not go into mother's room. I could not bear to see the face that I had made ghastly. I went to the well to cool my burning brow. There I met one of the servants, an old negro who had romped with me on his shoulders when I was a boy. The old man did not look at me when I approached, and turning to him I said: 'Uncle Alf, don't treat me this way. I know I ought to die, but I hope to make you all forget this.' Tears were streaming down his face. Turning and pointing to the house he said in a voice of trembling emotion: 'Mars' John, 'Mars' John, may the Lawd fergib yer!' I waited for no more. A terrible dread had seized me. I ran to the house and hurried into mother's room. Great God! she lay there dead. I kissed her ghastly face and cried aloud in my anguish. The room swam before me and I fell insensible to the floor. When I regained consciousness, old Alf was sitting by the bedside. The ghastly face had gone into the ground, but I saw it still. I cursed a fate that had not sent me home in a coffin, and even now, after long years, I wish that I had been taken home dead. Now, young man you may drink your wine."

"No! my God, no!" he exclaimed, throwing the wine from the window. "I am going home to see my mother and press the warm red lips of love. Thank God, that you have saved her face from ghastliness."—Arkansas Traveler.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

S. S. M. in Catholic Columbian.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles also teaches us to take care of ourselves. But warns us to care for the soul first, and then the body. Just look at the attention given to his admonition. This is a busy world of ours, and people are in the habit of repeatedly quoting one another, saying, well a person must avoid all contagious diseases and be cleanly in their habits, then there is a living to be made, and I tell you one don't have much time to spend in prayer, when these things are given the consideration required. All the laws regarding health, with the exception of dram drinking, are pretty well considered. Fashions hurt, but company in misery makes it endurable. A person wakes in the morning, and the first thought is to prepare the body for the nourishment it requires. By way of preparation, the face and hands are washed clean from the exhalations of the body, which have taken place during the hours of repose. The hair is arranged, and then the cook is watched, until the morning's meal is on the table. These moments of ventral agony cause remarks that are often not as savory as the fumes, which come from the kitchen. The father worries at the imaginary delay, and the children hop around, pretty well convinced that it wont pay to keep in reach of his hands. The meal is on the table, he takes his place, gruffly makes away with his portion of food, and then rushes out to his daily avocation, as though he were seven days behind hand with the world and is determined to catch up with it.

He meets a friend on the road, and talks a minute or so. He has time and knows it. He is always at the working place long before the time for beginning his day's work. He is pleasant with every one he meets. His unpleasantness is only known to the wife of his bosom, and the children of his own flesh and blood. The wife and children are on the move about meal time, and grow to expect from him nothing but complaints, hence when he is home, silence reigns throughout the house. He returns with the shades of the evening, after his day's toil, and nothing appears to gratify him. His supper is taken. Once in a while, he deigns to be more communicative, but like a snapper he invariably goes back into his shell. What causes all this unpleasantness is the want of love, which God gives to families that ask for it. God has no place in the heart of people, who live with the world, and do as it does. The world is just what makes all this unpleasantness in families. God made us to love and serve Him here so that we may do so hereafter. Now apply the rules quoted and observed so well for the health of the body, to the soul. Keep clear of all contagious diseases. Do not keep company with those who curse, swear, steal, lie, cheat and disobey God's law, not from weakness of human nature, but from depravity of will. Their disease is contagious. If you mix with such companions, their habits will be contracted, and they will afflict you with the corruption of their lust.

Be cleanly in the habits of your soul. Don't wallow into every mire of thought or action which is presented to your soul for enjoyment. You use discrimination in selecting habits for your body, do so for those of your soul. God has enabled you to effect this care for your soul by innumerable aids which he gives at your asking. But where and when do you ask these favors of Him. You prepare your body in the morning, for the exercise of the day's occupation. Prepare your soul for its day's work. How? why when you wake from sleep, bless yourself and on your knees thank God for his care over you in your sleep; ask him to protect you during the day. Cleanse your soul from the stains it may have incurred during repose, by an Act of Contrition and beg God to forgive you. Call your family around you, and say with them prayers for this purpose. Do not plead want of time. God made and placed you on this earth to work out your salvation. Five minutes will do all this. Surely you can spend time enough with your family in the evening for the recitation of the Rosary.

Begin to seek the love of God, parents, for yourselves and children. Soon all complaints will cease. Children will smile at the presence of their father. The love of the family will center around the mother, and God will bless it with the grace to seek first the kingdom of God before all things.

☞QUANTITY AND QUALITY.—In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Respect Age.

Age should always command respect. In the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does, for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic and all Bowel Complaints.

The Signs of Worms are well known, but the remedy is not always so well determined. Worm Powders will destroy them.

Drunken Women.

Men sink lower than brutes by rum's curse, but woman—woman, how low do you sink when you abandon yourself to rum's influence?

I entered the bar in time to see a woman strike another in the same condition, felling her to the floor.

"As sure as you have the longest part of your foot in h—l, I'll brain you if you don't shut up," cried a third companion; but the unfortunate woman was already stretched out on the floor among sawdust and filth. She was a hatless and shawlless woman, fine and bold looking, with a suckling infant hanging on her naked breast. By a sad miracle the baby had not been unhooked by the fall and long pursued his meal happily on the floor. Little attention was given to the levelled creature.

The public house was crowded, its staff taxed to the verge of exhaustion. Now he who does not see that it would seriously interfere with the business of a prosperous saloon were potboys to neglect the still standing customers for the floored ones, has never passed the threshold of one. This was on a Saturday night. I will not give the name of the assembly room. It is within an easy distance of Tottenham Court road.

As I was going to leave the house the baby was raising a storm of protests by his desperate cries. These sounded strange, for they proceeded, as it were, from beneath the feet of the customers. "Turn the d——n toad out," vociferated a woman. A potboy at last hurried to the spot and picked up the infant.

"Where's the mother?" he asked.

"Are your——eyes out?" put in a tramp solicitously; "you'ave the muslin 'tween your pins."

All laughed. The potboy hurled a sulphurous oath and seized the arm of the horizontal body. But the next instant he was up, pale with hideous terror.

"My God," said he, "she is stiff cold."

"Yes, she is right dead," said a Yankee confirmatively.

Go ask any London policeman what is the most disgusting, the most hideous, the most heart-rending sight in all London, and he will say: "Hi don't mind haccidents, but hi ate the sight of a drunken woman!"

By the ancient Roman law, if a husband found his wife drinking wine he had the power of putting her to death. Under the empire we find from artists that drunkenness had the effect of destroying the high standing of women.—London Truth.

Michael Davitt and Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Davitt, in a letter to a Boston paper, denies the statement of a London correspondent which appeared in a New York paper that he is "at war" with Mr. Parnell. "No letter," he writes, "of an unfriendly nature has ever passed between us, and I have never either in public speech or letter spoken of Mr. Parnell except in terms of respect. I differ with Mr. Parnell on more questions than one. It is true that such differences have been spoken of openly by me on both sides of the Atlantic, but they have never, as far as I am concerned, degenerated into a war. I am not going to abandon my convictions in social problems and public questions because Mr. Parnell has arrived at other conclusions than mine; but I have yet to learn that this is all wrong on my part, and that I ought to accept his principles from another because he happens to be Mr. Parnell."

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

A Cure for Cholera Morbus.

A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaints incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

GOOD THE YEAR ROUND.—National Pills are a good blood purifier, liver regulator, and mild purgative for all seasons.

A Sad Neglect.

Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the Bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and Bowels.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—For Pimples, Blotches, Tan, and all itching tumors of the skin, use Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.

The great results which have attended the regular use of Quinine Wine, by people of delicate constitution and those affected with a general prostration of the system, speak more than all the words that we can say in its behalf. This article is a true medicine and a life-giving principle—a perfect renovator of the whole system—invigorating at the same time both body and mind. Its medical properties are a febrifuge tonic and anti-periodic. Small doses, frequently repeated strengthen the pulse, create an appetite, enable you to obtain refreshing sleep, and to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, we have the exact tonic required; and to persons of weak and nervous constitution we would say, never be without a bottle in the house. It is sold by all druggists.

THOSE TWIN FOES to bodily comfort, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, yield when war is waged against them with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Its use also insures the removal of Kidney and Uterine maladies, and promotes unobstructed action of the bowels. The purity of its ingredients is another point in its favor. As a blood purifier it has no equal. It is also a great favorite with the ladies. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

CHASTITY AND PUBLIC LIFE.

We do not write on this subject for the purpose of influencing votes in the Presidential contest. The subject has entered the struggle, and in consequent discussion there has appeared and been advocated a theory that would take all opprobrium from unchaste action and tend to demoralize public sentiment. No person having the virtue of the people at heart can consider such a result without concern. For this reason we write.

It is broadly asserted that the chastity of a person holding public position need not be considered; that a person who is regardless of that virtue may nevertheless be most competent and trustworthy in public life. History does not sustain those who so judge. Scriptures, the history of the Church, profane history, are full of warning to the contrary. The instances of Samson, David, Solomon and Herod in Holy Writ, suffice to show how crimes of this kind are visited not only upon the criminals themselves but upon the people intrusted to them. In Church history the persecution of St. John Chrysostom, the kingdoms placed under interdict, the schisms and heresies caused by lustful rulers, notably the defection of England from Catholicity, are sufficient illustration. In profane history we note wars caused by such crimes, numberless intrigues leading to petty persecutions, oppressions and death of citizens. Any one who is at all familiar with the principal events of history, from the Trojan war in the dimness of fable, down to our own century, can easily recall facts without number that are to the point, so that it can be asserted with all probability that nothing else has so changed the face of empires and caused such desolation as unchastity in public men. It can thus be seen that chastity in public life is a matter of grave concern, and how flippant is the talk of those who wish for partisan purposes to create a different impression.

But this is not all. The most important point is the demoralization of public sentiment. There is necessarily an abhorrence of known impurity because of the disgrace, misery, despair and other afflictions that are brought about by unchaste action. It is this abhorrence that leads so frequently to the speedy lynching of those who have had a share in such crimes. If there is one barrier, beyond the grace of God, to a deluge of impurity it is the public disrepute that attaches to those who are guilty of the crime. It can thus be seen that it is not hypocrisy and inconsistency to punish those who are publicly known to be guilty of crimes that are secretly committed by many other persons with impunity. It is simply regard for a barrier to immorality. Those who are guilty of such crimes feel their own degradation and seek the darkness. The reasoning of some persons would take away all the opprobrium and give the criminal impunity in the noonday sun. The same reasoning carried out would take all these crimes from the penal code and let every such criminal go unpunished from the court-room. Everybody can readily understand what would become of society in such a state of affairs. Those who are acquainted with the dangers to youth in the general laxity of customs as to associations of young men and young women in this country, the dances and nightwalking so common, the early freedom from parental restrictions, so that in general when children attain the age of about eighteen years, parents almost as a rule do not know the whereabouts or companionship of young folks, cannot without concern see disrepute lifted from criminal actions and criminal associations.—T. F. Mahar, D. D., in Catholic Universe.

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Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

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Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

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"And nervous debility. I have just"

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And scarcely able to walk. Now I am

Gaining strength! and

"Flesh!"

And hardly a day passes but what I am

* * * * * * *

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

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CATARRH

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