OCTOBER 18, 1890.

Robin and I.

Once upon a winter day, As I sat forlorn and sad, Thinking, in a fretfoi way of the time when I was glad-Hopping lightly ofer the snow, Came a robin that I know.

On the window ledge he stood, With a bright, inquiring eyse; Twas a compact that he should Always call in pessing by Just to show we might pretend Each to entertain a friend.

When I saw my tiny guest Waiting for his daily crumb Watting for his daily cruck essed, Never denoting it would come, I could almost hear him say, "Mistress, food is scarce to day."

And my heart made sad reply, As the little dole I threw. As the little dole 1 threw, "Mtrange that one so poor as I Should have store enough for two: Robin. If the thing could be, Would you throw a crumb to me?"

Nct a sound disturbed the hush, Save my own impatient sign-Robin to a neighboring bush Darled off without good-bye, How ! you jeave me, faithless bird, As I waited for a word.

Ah ! I wronged the heart of flame : Through the slience, sweet and clear Through the filence, sweet and Forth his cheery carol came, And I held my breath to hear, For that dear familiar strain Woke my better self again.

'Twas a benediction sweet, Chanted in a foreign tong Chanted in a foreign tongue, Like those graces after meat By the warbing scholars sang, Where the reverend customs hold, Handed down by men of old.

Did I dream that, as he sang, Some one entered at the door, That some childish laughter rang And some footsteps crossed the floor ? Who hath touched my lips with wine, Mellow juice of Auld Lang Syne ?

Suddenly the music ceased, Yet the silence breathed of balm Art theu flown then, small hedge Somewhere else to raise the osaim ; Somewhere else to raise the pasim ? "Man," the Master fluely said, "Doth not live alone by bread."

THE ANGELUS.

FROM "FURF-FIRE STORIES" AND FAIRY TALES OF IRE LAND.

BY BARRY O'CONNOR. Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their music tells Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime. -Moore,

Who will say that there is not something touchingly poetical in the subject of balls ?

Chateaubriand, describing their use in

others looked prepared to meet any out-break on the part of the tenant or his friends. There was the usual scene of confusion. Yet it was plain to see that the ejectment had been served upon a cottage surrounded by many comforts. "Here's poor Mary Brady," was the ery, as the young wife and mother approached, with little Phadrig still by her side. "May kind heaven." scilaimed an old Contestudiated, describing tiste de m calling workingers to prayer, says : "Let bells, then, call the faithful to-gether, for the volce of man is not suffi-clenily pure to summon penitence, in-nocence, and misfortune at the foot of the with little Phadrig still by her side. "May kind heaven," exclaimed an old woman, "look down an' comfort you this day, Mary, allanna ! 'is you must have the heavy heart." Mary indeed looked very pale and fragile. She tottered forward and was jast saved from falling by her clderly friend, who took the babe from her arms and placed the mother as tenderly as she could in an old-fashloned arm chair, which had altar. Among the savages of America when supplicants approach the door of the cabin, it is the child that belongs to it that ushers the distressed stranger into the babitation of his father. So, if the use of bells were forbidden us, a child should be chosen to call us to the in an old fashloned arm chair, which had house of the Lord."

the an old rashing of the chirty which had been thrown out from the cottyge. "Take care o' my darling infant," she gasped, with her hand closely pressed against her side as if in pain, while tears Another writer, referring to the Angelus bell, says: "The sound of the bell is among the most pleasant re-minders of our affiliation with our flowed down her cheeks. "Ned Brady," observed a member of the constabulary, who appeared to be superintending the work of eviction, "has no one bat himself to blame; why didn't be the for any appeared blane is be been fellow men. We have often been told, and can testify in our own case, that there is nothing more agreeable when detained on board a vessel waiting high water, than the sound of the Angelus bell from the church in the distance. Its tones tell us of one faith, on sea as on land, and we are led to join in the prayers of those we soon expect to meet

Trim, the country town of East Meath, is distant about twenty two miles from ing, opened and made way for him; "and is it you, Sargant O'Donovan, that tells me 'twas my own fault to defend my own Dublin; it is pleasantly situated on the Boyne. In the vicinity are the remains of several castellated and monastic Boyne. In the vicinity are the remains of soveral castellated and monastic buildings, the most remarkable of which are Trim Castle, on the banks of the river, and the Abbey founded by St. Patrick, and atterwards built by Da Lacy, Lord of Meath. About half a mile from Trim are the runs of Newton Abbey, forming a grand and picturesque object. The ancient castle of the De Ladys, once the proudest pile in Meath, is now a mass of runs, and recalls fordbly the memory of its days of almost regal eplendor. My pres ent design, however, is not to expatiate

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

sparkling leaves and knotty twistings of ely roblu, run the hedge, mingled with the tasseled mendow, and sweet broad leaved dock. Huddted up at the stump of an was only disturbed by the prolonged aged thom, a faw yards down the boreen, was a pale-freed woman with a babe at her breast, and a five-year-old boy by her Dates CHAPTER III.

side. "Mammy, don't ke cryin!," ssid the Hitle fellow. "Come back, my father maybe will be lookin' for you. Come, Mammy, and have another peep at the owid cabin before the roof's taken off wid their crow bars." "No, Phadrig, dear; we'll stay where we are, for I know the very sight of it would kill me." "Where will we sleep to-night, Mammy?" Heaven only knows encount

Heaven only knows, avourneen."

⁴ Heaven only knows, avourneen." "You're not well, mother. Your face looks as pale as a sheet." "I'm greatly afraid, Phadrig, I'll never get the better of the shock I got when the peelers and bailiffs came this morn-ing to turn us out of the old cottage where you and the infant at my breast were born. Why, darling, your father and his father and grandfather before bim first saw the light there. Ochone, Ned Brady, pulse o' my heart," she

destroyed before our eyes in the broad open day." "Mammy, you'll soon die if you fret this way, an' then who'll take care o' me an' my little sister ?" "Ab, Etadrig, my poor child, if it wasn't for your sake and the baby here, and your father, I'd sooner die than live, for what is lite without a house but

for what is life without a home-but for what is life without a home-but come," she continued, as she pressed the infant to her bosom, "we'll take a farawell look at the old home that is now left to us forware".

now lost to us forever." A turn in the road brought them op

posite to what had been a nexting of three or four cottages. The greater number had been dispossessed of their inmates. The one farthest off was the present scene

of eviction. Two men were busied in unroofing the small dwelling, while two others looked prepared to meet any outIS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system en-feebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the base area for ballered

Indigestion

band's breast as a child would have done on it's mother's bosom. At this moment the bells of a distant monsetery were tolling for evening prayer. "What bells are those ?" asked the "What bells are those?" asked the dying woman. "They are ringing the Augelus," solemnly replied the priest. Every head was bowed, every knee was bent, every voice offered up the beautiful prayer of the Angelus in poor Mary Brady's behalf, even the men who had been so busy in the work of demoli-tion paused and took part in the cere-mony. Ned Brady, pulse o' my heart," she sobbed. "This you that was ever and always the good husband to me, and it's "Look," suddenly exclaimed Ned little I ever thought I'd live to see the hour when your nittle home would be destroyed before our eyes in the broad control of the broad to me set ill tolling ; it was a

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

cold on his besom. The bells were still tolling; it was a requiem which they rang, for the soul of Mary Brady had taken its flight to a brighter world ere the deep toned vibra-tions of the Angelus bells had censed. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

HOW OLD PAT SWEENEY ONCE DEFIED TWO REGIMENTS. ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.

Down at Stuyvesant, on the Central. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. Hudson road, there is stationed a switch-man who has been at his post ever since the first train passed over the rails, and PUBLIC & PRIVATE BUILDING Furnished in the best style and at price low enough to bring it within the reach of all. had been in the company's employ before that, almost from the day when the first tle was laid and the first spike

WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET R. LEWIS.

was driven. This man did not strike when Lee's CHURCH ORNAMENT Special reduction on BROAZES, STATUARY, FLOWERS,

order went over the wires on the even-ing of August 8. Old Patrick Sweeney remained at his post which he has faithfully guarded for nearly sixty years now. Aithough he is wholly illiterate, his mental powers have a natural vigor that and other church ornamen Splendid Xmas Crib is remarkable. Once the company issued an order directing that all switchmen who

sold at SPECIAL TERM MASS WINE - The finest the continent. could not read or write to quit its service. Pat got a boy in his shanty to teach him

back and made to grasp what it has out grown, for he discharged the boy, but his ear was still keen. In less than a month he had learned the numbers of every

C. B. LANCTOT, MONTREAL Dr. Morse's

PILLS.

Thousands testify to their being the best Family Pill in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood. story is told how he once defied two regi-ments of soldiers because he knew what his duty was and they did not. It was in April, 1862, during war times. Sweeney For Females of all ages these pills was at his post on the road, which was then double-tracked north of Stuyvesant, but had but one track between that town carry off all humors and bring about

W. H. COMSTOCK,

No Female Should be without Them.

no one but himself to blame; why didn't he take no for an answer when the lease of his cabin dropped. Why did he trv to keep possession in spite of the law? You see, he has to suffer for it at last—an' sorra mend him—'tis his own fault." "What's that ye say?" cried a strong though haggard looking man, advancing at the crowd to whom he had been speak i.c. conserved and made way for him : "and the conserved York reached Stuyvesant cerly one morn-ing, and Sweeney, who was on the lock-out, stopped the train, because the train which had immediately preceded it carried no signal to give warning that the special was behind it. It was before the days of block signals, and much depended on a remembrance of orders as to how trains were to be run. The commandant of the trans could not understand why the train Bushville, Fairfield Co., Ohio. BUSUVING, Forder, Esq.; Sir.—For the past, 25 years I have been suffering from a disease which the doctors said would result in dropsy. I tried doctor after doctor, but to no pur pose, the disease seemed to still make headway and pose, the disease seemed to still make headway and pose, the disease descended to still make headway and pose, the disease distribution of you hey all gave their opinion that it was simply a matter of time with me. About this time I got one of your boxes of **Morse's Fills** and have taken three boxes of them up to the present writing. I can again do my own work and feel twenty years younger. Yours truly, HANNAH E. DICKSON.

to read the numbers of the engines so that

he could report the time and number of trains that passed the flag shanty every

day. The old man had apparently passed the age when the mind can yet be turned

engine on the road by the cound of its bell, and never made a single error in his

reports. This is vouched for by people who have known Sweeney half a century.

He does not know what fear it, and a

Is the only Safe and Sure Oil for Self-binders, Threshing Machines and Mill Machinery generally. Try our FAMOUS CYLINDER OIL - Guaranteed Unequalled in Canada. MANUFACTURED BY M'COLL BRCS. AND SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS. THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. For Public Purposes, such as Educational Establishment and Large Hall for St. John Baptist Society of Montreal. Fourth Monthly Drawing, Oct. 8th, 1890. HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & ON MENT

DA DHES

THE PILLS

Parify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

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Is an infallible remedy for Ead Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gont and Rheumatian. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Giandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stift joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

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And are sold at is. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Eox or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendor, throughout the world. For Sale by All Dealers. 2007 Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Sireet, London, they are spurious.

Brockville, Ont. Morristown, N.Y.

ALL THE FLESH - FORMING

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890 (FROM THE MONTH OF JULY) Jaly 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

3

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE

THANSANY OTHER CORSET

TEATHERBONE SOLD EVERYMHERE MIDE ONLY EN CANADA FLATHERBONEC LONDON ON

FARMERS AND MILL MEN.

MCCOLL'S CELEBRATED

Lardine Machine

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T(II TICKETS FOR \$10.00	SI:	4 Pr					40.00
	ASK FOR CIRCULARS.		S. E. LEFEBVRE MANAGER, 18 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.					
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ent design, however, is not to expatiate upon the architectural beauties of Erin's ancient structures, but briefly to sketch the sorrowfulness which may sometimes spring from the more recent ruins of mud walled, straw-thatched Irish home steads.

About a mile and a half from the fam-About a mile and a bail from the fam-ous ruiss already siluded to stood a low line of cottages. The land in this neigh-bothood was noted for its wealth produc ing fertility, in the shape of abundant But ruin and desolation were harveets.

Catherating was considered by the egent of the absence landlord to be of much more importance than the raising of large families. Of course, the result of this was that notices to quit were scat. tered broadcast. To those who under-stand the feelings of an Irish tenant for the bit of land and the little cot where he first drew breath the scene of an Irish eviction is calculated to have a most depressing and heart chilling effect. It is pretty generally admitted that

was a leafy canopy. The elevated inclus. the four as inst as

that roof which you and your murdherin' gang have this day destroyed. My father and grandfather held the bit o'land, and track. "The train ahead carried no signal for we paid for it at the highest and to the

last penny." "Troth, that's true Ned," murmured his friends. "Aud why is it the notices to quit are sent around so plentiful on the estate? I'll tell ye. 'The because the agent wants the land to be cleared of agent wants ins han to be cleaked of men, that it may be used for grazin' pur-poses to fatten four footed bastes." "Don't you know, Ned Brady," said the Sergeant, "that the gentleman's land is his own, and if he'd rather feed cattle

One thrust his bayonet into the board is his own, and if he'd rather feed cattle for the market than have the place broke up into little farms, isn't it his own busi-ness an' not yours ? Haan't he a right to do what he likes with his own ? " No," exclaimed Brady, firmly plant-ing his foot on the ground; " no man has a right to say to enother, 'Go out and starve.' If it's a tenants duty to pay, it should be a landlord's duty to protect." " Two women was comforting Ned Brady's wife in the best way they could, and another was busied in adjusting a bed on a small car. Ned, who was not aware till then of his wife's illness rushed over to where she was supported in the alongside of Sweeny's neck. The others pinned him in a similar manner under the arms. Haif a dozen others placed the muzzles of their loaded muskets within a

muzzles of their loaded muskets within a few inches of his bead. "Give up that key and let this train proceed," was the command, and while no threat accompanied it the switchman knew that the next order would be to pull the triggers. He never flinched, "Not wan foot does this train move,"

TINTING MANUFACTURING Sweeney pointed his thumb over his UNDERTAKERS AND STRENGTH-GIVING ELEshoulder in the direction of the single Wholesale and retail. Outside the com-bine. Always open. JOHNSTON'SFLUID BEEF MENTS OF PRIME BEEF R. DRISCOLL & CO. yez," said he, " and there bees an up train 424 Richmond-st., - London, Ont. on its way." "Unlock this switch instantly," com-ARE SUPPLIED BY-manded the officer, drawing his sword "Not a moment's delay now, unlock it !" CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. **JOHNSTON'S** "I'll not," said Sweeny, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a dozan soldiers, in obedience to an order, hustled the switchman into a shanty. W. J. THOMPSON & SON Opposite Rovero House, London Has always in stock a large assoriment o every style of Carriages and Sleighs. This is one of the largest establishmetts of the kind in the Dominion. None but first-class wors turned out Prices always moderate It is a Valuable Food for the Sick ; an invigorating and stimulating beverage; nutritions, palatable and easily digested. Electricity, Moltore Baths Sulphur Saline Baths Worth their Weight in Gold CURE OF ALL NERVOUS DISEASES J. G. WILSON, LDECTROPATHIET, 220 Dundas Street OBJECTS OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY first drew breath the select of all the status of property the rest of the status of th Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

To save Doctors Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. The Best Family Pill in use. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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CHAPANORS, N.C., July 20, 1583. Sun: --For years I have been affileded with gravel and after trying the bask doctors in this locality with-out receiving any benefit, I tried Er. Morse's Indian Roof PHIs with the result that today I am a new man, completely cured. I would not be without them; they are the bask PHI ever used. Yours, &c., WM. JACHEON.

After 25 Vears.

After 25 Years. PRINCETON, Ind., Aug. 24, 1888, W. H. COMPTOR: DRAR SRI:--For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with rheuraction of the bowels; I gave up all hopes of recovery; I was unable to stand upon my bounds of the competition of the bowels; I gave up all hopes of recovery; I was unable to stand upon my homework. In 1885 your agent called at my homes and said that "he could cure me." I asked, How? he replied, "By the use of Dr. Morse's Endland Reof Dills," I decided to give them a trial and the result is that I an entirely cured and able to do my for work. All the neighbors around here use your Fills and say that they would not be without them. Yours, &c., CELLA JOINSON.

Disease of the Kidneys.

Discase of the Kildneys. OUARER GAP, Stokes Co., N.C., July S. 1883. DEAR SIR: - Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My mother way of the statement of the s Plits have effected a most remarkable cure. My mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the disease had got so firm a grip upon her that she could not walk a step. I hought a box of your pills and commenced giving her two pills overy night; before she had taken all of one box she could walk about the house, Today she is perfectly well and says that Morse's Plills saved her life. Yours, &c., L. W. FEROLSON.

W. H. COMSTOCK, MORRISTOWN, N.Y. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



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