

Autumn.

BY K. A. SULLIVAN.

Saddest season of the year,
Gentle Autumn, lone and dreary—
With thy breezes cooling clear,
Softly bidding rest, the weary.

Melancholy do ye sigh—
Winds of Autumn, faintly calling,
As a funeral dirge ye cry,
Mourning for the dead leaves falling.

Leaves of Autumn, drooping slowly,
Blushing crimson, as with shame,
Soon the grassy earth, so lowly,
Will thy fading beauty claim.

Dreary as thou art we love thee,
Belie of the Summer gone;
And with vain regret we part thee,
Lovely Autumn, sad and wan.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The people who feel intensely are not many. That is the reason why there are not more noble, heart-stirring deeds done in the world. Heroes do not flourish commonly. The body's needs are so numerous and imperative that the wants of the soul are well nigh forgotten. The visible joys of the material world, the material joys of the spiritual. And so one goes on, and the material vision becomes distorted. Trivial become all-important; petty disorders, petty sorrows, unworthy pleasures—safe, comfortable, vegetable creature, with no deep miseries, no great happiness—such is your life. Civilization is a great thing, a good thing; and true good things truly always; but one is tempted to think that for great possibilities one must look back to the old barbaric days, when people loved, not conventionally, and hated, not politely. —Mabel Louise Fisher.

Conscience, indeed, is implanted in the breast by nature, but it inflames upon us fear as well as shame; when the mind is simply angry with itself and nothing more, surely the true import of the voice of nature and the depth of its intimations have been forgotten, and a false philosophy has misinterpreted emotions which ought to lead to God. Fear implies a law giver and a judge; but the tendency of intellectual culture is to swallow up fear in the self-protection, and self-reproach is directed and limited to our mere sense of what is fitting and becoming. Fear carries us out of ourselves. Shame confines us within the round of our own thoughts. Such, I say, is the danger which awaits the civilized age; such is its besetting sin (not inevitable, God forbid) or we must abandon the use of God's own gifts, but still the ordinary sin of the intellect; consequently becomes what is called intellect; the command of duty is a sort of taste; it is not offense against God but against human nature. —Cardinal Newman.

FLOWERS FOR REPROBATES.

Plain-spoken Mr. Labouchere says: "At the funeral of an infant or young maiden—on the bier of an Ophelia, for example—a profusion of flowers has a certain poetic fitness. But nothing, to my mind, can be more grotesquely out of place than a pile of snow-white garlands and floral coronets upon the coffin of some battered old sinner, for whom in life both flowers and crosses had equally little meaning or attraction."

TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

An eccentric gentleman, in Cornwall, has been much annoyed by a way the members of his congregation had got into of looking round to take stock of later comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I promise, therefore, to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption." He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Farmer Scubbin, with his wife and daughter." Farmer Scubbin, looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused. "Sam Cottle and Wan Dingle." The shocked congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. Symons, of the 'Red Lion,' in a bonnet." In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned round.

A PITIFUL STORY.

Twenty years ago an Englishman brought a sweet Scotch wife to a miner's camp across the main range of the Rocky mountains and fifty miles from Helena, Mont., says the New York Tribune. They lived all these years happily together. The Englishman was accustomed to himself to the land life, for he was a husband, whom she adored. During all the twenty years she left the camp but twice, both times for a short visit to Helena. For many months at a time she did not see the face of another woman. By and by the vein was worked out and the other miners left, but still this couple lived on there. Their heads were growing white with the snows of many winters, and they at last decided they had enough money to buy a home in civilization, where they might hope for ease in the closing years. This hope seemed about to be realized. Last spring their mountain ranch was sold for \$25,000, and the husband came to Helena to make the final arrangements for moving. When he returned he showed to his dear old wife the gifts that he had brought to deck her in on her appearance in the world. It was a sampler of the best that Helena had. He opened cases of lovely jewels, diamonds, and other costly gems, pins, and brooches for many occasions, a watch, and massive chains for her neck and arms. But he had caught his death in the journey over the snow in midwinter and he was dead in a week. The wife was seven hours alone in the cabin with her dead beloved. The most beloved and skillful physician in Helena, whom she had sent for when she became alarmed about her husband, went to her assistance at the risk of his own life. He found her in a pitiable condition. She had not slept for a week. He took her up and brought her to Helena in the same wagon with her husband's body over the well-nigh impass-

able roads. It was a frightful journey, apart from the heavy freight of sorrow. The horses got into deep drifts (sometimes one and sometimes both) from which it seemed impossible for the doctor and an assistant to extricate them. Once the wagon was overturned. Before she left the little cabin the widow begged that a friendly hand might aid the life of the faithful dog that had shared the lonely home. "Poor Jessie never heard an unkind word or received a blow in her life," she said. "I should not wish her to fall into unkind hands." In a few minutes the mail rider, who knew Jessie and loved her, went out, and when he returned, said: "Poor Jessie is gone. I shot her. She didn't know anything about it. It was instantaneous."

THE LOVE OF FAME.

Among the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind or from a refined species of vanity and self-love. It is that singular, although universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention when we shall long since have ceased to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave. Sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon and exult in the boundless memory of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition in the applause and gratitude of future ages. Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe our existence, ambition is forever struggling to soar beyond them; to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which everything else that concerns us is involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his most heroic achievements, which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the sculptor.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column, the laureled conqueror claims the triumphal arch, while the obscure individual who moved in a humbler sphere asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave, and bear to the next generation this important truth, that he was born, died, and was buried. It was this passion which once erected the vast Numidian piles whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the rhodes of evening—fit emblems of oblivion—gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness. It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracen magnificence which now in mouldering desolation, as the blast sweeps over the deserted plain.

How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while and contemplated in awful admiration the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around—such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed, and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The pyramids had once been employed in these lofty monuments of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert, had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchres were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from remembrance; history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids inscribed a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality. Alas! alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed! He who imagines that he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown indulges in deluding visions which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The stolid obelisk, the triumphal arch, the once hallowed shrines, crumble into dust while the names they were designed to preserve from oblivion shall often pass away before their own duration is accomplished. —Washington Irving.

FATHER ANSELMO'S BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Adapted from the Italian, by Edward H. Rice, M. D., Ph. D.

Far out beyond the grand canal of old Venice, beyond the gorgeous and fluted piazze, where the sacred pigeons were fed on an island in the harbor, the old cloister stood. It was the oldest in Italy, men said; while history and tradition confirmed the wondrous stories of its age and supreme sanctity. Even Alaric, the awful king of the Visigoths, had spared the holy pile, for he who feared little else did, in his savage way, honor the Holy Cross.

This was the great old shrine we were to visit, and all our thoughts were given for the privilege was given only to very few.

The bell we rang gave back the rather startling note when comes only when one of the minor keys is struck. Surely, no such tone as this may be found in the major staff. The old monk who answered the plaintive peal seemed like a relic of other days. His long white beard hung low upon his narrow chest, and his small, thin hands seemed almost transparent in their wondrous whiteness. With reverent step he led us through hall and cloister and refectory, and chapel beautiful in the full pageantry of Byzantine decoration. In the great nave and transepts of the splendid chapel, our puny figures seemed dwarfed by the majestic attitude of the beautiful paintings and mosaics that adorned wall and ceiling. At last the old monk halted

before a narrow door, like the entrance of a prison cell, and began the story we had come to hear.

"It is three hundred years since Brother Anselmo died, and yet he seems as present here as when he was. In your cell and our parchment is his story. He was cunning with his pencil, and the beautiful transcripts you have seen upon the old lectern are all his works. Yet still he was not content. He would fain honor the Master by some work more beautiful than aught he had ever done. He would prepare an illuminated copy of the Fourth Gospel, the Gospel of the Heart of Christ, the grandest story of the Blessed Virgin. But, strangely, the work mocked his hands; for, where they strove to trace angel faces, leering demons glared at him from the manuscript, till, baffled, mocked, discouraged, he threw the work aside.

"The plague broke out in the city. Day by day the sickened, and the sick died, till the place was fast becoming a necropolis, a city of the dead. Anselmo left his cell, and went out amid the pestilence. He knelt by the bedside of the suffering, and as he told them the simple story of the Cross; the face once rigid in mortal agony was transfused with smiles, while the glad soul winged its flight to a brighter world.

"But the infection which spared neither youth nor age laid its poisoned hand upon Anselmo, and he lay back to his cell to die. Slowly his dull eyes wandered around the room, till at length they rested on the book, the darling project of his life, that had failed so miserably. With a gesture, half regretful, half impatient, he motioned that it be put before him.

"But what a sight met his enraptured gaze! For angel hands had finished the work he had begun, till every page was radiant with celestial light.

"With reverent hands he spread the open parchment before us. We looked upon it in a dazed wonder that soon grew to be a struck admiration. We had seen the splendid treasures of the Vatican where every age and clime seemed to vie with one another in the portrayal of all that is most sacred and beautiful in art or story, but we never had seen such a book. All the art of the skillful pencil, all the wonderful fidelity of the engraver's line and stipple, seemed lost in the majestic glory of this creation, where once, at least even here on earth, art had gained a splendid apotheosis.

"Bright saints, with golden glories round their heads, adorned each consecrated page, while down the glorified margin fluted angelic forms, arrayed in the most beautiful and many dream of art, but few have ever portrayed, and none have ever seen.

"We gazed at the book, and we knew our eyes were resting upon holy work; yet from the gorgeous beauty of each elegant page came home this great lesson: work for your God; work for the Church you love, then, though your toil may seem all futile, the holy influences of the better land shall bless your work and make it glorious." —Boston Pilot.

"SIX SACRAMENTS—AND A SNARE."

Ave Maria.

In 1857 the literary world was apprised of the immediate publication of the "Complete Works of Ozanam," with an Introduction by R. P. Lacordaire, and a Preface by J. J. Ampere. It is a list of illustrious names. When, in the course of the year, this eagerly-expected work was given to the public, it was found that the promised introductory notice by Father Lacordaire had been omitted. Much speculation as to the cause of its non-appearance was indulged in at the time; but few were aware that the notice had been printed, and was the result of a small error which the publishers submitted to M. Ozanam.

The sketch of Ozanam's life which his Dominican friend had written was, as will readily be believed, highly eulogistic; but on one point the illustrious friend was, unintentionally, a little severe on the friend whom he mourned, as well as a little cruel to that friend's sorrowing widow. "There was one snare," he wrote, "which Ozanam did not shun; and the context" proclaimed that the snare was "Poverly." "Poverly is the inevitable companion of the man of letters who has resolved to sell his pen neither to gold nor power;—a kind of poverty given only to the solitary man who lives in the immortality of his conscience, and who has but one misfortune to foresee or to endure."

Madame Ozanam, recognizing that friendship and admiration have their rights, made no objection to the eulogistic notice, and all our thoughts were given for the privilege was given only to very few.

The young widow returned to Paris, where the eagerly-expected work soon appeared, but without Pere Lacordaire's introduction.

It is a Mistake.

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure, requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

THE MAN WHO PASSES IT ON.

There are mosquitoes, there are ants, and in Texas there are red bugs. And people frequently ask why they exist. It has been answered that they are tale of patience; but it must be admitted that most patience is shown by those who do not feel their stings.

Similarly, one is tempted to ask why "the man who passes things on"—the mosquito, the red bug of civilization—is permitted to exist. How did he acquire his peculiarity? In what stagnant pond, among what poisonous weeds, was the larva of his thought hatched? He is a nuisance, a barbarian, only that he is on the road to Christian civilization.

There is a traditional belief that only the ladies say unpleasant things about one another. The nineteenth century, besides discovering the genius of Dante, has done another thing: it has revealed the truth that there is more gossiping done in the average swing circle; and that the men's circle generally contains one "who passes it on." The woman who hears private comments knows, as a rule, just how much to repeat and how much to suppress. If she is a gentleman of the Christian sort, she holds her tongue; and at her worst, she does not use the inconsiderate remarks of her acquaintances as a refutation of a blunder. But your man, who has the highest regard for Ambro, in fact, they are old friends. But Jackanapes is one of the circle. He passes it on, and by and by he meets Ambro. "Oh, by the way," he says, "Acadec told a funny story the other day about your blunders in speaking French! He made us all laugh. Funny fellow, Acadec; but I don't like that kind of thing. I defended you—I said you spoke French as well as most American boys!"

And so the sweet soul rattles on. How Acadec might laugh at Ambro's pet accomplishment till the check of doubt, and tell how he had translated *jeu d'esprit* as a "Jew of spirit," and invent other pleasant diversions; and Ambro would have laughed himself, if he could have heard it. But to hear from the lips of Jackanapes that he had been made the subject of amusement, of ridicule, of the man who passes it on, goes his devastating way, and the harm is done. How can Acadec explain, even if Ambro gives him the chance? No explanation will improve the matter. Ambro becomes convinced that his friend is not his heartiest enemy. It is

"The little rift within the lute that by and by will make the music mute." That is by and by will make the music mute. The cause of a permanent reticence is nothing, it is nothing, and yet, through the influence of the pleasant man who "passes it on," it becomes a subject of heart burning and of real distress. The man who passes it on may go to Mass every morning, but has not yet learned what Christianity means.

It makes all the difference in the world whether we smile at our friend's peculiarities—which we know is part of our friend's life, or whether we frown at them. The smile in either case is harmless and even affectionate; but if the man who passes it on catches it, woe to us! It is perhaps wrong—if any theologian says it is, it is, but it seems as if the best way of treating the man who passes it on is to hold in one's heart the belief that he is an unconscious embodiment of the truth, and to remember that other people are really kinder than they seem. Of course, they are. We haven't had unexpected Christ messages from people whom he thought had always hated him? and been filled with humiliation when he remembered that he would never have thought of sending them anything? Yes, the world is kinder than we think—in spite of the man that passes it on.—M. P. Egan in Ave Maria.

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF FOLLOWING THE INJUNCTION "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Some time afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Peaton, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to get the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Carth & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines but now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

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4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Goods are delivered to the patrons and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

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