

LOST IN THE SNOW.

ADVENTURE OF A HEROIC CURSE, OR A SICK CALL IN ALPINE HEIGHTS.

From the French of Omas Best.

The man seized with both hands the heavy iron hooker and brought it down with all his strength upon the panel of the door. The sound rolled and reverberated through the corridors, repeated by the echo, until at last, growing fainter and fainter, it died away altogether. A light almost immediately appeared behind the glass of the lower story, and a hoarse voice cried through the wicket: "Who goes there? Who dares to knock at such an hour?"

"It isn't you I want, Demoiseille Victoire," the applicant responded, evidently accustomed to these brusque receptions.

At this moment the window above them opened and the venerable figure of the cure of Montcernin leaned from the casement.

"What do you want, Favell?" he asked in astonishment.

But the Demoiseille Favell had already turned the key in the lock, and the visitor, having entered, was ushered at once into the paragon kitchen, where the embers of a fire on the hearth still gave out a gentle warmth. In the chamber above the cure was putting on his wadded coat and casack preparatory to coming down.

The Abbe Broex, cure of Montcernin, was a man perhaps sixty years of age, tall stature, muscular build, and with an appearance of rugged health and strength. For more than thirty years he had governed and directed the poor little parish of two hundred or three hundred inhabitants situated upon one of the highest plateaus of the Savoyardes Alps.

"But how did you come, Antoine, my boy?" said the abbe, affectionately; "what yourself and drink a glass of eau de vie; then tell me what brought you here so late, or rather so early, for it was after midnight when I went to bed. Speak, my good Antoine, tell us your errand."

"I have come from Aygues, M. le Cure," Favell replied, "and all the way I started at nightfall, but it is far and there is so much snow."

"Is any one sick at Aygues?" interrupted the cure.

"Alas, yes; perhaps by now he is dead. He was taken ill suddenly last night, and was unconscious when I left I came to oblige his wife; she was afraid to have him die without confession."

"Quick," cried the cure, "give me my boots and my mantle; I may arrive too late."

"You cannot go, M. le Cure, you can not go," declared Victoire, stoutly; nevertheless, she hastened to get up the articles demanded, bringing her mantle, a heavy woolen cloak and a pair of thick leather boots. "You've forgotten the altar M. le Cure, and the snow," she persisted; "it is two feet deep, at least."

"Four feet," said Antoine, "there isn't the slightest trace of the road and the Black Brook is running out of its bed. You haven't told me who it is that is dying," said the cure, suddenly addressing the messenger.

"Demetrius," replied the peasant, turning a timid and questioning look upon the face of the old man.

"Demetrius Blanc?" shouted Victoire in a rage, and lifting her arm towards the ceiling; "that worthless scoundrel, that good for nothing scamp, he hasn't set foot in church since he returned from Paris. Will you go to the cross, who whistles as the procession passes; who drinks like a fish and mucks at everything; surely, M. Cure, you won't go to him? Thereupon the worthy woman bustled herself in warming the thick woolen oversocks and the rabbit-skin gloves, while her master drew on his boots. "A man," she continued, "the ground and who would have beaten you but for Antoine here!"

The cure paid no attention to her grumbling, however, but got up when he had finished his preparations and started to go out.

"Come, my boy, you will have to go with me," said he. "The clerk is too old and too feeble; he couldn't go a hundred yards in this snow. It is a work of charity which heaves me up," he continued, "and which heaves me up, M. le Cure," cried Favell, reproachfully, "did you think I would stay here if a dozen clerks could go while you were expiring?"

"The farewell, Victoire, and don't forget to send in the morning a bowl of bouillon and a bottle of wine to the wife of Pierre Jacques, and say a prayer, my boy, for the poor Demetrius. Saying this, the cure opened the door and went out into the old and the snow. The modest little church of the village stood upon a knoll just above the cure's dwelling. Unlocking the door, they entered the building, Antoine holding the lantern, and took up the little vase and the silver vessel containing the holy oil, which the old priest placed in his hand, carefully fastening it about his neck. Antoine carried the prayer book and the bell.

It took two hours in ordinary times to go from the church to Aygues, but in weather like this more than twice as long. It was the week before Christmas, and the oldest inhabitants, accustomed as they were to the hardships of life on the Alps, had never seen a winter as terrible as this. Aygues was a miserable hamlet of three or four hovels, lying in the bottom of a ravine between two great mountains. To reach it it was necessary to climb the precipitous side of the mountain, cross over the top, and descend by a narrow path to the ravine below, at the bottom of which foamed a rushing torrent.

It was one of these terrible nights known only to the Alpine winter. A freezing cold enchainé all nature. The sky was of a leaden gray and a carpet of unbroken snow extended as far as the eye could reach. Profound silence reigned upon everything.

The Abbe Broex and his guide walked on, scattering the snow with their long pointed staffs, the lantern of Antoine throwing a few feeble rays of light upon the ground before them. As they walked along the good priest murmured his prayers, while Antoine thought only of his cow, his stable and the wheat that filled

his granary. Neither the priest nor the peasant seemed to feel fatigued as they moved quickly on, their eyes fixed upon the circle of light cast by the lantern upon the snow.

Little by little, however, a white bead stood upon their brows, their breathing became hurried and they walked with less rapidity. The lantern swung less firmly in the hand of Antoine, and from time to time the old priest stopped a moment and to say aloud a prayer.

They had now been climbing the mountain for more than two hours, but were still far from their journey's end; nevertheless, they continued on, speaking but seldom, and then only to encourage each other.

"M. le Cure," cried Antoine suddenly, "I have forgotten to bring my water-gourd."

"And I mine," replied the Cure in a tone of regret. "What an imprudence! Well we shall drink with a letter heart when we get to Aygues. But come, Antoine, let us make haste; the wind is rising."

A wind, indeed, was blowing straight from the east, and it soon became strong and furious. The snow began to fall, and in less than twenty minutes a frightful tempest raged upon the mountain. The travelers found themselves plunged in profound darkness, and to avoid a fall into the holes that surrounded them were forced to feel their way with the points of their climbing poles. They had long ago left the regular road to follow a little by-path along the side of the mountain, as it was a wester route, cutting off some seven or eight miles of the perilous journey.

To the left of them was a fatigable abyss; to the right a precipitous cliff bristling with bushes bending beneath a heavy weight of snow. They talked no more but advanced with caution, feeling for the places to put their feet.

As the ascent continued, a burning sweat which froze almost as soon as it appeared, broke out all over them; from their oppressed throats the breath escaped in hoarse and labored panting, and their temples throbed as if they would burst.

They exhausted themselves in efforts to keep in the pathway, bending to the ground to avoid the force to save them compelled in some places to save them by clinging to the rocks, in others by crawling upon their faces.

The good old Cure was forced to leave his cloak in the bushes, where the tempest had carried it, and where it flapped about like the sails of a vessel. For a long time the Cure had kept up a stout heart, but at last his strength began to fail him, and he turned to his companion, crying in a broken voice: "It is hard work, my boy, for an old gray-beard like me!"

"No, my child, no; one of us must have a chance of escape," the peasant exclaimed, suddenly; let us remain there until daylight; then we can go on."

But the priest refused. "Our days are numbered," said he, "but only a few minutes separate Demetrius Blanc from the judgment of God. Remain in the company of yourself my boy; as for me, I must go on."

Fifty yards farther and they could distinguish the first shadowy line of whitened trees, the beginning of the forest. They commenced to run but the cold froze them, the wind whipped them from faces, the snow beat upon them from every direction and the peril increased with every step. Once under the trees they had a moment's respite, but only a moment's. They were now travelling by chance, bewildered and helplessly submitting to all the horror and terror of their position, stumbling over the stones concealed beneath the snow and slipping, falling and rising, only to fall again.

"We cannot go any further, M. le Cure," said Antoine, at last; we have nothing to guide us."

The priest did not reply, but, drawing a match from his pocket, he managed to relight the lantern, which had gone out in the struggle on the mountain, and looked about him. Antoine, pale, with a hat, his hands torn by the rocks and his clothes in tatters, stood beside him, but not a trace of the road could be seen.

"Antoine, my son," said the old Cure, tenderly, "I ask your pardon for having brought you with me; I should have come alone."

Disrespectful for the first time in his life, the peasant only shrugged his shoulders.

"Embrace me, my poor child!" the Cure continued, almost in tears; and Antoine fell upon his breast, weeping bitterly. "We must go on, Antoine," said the Cure at last; "if we remain here we shall go to sleep, and to sleep is death."

Again they took up their painful march, but the Abbe Broex had relapsed too much upon his strength; he staggered, he walked, his limbs were like lead and his brain benumbed with cold. "I am thirsty," said he, suddenly; "so thirsty!"

And stooping down he took up a handful of snow and lifted it to his lips; but the peasant checked him.

"You must not do that, M. le Cure, said he; 'have a little patience.' All at once the old man staggered and fell. Antoine dropped the lantern and caught him in his arms.

"Give me a drink," he whispered faintly; "I die of thirst."

Antoine uttered a cry of despair. Help! help! he shouted, as if there were any one to hear in that desolate solitude; "a holy man is dying for want of a little water!" His voice rose even above the noise of the wind and tempest, but no other voice responded to the appeal.

"Into thy hands, O Lord—" the Cure murmured.

Antoine knelt beside him, tears of grief and pain falling from his eyes upon the freezing flesh of the good old abbe. At the end of his resources, exhausted and overcome with sorrow, he lifted his pastor in his arms and placed him beneath the shelter of a rock which formed a sort of recess in the cliff. There they rested, plunged in a deadly torpor—hearing nothing—seeing nothing.

The wind ceased, the clouds dispersed, leaving behind them, a dark blue sky studded with brilliant points.

"It is paradise," murmured the Abbe

Broex, "but in the name of pity give me water or a little snow."

"It would be better to take poison, M. le Cure," the peasant replied.

"Ah! but I suffer so—I suffer so!" cried the peasant, hoarsely.

"Yes," answered the priest, his voice almost a whisper; take it from my pocket."

There was a moment's silence, then Antoine spoke again.

"Open your mouth, M. le Cure," said he; "open it and drink; it is blood, fresh and warm."

The priest obeyed, and in order to exalt the sacrifice which this poor peasant had made for him, applied his lips to the arm of Antoine (who had pricked a vein like the chamois hunters of the Alps when overcome by fatigue and thirst). Life and energy returned to him as he drank.

"My child!" he cried, "you have saved your pastor; God will remember and reward you."

At this moment there was the sound of voices calling in the distance. Antoine answered, and soon a group of mountaineers appeared in sight. For hours they had exposed themselves to the fury of the storm seeking for this man of God.

The following morning the Abbe Broex returned to his home Demetrius Blanc was dead and had died a true Christian.

But no one was able to make Antoine Favell believe that he had done an act of heroism.

A HISTORIC SPOT.

RESTING PLACE, IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA, OF GERALD GRIFFIN'S PARENTS.

In the long, and still lengthening, list of noble and illustrious names that Irishmen everywhere should ever hold in high esteem, there is none more shining with a brighter, purer lustre than does that of Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Colleen Bawn." Gifted above his fellows, talented to an eminent degree, possessed of qualities of mind and heart of a very superior order, pure, honest, sincere, and patriotic, well does he deserve the place accorded to him among Ireland's gifted sons; and well, too, does he deserve to be held in love and in honor and in esteem by Irishmen, the world over, who, loving their not-own-land, would reverence the sons who have ennobled her.

But it is not the present purpose of the writer (even if possessed of the necessary ability) to attempt to write the life or eulogize the character of the gifted and graceful author and scholar and humble Christian brother, Gerald Griffin; but rather to present to his admirers a brief and pleasing interest to them, and will cause their admiration for the son to reflect back in some degree, at least, upon the parents, unto whom Gerald Griffin owes so largely that his name is known as a name for sterling purity, chaste beauty and lofty ennobling sentiments in the world of letters—his father and his mother—Patrick and Ellen Griffin—the noble Irish parents of a gifted son.

While walking, meditatively, through the quaint, old-fashioned country grave yard that surrounds St. Francis Xavier's church, situated in the borough of Friendsville, Susquehanna county, Pa., I came upon a burial lot, wherein were erected two plain, unostentatious marble slabs, the inscription upon which, as here reproduced, tell their own story of the resting place of Gerald Griffin's parents:

I. H. S. Sacred to the memory of PATRICK GRIFFIN, The first Catholic settler in this county, Born in Limerick, Ireland, January 20, 1836. Aged 72 years.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul. Through the merits of our Saviour. Amen.

SACRED To the memory of ELLEN Griffin, Wife of Patrick Griffin, of Susquehanna Co., Born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, May, 1776. Died Oct. 14, 1831. Aged 65 years.

Revered and beloved by her own family, respected and esteemed by her neighbors, she departed this life on the 14th of October, 1831, in the 65th year of her age. May she rest in peace.

This stone is erected as a tribute of affection by one who loved her as a son, the nephew, Doctor Robert Hogan, of New York.

Yes! These inscriptions tell their own story, but what a bitter, bitter story, full of sorrow, underlies the surface of these inscriptions! After spending three score years of his lifetime in his native land, the land of his forefathers, was induced, at length, in his old age, to leave it all behind him, to seek a new home away from oppression and a cruel wrong, the ever ready handmaid of British tyranny, in the new world of the United States.

And the land of the stranger! Who can analyze the thought that must have controlled and directed the actions of him, controlled and directed the actions of him, who had a wife in this undertaking, Patrick Griffin was a man of very superior intelligence; a descendant of one of the very oldest Irish Catholic families, inheriting in their fullest measure the noble qualities that distinguished his ancestors.

His devoted wife, a lady of elevated cast, sincerely religious and devotedly affectionate, possessed a mind and a refined taste. She was a carefully nurtured and full of sensibility.

What a bitter commentary it is upon the evil government that has misruled Ireland and so long that such as these should be induced, by a promise of better things, to leave their native land, the land of their love, forever, and to journey into the well nigh unbroken wilderness of North America, where they could but find a more richly compensated them for the rigors and sorrows they must have experienced in leaving their native land, and this fact, glorious to them both, is chronicled on the monument of Patrick Griffin, "The first Catholic settler in this country."

How their hearts must have thrilled and throbbled with pleasure at the thought that

they were the ones destined to plant here the seeds of that faith that their ancestors had lived to uphold, and all of them would have died to defend, for centuries past, in the old land.

The traditions of the neighborhood are to the effect that Patrick and Ellen Griffin settled, in the year 1820 on a tract of land bordering the Quaker Lake, in Silver Lake township, Susquehanna county, one of the prettiest and most beautiful spots in this portion of the state, which they christened "Fairly Lawn," in memory of their forsaken home in the old land. They came to this country when as yet the cry of the hungry wolf was still a familiar sound to the ears of the hardy pioneer settlers, and the branching antlers of the fleet limbed stag could be seen as he came, at evening time, to lap the waters of the peaceful Quaker Lake. Here, with sweetly sad recollections and fond memories of their simple quiet life in untrammelled by the oppressive laws that had made them exiles in their old age. Here they worshipped Almighty God, not in temples erected by human hand, but in the presence of nature's own which to find expression upright, honest and respected, for even in the wilderness the nobility of their natures, and the refinement of their characters, were patent to all men, they passed their simple lives, working hard and living frugally, little dreaming, possibly, that a day would come in the not very far distant future when members of their race and creed would be numerous in this region. But such was the fact, for following closely the leadership of Patrick Griffin came many other sturdy, upright and industrious Irish Catholic farmers, who, braving their way through the wilderness, forced rugged nature to change her aspect, and, by years of toil and perseverance, transformed the hitherto broken forest land into blooming, well kept farms, whereon, in later days, when silence came to them, they erected cozy homes that showed every evidence of the carefulness and thrift that distinguished the pioneer Irish Catholic settlers of Susquehanna county.

And as has ever been the story in every land and in every clime, wherever a settlement of Irishmen was formed, there always stood the church in the midst of them, with the cross, the emblem of their faith, surmounting it, so also did the story obtain its natural repetition here, for about the year 1830 the first Catholic church in Susquehanna county was erected in Silver Lake township, about two miles from the Quaker Lake, and it was dedicated to the service of Almighty God under the patronage of St. Augustine.

But it is foreign to my purpose, in this article, to write anything of the history of the growth and progress of Catholicity in Susquehanna county; my simple wish being to place on record the fact that here in this quiet country graveyard, far away from their old home in the old land, has long since, mouldered into dust, all that was mortal of the parents of the illustrious Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Colleen Bawn," who wrote so sweetly in prose and verse, and whose pathetic plea for remembrance, as expressed in the lines of the Hymn sung to Anne O'Connell, is so often quoted by those who would not be forgotten:

"A place in thy memory, dearest, Is all that I claim; To pause and look back when thou hastest The sound of my name."

—McN., in "Scranton Truth."

A DISTINGUISHED BENEFACTRESS.

ONE WHO HAS DONE A GREAT WORK FOR THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Dom Jerome Vaughan, to whose indomitable energy, unflinching zeal and financial skill the Church in Scotland owes the great Benedictine Abbey and College of Fort Augustus, has been staying since the month of May last in the spot which of all others he loves best in the world—the arch-abbey of Monte Casino, the centre of the Benedictine Order, the spot hallowed by St. Benedict's greatest miracles and most wonderful visions, the spot where he spent the greater part of his life, wrote his immortal rule, and died, the spot, rendered doubly sacred as the resting-place of the saintly body and that of his twin sister, St. Scholastica, which repose in the same shrine beneath the roof of that superb basilica that rises up majestically from the very apex of the holy mountain.

Father Vaughan, whose health some time since was beginning to give away under ten years of incessant labor and anxiety, has much benefited by his rest, and the past five or six months, and seems to have quite regained his former strength. (As a favor of his patron he sang High Mass in the Basilica and received congratulatory messages from his many friends, and on the following Sunday the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first arriving at Monte Casino was duly celebrated. After the conventional dinner the guests were all entertained by the Abbot in one of the saloons of the Foresters, and there Dom Jerome received the cordial congratulations of his Brethren and Reverend and of many friends, some of whom had come from a distance for the occasion. By a special favor recently accorded by a rescript of the Holy See he will remain undisturbed for twelve months at Monte Casino. He is, it is understood, engaged in some social work and other literary labors. His many friends at home and abroad will no doubt be glad to hear some authentic news of him and to hear how much good he has earned during his period of peace and repose in his home.

Criticism.

A lady in Brockville states: "I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a long standing Catarrh. In my last case it was pronounced incurable. The Balm gave immediate relief and permanently cured me. It was so good that I was obliged to use it at first though it was 'too good to be true.' I now use it with my children for colds and a croup of the nasal passages."

Children are often fretful and ill when Worms are the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all Worms.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

THE DUTY OF CATHOLICS IN REGARD TO THIS SCRIPTURAL COMMAND.

"Pay what thou owest."—St. Matt. xviii. 28. Justice my dear brethren, is the first and best law of human conduct. And although our Blessed Lord in the gospel gives us to understand that justice should be tempered with mercy, He none the less insists on the strict observance of the law of justice, always and in all classes.

No amount of faith, hope or charity can supply for it.

Without justice is hypocrisy, hope without justice is presumption, and charity without justice is little less than the mockery of virtues. The sins that cry to heaven for vengeance are these: great injustice. The man whose works our Blessed Saviour constantly condemned were the Scribes and Pharisees—dishonest men. Every sentence of Divine Revelation and every dictate of human conduct, in justice, the absolute necessity of justice, the law of justice, is simply fatal.

Without doubt, my dear brethren, we all appreciate the excellence and the importance of the virtue of justice; but when we come to apply the law to ourselves, some of us, I fear, are rather lax in our interpretation of it. "Pay what thou owest" is right enough, we don't dispute it; but a matter of fact, do we do it?

Are not we also given to make excuses and do we not put off our payments when they are due? And when, with a more rigid sense of justice, we would strain a point to make them?

It is positively amazing how indifferent some seemingly pious people are to the matter of paying their debts. They go to church Sunday after Sunday and even frequent the Sacraments, with their neighbor's money in their pockets. They won't pay what they owe, either because they want to hold on to the cash as long as they can, or because they wish to spend the money for something else. Here is a man who is in debt, or who is bound to make restitution, and he will go on for years without fulfilling his obligation, because he hesitates to reduce his bank account. Here is a woman who owes her grocer or her butcher, and she postpones payment indefinitely because she wants to buy a fall bonnet or a seal-skin sash. Here is another, and a very common specimen of dishonest humanity, who has been running up bills without any apparent means of settling them, for he spends his earnings in the grog-shop. God help us! People nowadays make light of their debts and obligations; they make no honest efforts to redeem them; they lose sight of that final accounting when the unjust debtors "shall be cast into prison from which they shall not depart until they pay the last farthing."

But suppose a man is not able to pay his debt? What then? Well in the first place, he has no right to contract debts unless he can see his way to pay them; and in the second place he is bound in conscience to make every effort in his power to meet his obligations. If due prudence and economy be exercised, and through accident a man becomes unable to liquidate his indebtedness, there is, of course, no help for it, and no charge of dishonesty can be alleged against him. But in the majority of cases people get into debt, and continue in it, through downright extravagance. The rashness is the great feeder of the debtors' prison, as well as of the Tomb. The dissipation or the criminal extravagance of the head of the family, or some member of it, is the bottom cause in most of the cases of hope and despondency we meet with. Debts incurred through sickness or mere accident are the honorable exceptions. And even here you cannot be classed among honest debtors, unless you make every effort in your power to cancel them. It is true that you are not bound to deny yourself all that is necessary for the support of your family or the necessities of your own conduct; but sooner or later you may be able to meet them; and if you neglect doing so you are not an honest man.

Now, my dear brethren, we all hold justice in high esteem, and we recognize an honest man as the noblest work of God. Only let us carry our admiration into practice and illustrate the attributes and the glory of God's greatest attribute and honor, the incomparable perfection of Christian honesty. And let us begin by paying our lawful debts, for to pay what you owe is the ABC of justice. Remember that this is a matter where the intention counts for little without the act. Outside of professional thieves there are few debtors who have not the intention of making every thing square when their ship comes in, or when their money pans out. But all such intentions are mere scraps to conscience and they are the inventions of dishonest souls. Don't mock justice in this way, but resolve at once to "pay what thou owest," for the obligations of justice brook not a moment's delay.

Another well known name must be added to the list of converts to Catholicity from the dramatic profession. Sir Charles Young, whose most successful piece, "Jim the Penman," had a very prosperous run in this country a few months ago, had the happiness of being received into the Church shortly before his death, which took place last month. He was an excellent actor; his reputation as a dramatic author, and knowledge of matters connected with the profession were so well known that he was appointed by Lord Beaconsfield a member of the Commission on Copyright. By his death the stage has lost an accomplished actor and play writer, society a favorite, and the Church a recent but fervent convert. R. I. P.—Ez.

The voyage from maiden fair to womanhood is often attended with many perils. Mothers should insist upon their daughters being prepared with every means of safety. Universally acknowledged as the reliable "Life-preserver" on the rough sea of uncertainty, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it has averted many a disaster. It has rescued many a periled life! This popular remedy is prepared especially for Woman. It is the only remedy of its class sold by druggists under a positive guarantee to give satisfaction. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out by the manufacturers for many years.

NATIONAL PILLS are the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine; they are mild and thorough.

THE STUDY OF THE CATECHISM.

From the Ave Maria.

The last instructions of the glorious Pius to the parish priests of Rome were that they should redouble their zeal in teaching the catechism to the little ones, "for the child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of man." These noble words of that great Pontiff should be engraven in the heart of every Christian, for they will afford him a sure and unerring guide throughout life. Too often in our day the study of Holy Mother Church's doctrines are neglected; too often are they lightly regarded. In most cases this does not spring from want of reverence for her, but from lack of appreciation of the greatness of the benefits that can be derived from the dogmas of our faith.

The catechism is not a mere dry recital of theoretical teaching; it is a manual of a grand and glorious life-work; it is a most perfect epitome of the practical knowledge of man and man's desires and ends; it is a perfect rule and exemplar of life;

Nothing is more prevalent in our day than false and pernicious teaching in every department of man's life, and nowhere can a defence against such teaching be found more forcibly set forth than in the catechism of Christian doctrine. The notion held by many that it is suitable only for the young is unfounded and pernicious. True, it is simple, plain, easy, and concise. But for these very reasons it is most useful and beneficial for it is the essence of all knowledge and all truth. It is a book not only for the young, but for the old. The labor of study in your years, if properly directed, only an unfolding and development of the teachings of our catechism.

The faith we hold is not theoretical; it is eminently practical. The truths we learn as children from the lips of the Church's teachers find practical application in all our studies and actions. If we would act and live as Catholics should, we must in all things act and speak as Catholic truth dictates. Not that we must openly proclaim our faith on the housetop and in the streets, but that our daily invocations and our common conversations be carried on in a solemn tone and spirit. There is a certain unobtrusive indication of opinion which is far more forcible than open argument. It is a happy mean between indifference and boasting of faith, which we as Catholics should aim at in our daily pursuits, in society, and in every walk of life. In order to possess such a Catholic tone and tendency a knowledge and understanding of our faith as perfect as may be necessary, and it is only in the recognized expostions of our religion that this can be found.

Hence the study of the catechism is important to every one—not only to the little child, or to the young, but to the man of work and action. It is a perfect philosophy; for it is the exposition of the doctrine of the greatest of all masters. It is a perfect foundation of all sciences and all learning; and as far as men stray from its declarations; in so far do they err. It is a perfect guide of life, and when its rules are neglected, man even physically feels the wrong that is done. Despite not its study; for it is the study of the science and the moral teachings of the great Master who, centuries ago, trod the hills and vales of Judea to show to wandering and despairing man the way to knowledge and true happiness.

THE PLEDGE FOR CHILDREN.

AN INSTRUCTIVE DISCOURSE BY CARDINAL MANNING.

Cardinal Manning approves of giving the total abstinence pledge to children. The other day he visited one of the parochial schools in London for the purpose of enrolling the children in the League of the Cross. In explaining to the boys and girls the obligations they were about to assume, and it had been a preliminary condition of its administration that the parents should give their consent, his Eminence said:

"Sometimes I am told children do not understand what the pledge is, and I always answer, 'Children understand what the pledge is better than you do.' Then I am asked, 'But can children keep the pledge?' and I answer, 'Children keep the pledge better than grown people, for if they never get to love the taste they will never know the temptation.' There are foolish fathers and mothers who give their children intoxicating drink, and then when they grow up, scold them or perhaps beat them because they frequent the public house. Who taught them the lesson? Who led them in the way? Ah! how happy will it be for the fathers and mothers who, when on their deathbed, have sons and daughters standing by their side who never were intoxicated in all their lives! They can lay their heads on their pillow and say with joy, 'I can leave these children of mine in the world without fear. They have grown up under my eye walking in the way of eternal life. They will continue to do so, and God will take care of them.' Therefore you parents are doing a good thing in letting your children take the pledge, and you are doing a good thing in taking it."

The Cardinal believes that in nineteen cases out of every twenty when girls and boys grow to be young men and women, and then go to the bad, drink is the cause. "So long," he says, "as boy or girl, man or woman, is sober and temperate, having a knowledge of the Holy Faith which you were all taught at school, he or she will be steadfast against temptation and persevere in the right way; but the moment in which intoxicating drink darkens the reason, blinds the conscience, and sets the heart and passions on fire, and makes the will weak, there is no sin that may not be committed, no commandment of God that may not be broken, no depth of degradation into which one may not fall."

Detectives Wanted.

to ferret out and discover, if they can, a single case where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been used for torpid liver, indigestion, impure blood, or consumption. In its early stages, without giving immediate and permanent relief provided, of course, that the directions have been reasonably well followed.

Worms often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system.