

## THE BISHOP'S STORY.

A Scotch Bishop was traveling on foot through the mountains of his diocese. The night surprised him in a forest into which he had strayed. After seeking shelter in which to pass the night, he at last came to a thatched cottage inhabited by a poor family. The good people received him without knowing whom they had welcomed under their roof. The Bishop, on his side, was equally ignorant of who his hosts were. Were they Catholics? Were they Protestants? There were no signs to enlighten him in his doubts.

After several minutes of mutual reserve, the mother, who appeared to be a widow, with eagerness mingled with respect made a gesture to the children to offer suitable hospitality to the stranger. In a few minutes the modest table was prepared and the Bishop was invited to partake of their simple but plentiful repast. The Bishop studied his people, and it was not long before he perceived that in spite of their efforts to hide it, some great trouble was burdening their minds. After some moments' hesitation he emboldened to say:

"You are all very well, but you appear to me to be very sad."

"Alas! yes," answered the mother, who seemed to be waiting for the question to unburden her mind. "Yes, we are sad. In the room adjoining us is our poor father lying on his couch dying, and what affects us most is that he pretends that he is to live and obstinately refuses to prepare for death."

"May I see him?" said the Bishop with surprise.

"Willingly," said the woman, with that confidence peculiar to afflicted souls, and immediately she introduced her guest into the little chamber of the sick man. Truly the old man was reduced to the last extremity. Death was but a step away, and he was not willing to die. At first allusion to the subject he seemed to regain all his vigor, and answered with all his strength:

"No, I shall not die!"

"But, my friend, consider this: We all must die, and your sickness joined to your age—"

"I tell you I shall not die. No, it is impossible! And to all the reflections which were used to persuade him he made the invariable response—"I shall not die!—I shall not die yet!"

Finally the Bishop said: "You have no more than a breath of life; tell me what reason you have for believing you will not die?"

The reasonableness of this question seemed to strike the dying man, and, throwing a look full of life on the Bishop, he said:

"Sir, are you a Catholic?"

"I am," answered the Bishop.

"In that case," said the sick man, "I will tell you why I shall not die," and collecting all his strength, he raised himself up in his bed, and in a strong, though dying voice, said: "I also am a Catholic and, sir, since my First Communion until to day I have never omitted to ask of our Lady the grace not to die without having a priest at my bed. And do you believe that my Mother will not hear me? It is impossible! It is impossible! I shall not die!"

"My child," said the Bishop, touched to the depths of his soul, "my child, your prayer has been answered. The one who speaks to you is not only a priest, but is your Bishop. The Holy Mother has conducted me through the forest to receive your last sigh," and opening his mantle he showed the dying man his pectoral cross.

And at the sight of this he cried: "O Mary, my good Mother, I thank you!" Then turning to the Bishop he said: "Hear my confession. Now, I believe I am going to die." Several moments afterwards, purified for the last time, he died a happy death.

"No one has ever invoked the Blessed Virgin without being heard," says St. Bernard. No matter what happens, never, never despair. "It is impossible," says St. Francis Ligouri, "for a true servant of Mary to be lost."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

## How to Save Boys.

Women who have some sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor—they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with the public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Believe, if possible, that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

## Things Catholics Do Not Believe.

Catholics do not believe that any man can obtain salvation by his own good deeds, independently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and his grace, or that he can make any satisfaction for the guilt of his sins or acquire any merits except through the Saviour. Catholics do not believe that it is allowable to break a lawful oath or tell a lie, even for the conversion of a kingdom, or to do anything whatever of a sinful nature to promote the supposed interests of their church. The false and pernicious principle that the "end justifies the means," or that one may do evil that good may come is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, who avoid evil and do good, who are blamelessly ignorant of Catholic truth, and of the just claims of the Catholic church to be the only true religion, are excluded from heaven provided they believe there is one God in three divine persons (or unity in trinity and trinity in unity): that God will reward the good and punish the bad hereafter; that Jesus is the Son of God, made man who redeemed us, and in whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever by their sins offended God.—*Catholic News*.

The promptness with which Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough and induces refreshing sleep is something marvelous. It never fails to give instant relief, even in the worst cases of throat and lung trouble, and is the best remedy for whooping cough.

The death of Mrs. Kidd, Ballywilliam, occurred at her residence on December 1st, at the advanced age of 75 years. The deceased lady, who was mother of Mr. John Kidd, of Ballywilliam, and Mr. Kidd, of Newtownbarry, was for the past half century a resident of Ballywilliam.

## How to Care for an Umbrella.

It is very injurious to a good silk umbrella to use it alternately for the sun and rain, as some women, especially in the country, still persist in doing. A sunshade should never be dampened, nor should a rain umbrella be subjected to the heat. A damp, perspiring hand passing over the silk takes the body out. It is a great mistake to strap up a parasol or an umbrella in a tight roll. Though it is sometimes more convenient to carry it in the case in the case in travelling, such a case does more to wear out the silk by friction than any regular use of the umbrella. When the umbrella is at the house, not in use, it is far better to leave the case off and let it stand in the corner of a closet or lie in a drawer, where it will be protected from the dust. The old idea that twilled silk wears better in an umbrella than plain silk is certainly disproved. The best silk for an umbrella is a taffeta of strong, even weave. Where there is a tear in a material, one part of the silk must be weaker than the other, and the weakest part between the ribs or cords is apt to crack.

## Love in Rags.

A baby carriage stood in front of a small shop. In it slept a pretty, dimpled baby. A drowsy puppy lay on the pillow, its black nose close to the baby's cheek.

By the carriage stood a ragged little waif, dirty, with scarcely enough clothes for decency. She stroked in turn the baby and the puppy.

A lady passing by noticed the strange picture—the beautiful baby, the little dog, the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop.

"Are you caring for these?" said the lady to the waif.

A wonderful smile lit up the dirty little face.

"No, please, ma'am, I'm only loving them."

## Poor Blood.

Persons, sick and convalescent whose blood grows poor and thin who have a distaste for food, whose members grow cold and inactive, whose sleep is agitated and uneasy, whose flesh is wasting away, who have no energy and disinclination to work, should use Al-moxia Wine, recommended by all the principal physicians. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agent for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

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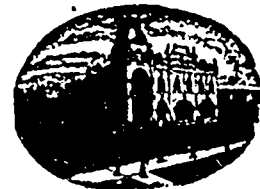
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