

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Home of Evangeline. In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas.

The poet has preserved to us forever the memory of the simple French-Canadian villagers whom the brutal British soldiers drove out of beautiful Acadia in long ago.

Out in the sunshine; what is left of the forest primeval has its autumn glory on; Minas Basin, full of the brim, is flashing back the light thrown on it from the sky.

We see old Benedict Balfontaine's house with its thatched roof, its gables and its dormer windows, and we see the big hale Benedict in the doorway.

The Sabbath Evangeline is sweeter, though. There she goes in her blue kirtle as the church bells ring. Is she or is she not a trifle conscious that she is fair to look upon in her Norman cap, ear-rings in her ears, kerchief over her bosom, as she walks onward with God's benediction upon her?

Yonder is Basil's forge, and Basil at it with his leather apron on. You see the wives of the village spinning at the door steps, the children at play, the laborers coming home at sunset, and you hear the clack, clack of the gasping looms.

"Never! Where is that Minas Basin I've heard so much about?" glancing suspiciously around as though under the belief that some one has hidden Minas under a bushel on purpose to defraud him of his rights as an American citizen.

An affable stranger points out Minas, and the man gives a snort of contempt. "Umph! you could drop it in one corner of Lake Michigan and never know it was there.

"Look, papa, cries his daughter; look at the low green meadows stretching out in the sun, just as they did centuries ago.

"I've got meadows to home that can knock the spots of any I see here." He grumbles and is not his good-natured self till we are in the famous apple orchards of the Annapolis Valley.

"I know a good thing when I see it," he says, "and I like this part of the country first rate."

"Better than the meadows of Grand Pre?" some one asks.

"I wouldn't care to farm in that part of the country," he returns.

"When a man is busy at his haying it's bother enough to look out for the water that comes down without having to keep an eye on the water that comes up. I laugh every time I think of each haycock sitting up on a framework of its own to keep out of reach of the tide."

"O the breath of the apple lands of Acadia; it goes sultry among the hills, down the river to the wooded isles, out and away through Digby Gut to that salt water thing of many moods, the Bay of Fundy, where the men busy with their nets draw in long breaths of it, and crossing themselves devoutly give thanks for the sunshine of St. Eulalie, which

"Filled their orchards with apples."

Bleebird's Mistake. In the sunny Southland an orange hung on a branch of the mother tree. It swung back and forth, looking like a tiny ball among the green leaves.

A bluebird, who had just arrived from the North Country, flew down to see if the hard little ball were something which Mother Nature had provided for bluebird's food.

THE VOICE OF HEAVEN.

O'er the weary, untilled meadows, O'er the fields of uncut grain, Through the dells and mossy shadows Comes a tone of love and pain;

Yes, Incarnate Love is sighing; Soul, be swift and meek to hear! In its tenderness undying, Like an angel's pitying tear;

Few the reapers, worn and weary, Singing in the twilight dim; In the Christ light naught is dreary; Sweet is labor—done for Him!

You He needs and you He seeketh; Yours the heart-warmth He would win; Yours to hasten when He speaketh, Yours to feel His peace within.

Sweet among the dewy grasses Morning canticles begin; Leave the wearisome morasses, Seek His grace, who, through the blue, Still is calling, calling you!

Light of Heaven, incessant drifting Down upon the golden grain, Brings a gleam, sweet uplifting,— Whose the labor, His the gain, Christ repayeth! Seek the blue, Answer Him who calleth you!

There were more verses, but this was all the orange heard, for the bluebird crooned them so tenderly, so drowsily that every orange on the tree was sound asleep long before he finished, and they were only awakened as he flew off, greatly pleased with the effect of his lullaby.

"Shall you ever see her again?" asked the orange.

"Surely!" he cried. "When the spring comes—"

"Swift we will fly, My mate and I, To the little brown house in the apple tree, Where Bettie is waiting to welcome us!"

"If you could only see the interest she takes in our nest!" he chirped.

"All sorts of bits of bright wool and other materials for nest-building she will have ready for us. Of course you never can see her," with a regretful little twitter. The North is so far away, and you have no wings.

"True, I have no wings," said the orange, hopefully. "But I feel quite sure, if I could let go my hold on this branch, I could roll—oh! ever so fast, over and over—until I should finally reach the far North."

"Dear, dear, no!" chirped the bluebird. "Why it is flights and flights away! You could never get there unless you had strong wings like myself. Could he, my dear?" appealing to Lady Bluebird, who had perched near him, and was listening to the discussion.

"No, no, poor dear!" she cried. "How any one can be happy without wings!" And off she flew, uttering soft little notes of compassion.

The time came when the orange missed the friendly bluebirds.

"Gone to the North, I suppose," he sighed. "Well, if I could fly, I should follow. There is nothing for me to do but grow and grow round and yellow. What will come next I do not know."

The orange did not see the North—the largest, roundest orange in the large box of fruit.

"Who would have guessed that I should take a journey?" he thought.

"It is almost as good as having wings." How round and yellow he looked in the window of the fruit store, where he found himself a few days later!

"O mother, may I buy that orange?" a merry voice cried; and a bright-eyed little girl pressed her face against the pane.

"Yes, do," whispered the orange, but too softly to be heard. However, Bettie ran home with her orange clasped tightly in her little brown hand.

"Now, don't roll off! she admonished him, as she placed him on the broad window sill.

Outside a pair of bluebirds were hopping on the boughs of a tree, watching with eager eyes for crumbs from Bettie.

"See that orange!" chirped Mr. Bluebird. "How it reminds me of the South and of the poor little orange who so wanted to see our Bettie!"

"So sad!" twittered Lady Bluebird. "It was very painful, my dear, nodding his head. "But I had to tell him, poor fellow! I told him that without wings he could never hope to see Bettie, never reach the North. Now listen, my dear, I am going to sing you a song about him. It is called 'The Disappointed Orange.'"

This seemed to the orange so very funny that, in trying not to laugh hard enough to split his yellow sides, he rolled on the floor. There Bettie found him. I wonder if he told her all about it.—Christian Register.

A BELATED APPRECIATION.

From the Presbyterian. Latin in the Romish (sic) Church, is a medium of worship and also of intercourse among all its officials throughout the world.

By it also the government officials of all nations are able to understand each other. Rome never changes, and as it speaks officially only in Latin, its decrees and outgivings. State and ecclesiastical, possess one and the same meaning to all who study them in their original form.

This gives her a great advantage, and will long ensure the perpetuity of this ancient language.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The knack of making good use of moderate abilities secures the esteem of men, and often raises to higher fame than real merit.

A Successful Life. I assume no life can be deemed successful unless it be a happy one. Happiness is the object of universal endeavor, and happiness alone is success.

Of course when we speak of a happy life, we do not mean a condition of uninterrupted bliss. Sickness, death and other disasters lie in wait for every man—even the most successful—making difficult the progress which overcomes them, wounding and blistering the feet which they cannot arrest.

The cup of success cannot be quaffed without tasting some bitter dregs of disappointment. Perfect happiness is not of this earth. By a successful life we mean not one that escaped all sorrow, but one which, by comparison with others, has achieved a large degree of happiness.

To discuss intelligently it is then necessary to agree upon what it is. Having ascertained in what it consists, we can consider how it must be achieved and how it may be maintained.

What is happiness? Is it fame? Some wise men hold that fame is posthumous and notoriety contemporaneous, but without pausing to consider the grounds of that belief, it is certain that the only fruit which fame or notoriety brings to its living possessor is the sense that his fellow men are curious about him. To be gazed at in the street or in a public conveyance soon palliates upon the mind; from being a source of satisfaction, it becomes a source of embarrassment. The prominence which has cost a lifetime of industry and self-denial to acquire can be forfeited in a moment by an ill-considered act or a maladroit expression.

This sense of insecurity in its possession robs it of all enjoyment, and speedily convinces any man with sufficient wit to become conspicuous that he can be considered famous until he is dead. A reward which can be enjoyed only beyond the grave is not a temporal success, and therefore is not within the purview of the discussion.

Is power happiness? Ask the possessor of it, and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. Power is a good deal like commercial credit: a man can possess it only while he refrains from using it for his own benefit. An attempt to utilize it for personal gratification destroys it. Whatever power exists, it must be exercised chiefly for its own preservation; and this is true whether the potentate be the czar of all the Russias or the boss of an American city. The imperial autocrat cannot appoint an incompetent favorite to the command of his armies without exposing his throne to destruction by foreign invasion of domestic revolt. He cannot gratify his own caprice in the appointment of a spy; for his very life depends upon the detective vigilance of his police. The American boss must use all his power to enlist the aid of those best qualified to maintain his boss-ship.

The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge; not one of us can ever hope to slake his thirst at it. If knowledge be happiness, then, indeed, is happiness unattainable.

Is wealth happiness? Look at those who possess it, and tell me if you think they are a happy race. Who that has observed in these catcombs of modern cities called safe deposits, the owners of millions, gloomy as the passages through which they move silently—almost furtively—to compartments appropriately named vaults, where, in an isolation absolute as the grave, they count their securities, or change them, will say that, judged by appearances, the very rich lead lives of unclouded joy? The millionaire always appears to be melancholy, but nowhere is he so sad as in the midst of his treasures. He is the only human being who, by the common observation of all men, has never shown gayety, and who is universally considered incapable of it. I have heard of jolly beggars, but no one has ever heard of jolly millionaires.

The cripple sometimes smiles on the bed to which he is chained. The blind are cheerful in the occupation to which their affliction restricts them.

THE COMPELLING POWER OF CATHOLICISM.

The inability of even sincere non-Catholics to recognize where they are grossly inconsistent with themselves on the subject of Catholic practices and the effect of the Catholic system on the human character is strikingly illustrated in several chapters of "The Realm of the Habsburgs," by Sydney Whitman, a brilliant but extremely bigoted writer. The book is saturated with that curious tendency toward differentiation between the Catholics of one country and another as though the people constituted the system or made the universal faith. To the Catholic reader such fatuity, when it does not appear artificial or mere literary fencing, must seem an insupportable verity of intellect, an inexplicable freak of nature.

Speaking of Catholicism in Austria this writer says, for instance, that "it is very different from Catholicism in Italy; in fact, it is nothing unusual for devout Austrians who visit Italy to become thoroughly disgusted with the transparent and unreal priest mummery of the Eternal City, and to come back confirmed skeptics."

If an author is really in earnest in setting down such stuff as this as serious observation, what are we to think of him when we find separated by only five lines of linking matter from it this calm acceptance of a statement on the subject of "mummery" made by a noble Austrian lady who had been visiting her and wondering why she had taken the veil: "Yes, I admit I am no longer your friend, Mizi; I am only Sister Barbara now. It was a struggle at first to give up the world, but now it is all over—peace and quiet happiness. I know you think it all fancy and superstition; but what you take to be superstitions are only symbols to us. The reality is in the heart."

The perverse bigotry of this writer is coerced at last into telling the truth, like an evil spirit compelled to testify by the power of the Divine exorcist:

"There are many who feel with us that the mind-paralyzing influence of priestcraft handicaps a people in fighting the battle of existence as we must all nowadays fight it. Are these convinced, however, that the majority of us have something with which to replace it? Thomas Carlyle, at all events, would seem to have despaired of it, for in his old age he jerked out despairingly: "There is only one religion—the Mass, the Mass!"

No writer in all the world had done more to decry and heap scorn on the Mass than Carlyle. And he was compelled in his despair to eat his own words.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Carry Sunshine With You." A bright, fresh, sunny face is always in spring, and it always denotes good health as well as a happy heart. Many faces that were once overcast with gloom have been made bright and sunny by Hood's Sarsaparilla which cures all dyspeptic symptoms, strengthens the nerves and tones up and invigorates the whole system.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills, the non-irritating cathartic. Sold by all druggists.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough in season subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous people.

FOR THE OVERWORKED.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime disorder of the liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This combination of troubles is a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

Try it.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL with the ordinary vegetable oils and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling, relieves pain and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

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GOUNOD.

A letter written by Gounod shortly before his death to his confessor, who was about to go on a long journey, shows the fervor as well as the faith of the great musician. "No, dear Father," wrote Gounod, as quoted by the Paris correspondent of the Tablet, "I will not allow you to start on your journey into that cold and distant country without sending you a little of the warmth of a heart which is ever so close to yours. We can not get away from those we love; for we retain them as long as they keep us in that unity which is the sole principle of union here below, until we are reunited forever on high. . . . At any rate, you must not allow me to leave for the other world before you return; for it is your duty to sign my way bill and to launch me on the ocean of purgatory, on which God grant I may not have too long a journey. Besides, you really must be here for our fate, which I have every hope of celebrating at your anointed hands."—Ave Maria.

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