Why did God weep beside the new-made Where slept His dearly-loved? His word Even from that dark nothingness could

save, I would not weep if I could waken mine.

If I could turn from 'neath the unyielding all the pale warder still must coldly keep, No other power would I envy God— Then wherefore o'er His friend did Jesus

weep? Silence, where once was song, I still shall bear,
And darkness feel though round me chines

the mute king's beckoning hands have

lured away.
Ala, heart unlearned in Love—canst thou

Those tears were not for Lazarus-but for

AUNT BETSEY'S BABY.

L suppose you might travel a whole day e suppose you might traval a whole day over the big city, and out into the sweet and shady suburban village, where the streets are no more than brown straggling country lanes running along between dull green ranges of dogwood rose vines, and you would not find a shabbier house than

Incle Price's.

It was the tinniest little cabin in all of Carrollton, and the shabblest and the sweetest. It was no wonder that Uncle Price, standing out in his yard in the cool of the evening, used to look with faded, effectionate eyes on the gray little ram-shackle shanty, and declare that "bit seemed like it would crack his heartstrings of de good Lawd shed see fitten to youst him out o' dat yar cabin."

As the dewy country lane came running taward Uncle Price's joyously green and gay between its mountainous ranges of ruse vines, it laughed out into a broad grassy common. Uncle Price loved that he leaned over the broken gate that gaped a perpetual welcome to the house, he would say, with an appreciative chuckle:

"Dat lane jes bus itse'f wide open w'en it come down yar by de cabin."

And just where "de lane had bus itse'f

and just where "de lane had bus itse's wide open," where the failing town trailed off into the country, as you have seen a shelving sandy block trail off into the seen, Uncle Price and Aunt Betsy had their cabin. The uneven yard was thick with grass and short white clover, and down in the corner by the fence stood a clump of goldenrod, its bright lamps all shight. There were two great sprawling pale green three cornered leaves ping the wobbly porch in restful shade all the long summer, from April

to November.

It was a curiously lop sided little shanty, with a board on hioges for a shutter, a mud chimney, and there was but one room, that did duty for parlor and dining room as well as bed-room and kitchen. There was a back porch as well and at one corner of it was a sail well, and at one corner of it, up stood a huge green hogshead, with a spigot near the bottom, which hogshead in Uncle Price's country is called a cis-sern. A beautiful curtain of pasmine wine, broidered all over with pale, fine stars of blossoms that smelled, oh, so sweet! at sunrise and at nightfall, swung From the rotten pillars of the porches Lucide all was sweet and neat and clean The ashes were swept up in the center of the big fireplace, and the saucepan and skillet, that were all of Betsey's kritchen utensils, stood, when not in use, decorously up in a corner of the hearth. The floor was uneven, and down in the valley side was an old red posted bed a couple of thin pillows and a faded quilt. There was also a table, a shelf in me corner, on which leaned two small yellow bowls, two gray-veined plates and a few spoons and forks. In the corner of the fireplace stood a trunk cradle, the body of an old skin covered trunk, to which Uncle Price had put

was little enough for such a queer restang place. There was also a chest in which Betsey kept their few extra pieces of Sunday ges to meeting clothes, a bench for the 36d woman and a hide bottom arm chair under the window for the old man. A big Bible, worn and tattered and old. ay on the table, and every night Uncle Price would light a pine torch and hold it for Betsey to read the gospel. In Southern negro cabins a lamp or a candle is a rare luxury. Winter and summer the bit of light needed at night is furnished by kindling a pine knot on

sockers in the days when Betsev's baby

ach a gospel as Betsey used to read out of the good book was sweet to her old man's ears, although it would have and verse-scraps of hymns, bits of ring ing plantation melodies, a remembered Scripture phrases. All the room would in black shadow save the space about the old couple. Price, eighty if he was a day, would be bending over, pipe in this mouth, holding the flaming pine stick, from which the thick smoked excethed and the yellow drops of rosin

fell like amber beads.
Betsey, on her low bench, the Bible open on her knees and her long, claw-like fore finger following the lines patiently, would read out in her tremb-ling voice, with a sort of anxious sob in while the old man would listen at, while the old man would listen solemnly, sucking at his pipe, now and then saying: "Bress de Lord fer dat!" "Armen!" and getting great comfort out of Betsey's "gospel trufe," One night he heard the old woman read this out of her wonderful Bible :

Ole Joe behin' de foe, Alligator kickin' up behin' ole Joe.

Did old Betsey think she could read? Of course she did, although the pages were as unknown to her as Sancrit you and me. "Course I kin read faoney," she used to say, with dignity, when the baby sometimes asked her, honor bright ?"

Early every morning Betsey used to get up and start a little fire on the

atory, which had a perforated floor, she would put a handful of ground coffice, and when the water boiled she would take her small gourd dipper and pour just a little bit at a time on to the grounds. This water would soak through into the lower half of the pot, and when she had poured on two cup through into the lower half of the pot, and when she had poured on two cup fuls—it took a long time—she would have a pot of black, clear, delicious coffee, strong enough to stain the yellow

bowls a deeper brown, She was a fuuny little old darky woman, short, stumpy, with a small bit of a black shining eyes that slipped around in sockets like black glass beads, no their sockets like black grass beads, no teeth to speak of, and the softeet, most musical and palavering voice I ever heard. She wore a blue cotton gown, a brown woolen apron, a "head bankicher" of gay green and white and gold colored cotton, and, when going out visiting, a dozen or of freeze store, and thumber so of brass rings on figgers and thumbs. Winter and summer she went barefooted, and when her big flat feet, harder than any sole leather, came down on the uneven Betsey would tiptoe about in the morn-ing, and when the c.ff.ce would be dripped, the corn cake baked, the side meat fried, or the plaintain, (a kind of ccarse banana, only good when cooked) roasted in the ashes, she would call out in roasted in the ashes, she would call out in her gentle and trembling voice, "Come on, my honey, de vittles is hot and handy," and then Uncle Price would sit up on the edge of the bed, his wife would "set him up a bit" with a clean "hankicher," and together they would eat their breakfast. How still the little dingy room would be! You could hear the chicks pecking about on the front porch, the young birds chirping in the trees, the shouts of Miss Juley Robinson's five woolly headed sons as they fished for crawfish for their ma's dinner in the gutter at the end of the lane. Uncle Price sat on the edge of the bed, with the table drawn up in front. His head was as white as the wool on a bisque doll. His shirt was blue and clean and his pants were of all colors, being patched into a resemblance to a crazy quilt. Strips of red flaunel were tied about his wrists and ankles to keep off the rheumatism, and he always carried half a matiem, and he always carried half edczen matches and a couple of nails stuck in the wool over his left ear, so that they

Uncle Prince sopped his corn bread in his coffee on this particular morning, and as he did so said sadly: "Pears lak de baby ain't gwine come to bre'kfas' no mo." "Well, she mout, an' den 'gin she moutn't," Aunt Betsey answered, having no notion of committing herself to a belief no way or the other.

Just then there was a terrible noise out

on the porch; the little cabin quaked easily. Somebody began to fumble and pull at the door latch, finally lifting it with a desperate tug, and the baby accompanied by her three dogs, Toots, Baboo and Jake, walked gravely into the room.

Such a funnia little lasse as it was that pattered in; her bare feet all wet with the dew, with nothing on but her ruffled, cross barred nightgown, and her yellow heir, like a soft little faize, standing out all over her head, all the world like a dandelion gone to seed. Her dogs, as disreputable a lot of canines as ever lived, Baboo being lorg bodied, low in stature and fearfully bow-legged, had been all dressed up in bibs and collars, and looked miserable in consequence. But they slunk faithfully at her bare heels and

siunk faithfully at her bare heels and endured the pins that struck into their necks with doglike devotion.

The baby stepped in—a little 3 year old runaway—and as the big door opened a traiting robe of warm, white sunshine followed after her, and spread out a fine court train about her feet.

Betsey picked the child up, and she and Price kissed her, and then as she

sat her down on the table along with the two storied coffee pot, the plates and the yellow disks of corn bread, she said to her: "Air.'t I done tole yer yer mus'n be comin' down hyar no mo dis time in the mawpin in ter night gownd and ver bar feet i Scandaliziu Miss Juley Robinson and keepin me on de aidge o' torment 'bout yer gettin' snake bit! Drink yer cau fee, honey." And Betsey held the yellow bowl to the baby's mouth. Without a word the small one took her scolding and her "cau-fee." It was a funny sandwich the three made—the two old, wrinkled black faces glowing with love and bacon grease, bending over the milk white slip of a child, who eyed them fondly and took impartial bites of their corn bread and

sups from their bowls.

To Price and Betsey "the baby" was as dear as if she had been their very own. Betsey had always been the child's "mammy," and related with pride, at least once every day, how she had been the fusses one what toch that chile. And the devotion begun on mammy's breast had never been lessened. For her uncle Price had trapped popbirds and mocking birds; for her he had cut and mocking orras; for her he had cut the lid off his treasured cowskin trunk and made it into a cradle; for her was the best in the cabin—the prettiest chicken, the brownest egg; and when the old man hobbled up to the big house one day with a noble gift of bantam hens and a tiny rooster, nobody dared ask how he had come by them, for Price had always boldly declared that he would go through fire and water for the child-s yow that, translated, probably meant

ien's roosts. When at the cabin the child's vernacu-When at the capin the china's vernacular was that of her hosts. She seemed to drop into it unconsciously, and so when the meal was over and the thing cleared away and Uncle Price fixed in his chair by the window, and Betsey had put on brass rings, the baby said, "You gwine

way maumy?"

"I sin't gwine no furder den yo mar's honey. Mammy's got to step out in de sun an soople up her ole bones. You kin stay hyar longside yo Uncle Price twell I I gits back."

It was not the first time the two had been left to keep each other company while Bettey was off in the sun "soopun up her old bones," and this old black dying December and the fair, sweet baby May were well pleased to be left "settin' together on de wheel o' time," as Uncle Price would say.

The old fellow sitting by the window,

the warm sun like a rug over his knees, the milk white child clasped in his feeble

Father in Heaven;" and of how he was going to see and be with the baby's own papa, the young Marse Jim," who had died a year before.

"Ef I write my papa a letter, will you take it straight off to him?" asked the Sanday marriage His Eminance the Condensation of the Pro Cathedral, Kensington, on Sanday marriage His Eminance the Condensation of the Pro Cathedral, Kensington, on Sanday marriage His Eminance the Condensation of the Pro Cathedral, Kensington, on Sanday marriage His Eminance the Condensation of the Pro Cathedral of th

"Yes, honey, sho I will. I use ter kyarry the mail regular bout fifty er forty

years ago."
And so the child slid down, and went to And so the child slid down, and went to the old abandoned cradle in which her mammy kept playthings for her visitor. She fished out some rumpled scraps of paper, a stub of lead pencil and then sprawling down on the floor, in the midst of her patient dogs, she set to work to write her letters to papa. How busy she was, and how fast she covered the dirty bits of paper with her little scrawlings, folding them up and crowding them into Uncle Price's hand! Who has not seen such letters? Who has not written such Uncle Price's hand! Who has not seen such letters? who has not written such letters? that can only be read with the eyes of the heart, but when read reveal baby wants and wishes, confidences and secrets, hopes and hints about candy and outright suggestions to "Santa Claus" and solemn promises to be good.

'Is you shong wine to take my paps my letters, Uncle Price?" she said, as she folded up the last bit of scribbled over paper. "He'll be so s'prised."

"Yes. my babe, fore de Lawd. I's gwine

paper. "He'll be so s'prised."

'Yes, my babe, fore de Lawd, I's gwine
fotch dem letters safe to yer pappy.
Bimeby dar's gwine ter come a angel, all
white like a pigeon, and dat angel gwine
tech me on de shoulder and say, 'Uncle
Price, de Lawd says come. right dar dis
minnit,' and den me and dat angel gwine
git in de hoat and sail off—elay out o' sight git in de boat and sail off-clar out o' sight ob heaven, and den I's gwine step right up to de gret w'ite trone, an' de Lawd he say 'Howdy, Mistah Price i' and tech me, honey. Yes, my baby, de Lawd Almighty's gwine tech yer old uncle and turn him wite and new and mons'us strong. And den I'll look all 'long in all dem iv'ry pews whar de angel choirs wil be a flutterin' lak de de angel choirs wil be a flutterin' lak de pigeons on de cote, wid dey troats coin' full o' music, an' dar l's gwine spy cut yer pappy, an' I's gwine ssy, 'Marse Jim, nit's old Price, an' I's jes come; an' de baby, she 'puted me to fotch dese letters.' An' I'll gin dem letters in de presence o' angel witnesses. An' an' presence o' angel witnesses. An'—an' Marse Jim, he gwine drop right down on de golden stpeet, wid de angels migratin' all roun', an he's gwine ter read dem latters an' brass de Land read dem letters, an' bress de Lawd, honey. But dere will be joicin' and honey. But dere will be joicin' and and jubilatin' roun dem pews, an' de angels all pesterin' to see dem letters, an askin' how dey come. An Marse Jim, he gwine clap his han' on me and say, 'De baby's ole Uncle Price was de pos'

"Go, Uncle Price, go quick," and the small arms pushed at the gaunt old darkey, who sat wiping the tears from his bis half blind eyes.

"No honey; de angel ain't totch me on de shoulder yit. I's get de invite, but de do ain't open yit."

sang to itself in the honeysuckle vine, an angel more snow white and shining than

the whitest young pigeon cooing in its cote came into the dingy cabin where Uncle Price and Aunt Batsey were waiting and watching, and Uncle Price turned his old eyes on the faithful, homely little darkey wife and whispered, "I'm gwing honey de time is come." I'm gwine, honey; de time is come on forgit de baby's letters." Betsey did not forget. And when the next day she bent for the last time with

a rare caress over the stilled form of her old man, the tears fell down on the thi black hands in which were clasped, just as she had promised, the baby's letters.

Married A Man to Retorm Him.

I knew a young lady who had everything which usually constitutes the hap if ness of those who have not yet climbed the golden stairs of matrimonial para dise. Her sge was twenty; she was a brunette of graceful figure, with a peculiarly animated expression of coun tenance. Her complexion was rich and warm, her large gray eyes were merry, and her features would pass muster among sculptors. At receptions held in the atmory of the Twenty-third Regiment she was always observed with admiring interest, and she had beaux by the score. Well, at length she came to a decision, and I heard of her marriage. I knew the young man whom she chose and was startled. That was five years ago. A startled. That was five years ago. A year ago I was idding uptown on a car. The car was crowded, and I stood by the front door reading. I heard my name pronounced and looked down, but did not at first recogn ze the face which was faintly smiling at me. It was weire pale and wrinkled and careworn. looked puzzled for a few moments, and

looked puzzled for a few moments, and then it dawned on me that this was the wreck of one of the prettiest girls in Brooklyn. I accompanied her as far as the door of her house. It was a tene ment house. If won't invite you in today," she said; "my rooms are somewhat disordered." I said nothing, but I understood. It was pitiful to see her try to keep up the pretense of being lighthearted, happy, and prosperous. A week ago I heard that her husbard was in the lunatic asylum and her baby was dead. lunatic asylum and her baby was dead. Now she has gone home to begin life over again. She had married a man to reform him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pro. Huxley on the Morals of Health. Prof. Huxley has predicted that the time will come when it will be a reproach to be sick. When one friend meets another he will as soon ask "Are you honest?" as "Are you well?" for a man will be considered foolish, not to say oriminal, who gets sick. Such a state of public feeling will sometime be brought about. Certainly it is true that the morals of health are receiving wars and morals of health are receiving more and more attention. A greatly increasing number of people every year prevent the development of all blood, pulmonary get up and start a little fire on the the milk white child clasped in his feeble the arms, was as happy as the day is long. What wonderful tales he told her of how afforded coffee pot, and in the second the was going up into the clouds, sall on which nips all such ailments in the bud. The that into the milk white child clasped in his feeble and liver diseases. This is proved by the enormously increased use of Dr. Is builded by some man. He that made all things is God, and by which nips all such ailments in the bud.

At the Pro Cathedral, Kensington, on Sunday morning His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster assisted pontifically at the High Mass, read his pontifically at the High Mass, read his pastoral with reference to the progress of, and needs for new missions in the metropolis, and preached. His Eminence took his text from the fourth chapter of the Book of the Apocalypse: "And they rested not day or night, saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come." These words, said His Eminence, describe the eternal worship of the Ever-Blessed Trinity. "They"—hat is, the heavenly court, the nine orders of angels, the court, the nine orders of angels, the elders round about the throne, the patrielders round about the throne, the patriarch, and the prophets, the martyre, and the saints, and the penitente, all adoring the Ever-Bleesed Trinity in the glory of the beatific vision. And they describe a threefold glory, the glory of the three persons—"Holy, Holy, Holy," but of the One God—"Lord God Almighty." This is the mystery of to-day—the mystery into which all the mysteries of our year of faith ascend. Christmas, the incarnation; Easter, the resurrection; the ascendion of our Lord to the right hand of His Father; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and then the Bleesed Trinity—the reflection and summing up of all the mysteries tion and summing up of all the mysteries of our faith. It has been to me a dis or our faith. It has been to me a dis-appointment and regret that year by year a pastoral should be read on this Sunday; and I have endeavored to make my words as few as I could because I did not desire that Trinity Sunday should pass without the whole glory of the Blessed Trinity being unfolded

Deling unfolded

IN THE FACE OF THOSE WHO ADORE,
and therefore let us repeat together—you
in your thoughts and in words—the
articles of the Athanasian Creed, than
which outside the inspired writings of the Church I know nothing more luminous or more beautiful. The words are, as you know, "The Catholic faith is: That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in unity, neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the M jesty co eternal. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Gnost—the Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, the Holy Ghost uncreate; the Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost incomprehensible; the Father eternal, the Son eternal, the Holy Ghost eternal. And vet

but one eternal, as also there are not three uncreate, nor three incomprehen sible, but One uncreate and One incom prehensible. In like manner, the Father is Almighty, and the Son is Almighty, and the Holy Ghost is Almighty, and yet they are not three Almighty, but one Almighty. So the Father is God, and the Son is God, de do ain't open yit,"

And then somebody swooped down from the big house at the other end of the lane, gathered the runaway up, and the lane, gathered.

are not three gods, and the Son is God, and yet they are not three gods, but one God. So likewise the Father is Lord, and the Son is God, and the Son is is Lord, and the Holy Ghost is Lord, and yet there are not three Lords, but one Lord. For as we are compelled by Christian truth to acknowledge each Person by Himself to be God and Lord, so we are forbidden by the Catholic religion to say forbidden by the Catholic religion to say there are three Gods or three Lords. The Father is made of none—neither created nor begotter. The Son is from the Father alone neither made nor created, but begotten The Holy Ghost is from the Father and the Son, nor made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding. So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons, and one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts. And in this Trinity there is nothing before or after, nothing greater or less; but the whole Three Persons are co eternal together and co equal. So that in all things as aforesaid the Unity is to be worshipped in Trinity and the Trinity in unity." Let us reflect awhile on this And my purpose to day bring before you three truths, and three only. The first is this: that by the light of nature, and I will say by the necessity of the human reason, we know the exist ence of One God. The second truth is this: that we know the Three Persons in One God only by Revelation. And thirdly, that the Divine words and the Divine facts which are revealed to us prove these two mysteries of the faith. First of all, then, there are three certain-tles beyond which we cannot go, and which no man. I think, can doubt. the certainty of our own existence. No one can doubt this. We may lay this down as a foundation stone. Secondly, we know that we are not eternal, or uncreated, and that we did not create our selves. I suppose no man outside the

THOSE MERCIFUL REFUGES OF THE UN SOUND MIND
can fail to say, "I am perfectly certain that I am not eternal: that I am not un-created, and that I did not create myself. Well, then, lastly, this leave us—shut up, I will say, in the absolute necessity of believing that we had a maker—I do not at present say who or what; but as we neither created ourselves nor are uncreated, we must have been created. And if we had a Creator—or I will, for the moment say a cause—was it some dead, blind, dumb, or intelligent cause? If so I am greater than my Maker. Water does not ascend, and certainly creation does not rise above itself. To suppose that my cause is unintelligent and has no will would be an absurdity which the human reason would reject. More than that; I see that the world around me is full of order, uniformity, and beauty. Well, I cannot believe that a blind power or a chance, or a cause that has no law to itself can have an offspring of unity, uni formity, and beauty. Blindness does not create beauty. Chance creates all sorts of deformities, confusion, and contradiction—never uniformity; and where there is no uniformity there is no order. Well, my reason compels me to believe that my cause or Maker must be an intelligence, and not only an intelligent being, but a being with a will co-equal with that in-

its own proper beauty and perfections. How do you account for that? Four of the conditions from which they spring are identical: butthere is one element which you cannot reach either with the point of the sharpest instrument or by the magnifying power of the largest microscopeyou cannot explain why a particular lower or fruit has a special form, or color or savour, or texture. Surely this is the Lastly, if my Maker is an intelligence and a will, how is He not a Person? Need we talk of causes any longer? Causes are powers that are unknown; persons are powers that are the decause we are, every one are intelligible because we are, every one of us, persons. And therefore He who made me, and made me in His own image made me, and made me in his own image and likeness—I will not say that He is like me, for He is infinitely above me, a finitely and feeble creature—but I am like Him in this, that I have an intelli this is not true—what is the direct consequence of my will acting? Let us suppose that all this is not true—what is the direct Consequence? It is not that there is no God; but that I am god and you are gods You would be then THE HIGHEST AND MOST PERFECT BEING IN FXISTENCE, the head and cause of things having an

intelligence and a will; and they who die believe—if they do disbelleve—who deny the existence of God, defy themselves; and of all the idolatries the world ever saw, there is no idelatry more degrading since the fall of Lucifer, who desired to be since the fall of Luciter, who desired to like God. Secondly, we do not arrive at the knowledge by reason. This is entirely a revelation. And yet all through the Old Testament we have continual footprints tracing the way to a knowledge of this truth. "Let us make man to our this truth. "Let us make man to our own image." Why is the plural number own image. Why is the pura number used? Next, in the sixth chapter of the Book of Isaias we have the Scraphim saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts" Thirdly, we read that in the Baptism of our Lord, when He went Saptism of our Lord, when He went down into the river, there came a voice from heaven, saying, "This is My Beloved Son," and the Holy Ghost as a dove des cended on Him. Again, in His tran figuration, when He was on Mount Tabor, the Father's voice again was heard, and He was enveloped with a cloud. Surely these were adjumpations, and property these were adumbrations, and prophet of a Revelation yet to come. And what was that Revelation? Well, I said, thirdly, that in the Divine words and in we saw last Sunday, our Divine Lord sald to His Apostles, "I will ask the Father, and He will send you another Paraclete"—"I," "The Father," and "The Paraclete"—and that Paraclete will abide

raractete"—and that Paractete will ablee with you for ever. One like Him, and co equal with Him. Once more. When" the Paractete is come whom I will send unto you from the Fa her."

I MIGHT QUOTE A MULTITUDE MORE of our Lord's words in testimony of this truth. "I and My Father are one," He said to St. Philip and in the original said to St. Philip, and in the original words-and even in our English version "are" implying a plurality of Persons. I might go on, but there is no need. And how do the Divine facts interpret the Divine words? First of all, the Father was not sent into this world, for there was none to send Him. He is the fountain of the Godhead, and He from all eternity has remained in the centre of His own glory. He sent His Divine Son into the world that all who b lieved in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Next, the Son came, and He came by a persona advent He was incarnate, died for us, and rose agair—all personal acts. And before He returned to the Father, He promised that He would send another Paraclete. There is, then, the advent of the Holy Gnost, which we commemorated last Sun-day, and which I endeavoured to make clear to you was not a mere outpouring of more than grace or more than light, but the coming of a Person; and the fulness of the faith consists in this, that we believe in two advents—the advent of the Son and the advent of the Holy Ghost—the advent of the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity to accomplish the work which the Incarnate Son had begun. And

which the incernate Son had begun. And
THESE DIVINE FACES
—the coming of the Son and of the Holy
Ghost—interpret the Divine words and
reveal to us three Persons in one nature. reveal to us three Persons in one nature. From all this we may learn one or two practical truths. The first is: So long as the world knew God, it was sustained more or less in its own perfection. Adam knew God in the beginning. His off springs began to lose the light, and the nations of the world born from them departed more and more from the oxiginal departed more and more from the original evelation which Adam had in paradice. Their hearts became corrupt—they loved evil, passion, the pride of the world; they worshiped the creature more than the Creator, and then came a darkness over the world and man was degraded. And yet throughout the Eastern world there remains a belief in God down to the pre-

AN INHERITANCE FROM THE BEGINNING, not an invention nor a discovery, but the lingering light of the original knowledge of God. But nothing could have been more degraded than the belief of the two most clylized nations of the world when their civilization reached its ripeness. The great, refined Greek race became profoundly idolatrous, believing that their gods were like men, and therefore the morals of that people became profoundly corrupt. And the great Roman word was idolatrous with a thousandfold mul-

come to the knowledge of God who made them." I will put an illustration. If you were to find four cannon bells, threeof them placed as a base or found ation, the fourth resting upon them, the whole forming a pyramid, would anybody persuade you that

THIS WAS DONE BY CHANCE, or by their own instinct, or by a blind man? Would you not say that it was a work of an intelligence? And if you ware to find such pyramids multiplied all or by their own instinct, or by a blind man? Would you not say that it was a work of an intelligence? And if you were to find such pyramids multiplied all over the face of England, multiplying the same phenomenons, would it not enormously strengthen your conviction that it was the work of a preciding intelligence? Weil, think for a moment of the fuits and flowers which spring out of the earth. They have the same sun, and the same earth, and the same ari, and the same earth, its own proper beauty and perfections. monwealth—as on the office tree of which St Paultells us—was grafted the incarna-tion itself, and therefore the Church of Christ. And the Church of Christ Inher-ted the whole knowledge of God, in His unity and the Trinity of Persons, and it is this knowledge which

HAS CREATED CHRISTENDOM-

Christian nations, Caristian men, Christian characters, Christian homes, I will dwell on only one other truth. The old world retained the knowledge of God, just as it retained the gold that was created in the beginning hid in the earth. But as it coined the gold and stamped it with many forms, so it cor-rupted the original knowledge of God with idolatries. Compare that with the world at this day, which professes athesm. There were no atheists in those days. There may have been those who did not worship God—yes; but yet they worshipped something. But it has come to this in the Christian world, that gence and a will, and all day loog I keep on creating and causing all manner of act; for every act I perform is the consequence of my will acting. Let us suppose that all are bold enough to say that there is no Coul. God. And there are those who say, "There may be a God, but I do not know anything about Him." This is only a cowardly atheism. Apostasy from the full knowledge of God is the sin of the Christian world. It is rebuked at this moment by the theism of the East this moment by the theism of the East. this moment by the theism of the East, and by the profound belief in God of

THE MOHAMMEDAN RACE;

and it is among us Caristians that the deadliest, darkest, blackest sin against the Ever Blessed Trinity is to be found. My last word is this, I have asked you to give me your help in multiplying the attars where the Blessed Trinity is wor-shipped, and where the Incarnate Word breaks the Bread of Life to His people. that the knowledge of God is—what shall I say? It is the dignity, the nobility, the perfection, and the crown of the Caristian world. I wish to draw some practical lessons from what I have said. In the name of God the Father who created us, of God the Son who redeemed us, and of God the Holy Gnost who sanctifies, you, fathers and mothers, never suffer a child of yours to be brought up in any school where the child cannot learn to know God, the Ever Blessed Trinity, our Divine Lord incarnate and in the Sacrament of His Precious Body and Blood. Down to 300 years ago all the education in England was Caristian education. Three hundred years ago that

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION TWAS MUTILATED, but not destroyed, and I thank God that for three hundred years—and never so widely as at this moment—Caristian schools are multiplying all over the face of the land. I rejoice at this. Though they are not Catholic schools they are Caristian schools, and I pray God to pour caristian schools, and I pray God to pour them, the light of His Hily out upon them the light of His Holy Spirit that the children of the land may e trained to know Him in Unity and Trinity without which we know no way of salvation. Now, too, by the mercy God we have a multitude of schools which the whole unmutilated faith is taught, and every altar that we rear— there the Holy Trinity, and round about those altars will be gathered those for whom Jesus shed His Precious Blood. It is for this that I ask you to make your your own hearts, for confident I am that no words of mine can move you if these truths do not.

Indifferentism.

This is the most pestiferous and fatal of all deceptions. By this latitudinarian principle, so common now-a days, we are given to understand that a man may be saved in any religion, provided he lives a good moral life, according to the light he nas. This is a subtle error, the grossest and most implous ever taught by the enemy of mankind. That this is alto-gether repugnant to sound reason and good common sense you will easily per-ceive when you consider that it is equivalent to saying that all religions are equally true, equally good, and that the professors of each and all honor God equally and fuffill His holy will, though the tenets are frequently diametrically opposed to one another. From the same false principle it follows Atheists are all equally comprehended in this broad scheme of salvation; and if they but live good moral lyes, they have as good a right to salvation as a Christian.

The Light of Home. A cheerful, healthy woman is the light of nome, but though over-exertion in her efforts to minister to the nappiness of the household, her health is often impaired, of weakness, or displacement brought on, making life miserable, and clouding an otherwise happy home with gloom. The thoughtful and tender husband, in such cases, should be intelligent enough to perceive the cause of such gloom and suffering, relieve the faithful wife from drudgery, and furnish her with that best of friends to women. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now recognized and used in thousands of homes as a certain cure for all those delicate sillictions peculiar to the female sex. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by drug-gists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faith-tully carried out for many years.

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AUGUS:

A Pupil of the S O'er a cottage p As a mother we

Knelt beside he

Her fair boy wa On his brow De Angels hovered Breathlessly his Fair and lovely Of the purest go Pale to a transp Like an angel la

Bending o'er he Weeping bitter, All that mother All was anguish Slowly, painfull Now he opes his Ah! fond moth Soon will rest b

Wrept in thoug Till a tiny, lispi "Mother, hear Gently raising l

Striving hard h Slowly she com "Now I lay me Struggling with "Now I lay me. While his breat And his face gr

"Pray the Lord "My soul to kee Till at last he o In the village t

Still on her lon Echoes of that Written f

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