A MODERN EVANGELINE.

prepared to receive harshness and hardship. It was the same look you often see
in the eyes of a homeless dog, to whose
share have fallen only life's blows and its
barest bones. She was lame, too, this poor
heroine of mine, and altogether a very
forlorn and pitiful looking object as she
came limping slowly and painfully up my
garden walk one hot August afternoon
and tapped on the swinging door of the
kitchen where I fretted and fumed over
currant jelly that would not jell.

her away; so, visibly weakening, I in-"How long have you been in this coun-

"How long have you been in this country?"

"A year, mum, last All Saints' Day."

"Nearly two, then. What have you been doing all this time? Have you never been out to service before?"

"Oh, yis, mum; but niver fer long at a toime." Then, noting, I suppose, that her statement had made a bad impression, she added, with a flush staining her thin cheek for a brief moment. "I've been a cheek for a brief moment, "I've been a thramping of ut most of the toime. I've been a lukin' for some un', mum."

I would like to have asked her who this some one was, but I had more urgent work than the gratifying of my idle curiosity just then for her to do, so it was not until some days later that I heard the story of off Mary Anne Kelley's "thramp." While ignorant of many of the simplest house hold duttes, she had proven herself so ready to learn, so docile and anxious to please, that after her days of trials were over I had been glad to keep her, and we ware deep in a basket of peas, shelling them while we talked, when Mary Anne opened her heart to me. It was a homely and a commonplace story enough, but the I would like to have asked her who this and a commonplace story enough, but the girl told it with so much unconscious

was fairly bewildered with it, and he had been too busy with others to discover the faithful heart beating so near him. But one day it happened that in crossing the river, swollen by the winter's rains, with the 'equire's cart, Patrick had been swept away by the racing water, and, becoming the 'equire's cart, Fatrick had been swept away by the raging water, and, becoming entangled in the reins, would have drowned had not Mary Anne, who saw it from the bank, thrown him the end of her long peasant's cloak and drawn him in. In order to reach him, though, she had been obliged to wade out into the stream some alletters, and the horse, attructing to reobliged to wade out into the stream some distance, and the horse, struggling to re-gain his focting, had broken her ankle by a kick of his leg.

After that Patrick had come daily to ask

After that Patrick had come daily to ask of her how was her health, and to say over and over again his thanks to her till he grew to love her back again, and Mary Anne had welcomed the lameness which had won her the man she loved. Then had come a few days of paradise till her lover, listening to the stories of an American, who, sight seeing in the country, had engaged Patrick as guide, had grown discontented with his lot in life, and was engaged Patrick as guide, had grown discontented with his lot in life, and was keen to be off to America, where a for tune was to be had for the asking. And at last he had bidded adien to his native land and left poor Mary with a kies and a promise to send for her when he should have asked for his fortune and gotten it. She had heard from him but once since the morning he had left her standing at the stile, which had been their trysting place, straining her eyes after him, and in

the morning he had left her standing at the stile, which had been their trysting place, straining her eyes after him, and in that letter he had told her that the for tune had seemed as far off in America as in Ireland, but, that he was on his way West, where he had been promised work and good pay, and that as soon as he was settled he would send her money to pay her passage over. She showed me this letter, written on coarse blue paper and worn with constant unfolding and refolding, but put it back in the little pouch of wash leather she wore about her neck without offeing to let me read it. It was too secred for a stranger's eyes to pursue.

She had waited patiently, she said continuing her story, for Patrick's promised that passage money, when at last she had a stroke of luck from an unexpected quar-

A MODERN EVANGELINE.

HOW MARY ANNE TRAMPED IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER.

She was only an awkward, homely Irish heart throbbing under the coarse checked kerchief there lived the same fidelity and devotion we find so tonching in the beautiful Acaden maid. But in the story of my Evangeline there is little of the poetical or picturesque, only stern and bitter reality. For, to begin with, her name was Mary Anne Kelley, and she was plain, almost pathetically so, with a thin, color-less face, but out of this looked a pair of honest gray eyes, which appealed to you to be gentle with her, because of the very patience and meckness with which she was prepared to receive harshness and hardship. It was the same look you often see in the eves of a homeless does to when the same look you often see in the eves of a homeless does to when the same look you often see in the eves of a homeless does to when the same look you often see in actually trampting about the country until one day I forcibly shut her into a little room where the sun shone morning in the same look you often see in actually trampting about the country until one day I forcibly shut her into a little room where the sun shone morning in the search long for him, no clue to his wherealone had kept him from her that I had no heart to voice the suspicion that I felt in of Patrick's constancy. Indeed in the steadfast light of those honest eyes, I was ashamed of harboring it. She had imagined in her ignorance, poor girl, that she would have no difficulty in tracing I her lover, and could not even yet understand how it was that so handsome and witty a lad should have made so little impression on the American people, but though she had spent her little all in searching for him, and after that was gone in actually tramping about the country looking for him, no clue to his whereabouts had she been able to obtain.

share have fallen only life's blows and its bareat bones. She was lame, too, this poor heroine of mine, and altogether a very forlorn and pitiful looking object as she came limping slowly and painfully up my garden walk one hot August afternoon and tapped on the swinging door of the kitchen where I fretted and fumed over currant jelly that would not jell.

"If ye place, mum," said a voice timidly.

I looked around impatiently, but the intruder was too humble and forlorn for me to frown at her long, so I tried to ask pleasantly: "What do you want?"

"If ye place, mum, might ye have need of a gyur!?"

I had deeperate need of one, but the one before me was so unpromising, viewed in the light of a prospective servant, that I hesitated. However, as I have said that my need was desperate, so with a heartfelt sigh over my lost Norah, whom the mitk man had lured from my kitchen to instal her mistrees over bis own the week before, I turned to Mary Aune and told her she might come for a day or two at least, when, if I found she suited me and she liked the place, we would make new arrangements. She was so grateful for my grudging consent that I resilly either that had been so interested in the telling and the hearing of the story, wanned had a penny, when she would tramp from town to town, asking of all she met if they knew one Patrick Donahue. Several times she had heard of a man bearing such a name and had sought him out only to find that she had been hoaxed, or was the victim of an unintentional mistake, or that, though the man bore the same patronym, he was not her Patrick. Once, indeed, she had found friends of his, who assured her that he had only slet their house the week before. Once, in the thing that whe had seen able to obtain.

"If ye place, mum, and to the one of the kitchen to make a cumulated a few dollars, and term nad been. She knew nothing of advertising, so her plan had been been had been been bad been hoaxed, or was the victim of an unintentional mistake, or that, though the man bore the same patronym,

them the girl said:

"If ut's a characther, mum, that ye manes, I haven't wan; but if ye will thrust me now—"

She was so wistful that I could not turn dim idea that the name of Mary Anne's lover was familiar to me, but it was such a typical Irish name that I concluded it was only that that made me fancy I heard

It was the day after I had heard the story when something happened, something so remarkably well timed, I told myself in quite a flutter that I felt as if I was living a novel. I was sitting by my window, from which I could see Mary Anne flitting to and fro, bringing in the clothes from the line, and with pencil and paper was busy planning a most effective personal to Patrick Donahue, late of County Clare, Ireland, when I heard a cry so full of joy that the summer air thrilled with it, and locking out saw Mary Anne

darlint, did ye?"

The man muttered something, I could not hear what, but I listened for Mary Aune's reply. "Ut was so long that ye lost hope, Patrick? Yis, yis I thought so, but ye niver thought of suid Binnis O'Flynn having a hundred gould guiness bid away in a bucken tay not under the pathos in her voice and face that I felt my eyes grow misty at times, and a rest respect sprung up in my heart for the simple, trusting creature, with her earnest face bent over her work and her roughened fingers busy with the shiny pea pods.

Mary Anne Kelley and Patrick Douahue had been raised within a stone's throw of each other in "ould Oireland," and sure he was just the handsomest, bravest lad in the whole county, and Mary Ann had given her heart to him while yet they played together about their cabins; but the girls had run after Patrick so that he was fairly bewildered with it, and he had been too busy with others to discover the last, though we ought to have known and all, though we ought to have known and the mist of suld Blnnis O'Flynn having a hundred gould guines hid away in a broken tay put under the bed, and him laving it all to Mary Aune."

She had drawn the man, who seemed to me strangely confused and abashed, to the mest adjusted to the me strangely confused and abashed, to the mest adjust to the hardsomest throw of the curtain, peeping out, saw the two, the woman positively transformed, and the man wearing a half-shaded of the mest day must end. But not in storm; the sunset hour draws near.

A gracious wind heth swept the horizon of college. To only left the airy clouds that lend at the form the distinctly in the still, peaceful air; and from the shadow of the curtain, peeping out, saw the two, the woman positively transformed, and the man wearing a half-shaded of the mest day must end. But not in storm; the sunset hour draws near.

A gracious wind heth swept the horizon of college. To only left the airy clouds that lend at the felt the interest of the two, the woman of the curtain, peeping out, saw the two, the woman positively transformed in the whole county, and Mary Ann had given her heart to him while yet they played together about th

shamed, half culky look.

"Look here, Mary Anne," he said at last, looking down as he scraped his foot back and forth over the porch step, "I'm sorry for ut,—this trouble you've been to and all, though we ought to have known better—but—but I found living near as the look of the much shamed in Amerika sin the ould country.

"I took leave of my first College Trinity, which was always so dear to me. There would be much shamed in heard in he much shamed in he much shamed in he much shamed to he much shamed to he much shamed so on the

better—but—but I found living near as hard in Ameriky as in the ould country, and saving passage money a wurruk of eternity, and—and—well, to put it plain to ye, Mary Anne, I met a gyurl last year, Kitty O'Bryan, and—and—I'm married !"
She did not faint, she only gazed at him as if fascinated by a snake, her face as white as the apron she wore, and her whole figure rigid and deadly still. The man did not look up, but continued to follow his acraping foot, till the girl's silence seemed to strike him, when he moved slowly off. "I'm sorry, Mary Anne," he said, making an embarraseed stand at the gate, when she motstened her white lips and answered in a voice I would

stand at the gate, when she moistened her white lips and answered in a voice I would not have known, "I'm sorry too," and turned and went into the house.

I took no notice of her altered looks, and made no mention of what had occured, but the next morning, when she was helping me in the darry, she said: "I was afther telling ye of Pathrick the other day, mum." She choked a little and then went on. "I've seen him, mum."

All throught the autumn and winter Mary Anne grew whiter and her eyes larger and brighter, white a little backing cough kept her awake at night and worried her all day. But she contended that she was suffering no pain and that in the spring she would be better, and, insisting on doing her work, she kept up until one day I forebly shut her into a little room where the sun shone morning and afternoon, with orders that she was to until one day I forcibly shut her into a little room where the sun shone morning and afternoon, with orders that she was to devote her energies wholly to the task of getting well. And so, really unable to do anything else, my poor Evangeline sat at her window all day long watching the birds upon the sill picking up the crumbs her hands had put out for them, but when the hoof bests of a bree or the ringing tread of a man could be heard coming she would limp away from the pane on any little pretense she could seize on.

The white-haired priest, whose gentle old hands guided her weary soul through the dark valley, and the doctor had come and gone one day just as the spring dawned faintly in the land, and I held Mary Anne's waren hand in my own, waiting to hear the upward aweep of the wings of the death angel, who was already in the room, when she withdrew her fingers from my claep and caught at the little pouch about her neck. She could not speak, but as she turned her patient eyes on me, I read her wish.

"You want it left in its place?" I whispered, and as she smilled her affirmation my Evengeline went home.—Willa Lloud Jackson.

ation my Evangeline went home. - Willa Lloyd Jackson.

Oxford Revisited.

These unpublished lines, by a distinguished Catholic author, were written in 1880, to commemorate the visit paid by Cardinal Newman to Oxford on the occasion of his being elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, at which time he preached in St. Gregory's Catholic Church. They were presented to him soon after that memorable visit, and greatly pleased him. The author has sent them for publication to the London Spectator and the Ave Maria.

THE PAST. Calm days in cloistered shades, whose very Is fragrant with the thoughts of ancient times,
Where from old towers fall continuous chimes,

chimes,
Breaking the silence with a call of prayer—
Such days be mine; 'mid these gray walls
that wear
Their tangled tapestry of purple bloom,*
Grant me a biameless life and quiet temb."
'Twas so he dreamed; but ruthless hands
will tear
The clinging tendrils from their buttressed
home:

home;
Youth's dreams are fled; and Duty's dread
command
Breaks up his life with all it hoped and planned, And drives him on an unknown shore to yet sure a "kindly light" and guiding hand Will lead him safely to a better Land. THE PRESENT.
Then hushed for years those slumbering

echoes lay,
Which once resounded to a voice that spoke
To listening crowds, within whose hearts To listening crows, within whose hearts awoke
New life, new sense—wielding a magic sway;
Whose perfumed memory will not pass;
The years roll on, and he returns once more,
And those grey wallsreopen wide their door.
Past farewells blend with welcomes of today,
And the old tones re-echo as of yore.
But not as in old times it is with him,
Whose eyes to-day with loving tears are
dim:
A joy is in his heart unknown before—

dim: A joy is in his heart unknown bafore— No sad regrets those crowning glories strain, For Life acd Death his "loss has turned to gain."

*I took leave of my first College Trinity, which was always so dear to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my rooms, and for years I hat taken it as an emblem of my own perpetual residence in my University.—" Apologia," p. 369.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

That Cardinal Newman was not lacking in a sense of humor is shown by the story of a Philadelphian who lived near him in England for some time. "It seems worth while to recall an incident," said the Whiladelphian to the press reporter, which casts much light on the character of the late Cardinal's wit as well as on of the late Cardinal's wit as well as on that humor which happily reacted upon and softened many animosities. It is not generally known that Newman devoted several hours each day to practising on the violin. When he was living on Hagley Road, as one goes out from Binmingham to Edgbaston, a challenge to public debate was sent to him by a violent opponent, who charged in vulgar terms that he had forsaken the English Church for Romanism without cause or terms that he had lorsaken the Dagnas Church for Romanism without cause or justification. The great man's reply was to the following effect. Dear Sir: Much skill in debate I do not possess, but to some slight knowledge of the violin I may lay claim. If you will honor me by engaging with me in a public contest to try our respective merits as violinists, command me, for I am your humble servant."

ciaus.

Sick Headache

Is a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."

—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine

& N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."

—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indi-

"I was troubled for years with indi-gestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

ONTARIO GLASS WORKS. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, PUBLIC & PRIVATE BUILDING Furnished in the best style and at price, low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET. R. LEWIS.

CHURCH ORNAMENTS. Special reduction on BROAZES, STATUARY, FLOWERS,

and other church or naments Splendid Xmas Crib sold at SPECIAL TERMS. MASS WINE - The finest on the continent. C. B. LANCTOT, 1864 Notre Dame St.

SAVE PAYING

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

They are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

MORSE'S PILLS are a sure cure for subsection, liver complaint, bys-pepsia, etc., etc.

For Sale by All Dealers.

W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Cnt.

MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS Wholesale and retail. Outside the com-bine. Always open. R. DRISCOLL & CO.

424 Richmond-st., - London, Ont. AGBATS WANTED If you want to take hold and sell our Choice Nursery Stock

iske hold and sell our Choice Nursery Stock Now is the time. Write us at once for terms. — MAY BROTHERS, Nursery-men, Rochester, N. Y. CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

W. J. THOMPSON & SON, Opposite Revere House, London.
Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages and Sleighs. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion. None but first-class work turned out. Prices always moderate.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY **Dr.** Morse's Indian

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United The object that Agency, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are:
1st. It is stituted in the heart of the wholesais trade of me metropoils, and has complete and arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—
2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one eletter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filting of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

Professor Gauthier, of Paris, states that certain vital processes of the body develop putrefying substances in the tissues, which, if not speedily eliminated, produce dis, eass. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects the removal of these substances, and thereby preserves health.

Never allow the bowels to remain conatipated lest serious evil ensue. National Pills are unsurpassed as a remedy for constipation.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physi-

stipation.

Minard's Liniment is used by PhysiCatholic Agency, 42 Berclay St., New York,
NEW YORK,



THEY ARE MORE DURABLE THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL THEY AREMORE STYLISH CORSETS. TRY A SAMPLE PAIR THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET MADE ONLY BY. CANADA FEATHERBONEC LONDON, O.

FARMERS AND MILL MEN.

McCOLL'S CELEBRATED

Lardine Machine

Is the only Safe and Sure Oil for Self-binders, Threshing Machines and Mill Machinery generally.

Try our FAMOUS CYLINDER OIL - Guaranteed Unequalled in Canada.

MANUFACTURED BY M'COLL BROS. AND SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

THE PROVINCE OF OUEBEC LOTTERY

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.

For Public Purposes, such as Educational Establishment and Large Hall for St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

(FROM THE MONTH OF JULY) July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

Fourth Monthly Brawing, Oct. 8th, 1890.

LIST OF PRIZES 3134 PRIZES Prize worth \$15,000......\$15,000.00 WORTH - \$52,740.00 2 Prizes CAPITAL PRIZE 15..... WORTH - \$15,000.00 200 6.000.00 Approximation Prizes. TICKET, - - \$1.00 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00 3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00 S. E. LEFEBVRE MANAGER,

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

18 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Ead Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gont and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS,
Colds, Glandular Swellings and all 8kin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendor, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

GET STRONG JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF



KEEP STRONG By Taking it

ENTS of Prime Beef in the most digestible form.

Worth their Weight in Gold

Root Pills.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

To save Doctors Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. The Best Family Pill in use.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS-

CHAPANORE, N.C., July 20, 1888.

SIR: For years I have been afflicted with gravel and after trying the best doctors in this locality without receiving any benefit, I tried Dr. Morses Indian Root Pills with the result that to-day I am a new man, completely cured. I would not be without them; they are the best Pill I ever used.

Yours, &c., WM. JACISSON.

After 25 Years.

After 25 Venrs.

PRINCETON, Ind., Aug. 24, 1888,
W. H. COMSTOCK:

DEAR SIR:—For twenty-five years I have been
afflicted with rheumatism of the bowels; I gave up
all hopes of recovery; I was unable to stand upon my
feet at times and was compelled to sit and do my
housework. In 1885 your agent called at my house
and said that "he could cure me." I asked, How's
he replied, "By the use of Dr. Morse's Endian
Roof Pills." I decided to give them a trial and the
result is that I am entirely cured and able to do my
own work. All the neighbors around here use your
Pills and say that they would not be without them.
Yours, &c., Cella Johnson.

Disease of the Kidneys. QUARER GAP, Stokes Co., N.C., July 8. 1888.

Grarer Gar, Stokes Co., N.C., July S. 1888.
W. H. COMSTOCK:
DEAR SIR: — Your Dr. Morse's Indian Rook
Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My
mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the
disease had got so firm a grip upon her that she could
not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and
commenced giving her two pills every night; before
she had taken all of one box she could walk about the
house, To-day she is perfectly well and says that
Morse's Pills saved her life.
Yours, &c., L. W. Ferguson.

W. H. COMSTOCK, MORRISTOWN, N.Y. BROCKVILLE, ONT.