Written for the Record.

Lines.

In Memoriam of Nellie O'Leary, who died in Stratford, April 21st, 1883.

Now the little hands are folded
Calmly, on her breast;
Peacefully our darling slumbers
In eternal rest;
Past her sufferings—gone her anguish—
Earth's dark sorrows o'er
Endless bliss is now her portion—
Joy forevermore.

Ray of sweetest sunshine given
Through those fleeting years,
Guiding faltering steps towards Heaven,
Drying sorrow's tears,
Ah! our home is sad and darkened!
Her bright presence gone.
But we see her sweetly smiling
Near our Mother's throne.

Tis her own dear month and Nellie
E'er was wont to bring
Fairest flowers to deck her altar—
Love's sweet offering;
Now with angel hands she places
At our Mother's feet
Buds that bloom in bowers celestial
Mary's eyes to greet.

And the Virgin Queen of Heaven
In smiling tenderness,
Graciously rewards the offering
With a Mother's sweet caress
Could we wish you back dear Nellie
To this world so drear!
Rather we would strive to follow
In thy footsteps here.

Though the tired soul grows weary
On the toilsome road,
Thou wilt ever kindly help us
Its rough path to trod;
Through our blinding tears we see thee
Safe at Mary's feet
Thou wilt never cease thy pleading
Until there we meet.

Stratford, May 14th, 1883.

TALBOT,

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER I.

Carrick, the largest town in Ireland unrepresented in Parliament, is beautifully and advantageously situated in the very extremity of the South Riding of Tipperary, on the bright and pleasant waters of the Suir. It is a very old town; its streets, for the greater part, are short and narrow, and many of its houses are low and antique in appearance. A ridge of wood-crowned hills on its Waterford side, a sweep of rich, green fields on its Kilkenny side, a ruined abbey, an ivied bridge, an ancient castle, and four churches, combine to make it a place of beauty and interest.

The men of Carrick and the surrounding country are famous for their love of athletic games, their gaiety of character, and their unflinching devotion to Ireland. A fox-hunt on the Seskin Hills, or a boat-race on the Suir, from time to time helps to lend a charm to their lives.

At the time of which we write all Ireland was in a state of intense excitement. The pangs of famine had happily passed away, but they were not forgotten. The seeds cast by the fiery orators and fervid poets of '48 began again to break their way through the ground. Many, especially the young and inexperienced, the idle and ambitious, believed that revolution alone was the proper remedy for Ireland's diseases. These drank in with joy the doctrine of the gifted but ill-fated Meagher.

"Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; . . . I admit that opinion may be left to operate against opinion. But force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against argument, but not against a bullet."

Glowing words and sophistical phrases of unwise friends and hidden foes dazzled and deceived many. The brain of Young Ireland was set on fire by revolutionary ideas. Few had the coolness to remember that as force had to be used against force, it would be folly for their weakness to cope with England's might; fewer still dreamed that an Irish peasant, no more than a British soldier, was proof against a bullet.

What was true of all Ireland was more especially true of Carrick. This old town was in a perfect state of ebullition. The question was asked on all sides: "When will the 'rising' be?"

All the military talent available was nightly engaged in laying out a plan of war; the aged, seated around their blazing fires or standing in some of the shops, smoked hard and talked confidently of England's downfall; excited crowds followed the unmusical ballad singers, who shouted rather than sang:

"On the mountain-tops of Ireland.
We'll plant the flag O'green."

In the year 186—, on a soft stilly evening in May, just as the sun was casting his farewell look upon the lofty mountain of Slievenamon, three men might be seen standing in one of the angles of the Carrick bridge. They seemed engaged in earnest conversation. One was a young man who had seen about twenty summers. In his beaming eyes, open countenance, and manly frame, could be read the record of a life free from all deep care and sorrow. His dress was tasteful and exempt from every semblance of foppery. His dignified and graceful air, his easy address, and his intellectual and radiant face, made Richard O'Connell very prepossessing. When we add that young O'Connell was the soul of every sport, as well as the ruling mind in every literary entertainment, we need hardly say that he was a great favorite in Carrick.

Mr. Power, who was engaged in conversation with him, was rather advanced in age, if one might judge from the deep wrinkles on his forehead, and his long grey hair. He was about the middle height, somewhat portly, and wore a style of dress that recalled the long-faded glories of past days. A blue swallow-tailed coat, brown cloth knee-breeches and buckled shoes, gave him an air of romance which was altogether foreign to his nature. Mr. Power had seen much of the world and had certainly gained much by his experience. He was clear-headed and full of common-sense.

The appearance of their companion was very striking as he leaned over the battlement of the bridge and watched with a dreamy eye the hurrying waters that leaped in silver from the rocks of the adjacent wier. His face, thin and pale, looked as if it had been carved out of a block of white marble. His gray, glossy beard pointed like a naked dagger to his breast. Between his fingers he held a few ivy leaves which he had plucked from the bridge. Although low of stature, he wore a hat and coat large enough for the biggest man. We cannot say much for the dimensions of his skin tight breeches, which barely descended to his knees. This uncouth-looking fellow was generally known as "Tim, the Prophet." As Tim never gave his measure to a tailor, nor paid for his hats, it is easy to account for his strange costume. He was in no sense of the word a rich man; we doubt if he ever had ten shillings of his own in ready money. His only source of revenue on earth was the simplicity of some country people. By the use of big words, uttered in a solemn tone, he managed to impose upon the innocent and superstitious.

"Do not tell me, Mr. Power," said young O'Connell after a pause, "that the hope of Ireland is gone forever; that she must bear patiently the ills she cannot remedy; that her best policy is peace, a quiet submission to her enemies. I cannot agree with you when you say that she is too weak to break the rust eaten chains that have bound her for seven hundred years."

"A few years ago," rejoined Mr. Power, "my hopes were as bright as yours; I thought that the hour for our dear country's deliverance had come; but failures, miserable failures, have darkened all my hopes. Our attempt at rising betrayed to our foes our weakness. We mustered on the different hills in dozens, without arms or ammunition, without provisions and without leaders. The truth must be told—Ireland's day has not yet come."

As the speaker's voice sank into silence, Tim seemed to awake from his reverie; he glanced sharply at Mr. Power, and then turned his gaze towards the gorgeous clouds that surrounded the setting sun; for a moment he viewed that magnificent spectacle, then suddenly dropping his ivy leaves in the river, and closing his eyes as if in prayer, he began in his usual solemn style:

"The blessed hour of Ireland's deliverance is at hand, do ye mind? For the burning wrath and the dire malediction of the Lord will fall upon the English, do ye mind? I saw with my own eyes "the hand of the six fingers; I read of Erin's victory in the midnight sky. The red scourge of God's anger is raised over England's back; her blood alone will wash away her crying sins, do ye mind?"

Again Tim looked down upon the waters that sang and laughed and leaped for joy; glowing eyes seemed to read the future in each crystal wavelet that rose up for his inspection.

After a silence of some moments, Richard O'Connell said:

"Though I do not believe much in the prophets of the present day—forgive me, still I am forced to confess that I think a true prediction has just now been made. The sins of the nation, as well as the sins of the individual, cry to heaven for vengeance. Oppression of the weak and robbery of the poor are hideous crimes in the eyes of the God of compassion. The days of England's greatness are numbered."

"In God alone must be placed all our trust," added Mr. Power with much gravity; "we know from sad experience that of ourselves we can do nothing."

"It is very true, Mr. Power, that without God's powerful assistance we are utterly helpless; but we must remember the old adage, 'Aid yourselves and God will aid you.' Besides I fully agree with a distinguished Irishman, D'Arcy McGee, that the destiny of a people is in a great measure, indeed nearly altogether, the work of their own creation. Be sure, my friend, that if we wish to rid ourselves of the demon of oppression, to prayer and fasting we must add the pike and gun. There is much truth in the words of poor Mangan:

"'Your sword and guns alone can give
To Freedom's cause a highway.'

"I fully agree with the poet that swords and guns are necessary to clear the road to Liberty, but I would not deem it safe to hold his opinion if he had beautifully and unwisely said, your clubs and fists and broken pitchforks alone can give to Freedom's cause a highway. Our efforts, my dear Richard, are of no avail against England; she is rich and strong—we are poor and weak. What could a handful of undisciplined peasants do against a well-trained army? Why a thousand English soldiers could vanquish ten thousand of our men."

"History is against you, Mr. Power. Every field from 'Dunkirk to Belgrade,' can tell a tale of Irish bravery."

"I think history and facts are for me, Richard. What does the history of Ireland say of our struggles for the past seven centuries! What does the fact of our present subjection to England prove?"

"Well, a little drilling is all our peasants need to make them efficient soldiers."

"But suppose them all drilled and armed, what could they do without union? As long as Ireland remains divided, so long will she remain conquered."

"There is more union amongst us than you imagine," said Richard, with a smile.

The sun had now completely disappeared; a mass of sable clouds blocked up the golden through which he had gloriously entered. It was not altogether night, yet it could not be called day; it was rather a compromise of both. Light and darkness danced upon the waters; one wave bore a ray, its sister-wave bore a shadow.

"What a picture of human life, do ye mind?" said Tim as he again awoke from his dreams. "Our notorious countryman, Lord Wordsworth, would like to daub such a fantastic landscape, do ye mind?"

"I was not aware that Mr. Wordsworth was an Irishman," said Mr. Power, kindly.

"I was slightly obvious of the fact," said Tim, gravely, "that he was an American, do ye mind."

At this juncture our friends were suddenly startled by the quick approach of a muffled figure that might be described as a bundle of clothes, composed of an old slouched hat, a large scarf, a high-collared great riding-cloak, and a pair of immense top boots. Had such an apparition appeared in any place but Ireland it would strike terror into the boldest heart. But as no danger is known in Ireland, at least by such men as O'Connell, Power and Tim, so no fear is felt there. As our little group did not move, the unknown one walked silently in among them. For a moment he peered around, then, throwing back the right side of his cloak, he thrust out his hand, which held a note in it.

"Mum is the word," he whispered, as he handed O'Connell the slip of paper.

In the second he had crossed the dusky bridge; Mr. Power and Tim remained silent with amazement. While they thus stood wondering, the merry little lamplighter, with a long slender ladder on his shoulder, came rushing up beside them. As he lit the lamp he hummed aloud:

"I hate that Billy Mack—he'll break
My lamps and all my matches pillage;
I wish the press-gang or the drum,
Or some kindly sprite would come,
And sweep him from our village."

By the dim light that fell from the deep stained lamp, Richard read the following odd words:

"MILLVALE

"Richard O'Connell, Esquire—The boys expect to meet you to-night by 'the rising of the moon.' Remember the old haunt near the broken wall, in the woods of Coolnamuck. The pass will be 'The Treaty Stone of Limerick;' remember it well, and whisper it to no one living. There is danger at hand; be exceedingly cautious. Farewell.

"Yours truly, CAPTAIN SLASHER."

The reader turned pale as he glanced over this note. A strange feeling of uneasiness invaded his heart. Mr. Power noticed a shadow on his young friend's brow, and it made him unhappy. What connection, he asked himself, has Richard with such men as that stranger who just now presented him with a note? He felt, though he knew not why, that the youth was entering on a path that would not lead to peace or joy. Time alone will tell whether Mr. Power's presentiment was right or not.

"You must not lose confidence in the grand old cause, Mr. Power," said Richard, assuming a firm tone. "Right is sure to triumph in the end. God will bless our efforts, for—

'On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.'

And friend Tim, I am sure that you will not be much older before you witness the full accomplishment of your prophecy. While our poets and our prophets speak of a bright future, while they bid us hope, we should not despair. I must now leave you, my dear friends; so, good-night."

In a few seconds the three had left the bridge.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs:—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior of Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlets on Consumption, send two stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALICE NOLAN.

A Tale of Charity and Faith.

The year 1798 was a memorable one in Ireland. The agents of the English government left no means untried to drive the people into rebellion, so that they might with the large force of soldiery and militia then in Ireland completely crush out the national spirit of the people. So shocking were the outrages inflicted on the people that the gallant Sir John Moore exclaimed: "If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel."

Conspicuous in these acts of brutality were the North Cork militia, a body of Orange Yeomen. They harrassed and provoked the quiet people of the County Wexford in every way that their evil ingenuity and reckless passions could invent. One of their favorite modes of torturing innocent people was by cutting close the hair, rubbing moistened gunpowder upon the head and then setting it on fire. In cutting the hair they frequently cut off one or both ears.

These outrages were endured until the Orange militia burned down a Catholic church. In a short time nearly two thousand of the people had assembled, armed with such weapons as they possessed, determined to resent these lawless acts of aggression. They were attacked by the Orange militia, aided by all the government force in the neighborhood, but the people were victorious, and only a very few of their persecutors—the North Cork Militia—survived that encounter at Oulart Hill.

For a short time the brave people of Wexford, comparatively unarmed, resisted the English forces in Ireland. Among the men who distinguished themselves at Oulart Hill was John Nolan. He was as merciful after the battle as he was brave in it. He saved from death a militiaman whom he had taken prisoner, and who had been a noted persecutor of the people.

John Nolan was a young man with a young wife, and a little daughter scarcely four years old. Mrs. Nolan had a spirit as brave, and a carriage as erect and noble as that of her husband. And many years afterwards those who knew them and saw them as they went every Sunday to Mass to the chapel on the wayside that had been burned down by the Orange Yeomen, spoke of them with love and admiration. But after the encounter at Oulart Hill John Nolan was a marked man. No sooner had the resistance of the people of Wexford been overcome than Nolan was diligently sought for, and his hiding place discovered by the agents of the English Government; and, for the sake of human nature we hate to say it, his most remorseless enemy was George Armstrong, the man whose life he saved at Oulart Hill.

One afternoon, toward sunset, the hiding place of John Nolan was sought out by one who knew him well. It was the venerable old priest who married him. He was told Nolan's cottage was to be burned during the night while his wife and child and its other inmates were fast asleep.

The good priest suspected that the rumor was set afloat for the purpose of drawing Nolan from his hiding-place, so that he might be either killed or captured. He therefore assured Nolan that he would be answerable for the safety of his wife and child, and that he must not run any risk of capture by exposing himself. Putting full confidence in the prudence and decision of the good priest, John Nolan remained anxiously waiting and watching, until about an hour after midnight he saw the flames of his burning cottage light up the darkness around it. He ran hastily, and careless of all personal danger, towards the burning wreck, and as he approached to where the flames threw a lurid light on the surrounding darkness, he was perceived by the scoundrels who, on pretence of upholding English law, were outraging right and justice. A shout of triumph was set up by the fiends, who felt that their hated enemy was already within their grasp. But he instantly realized his situation, and favored by the darkness, succeeded in making his escape, although closely followed.

Satisfied that his wife and child were safe, but unable to communicate with them, he made his way to the sea-coast, and was soon after, by a friendly fisherman, taken in his boat and put on board a vessel bound from Waterford to Boston.

After a long voyage of ten or twelve weeks the vessel reached Boston. During the voyage Nolan made himself as useful as possible on board the ship; and as he had received a good education, in spite of the English laws which made it a crime at that time for Catholics in Ireland to teach school, he soon was the most competent person on board to take the place of the second officer, who sickened and died before the end of the voyage.

This decided his future career. The vessel in which he had come to Boston was to return with a cargo in a few weeks. He resolved to return in her, to see and provide for his wife and child, but unfortunately the vessel sprung aleak and had to be abandoned at sea, after the greatest efforts to keep her afloat. The officers and crew, however, were rescued by a vessel bound for a port in South America.

More than a year had now elapsed, and Mrs. Nolan had heard nothing from her husband. At length a report reached her that he had been seen in Boston; and soon afterwards this report received such confirmation that Mrs Nolan, hardly hoping to find him alive, determined with her child to cross the ocean and learn, if possible, what had become of him.

Arriving in Boston with her little daughter, Alice, she succeeded, after long and persistent inquiry, in tracing him on board the ill-fated ship which had sailed more than a year before for Waterford, but had never been heard from, and was undoubtedly lost.

Mrs. Nolan, hoping to find friends of her family in New York, went there with her little daughter. She gave up all hope of ever meeting her husband on earth. In New York she did not meet the friends she hoped for. But a kind-hearted lady, attracted by her bearing, to which suffering borne with fortitude had imparted a dignity which was too marked to pass unobserved, became interested in her, and still more in her beautiful child, who bore a wonderful resemblance to a lovely child, her own only daughter, who had died about two years before.

She invited mother and daughter to her comfortable home, from which, however, the light of happiness had fled when her little daughter died. Not all the love of her devoted husband, nor her deep affection for her only remaining child, a delicate infant boy, could dispel the gloom that hung around her. The first ray of sunshine that lighted up her dwelling came from the stranger child that joyously played with her infant boy. She longed to have this lovely girl always near her, wished to adopt her, and had her husband's consent to do so, but her own mother's instinct revealed to her all the depth of a mother's love, and she never, much as she wished it, dared to ask Mrs. Nolan to give up Alice to her to be adopted by her.

Mrs. Nolan spent much of her time at this lady's house assisting her in sewing, and came there every Sunday to take little Alice to Mass to the old St. Peter's Church in Barclay street. This excellent lady was not a Catholic. In fact, she had imbibed strong prejudices against Catholics and what she thought they believed.

But in Mrs. Nolan she found a woman of more heroic mould than she had ever before met, and she soon learned to respect the religion of this noble woman. Her upright and inquiring mind soon enabled her to perceive how mistaken her former views of the Church were. She soon received the grace of faith, and was received, soon to be followed by her husband, into the Catholic Church. English injustice and crime sent to New York a noble soul that brought light and happiness to a soul noble as her own.

But Mrs. Nolan's sufferings, if they had strengthened her soul, had impaired her health, and ere she had spent her third winter in New York death claimed her for its own.

She died, trusting fully in Mrs. Landon's love and care for Alice.

In the meantime John Nolan had returned from South America to Ireland, and learning that his wife and child had gone to Boston, lost no time in sailing thither.

In Boston, after long and weary searches, he discovered that his wife on learning of the loss of the vessel in which he had sailed from that port, went to New York in the hope of finding friends. Thither he bent his way, was untiring in his searches, watched at the door of St. Peter's Church on Sunday, frequently saw his own daughter Alice and Mrs. Landon as they entered and left the church, but whilst the erect carriage and open brow of Alice bore so striking a resemblance to her mother, yet he never thought that she could be his own dear Alice. Sick at heart he returned to Boston, and for seven long years he commanded a vessel that sailed from Boston to the West Indies.

Making a voyage from Boston to New York, his vessel was overtaken by a terrible storm, and came near being wrecked on the Long Island coast. Through his skill his vessel weathered the storm, and rescued from a watery grave the passengers of a less fortunate vessel. One of these passengers, Harry Jenkins, was the brother of Mrs. Landon. She called upon the gallant seaman who had saved her brother, and insisted on his coming to spend an evening at her house. During the evening he told of the loss of the vessel in which he had first sailed from Boston and of his narrow escape. Father and daughter soon knew each other and the joy of their meeting no one can describe.

He soon returned to Boston, but his daughter must accompany him. This parting with Alice was to Mrs. Landon like the death of a second daughter. She dissembled her sorrow as much as she could, and Alice assured her that she would prevail on her father to return soon and remain in New York.

Shortly after Alice and her father had reached Boston this strong man was stricken by a fatal illness. He was taken to a hospital there under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, and his daughter was allowed to attend him. In the same hospital was a dying man who both shocked and moved to pity the Sisters by his imprecations and his moans of despair. Alice, in his more lucid moments tried to comfort him. He told her his name, and told her that now, on the point of death, his black ingratitude to one who had saved his life overwhelmed him with remorse which brought no peace, no hope. It was George Armstrong. John Nolan had himself brought to the bedside of the ungrateful man he had once saved from death, and having assured him of his forgiveness, besought him to put his trust in God. He begged to be received into the Church that he had persecuted, and to die with its blessing; but death overtook him before the arrival of the priest, and he died while the prayers of Alice and her father ascended to heaven in his behalf.

The next day Alice's father died.

She resolved to dedicate the remainder of her days to the poor and the sick. She went back to New York only to bid a last adieu to Mrs. Landon, and obtain her consent and blessing in becoming a religious. The hospital in which her father died was afterwards, for many years, blessed by her devoted attention to the sick and dying, and George Armstrong's was not the only soul she rescued from despair and eternal ruin.—Youth's Catholic.

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conquerer, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

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ALTAR BOYS.

There are few practices of the Church more interesting than the part given to children in all the beautiful ceremonies of her ritual. In her most solemn processions of the Blessed Sacrament, on Holy Thursday, even the little altar boys are admitted into the recollected ranks which precede the priest, having on his bosom the Lord of Hosts, under such a simple form, such a lowly disguise.

On Corpus Christi and the feast of the Sacred Heart, little boys and girls go forth in troops; the boys with candles and with thurifers, from which rise clouds of fragrant incense, and the girls with baskets of flowers, to strew them in the path of this same loving Redeemer, who thus permits Himself to be carried by His creatures and accepts their poor homage.

But it is not alone on such high festivals that the Church calls in her little boys to assist in the solemn exercises. There is no day in the year, however lowly the church or however retired, that the priest who says mass has not on his side one, two, or even more little boys, who thus voluntarily wait upon God in His house. There they are, as early as six o'clock, in their neat little soutains, or at least their surplices; and with what delighted alacrity they watch every motion of the priest, to know when they are to carry the large missal from the Epistle to the Gospel side, hand to him the water and the wine for the chalice, or for the ablutions, and when to ring the little bell, or spread the communion cloth over the rail. There are few more touching sights in the world than the attendance of these little boys on the weekly mass. Thus, when Sunday comes, what a train of these little acolytes precede the priest into the sanctuary! How bright are their red soutains and four-cornered caps and collars; how smooth and white their muslin surplices; how sweet and fresh and clean, even to their finger nails and how smoothly each youngster's hair is brushed, and how nicely are his shoes blacked; for a slovenly altar boy is a disgrace.

Who would presume to wait upon a gentleman's table in soiled garments, with unbrushed hair, with filthy hands? How much less pretend to serve Jesus, in His real presence, in an untidy dress! There is no better school for decent neatness and decorous behaviour than the place of the young acolyte.

Many persons send their boys to the dancing-school, to learn good manners and how to use their feet and hands. This is all very well; but we believe an acolyte, well trained by a faithful priest, has acquired a manner more beautifully decorous, more courteous, and more enduring than can be taught by any worldly master of manners.

For years we have quietly watched from our pew the acolytes as they have come and gone from the ranks of the sanctuary. Sometimes we have been sadly pained to see one becoming by degrees a bad boy; and soon, how very soon indeed, he ceases to care for his place, even on Sunday, for the bright cap or the clean white surplice! And sometimes we have heard, with a heartache, some irreligious man tell us, that "he used to be an acolyte;" and even while he told us of it, in a careless way, we could see a shade of regret in the hard countenance; of regret for his innocent and happy days, when he loved to serve mass and carry his candle or the thurifer in the procession.

But, oftener by far, we have seen these little boys growing up to be good young men, punctual at their confession and Holy Communion; at the exhibition of their school or university they were very apt to draw the prizes, and then—waiting for a few years—I have seen them quietly joining the ranks of those aspiring to be Priests of God.

The young acolytes who throng the sanctuary on Sunday can hardly know with what anxiously loving hearts they are watched by pious friends or how many a time they are envied their nearness to Jesus under the Blessed Sacrament, by those who are kneeling far off in their pews.

Remember, my dear boys, that it is a grace for which Jesus asks a return from you. He asks of you, in return, to be better boys, more truthful, more honorable, more obedient, more faithful at your prayers and more faithful to remember that you are always in the presence of God, whose eye is ever upon you. Ask Him when you bow so lowly at the devotion, to make you better boys for this sweet service before His service.—The Homeless Boy.

ECHOES OF THE HEART.

From the French of Abbe J. Courvoisier—by Thyra.

II.

Conscious of our weakness and misery, if we cannot fly to Thee, O Lord, God of our hearts, nothing is left us but to bow down our heads under the crushing weight of impotent despair.

Two young men were once aimlessly drifting on the waters of the Adriatic. They carelessly opened a book and together read the following:

"Blessed are they on whom sorrow and misfortune shine as a beacon, drawing them from the delusive glamor of the world, and guiding them into the sheltering arms of God."

This truth went straight to their hearts, and the two orphans were transformed into saints.

The echoes of sorrow and misfortune are terrible, but oh! how beautiful, how salutary and soul-saving!

As there are two kinds of joys, there are also two kinds of sorrows: the sorrows of vice and the sorrows of virtue.

The vicious man endeavors to forget the incurable miseries of existence in the whirl and intoxication of passions.

The tears of the virtuous man, like those of Andromache, are wreathed with smiles.

Do you believe, says a learned and judicious man of our century, that the Christian sorrow, mingled in our hearts with all the gratifications of life, ever casts us into the frantic despair that always follows the footsteps of vice? Think you that the tears of resignation, soft, sweet, noiseless as the dews of spring, can be likened to the tears of blood drawn by voluptuousness?

We, too, are sad and weary; our souls are exiles here below, mourning and toiling in the trammels of captivity, and ever sighing for the eternal rest and liberty of our heavenly home. We grieve because we know that all the science of this world will never satisfy the insatiable cravings of our soul. We grieve because no human love can fill the fathomless depths of our heart. Faith enlightens and expands our intellect, thus rendering us capable of justly estimating the fickle honors and shallow enjoyments of the world, that so readily comfort the ungodly. We spurn the witching delusion that, on the brink of the abyss, can lull the voluptuary to rest. We cannot lean on the frail need of human affections, for we have sounded the cruel mysteries of human nature. But still in the arid desert of our heart, blooms forth the bright oasis of hope, shedding a mystic fragrance that softens the bitterness of our pathway. And, if even we cannot find on earth a happiness which heaven alone can give, yet of all creatures banished in this world, we are the least sorrowful, because the most hopeful.

The melancholy of vicious souls is like that of a dismal winter day: no ray of sunshine can pierce through the great, thick darkness that overclouds it. Our sadness is like that of a beautiful summer day, when the first ominous shadows of the rainy season are mingled with the last splendors of fleeting summer. We, too, are surrounded and oppressed by the midnight gloom of this world; but, while others bow down their dejected heads, we lift our eyes toward heaven to catch the first rays of undying light.

I appeal to you Jerome, Augustine! With what fierce eagerness did you not, one after the other, drain every cup of pleasure? Did not your souls, through many long years, exhaust every delight? Had you not shaken off all wholesome restraint? Your hearts gushed forth on the whole creation like a wild torrent, leaping over all bounds, and rushing madly onward in its baneful course. Life seemed powerless to quench the burning thirst for love that consumed your being. But the hand of sorrow was laid upon you; its keen, unerring shaft entered deep into the very core of your heart, and touched a spring the world had never moved; and the light of truth and eternity dawned upon your souls.

Jerome! did you ever regret having preferred the grotto of Bethlehem to the intoxicating pleasures of Rome? How often did you not, like repenting Augustine, exclaim: "Too late did I know thee, too late did I love thee, uncreated Truth." Then you both felt that the pleasures of Rome and of Milan were not sufficient to fill the immensity of the heart of man.

Melancholy of virtue, O! thou who fillest my soul with bliss and hope, I love thee!

Paschal's dying words were: "As the disciples of our Lord recognized Him by His sufferings so will He recognize His children by their sufferings and the sorrows of their virtue."

Melancholy of vice—abyss of disgust, impotency and sorrow; yawning gulf that swallows up our sweetest, dearest joys—never shalt thou desolate my heart. Thy poets and artists are withered by despair. Thy children are dying with weariness in a world where divine affection has become an empty word. Thy disciples seek in vain, through the vast field of their deceptions, for the path that leads back, without the love of God; a voice cries out: Onward! March! And on they go, pursuing a bitter, hollow mockery of life. Thus Milton's "Satan" sinks into the profound, boundless depths of the abyss, and no detaining hand is stretched to stay his fall.

☞ No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

A Minister's Evidence.

That all prevalent malady of civilized life is Dyspepsia. Rev. W. E. Gifford, of Bothwell, was cured of dyspepsia and liver complaint that rendered his life almost a burden. The cure was completed by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.