D weary Feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
Atlast ye reach the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gettle bending, rustling trees
Rook the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze;
"Tas time for rest!" tis time for rest!"

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, what Heaven shall send is best
Lay down the tangled web of life;
"Jis time for rest!—'its time for rest!
—Chambers's Magazine.

A TRUE STORY.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

"Well, Grace, my poor child," said a dignified old gentleman, "I have looked your matters all over, and I must say I see nothing but

hard times for you and your family."
"Well, father," replied a bright little woman of twenty five, "though the out look for us is dark, I've not the least idea of starving, nor of letting my family starve—not if God spares my health."

You were always a brave child, Grace, but this is a terrible crisis. It would be cruel in any one to taun you now, but remember that I told you and George it was very impru-dent for a man to marry till he had got something ahead in case of an

emergency."
"I remember, father, that you thought I should be wiser to marry a man with a house and a store for whom I did not care, than to marry george, with one thousand dollars a year. But if I had the choice to make over again to-day, I should do just as I did then. I would not change places with any woman on -even now.'

"You are a faithful wife and a brave little woman, Grace, but—"
"But what, father?"

"You can't live on in this way,

'But I will live, father, and live well, too, and take care of George and the babies.' 'How ?'

Av. that was the word that had Ay, that was the word that had been ringing in the heart of this brave little woman ever since her husband, Mr. George Burt, had fail-ed at his desk, and had been brought home apparently dying.
'Well, Grace, I will do what I can

for you,' said the old gentleman, 'and—and—if it were only for you and the babies I should say at once, come home and be as welcome there as you were four years ago; but, you know, the house is so small we have no room for four in it.'

Grace smiled a sad smile, and then said, perhaps a little provokingly. Four of us would occupy no more room than three; the babies are too little to sleep away from us at nigh But if your house were twice as large father, I could not take my husband's own little home away from him now that he is sick. I shall have to decide soon, and will let you know

my plans.'

The respectable old gentleman her new work.

But if you cou

and never forgot a slight offered his judgment. She followed him to the

"Good-bye, father, give my love to mother," although the real mother, who would have found room enough in her heart for them all, had been dead for years in the grave.

It was twilight, and as the old gentleman was going down the steps, a young man came up.

Ah, good evening, good evening, said the stout, good natured hotel keeper to both, and then added to Mrs. Burt "Here I am on the berrow business. My wife says she can't please the lawyers in court since you and she changed pickles and honey. Old Squire Watt called out the minute he sat cown to supper. 'Come Bruce borrow some of your neigh bor's pickles for me.' Them pickles is a standing joke among them Why can't nobody in the town make pickles, and catsup, and chow-chow like yourn! My wite's a cook that can't be beat in bread and meat, and pastry and cake, but she cught to prentice herself to you on things, I tell her."

Grace who had known Bruce all her life, smiled and said :

"I'll give you a jar with all my heart, Mr. Bruce, and that won't pay your wife for the nice things she has sent in to George. I have my cucumbers all ready now to make my next year's pickles, and I have yet five or six jars left."

that's penniless,' cried the old lady.

Grace and her stout helper went to work at once, and very soon the five or six jars left."

"Suppose we make a bargain, Burt. I'll buy two barrels of best, Boston price, if you'll make em for me; and chow chow and catsup

Grace laughed without making any direct answer, and the hotel keeper went with her to get the jar. The old gentleman went down the

The old gentleman went down the street whispering with a sigh:

"The Lord knows who is going to feed that family; I can't do it, for wife says I can't and she knows everything most. And poor Grace is terribly obstinate."

Well, the hotel keeper ran back the next moment with his pickle jar, as happy as some men would have been to find a nuggent of gold that size: for he had a rival who kent the

size; for he had a rival who kept the old tavern, and he wanted to keep all the lawyers who came there to hold

Court as his customers.

Grace had a long talk with her husband that night. Next day an old school friend, who had always been like a sister, came to stop with the sick man and look after the babies, and Grace went to the city ten miles away, in an early train with a neat little basket in her hand. If any one had been near enough If any one had been near enough when she put her little basket upon the platform of the depot with such spirit, he might have heard her

whisper:
"See if my family starves while am alive and in my health!"

The day was lovely, and everybody on the cars and on the stree looked cheerful and happy. O course there were sick and lame and blind and deaf people, but heaven was keeping them out of her sight that day, and bringing before her happy grown folks and merry little

The streets looked so clean and the air seemed so pure that she cha god herself with having borne false witness against the beautiful, as she walked with a light heart through the principal streets, visiting first a store and then a hotel. In each place she asked for the

proprietor or the steward, opened basket, and drew out three glass jars containing pickles, chew chow and catsup. In one moment she told her business and the necessity that brought her to it. Her cheerfu face, her prompt manner and well chosen words, the nice look and the appetizing taste of her preserves, gained the victory for her. She went back at night, pledged to supply home-made pickles, catsup and chowchow, for three hotels, and five large groceries, and she whispered as she mounted the steps of her little home. 'I will show father whether or not

we are going to starve.'

Her cheerful story of success did more for her poor disheartened young husband than a peck of pills could have done. He said in a cheerful tone:

'Now, girls, I feel as if I was going to get about again, and this is the first time I have had any hope.'

Grace kept away from her father till she had visited two market gardens in the cutskirts of the town and engaged a great supply of cucumbers, onions, peppers and to-matoes, and had brought back the strong help the had at first feit obliged to dismiss, to assist her in

'Why don't you teach music?'

'Because I don't know it well euough. 'You might keep a few very

genteel-well, not just boarders, but friends who do not care to keep a house, and who pay largely.'
'Where are they, and where's the house and furniture for them?"

'Oh, that's true; but you mighteh? or you might-eh?' and there his wits failed him. There are so few grand things that people can do in the hope of cheating others into the belief that they are working for fun rather than from necessity. But soon the old gentleman added

hrough which tiny green or through which they green cucumoers and onions, and everything else nice in that line was peeping, or as George said, 'smiling on the family.' The business went on bravely, and

The business went on bravely, and in one year Grace's husband, who was partially restored to health, for sook the bed, took charge of it, and she went back to the nursery—every good mother's place when duty or Providence does not call her out of it.

This is no pretty fiction to teach young folks that 'where there's a will there's a way.' It's the true story of a brave little woman, and we can tell you the street, and the number of a large store in a certain city, not far away, where her enterprising husband has, with her help, built up a large business in preserves, and made not a little money. He says if Grace had never learned to make p'ckles or had been too proud to make them for others in his dark time, he should have been in his grave five

Who thinks less of her for doing it?

THE BLESSED VIRGIS.

A FEW WORDS ON DEVOTION TO MARY IN FRANCE.
Translated by Th Xr. K.

(In previous articles some of the noted sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin in France have been described. The following, by the Rev. A. Bizot, S. M., is somewhat in the same line, and may prove interesting

Amidst the sad facts of the present

Amidst the sad facts of the present there is one incontestable and permanent fact, which is well calculated to strike an impartial observer, but especially to repice and strengthen really Christian souls.

Whilst those who are emashing crosses and laicizing to the bitter end are bent on wiping out every glory of the France of old, look around you. To day the real France, that which is honest and Catholic, remembers more energetically than ever that she is Mary's kingdom—Regnum gallice, regnum, Marice. So, with an ardor which nothing can sifright, it pays to the Bleased Virgin, by a filial worship, the debt of our old Christian kings.

Enter our French churches the day a feast of Mary is celebrated, or during the beautiful month which is consecrated to her: you will see them filled with a crowd touched and recollected; from all lips arise prayers in which the sincerest and most ardent love strives with a boundless faith.

faith.

It is because in all time, despite the irsults of implety and the rage of persecutors, the worship of Mary has been dear to France, and has, as it were, made part of the sacred patrimony of her national aditions.
"In all latitudes where Catholic faith

prevails," says an illustrious writer, "the Madonna is invoked, loved. But nowhere

Madonna is invoked, loved. But nowhere has her worship been more permsnent, more ardent, more filial than in the great nation which is called France."

And, in fact, to love and honor Mary, is, for us, to bind the present to the past, to continue the furrow begun by our ancestors, to pre-erve the deposit and the inheritance which they have left us. On the contrary, to be hottile or simply indifferent to the worship of Mary is to deny our fathers, is to be bad French.

Consult the annals of your country; on every page you will see the name of the Blessed Virgin shining forth, mirgled with the great events of our history. In remotest ages, it is the city of the Carnutes, now Chartres, erecting to the Virgin the first altar which was built to her in Europe, under this mysterious name:

Europe, under this mysterious name: "Virgini pariture—To the Virgin who will bring forth."

Later on we see Clotilda, grief stricken, beseeching the Mother of Sorrows to touch Ciov's' heart; Charlemagne taking delight B J. MCHUGH IN IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL The respectable old gentleman rose up, and with his handkerchief polished his already shining beaver, kissed his daughter, patted the heads of the babies; and turned to go, saying;

"Keep up a good heart, child, and "member that the rayens fed Elijah."

"Well I don't wart them to feed member that the rayens fed Elijah."

"Well I don't wart them to feed member that the work. Alter hard in her father to discourage her and the exhort her to discourage her and then exhort her to keep up a good heart.

She loved the old man, although obliged to dismiss, to assist her in her new work.

But if you could only have seen the size of the old gentleman's eyes, and the style of mouth he put up, and heard his exclamations:

"Why, Grace you are crazy. What will your mother say? You surely forget that her first husband was president of the Marine National Bank, and that I am cashier of it, that it was rather hard in her father to discourage her and then exhort her to keep up a good heart.

She loved the old man, although obligation and the style of mouth he put up, and the style of mouth he put up, and heard his exclamations:

"Why, Grace you are crazy. What will your mother say? You surely forget that her first husband was president of the Marine National Bank, and that I am cashier of it, that it was rather hard in her father to discourage her and then exhort her to keep up a good heart.

She loved the old man, although obligation and starving she picture of the Virgin with all his army, "crying thanks" to the Virgin Mary in the midst of battle in celebrating the praises of Mary, dedicating the praises of Mary, dedicating numerous oratories to her, and the style of mouth he put up, and the style of the Virgin with affectionate pride, designate her; for in no other land to-day are Church and State wedded in such happy union as in the Australian private in the sevent of the Heaven, by order of the Kneight and the style of the demperor's master, calling the Mother of God Queen of the Heavens, Flower of the Fields, Lily of the World, and graving her love in the heart of his disciples; Charles the Bald, with all his army, "crying thanks" to the Virgin Mary in the midst of battle; Robert instituting the military order of the Knights of Our Lady, who bear on their sword and their breast a golden star, the symbol of their patrones; Louis IX., the holiest of our kings, obtained from the Queen of Heaven, by his mother's vow, and invoking the "Blessed Virgin Mary" in the conflict of Tallebourg and the dungeun of Mansourah; Joan of Arc, the heroic maiden of Domremy, inscribing Mary's name on the banner, and, to the cry of "Notre Dame!" leading the French to triumphs which prepared the resurrection of her fatherland; Louis XIII., consecrating his kingdom and his crown to Mary and ordering the solemn procession which is still held on the day of the Assumption.

IL.

Yes, if there is a land wherein this wor.

II. Yes, if there is a land wherein this worship, which rests the wearied soul, comforts the afflicted heart, restores serenity to the sorrowing mind, was ever held in to the sorrowing mind, was ever held in honor a land where to her whose name is sweet to the lips as to the heart, the people were lavish of altars, tilgrimages, and prayers, it is assuredly our old laud of France. Everywhere still, despite persecution, the image of Mary is found beside crosses, or forests, beside fountains, everywhere that there is a darger or a benefit. And this flijal worship is as old as the

It was not until-long afterwards that he venerated statues were restored to the lety of the faithful, and almost always by a miracle

by a miracle.

Hunters were attracted at night by a bright light issuing from a clump of verdure and flowers; berdsmen approached a bush before which an ex persisted in kneeling; soldiers, encamped in the fields, saw falling upon one of them what seemed to be a shower of shooting stars; princesses, riding in the woods, suddenly behold their white paffrey, unable to go forward or back, then stamping on a hard stone, sirking his foot into it, and leaving the mark of his shoe in it; knights lost their hawk in the hunt and found it in the hollow of an old oak, alone in the middle of a stream, and with a soft light shining around.

And each of these wonders revealed the presence, in these different places, of a

And each of these wonders revealed the presence, in these different places, of a venerated statue of Mary, and each time, in the very place where the miraculous image was found, arose a sanctuary to the Blessed Virgin. It was Our Lady of the Woods, Our Lady of good Meeting, Our Lady of Lights, Our Lady of Verdelais, Our Lady of the Oak; not forgetting Our Lady of Lourdes, of La Salette, and of Pontmain, which to the end of ages will proclaim the remarkable predilection which the Blessed Virgin retains for the land of France.

I come at last to a final consideration which it seems to me should complete this Thanks to the zeal of the kings, the

lords, and the people of France, the wor-ship of Mary in the course of ages assumes amongst us every form, expresses every sentiment, meets every want. And so one might make a delightful

And so one might make a delightful book with all the pious legends and unnumbered wonders of the various sanctuaries of Mary in France; and see what sweet and expressive names naitonal piety has given the Blessed Virgin! For the strayed or pursued traveler it is Oar Lady of Good Encounter, of Safe Return; for the sailor in danger, Our Lady of Deliverance, of Safekeeping; for the soldier who is going to battle, Our Lady of Victories; for the affrighted sinner, Our Lady of Mercy, of Refuge of Grace; for timorous hearts, Our Lady of Hope; for afflicted souls, Our Lady of Pity, Our Lady of Sorrows; for those who are in gladness, Our Lady of Good Help.

Well is it known that the Good Lady of Lourdes, La Selette, and Fourvieres is in all times and places France's powerful auxiliary.

auxiliary.

To conclude, amidst a thousand is this

To conclude, amidst a thousand is this trait of metherly assistance.

The glorious Duke of Isly, arriving in his native city, was congratulated on his victory: "I did not win it," he said, with admirable modesty; "Mary did. We were beginning to give away; I invoked her and she gave us victory."

Well, since Mary has been loved and honored from all time in France, and she has responded to this national worship by maternal favors, let us say to her, in this beautiful month which is dedicated to her and which just now causes fear and eadness.

"O Mary, more loudly than ever we

"O Mary, more loudly than ever we proclaim thee our queen and our protectress. But do thou, too, in turn remember France thy kingdom, which, called by thy Son to the glory of being the eldest daughter of His Church, has ever, deeplite many weaknessess, held the foremost rank in the defence of His Mother.

"Deign, then, O Mother, to intercede for her and to protect her at this inauspicious hour. Hear the prayers of the faithful and make us a new France wherein thy name and thy Son's will be respected and loved; a France ever worthy of her glorious destinies and ready to te in the future, as in the past, God's knight on earth: Gesta Dei per Francois!"

"THE HOLY LAND TYROL."

character are not altogether incompatible with the teaching of the "Prince of

To the readers of the Record, and to To the readers of the Record, and to those of them especially who live in parts, like America or Australia, where the Church, but yet in her lusty infancy, is striving to best down the barriers of bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance, a short description of some of the religious customs of a land where the church has flour ished for fifteen centuries and is still loved, respected and pheyed by her children, may

can be heard pealing through the misty air from dome and spire of church and convent, calling upon mankind to lift his waking thoughts to his Creator. From this hour, when even the birds are still sleeping in their nests, until 9 or 10 o'clock, on week days and Surdays alike, it is easy to find some church in which a Mass is being celebrated; and the througs of faithful worshipers that fill the escred temples at any time between these hours is a sight truly edifying.

Thrices a day, at the proper hours, the Angelus is rung, and as the first stroke of the bell is heard chiming on the air, recalling to the Christian soul the wonderful mystery of the Word made Flesh, the people, whether at home or in the streets, in the shop or market place, bow their heads and with reverent lips softly sectle.

their heads and with reverent lips softly vectte,
"The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, And she conceived of the Holy Ghost."
This time-honored devotion, so simple and yet so sublime, did not fail to make a deep impression on the gentle heart of the American poet Longfellow as he witnessed it in Spsin, and in his own beautiful way he thus describes it:

Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to prayer. In a moment throughout the crowded city the hum of business is hushed, the thronged streets are etill; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merri-

are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies sway; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal, the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. . . . It seems to be a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that at the close of each daily epoch of life. . . . the volce of the whole people and of the whole world should go up to heaven in praise and supplication and thankfulness.

ven in praise and supplication and thank-fulness.

Every heart that is at all susceptible to the benign influence of religion must be thus impressed at the ringing of the Angelus bell, and gladly re-echo the Protestant poet's words, for its mysterious effect is still the same, whether its chimes be heard along the vine-clad slopes of Andalusia or amid the snow capped peaks of the Tyrolan Alos.

lean Alpe.
All through the Tyrol the tourists from Protestant lands is surpressed to find the quiet country lanes, the rugged mountain passes, the very streets of the cities, adorned here and there with shrines of Our Lady, crucifixes and statues of saints adorned here and there with shrines of Our Lady, crucifixes and statues of saints to whom some special devotion is paid. Every bridge has its modest effigy of St. John Nepomuk, the heroic priest who braved the anger of the tyrant, Wences laus IV., of Bohemis, rather than violate the secrecy of the confessional, and received in consequence the crown of martyrdom by being thrown into the Moldau at the bridge king's command, and every house, almost, has a rude picture of St. Florian, the guardian of dwellings against fire, painted on its walls. Of God, through the intercession of thy servant, Fiorian, protect us Thy children from the dangers of fire! is an incription often seen over the main entrances of private houses.

This pious custom of giving honor to the Most High, and seeking the patronage of His saints in a public manner, not long ago, as the readers of the Record are aware, obtained throughout the greater part of Europe; but in many countries still claiming to be Christian, the portraits of the saints have disappeared during the past years, and the Crucifix has gone down before the implous arm of the modern Iconoclast. In the Catholic Tyrol, however, the image of the Crucific Redeemer has not vet yielded its place to the efficience.

lconoclast. In the Catholic Tyrol, however, the image of the Crucified Redeemer has not yet yielded its place to the effigy of Apollo, nor the statue of the Virginal Mother to the figure of Diana or the Cyprean Queen. Maria-Theresien Strasse, in Innabruck, has a beautiful specimen of Christian art, consisting of a magnificent rean Queen. Maria-Theresien Strasse, in Innsbruck, has a beautiful specimen of Christian art, consisting of a magnificent shaft of highly polished granite, crowned with a marble statue of the "Immaculate Conception," and relieved at the base with life-sized figures of SS. Joachim, Ann, Joseph and John. In passing these pious representations, the peasant respectfully bares his head and offers up a brief and silent prayer. Votive lamps burn continually before many shrines, and in the harvest-time the first two cars of corn plucked in the field are suspended from the arms of the nearest crucifix, in thanks giving to the S.n of God for having removed, by His sacred Passion and Death, the curse of old pronounced upon the earth and all its fruits and for having restored the world to its primal grace and favor in the eyes of its Creator.

A mark of respect shown towards the Bessed Sicrament by the Tyrolean farmers is worthy the imitation of all Catholic men. Not unmindful of the Prisoner of Love concealed within our tabernacles, they never fail to lift their hats in passing

Love concealed within our tabernacles, they never fail to left their hats in passing a church, and, indeed, not unfrequently turn towards it and genuflect. When the priest carries the Viaticum through the streets the people on either side kneel, with uncovered heads, until he has passed; and in garrisoned towns whenever the Sacred Host is borne past the barracks, the

over the digentiman added—
'I declare I am afraid to go home, lest it has reached your mother's carrs.'

lest it has reached your mother's carrs.'

The proud woman soon heard it and she talked angrily of what Mrs. Addams and Mrs. Col. West, and Miss Allen would say; and she was almost inclined to think it would be botter to think it would be botter to the Mother of God, and such to give Grace five hundred dollars than to be disgraced in society. "Teplied the old gentleman, whose attitude during the conversation was that of one caught in a cutting hail story mythat's penniless,' circle the old gentleman, but heaved to their the solid the penniles, as that of one caught in a cutting hail story without any umbrolla.

The abstance of the France composed bymns to be glory, which the Church has flurthed to the Mother of God, and such the solid of interest; while the extinct the tows at the objects of their veneration; that the objects of their veneration is to both very lax and careless Catholics in the work at once, and very soon the town that once, and very soon the work at the evidence of the cities received moumental back to the work at the very soon the work at the very soon the work at the very soon the very soon the work at the very soon the very soon

thoughts of such frivolity. Strange as it may seem to the worldly minded, it is nevertheless an interesting fact, that the hours of their return are devoted to recit.

nevertheless an interesting fact, that the hours of their return are devoted to reciting in unison the Rosary of our Blessed Lady; and only that bright Angel who guards the heaverly exchaquer may say how many fragrant garlands of neverfading flowers have thus been woven by those pure and simple village girls, and laid, a grateful offering, at the feet of the immaculate Queen of Virgins.

In the salutations that greet the pedestrian in his holiday rambles through a Tyrolese village there is something suggestive of the first days of Christianity. "Gruss' dich Gott!" (God salute you) and "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!" (Praised be Jesus Christus!" (Praised be Jesus Christy!" is certainly a beautiful and appropriate salutation for Christians, and when one hears it for the first time one seems to be suddenly transported by some magic agency back to the very days of the Apostles. I was in the hospital not long ago in a neighboring city, and I remember what a sweet awakening it was, morning after morning, as the modest little Sister entered with my breakfast, and called me back "from dream land unto day," with her softly murmured ejaculation, "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!" These were the first words that fell upon my ears at the opening of each new day, and the last I heard when day was over; for as the gentle Sister smoothed my pillow for the night and sprinkled me with holy water, her parting words were ever, "Schlafen Sie wohl, Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!" Truly, a people in whose hearts and upon whose lips the blessed name of our divine Sie wehl, Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!"
Truly, a people in whose hearts and upon
whose lips the blessed name of our divine
Saviour is thus with reverence ever found,
may turn from this poor world when that
Saviour calls them, with souls strengthened with all the hope and love and confidence such faith as theirs must necessarily inspire.

An American friend of mine lately re-

An American friend of mine lately re-ceived an invitation to a Tyrolese wed-ding. As it is unique in its way and will serve as a further specimen of the deep piety that pervades these people, it may not be altogether inappropriate to give it insertion. It was printed on common paper and read as follows:

PRIASED BE JESUS CHRIST!
Esteemed and beloved Friend,—Having Esteemed and beloved Friend,—Having entered, through God's will, into holy and honorable espousals with Maria G.—, I hereby humbly invite you to be present at our marrisge, which will take place on the eighth day of the Spring month (i. c. March 8), in the most worthy House of God at V.—. A breakfast will be served at the house of our honored pastor, and a dinner at the inn of our excellent townsman, Joseph H.—. May everything tend to the greater honor of God and the holy Sacrament of Matrimony. Trusting you will honor us with your presence on this joyful occasion, and recommending you to the protection of God and the Blessed Virgin,—I am, etc., etc.—C. J.

Like unto this, methinks, might the invitation have been that was issued for the marriage feast given of old in the little village of Cana in Galilee, and which of all marriage feasts was blessed by Heaven; for, as we read, "The Mother of Jesus was there and Jesus was also invited and his disciples."

Briefly and at random, Lhave tarabad.

and his disciples."

Briefly and at random I have touched Briefly and at random I have touched upon a few pious customs that attract the attention of the stranger in this happy land; to describe in full the deep religious current that sends its purifying waters through the daily life of the Tyrolese; to speak of the thousand and one little acts of devotion that distinguish them in the field, at the fireside or in the shop; to dwell upon the exterior pomp and interior fervor with which they hail the oftrecurring festivals of the Church, would require more space than I may ask of the RECORD in a single number. But I may say in conclusion that I never mingle with these simple hearted peasants or see them at their labore, their devotions, or their rustic merry makings, without thinking that in them is realized the fervent aspiration of the present.

ation of the prayer—
"Actiones nostras, quaesumus, Domine, appirando praeveni et adjuvando prosequere; ut cuncta nostra oratio et operatio te semper incipiat et per te coepta fiui-And with this sincere conviction I would

give the Tyrol, before all other lands, the title of honor which I have taken as the subject of my paper.—"A Catholic Utopia.

A Touching Incident.

There is a touching incident recorded in connection with the Charleston earth-quake. When the first shock came, the Catholics in one of the parishes rushed to Catholics in one of the parishes rushed to the church to throw themselves at the feet of the Eucharistic God. But the church seemed in danger of falling, so the priest would not allow them to enter, though he opened the church door so that the altar and tabernacle could be seen from the street. Thousands knelt in prayer around the stored edifice while the pastor passed along hearing confessions and giving absolution. What a beautiful evidence of faith in a supreme moment of peril! The lution. What a beautiful evidence or faith in a supreme moment of peril! The experience at the other churches was similar to the one recorded above.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearis as froson as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

In the sand and west the gus the

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile, till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears—
Olear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shive;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL COUNCIL.

Reference is elsewhere made to the Scottish National Council held at Fort Augustus in the month of August last.

We have much pleasure in giving our readers the sermon delivered at its opening by the Most Rev. Dr. Eyre, Archbishop of Glasgow.

On the subject of the Scottish Reforma-tion two particular fallacies exist. One is that in the middle of the sixteenth cention two particular fallacies exist. One is that in the middle of the sixteenth century the darkness of error was replaced by the light of Bible truth; the other that the Reformers had great influence and weight with the masses of the people. When the Scottish of Reformation is analzyed, we really find that it resolves itself into four elements—the land greed of the nobles, the secular power overruling the monasteries, the weakening of the parochial system, and the gold and the soldiers of Henry VIII. The nobles were out of all proportion to the population of the country. The plunder of the English churches and monasteries excited their cupidity; they acted as powerful and independent princes: their power had grown into something incompatible with that of the Sovereign—for, unfortunately, James III. (1460) was but nine years old when he succeeded to the throne; James V. (1513) was an infant of three days old when his father died, and Mary was but seven days old when her father died. A deadly contest then arose between the Scottish usurping aristocracy and the Church, which lasted above thirty years, and only ended by the triumph of

THE PROTESTANT NOBLES, who, in 1560, overthrew the Catholic Church in Scotland. Another element Church in Scotland. Another element was the oppression of the monasteries. Not only the landed aristocracy, but the Sovereigns practically demand the right to these houses to choose their abbots and priors. Scotland was to far from the centre of ecclesiastical authority that abuses existed here that were unknown elsewhere. During a considerable time the posts of highest dignity had, for the most part, been held by either the illegitimost part, been held by either the illegiti-mate or younger sons of the most power-ful families. Alexander Stewart, the illegitimate son of James IV., was made Archbishop of St. Andrews whilst yet a boy; and James V. provided for his ille-gitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham and St. Andrews. Though these seldom took orders they ranked as clergymep. and brought disgrace upon clergymen, and brought disgrace upon the clerical body. The third element was

THE WEAKNESS AND INEFFICIENCY THE WEAKNESS AND INEFFICIENCY
of the parochial system. The Church in
Scotland became monastic rather than parochial. With few exceptions all the parishes and churches belonged to the great
abbeys. In many cases miserably paid
vicars were placed in charge of the
churches, and the fabrics, incufficient in
number, were again and again allowed to
fall into disrepair. Let us take for an
instance of the imperfect parochial system,
the case of the Abbey of Paisley. It possessed at the dissolution twenty-nine
churches, of which eleven were in Renfrewshire, and the Archbishops of Glasgow had often to put much pressure upon
the monks to induce them to supply what
was due to the parish clergy. Aaother was due to the parish clergy. Another instance, to pass from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth, was Dunfermline, which possessed thirty seven churches and chapels, with the lands and tithes attached to them. Henry VIII. endeavored, both

OPEN INVASION AND DOMESTIC TREACHERY, to establish the Reformation in Scotland. In 1535 he labored to convert his nephew to the new religion—in 1542 he sent twenty thousand men to Scotland—he corrupted the nobles from their allegiance—and must be considered as the Father of the Reformation in Scotland. When the blow came it was not from the people. of the Reformation in Scotland. When the blow came it was not from the people, but from the aristocracy. Everywhere else the Church had contended successfully against feudalism, but not north of the Tweed. The Reformation was a question not of faith, but of scrilege—not of Gospel truth, but of monastic lands—not of man seeking to correct any abuses that existed, but of the iconoclasts of the Covenapt (1638) and the troopers abuses that existed, but of the iconoclasses of the Covenant (1638), and the troopers of Cromwell (1650), who appear in the Kirk Sessions Registers as spreading debauchery through the Scottish glens and hamlets, and teaching the Scott sh cities and seaports

NEW EXCESSES OF LICENTIOUSNESS.

NEW EXCESSES OF LICENTIOUSNESS.
The people were unwilling to be deprived of their faith. A hard struggle they made but in vain. In August, 1560, the Catholic religion was proscribed by the Parliament. As far as Parliament could do it the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished. To the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished. To say or hear Mass was made a crimina offense—on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods—on the second with banishment—and on the thir with death. The attachment of the per ple to the old faith was strikingly illustrated. Look to the history of our great Western Abbey. Paisley Abbey was so on fire in 1561 by the Earl of Arrah and the Earl of Glencairn, who were depute by the Lords of the Secret Council. But the people of Paisley continued firm in the Barl of General Williams the people of Paisley continued firm it their adherence to the old faith. Whe the Preachers of the new doctrines can to he silve the people where refused admittant to the church, and the people staked the doors against them. Mass continued to said in the burned and blacken ruins. For more than eleveyears many of the communitingered about the Abby, and very mar of the people fraternized with them, at they were not interfered with as long they did not openly perform their sacroffices. Look to the Forth again, who history tells us that in 1580, t. e., twen offices. Look to the Forth again, which history tells us that in 1580, i. c., twen years after the Act of Parliament alreamentioned, a few Benedictines of Dufermline, with door bolted and barre