

A SONG OF REST.

FLORENCE TILDE. O weary hands that, all the day, were set to labor hard and long...

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."

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

Grace laughed without making any direct answer, and the hotel keeper went with her to get the jar. 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 nugget of gold that 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.

through which tiny green cucumbers 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 in one year Grace's husband, who was partially restored to health, forsook 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, where her husband, 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 pickles or had been too proud to make them for others in his dark time, he should have been in his grave five years ago.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A FEW WORDS ON DEVOTION TO MARY IN FRANCE.

Translated by Th. X. 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.)

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

Hunters were attracted at night by a bright light issuing from a clump of verdure and flowers; herdsmen approached a bush before which an ox persisted in kneeling; soldiers, encamped in the fields, saw figures upon the trees, who seemed to be a shower of shooting stars; prisoners, riding in the woods, suddenly beheld their white palfrey, unable to go forward or back, then stamping on a hard stone, sinking 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 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 venerated statue of Mary, and each line, 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 Mercy, 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 sketch. Thanks to the zeal of the kings, the lords, and the people of France, the worship of Mary in the course of ages assumes amongst us every form, expresses every sentiment, meets every want.

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 Sundays alike, it is easy to find some church in which a faithful worshiper that fills the sacred temples at any time between these hours is a sight truly edifying.

Three days, 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 recite:

"The Angel of the Lord descended upon 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 poetic heart of the American poet Longfellow as he witnessed it in Spain, 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 the streets ceases, the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncovers 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 the Angelus. 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 union 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 voice of the whole people and of the whole world should go up to heaven in praise and supplication and thanksgiving.

heart of the Tyrolean maiden are the 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 reciting in unison the Rosary of our Blessed Lady; and only that bright Angel who guards the heavenly exchequer may say how many fragrant garlands of never-fading 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 Virginia.

In the salutations that greet the pedestrian in his holiday rambles through Tyrolean village there is something suggestive of the first days of Christianity, "Grass' dich Gott!" (God salute you) and "Gehob' sei Jesus Christus!" (Praised be Jesus Christ) are among those most frequently heard. "Praised be Jesus Christ!" 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."

"Gehob' sei Jesus Christus!" These were the first words that fell upon my ears at the opening of each new day, and, as 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, Gehob' 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 received an invitation to a Tyrolean wedding. 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 in its original form, as printed on common paper and read as follows: PRAISED BE JESUS CHRIST!—Having esteemed and beloved Friend!—Having honored, through God's will, into holy and honorable espousals with Maria G., I hereby humbly invite you to be present at our marriage, which will take place on the eighth day of the Spring month (i. e. 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 townsmen, 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.—C. J. Like unto this, methinks, might the invitation have been that was served 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."

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you, kindle first to warm it. Let their comfort bid you from Winters that deform it. Hear as from a far-off land, To that radiant father: You will soon forget to moan, To Ah! the cheerless weather.

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. Eyr, Archbishop of Glasgow.

On the subject of the Scottish Reformation 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 upon the minds of the people. When the Reformation of Reformation is analyzed, we really find that it resolves itself into four elements—the land grace of the nobles, the secular power overruling the monastic system, the weakening of the soldiers' system, and the gold and silver of the nobles who 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 and grown into something incomparable with that of anything that had preceded them.

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, insufficient in number, were again and again allowed to fall into disrepair. Let us take as 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 wanted in the parish clergy. Another instance, to pass from the Fifth of Clyde to the Fifth of Forth, was Dunfermline, which possessed thirty-seven churches and chapels, with the lands and tithes attached to them. Henry VIII. endeavored, both by

QUEEN INVASION AND DOMESTIC TREASON.

to establish the Reformation in Scotland. In 1553 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 to 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 not of Gospel truth, but of monastic lands—not of man seeking to correct any abuses that existed, but of the iconoclasts of the Covenant (1628), and the troopers of Cromwell (1650), who were spreading debauchery through the Scottish glens and hamlets, and teaching the Scotch cities and seaports

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 say or hear Mass was made a criminal offense—on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods—on the second with banishment—and on the third with death. The attachment of the people to the old faith was strikingly illustrated. Look to the history of our great Western Abbey. Paisley Abbey was set on fire in 1561 by the Earl of Argyll and the Earl of Glencairn, who were deputed by the Lords of the Secret Council. But the people of Paisley continued firm in their adherence to the old faith. When the Preachers of the new doctrine came to Paisley they were refused admittance to the church, and the people stood in doors against them. It was continued to be so for more than eleven years many of the community fingered about the Abby, and very many of the people fraternized with as long as they did not openly perform their sacred duties. Look to the Forth again, where history tells us that in 1550, i. e., twenty years after the Act of Parliament already mentioned, a few Benedictines of Dunfermline, with door bolted and barred

THE HOLY LAND TYROL.

B. J. MCHUGH IN IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

Perhaps in no country not even Ireland—are the beauty and sanctity of the Church so much and so generally appreciated as in the Holy Land Tyrol. "The Holy Land Tyrol"—as her children, with affectionate pride, designate her; in no other land to-day are Church and State wedded in such happy union as in the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and in the Empire itself, it may be safely said, no other State has so much reason for its sterling fealty to "Kaiser, Gott and Vaterland," as the mountain girlhood of the patriotic Hofer.

THE HOLY LAND TYROL.

The loyalty of the Tyrolean peasant to the Church has become proverbial; his love, like that of his unfortunate Irish brother, is but Catholic; his lively faith, unyoked with the faintest suspicion of any modern heresy or fashionable "physosophy," the almost primitive simplicity of his manners; the unquestionable honesty of all his dealings; and the staid purity of his morals, are the admiration and delight of all who behold them; while they serve not a little to prove to the Protestant world that cleanliness of heart and uprightness of character are not altogether incompatible with the teaching of the "Prince of Rome."

To the readers of the Record, and to these of them especially who live in parts, like America or Australia, where the Church, but yet in her lusty infancy, is striving to beat down the barriers of bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance, a short description of some of the religious customs of a land where the church has flourished for fifteen centuries and is still loved, respected and obeyed by her children, may not be devoid of interest; while the example of those privileged ones, who enjoy in full the blessings of our Holy Mother, may not be wanting, let us hope, in its salutary lesson to their less fortunate brethren in distant lands.

At the outside of my paper it may be appropriate to remark, that the people of the Tyrol always begin the day in that most excellent Christian manner—by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. If they failed in this it would show them to be but very lax and careless Catholics indeed; for there is no village, however small, in all the land, that cannot boast of at least one beautiful little chapel where the Holy Host is daily offered up to his Eternal Father. In the towns and cities the opportunities of hearing Mass, naturally, are ampler still, and as early as half past four in the morning the bells

THE HOLY LAND TYROL.

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Horford's Acid Phosphate.

Imitations and counterfeit have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it. Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done so much good that I got another, and before it was used my asthma was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

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Highest Praise

The well known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for Summer complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and all Bowel complaints.

National Pills

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.