THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

2

Loss. Stretched silver-spun the spider's nets; The quivering sky was white with fire The blackbird's scarlet epaulettes Reddened the hemiock's topmost spire

he mountain, in his purple cloak, His feet with misty vapors wet, ay dreamily, and seemed to smoke All day his giant calumet.

rom farm house bells the noonday rung; The teams that ploughed the furrows

stopped ; The ox refreshed his lolling tongue, And brows were wiped and spades were dropped ;

And down the field the mowers stepped With burning brows and figures lithe As in their brawny hands they swept From side to side the hissing seythe ;

Till sudden ceased the noonday task, The scythes 'mid swaths of grass lay still, As girls with can and cider flasks Came romping gayly down the hill.

And over all there swept a stream Of subtile music, felt, not hea As when one conjures in a drea The distant singing of a bird.

I drank the glory of the scene, Its autumn splendor fired my veins; The woods were like an Indian queen Who gazed upon her old domains.

And ah ! methought I heard a sigh Come softly through her leafy lips; A mourning over days gone by, That were before the white man's ships.

And so I came to think on Loss,-I never much could think on Gain A poet off will woo a cross On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think - I know not how, Perchance through sense of Indian wrong Perchance through sense of Indian v of losses of my own, that now Broke for the first time into song ;-

A fluttering strain of feeble words That scarcely dared to leave my breast But like a brood of fledgling birds Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O, loss !" I sang,—"O, early loss! O, blight that nipped the buds of spring ! O, spell that turned the gold to dross ! O, steel that clipped the untried wing !

" I mourn all day, as sorrows he Whom once they called a merchant princ Over the ships he sent to sea, And never, never heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May Restores the leaves ye lost before; The tide that now forsakes the bay This night will wash the wildowed shore

" But I shall never see again The shape that smiled upon my youth ; A mist of sorrow yells my brain, And dimly looms the light of truth.

" She faded, fading woods, like you! And fleeting shone with sweeter grace; And as she died, the colors grew To softer splendor in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush Was yeiled with death's eterns She swept from earth amid a hush And I was left alone below !"

While thus I moaned I heard a peal Of laughter through the meadow I saw the farm-boys at their meal, I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept, His feet with valley vapors wet; and slowly circling upwards crept The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath That marred this dream of peace below, "O, God!' I cried, "give, give me death, Or give me grace to bear Thy blow!" FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE DOMINICANS IN NEWCASTLE.

As one of the grandest religious edifices

whom his voice could never reach, the thought of his own mind, the wish of his thought of his own mind, the wish of his own will. The air and wind are his ser-vants, and on them is carried the message of the bells. It is a beautiful voice; no-"beautif:" is not the word—it is a grand, magnificent voice. One of old said the could hear music in a smith's anvih. How much grander the music of the bells! But what is the message of our bell? It has a message to each of you, which it will very soon faithfully deliver. It will-call you to Mass, Benediction and holy prayer: there will be a message in it for the tempted to sin, reminding them of the God whom they ought to serve and love; much grander the music of the bells! But what is the message of our bell? It has a message to each of you, which it will very soon faithfully deliver. It will, call you to Mass, Benediction and holy prayer: there will be a message in it for the tempted to sin, reminding them of the God whom they ought to serve and love; there will be a message in it for the a message in it for the backslider, reminding him of the for-saken path; to the sorrowing, the sacred bell will speak of comfort; the mourner will hear in its tones a joy-sound which will dry his tears. There will be different readings in the bell tones to each of you, but all will hear in them the voice of God. The day on which the Bishop will solemuly set apart the bell to the service of the Church will be a day of gladness to us. In the long, long ago, as I have al ready shown you, the sound of the Dom-inican chimes floated on the breeze over your town. Shortly our bell will be heard, and in the years to come, long after your voices and mine are silent in the grave, the bell will still be speaking, and (who knows) will be calling worship-pers to their duty and their God in the pers to their duty and their God in the the grave, the bell will still be speaking, and (who knows) will be calling worship-pers to their duty and their God in the unborn centuries of the future. The con-motion of the spectrum o secration of our bell will, I am convinced, be the beginning of a new era in this par-ish. God will again call to His altar and His sanctuary, and wee to them who lis-ten and disobey. Let us listen devoutly to the voice of the bell on earth, so that in heaven we may lose its sacred sound amid the higher and purer music of eter-nal song around the throne.—London Uni-

of communicating to thousands

verse. HEROES, SAINTS AND SAGES.

Blessed Imelda.

Our dear Lord, when upon earth, called Our dear Lord, when upon earth, called little children to come close to Him, He put His hands on them and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of hea-ven;" and since then there have been many of tender age who have been drawn to Jesus by His sweet words of love, and have followed Him faithfully all their lives, until He took them to bloom like pure sweet flowers in the heavenly garden. pure sweet flowers in the heavenly garden,

pure sweet flowers in the heavenly garden, where He keeps them safe for ever. One of these children was Imelda Lam-bertini, whose home was in the city of Bologna, and though it is so many years since she lived and died, she is not for-gotten, but is considered to be the special patroness of all first communicants.

patroness of all first communicants. As a young baby, her tears could always be dried by hearing the Name of Jesus or of Mary, and when she could speak she loved to lisp little prayers and repeat words from the Psalms, which were taught her by her mother in a small ora-tory which she had begged for her own

Some of those who have written the As one of the grandest reinfous entries of which Newcastle can boast, we have, more than once, had occasion to draw at-tention to the Church of St. Dominic. It was our duty and privilege to be present said to be most correct tell us that she died said to be most correct tell us that she died of which Newcastle can boast, we have, more than once, had occasin to draw the did as called have though the form on the Church of St. Dominic. It was our duty and privilege to be present to successful the church of St. Dominics, lawing bear to come of the most impresive semions ever preached within its walk. The occasion was special, the Rev. Father Protent represented within the walk. The occasion was special, the rest mot as the dedication series of the most impresive semions ever the dedication series of the most impresive semions ever the dedication series of the most in the optimal gives that the convent of St. Dominics, lawing bear the body of the most in the optimal gives the most interest by any dardelen, in Valdejeith, near bolog and it, it always peers the strang in the externed the the drains a numer thing the appending of the rest, trowy marks the semion the order. The appendixed by the optimal gives of the preacher facing a sec of faces and last, though not requires will ease the appropriateness to with "parting kisses from the King", the great took went from about of the preacher facing a sec of sect, face and last, though not the state and the second the remaint glory of light and shared there addrese the share of the second bar. The thit gives are not by the number spresses of the preacher facing a sec of sect, from the king. The great low we were there the share to the state the second the transfer the state the state the state the second the transfer the state of the state the st knowing." He did not require to cull a twas a treat and an ot period in the bell. It was a curious text and an eloquent sermon. The preacher had evidenty grasped his is beet, and fully realised the task he had undertaken, in dealing with a ceremony which had not been performed in New casele for nearly five centuries. Nature ally his introduction was devoted to the "music of the bells," and led you back, in imagination, to the wondrous poetry of the discussed to be setted to the "music of the bells," and led you back, in imagination, to the wondrous poetry of this bell. The bells of the Dominicans, were first silenced in New castle immediately to us, the solern addictation of this bell. The bells of the Dominicans, were first silenced in New castle, immediated bits, or the age of fourteen vars, and they could do mothing to holy limelia, only bid here to be are they preached the same Gospel, taught in the parish school, worte learned books, trained men of eminence for the service for the service of the service of the bolls. The binding solution to the wind worth of the heart must and the other older hild worth, and these? Landmarks of the anceital life of the Dominicans, there (hundreds of years ago they preached the same Gospel, taught in the parish school, worte learned books, trained men of eminence for the service of the Holy candid che fathers, shand then est must mad the other older children ros and the heard books. The vinovard was trained men of eminence for the service that the wind was treve years old only, and ided in holiness. The vinovard was the aver for Holy Carbolic Church, enter tained kings and prives, fad the poor, lived in simplicity, and died in holiness. The vinovard with this, he beauting leaving them to to illa set the with the with word worth far moring as if she could bear no more worth of the things and the there of the lively ordered the world, earing noting food the heave for the associal to the with was the sea that morning as if she could bear mand mother with this, he into that morning as if she could bear no more such suffering. With her small hands pressed tightly together under her little scapular, she bent her head down upon her breast and prayad, "Oh, sweet Jesus, Thou didst call children to Thee when on earth, Thou didst not turn them from Thee! Let me come. I love Thee so! I long for Thee so! Why, oh, why must I wait?" No one there knew how the child True, we have only one bell as yet; but the time may not be far distant when the one will have become the many." Hav-ing briefly noted the different uses of bells in Catholic worship and in every-day life, the rev. preacher continued: What a power there is in a courch bell? One man can make it speak-can make it the

for the first time that day, and one by one they left their places with soft, hushed steps, and, kneeling, waited for the com-ing to Jesus. Far down the church knelt Imelda, her

thankspiring. They let her or ha a them until her excessive palor made them afraid she was fainting, and they sought to rouse her. In vain—the usually obedi-ent Imelda heeded neither entre aties nor commands, but remained still upon her knees, with bowed head, and hands clasped above the l ttle breast which held her Jesus. above the i the breast which her her Jesus. Then the good sisters were still more an-xious and afraid, and they lifted her from the place. Ah, the gentle little girl was dead! Like Mary her mother, she had died from love, and her happy soul was

with Jesus for ever. In the year 1566, the Dominican nuns ren in our own country have learned to know and love little Imelda. Like the little girls of Bologna, they choose her as their patroness, and pray that she will ask for them some of that love which burned so brightly in her heart, and especially should she be invoked by those who are preparing to receive our Lord in Holy Communion. We may wish, like Imelda, to die in that moment of joy when Jesus first rests within our hearts—rarely indeed would God choose out a child for so great a proof of His Divine favor—but we must wish, if we cannot die for our most dear Lord, that we may live for Him, that our hearts may glow with love and longing to receive Him there, and that He may dwell within us always, never, never to be driven out by coldness or by sin.

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYERS.

Ingersoll's silly comments on the pray-ers which are and have been offered up by the people of this country for Presi-dent Garfield's recovery, have been pub-lished and republished by the press throughout the whole country, and ex-pose with extical frivolity, his horrid

is not surprising, because long since he has practically proved himself to belong to followers of Darwin and to have no more knowledge of his Greator than a Brazilian monkey. Nevertheless, he should have at least enough common-sense to keep his stupid utterances to himself, which, after all, any infidel boy of ten could have made for himself. This he did not do because, like an assassin he wished to destroy the pions impression of religion produced by pious impression of religion produced by that national movement of prayer. And this he desired to do in order to satisfy his overweening longing to render himself no-torious, a craving which in his regard is scarcely less intense than that which fills the heart of the notorious assassin Guit-eau. In fact by this last movement he has succeeded better than he may have dessucceeded better than he may have des-ired. Americars have now a right to tell him: "Yes, Bob, we know thee now better than ever. Be ashamed!" But, Americans, I am afraid that this Tom Paine monkey cannot blush, but only bite, scratch and sneer. F. X. WENINGER, D. D.

A CHRISTIAN FATHER.

What M. Dupont said at the Death and Burial of his Daughter.

Dupont, the holy man of Tours. Here is an incident of his life: After the loss of his wife, his affection centred in his Everybody has heard of M. Leon Papin an incident of his life: After the loss of his wife, his affection centred in his daughter, Henrietta, whose great and precocious intelligence, beauty, grace, and elevation of mind, attracted many admir-ers. The Christian father feared the temp-tations of the world for his child. "My God U he would son, "If Then the way God," he would say, "if Thou foreseest that she will stray from the right path, that she will stray from the right path, take her from me, rather than she should be led away by vanity." It seemed as if God heard this heroic prayer, poured forth with the faith of Abraham. The girl was struck as if by lightning with typhus fever, and died after five day's illness. M Duront prepared his child for death

In the year 1566, the Dominican nuns left the convent of Valdepietra, to establish another in Bologna, and to their church the remains of Blessed Imelda were re-moved. In the time of Pope Benedict XIV., one of her descendants, Cardinal Lambertini, embelished the grave where she was buried, and others of her family, in the year 1591, caused the miracle which closed her sweet short life to be engraved upon the stone above her sacred relics. And now in the present time many child-ren in our own country have learned to Dupont's friend, nor did he abandon him in this sorrowful crisis. The ceremony over, the father, who was kneeling by his child's death-bed, arose, and taking her hand, said: 'Now, daughter, that you have received so many graces, are you happy?' 'Yes, father'. 'Do you regret anything on earth?' Yes father.' 'What then? 'Leaving you !'' No, my child, you shall not leave me ; we shall not be sep-arated. God is everywhere: you shall arated. God is everywhere; you shall be with Him in Heaven, and see Him; I shall way to Uneven and see Him; be with Him in Heaven, and see Him; I shall pray to Him there, and through Him, I shall be with you. Two walls at this moment separate us. Yours shall soon fall; mine also one day shall fall; we shall then be united, and for ever-more." Every case of us variable that is Every one of us present was in more !" more ?" Every one of us pleasing ways the tears. When the girl breathed her last, her father said to the doctor : 'My child has seen God.' He then recited the *Magnificat*, to the astonishment of several who did not understand these sentiments of a true Christian, happy in offering to his God his only child, in all the purity of her soul and beauty of her youth.

At one moment his courage was on the At one moment his courage was on the point of breaking down, on the occasion of her funeral. "I see him still," says another witness; "his daughter laid out on her deathbed. He never left her;

Lord Napier made an excellent speech at Edinburgh on the recent occasion of open-ing a bazaar in aid of the House of Mercy in that city. His testimony to the power and ability, the members of the Religious Orders have shown as the instrument of and ability, the members of the Religious Orders have shown as the instruments of public philanthropy, enforced as it was by narratives of his own personal experience of the works of the Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity in the East, coming as it does from so well-known a diplomatist and official, who is, to use the words of M. de Freycinct, "not a Catholic, but still the orderical" will it may be housed have

M. de Freyenet, "not a Cathole, but sain less a clerical," will, it may be hoped, have a salutary effect on those outside the Church who so misunderstand the work and the spirit of the Religious. After eulogising the Sisters in no measured eulogising terms he During the distress and the vicissitudes of the Crimean war, the Ambassador called him one morning and said, 'go down to the port. You will find a ship there loaded with Jewish exiles, Russian sub-jects from the Crimea. It is your duty to disembark them. The Turks will give you a house in which they may be placed. I turn them over entirely to your charge." He (Lord Napier and Ettrick) went down to the shore and received about 200, the most miserable objects that could be wit-nessed, most of them old men, women and children sunk in the lowest depths of indigence and despair. He placed them in the cold and ruinous lodging which had been allocated to them by the Ottoman anthorities. He went back to the Am-bassador and said—'Your Excellency, these people are very cold, and I have got no fuel and no blankets; they are very hungry, and I have got no food: they are very dirty, and I have got no soap; their hair is in an indescribable con-dition, and I have got no combs-what am I to do with these people?" 'Do,' said the Ambassador, go down to the con-vent of Galata, and get a couple of Sisters of Mercy: they will mut all to rights in a the Crimean war, the Ambassador called of Mercy; they will put all to rights in a moment.' He went down to the convent, saw the Mother Superior, and explained his case. He asked for two Sisters. She ordered two Sisters into her presence, and told them to follow him. These persons were ladies of refinement and of intellect were ladies of refinement and of interfect —cultured French women and Roman Catholies. He was a stranger, a foreigner and a Protestant, aud he invoked their as-sistance for the benefit of the Jews. Yet sistance for the benefit of the Jews. Yet these two women made up their bundles, followed him through the rain without a look, a whisper, or a sign of hesitation. From that moment his poor fugitives were saved. (Applause). No one saw the labors of those Sisters for months but himself, and they never endeavored to himself, and they never endeavored to make a single convert. And yet they did make one convert—they made himself. (Applause). It was true that they did not persuade

It was true that they did not persuade him of the truth of their religion, but they taught him to believe in the Sisters of Mercy. (Applause). That was the way that the Sisters of Mercy acted, and they always acted alike. They had all taken the cross in the holy war against misery and sin. They were signed with the **same** sacred symbol, and as they worked twenty-five years ago on the shores of the Bosphorus they would work to-morrow in the cloisters of the Canongate. (Ap-plause)

the Bute Docks and the property in Car-fif, as well as the large collieries in the Rhonda and Aberdare Valleys, will pass to him on the death of the Marquis. Cer-tain estates pass to the daughter will be charge of it. He was glad to see they had a good many Guards and a good many boy-guards, for as the old men died off the boy marks and a good men died off the boy-guards would grow up to fill their places and the League would be multi-plied. It pleased him very much to know not true that the league had saved many a man, and he was sorry to have it to say many a woman, from the effects of drink? Marchioness of Bute their most sincere congratulations on the birth of a son and heir to the noble house of Bute.

LORD NAPIER ON THE SISTERS OF who had saved that sum in a very short time. He was not going to ask them to time. He was not going to ask them to go to Canada, for he did no want to lose them (cheers), but he mentioned these things to show what could be done by whether the second seco sober men (cheers). His Eminence afterwards unveiled the bust amidst great cheering .- London

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Recently, the Archbishop of Cashel visited the parish of Holy Cross, and was presented with an address. In the course of his re-ply, Dr. Croke made the following refer-

with an advess. In the course of more ply, Dr. Croke made the following refer-ence to Michael Daviti: "I have considered this land movement, this agitation, in its origin, in its mighty development, and I can assure that when I consider it under all those aspects, it presents to me something extremely wonderful (cheers) in its origin. What was it? It was initiated by a man now unfortunately in prison (cheers for Davitt) —an humble man, a highly intelligent man, a largely gifted man, a really repre-sentative man, possessed of all the best virtues of an Irishman (cheers for Davitt and Dillon), but, unfortunately, a man of humble condition, and therefore one who, in these aristocratic parts, was not likely to have great influence in initiating any have great influence in initiating any movement that would be likely to suc-ceed or do anything wonderful. It began with him; by whom was it taken up? It was taken up by Mr. Parnell (cheers), and who was Mr. Parnell at the time? An unknown man. He was a young man whose ancestors certainly stood well by the country. He was half an American and half an Englishman, and was little of an Irishman so far as blood was concerned. "Five or six years ago his name was scarcely known to the country, yet the movement initiated by the convict, and movement initiated by the convict, and taken up by the Protestant unknown young man, went on growing and mag-nifying until at last it has reached the magnificent proportions which we find it has attained now throughout every portion of the country (cheers). How did this happen? Is it not an extraordinary thing? O'Connell commenced his operations in this country in 1810. He was than a barrister, and worked on year after year, defending prisoners, making speeches in favor of the country for a considerable time yet it was not till 1830, or thereabouts, he achieved any wonderful success, though he was laboring for the Catholic Emanci-pation for those twenty years, and after twenty years he succeeded. Here you see and what it may seen throughout the country (cheers). What, then, is it that I can conclude from that I conclude from this that the movement is not due to Davitt, it is not due to Parnell, it is not due to the followers of either of them, but is owing to the fact that there was a mighty grievance, and that the Irish people at last contemplated it manfully as they ought and were determined to remove it.

ought, and were determined to remove it. cheers).—Dablin Freeman."

BIRTH OF AN HEIR TO THE BUTE ESTATES.

A Cardiff correspondent, writing on Tuesday night, says: This morning in-telligence was received at Cardiff that late on Monday an heir to the vast estates be-The schoolroom, Macklin Street, Drury Lane, and unveiled a very fine bust of Father Mathew, made by Mr. Doherty, of Stather Stanield and credit to his skilled chied. His Eminence was supported bust of Father Stanield and credit to his skilled chied. His Eminence was supported bust of Stather Stanield and the captains of the various busy. and the captains of the various branches. His EMINENCE, in opening the proceed-ings, said it was a very great pleasure to him to come and see the members of the Corpus Christi branch. He remembers him to come and see the memory of the Corpus Christi branch. He remembered how good it used to be, and he hoped it was quite as good now as it ever was in the time when good Father Keens had how good it used to be a contawing off the birth took place at Chiswick House, Lord Bute's London residence, owidence, (which has been in the Stuart family since the time of Robert II. of approved of nt Stuar plied. It pleased him very much to know the League was in a flourishing state in the Corpus Christi mission, and he hoped no one would leave the room that night, who was not a member without taking the pledge. Did they not believe that they had been a happier people, a more peaceful people, and, he would say, a more prosperous people ever since the League of the Cross began its work? Was it not true that the League of the Cross had saved many homes that before it began its work were—they knew how? Was it not true that the league had saved many a man, and he was sorry to have it to say

A Song of the Camp. BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Give us a song !!' the soldiers cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heat-d guns of the camp allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff Lay grim and threatening under: And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belched its thander.

There was a pause. A guardsman said : "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow,"

Then lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon, Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ; Forgot was Briton's glory; Each heart recalled a different name Bui ali sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up;the song Until the tender passion Rose like an authem, rich and strong-Their battle-eve confession

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But, as the song grew louder, something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stain of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With streams of whot and burst of shell And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyestare dim And Insh Aora of and gory ; For a singer dumb and gory ; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sieep, soldiers ! still in honored rest Your truth and valor wearing : The bravest are the tenderest— The loving are the daring.

KNOCK.

A Letter from a Man Who Claim have been Cured There.

Archdeacon Cavanagh, the parisa

Archdeacon Cavanagh, the parish of Knock, has received this letter; 53 Grenfell, St. Simm's Cross, W Lancashire, England June 12, 15 Very Rev. Father—It is now t months since I paid my first visit holy church of Knock, sanctified as been by the presence of our holy ar maculate Mother, Mary, St. Josep St. John, and I think it a duty, Rev. Father, to inform you of the great cure which I have received visit to that holy shrine. On the 2 April, 1880, I left Widnes for Knoc in a very poor state of health. I the two years before I had suffered what my doctors called chronic broo or asthma, and in this period I w tended by in all twelve medical m was in two hospitals, and came out last one worse than I entered it. the attendance of some of the best in Lancashire, and they asserted th IT WAS BEYOND THEIR SKILL TO EFF CUBE IT WAS BEYOND THEIR SKILL TO EFF.

IT WAS BEYOND THEIR SKILL TO EFF CURE. During these two years I had docto different towns in Lancashine—' St. Helens, Runcorn, and Liverp presume they gave me the best mu-but to no purpose. I was wasting I could not sleep at night, and th dows of my bedroom had to be key to give me air. My breathing co heard outside my room. I was so, as it were, for my breath. I was so, as it were, for my breath. I ing medicine hourly, the doctors me all attention, and did the best but to no purpose. I had a bac I used to expectorate a deal of

THE DOCTORS HAD LITTLE HOPES O

nor had my priest either, but, the God and to His Holy Imm Mother (to her holy intercession all), I have never suffered for day since I visited Knock. T from which I suffered for two yea it no more. I was deprived of a pation, being unable to follow ince the lapse of three weeks return from Knock, I have not day through ill-health. Hither day through ill-health. Hulle been very weak, and my food do me no good, but now, thank Elessed Mother, St. Joseph and I am quite well and getting every day. One of the doctors, Very Re

into the wide world, caring nothing, feel-ing nothing: leaving them to toil as best they could. Not content with this, he sold the furniture (sacred and otherwise), gave the convent as a gift to the mayor, but-kept the bells to himself. These bells are long since gone; but, thank God, we are about to initiate their restoration. we are about to infinite their restoration. True, we have only one bell as yet; but the time may not be far distant when the one will have become the many." Hav-ing briefly noted the different uses of bells ters of the Poor.

threw himself on his ki his scattered thoughts and prayed. Then his scattered thoughts and played. Then rising, his face transfigured, a ray of hope shining through his tears: I was going to be conquered; and yet my child is nearer to me than she was! Two walls hearer to me than she was: 1 we wants (he again said) separated us and prevented our reunion; hers is crushed, mine shall fall, and we shall be forever united !'

To visitors offering their con dolence he would show the funeral couch, dolence he would show the funeral couch, saying from the Gospel: 'She is no longer here: why seek you the living with the dead 'He found consolation in the sacred texts which speak to the Christian of hope and immortality. 'The Lord gave her to me, the Lord hath taken her away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' His faith inspired him with graceful thoughts. 'As a gardner puts in the hothouse his precious flowers on the ap-roach of winter, so our blessed Lord has taken Henrietta, when she was to enter the world, and be exposed to the poison-ous influence of its maxims."" On the day of his maxims." On the day of his daughter's funeral he distributed alms to the different religious communities of the town. A portion of her dowry also he gave to the Little Sis-ters of the Poor

. PREACHING FROM NOTES.

A certain minister of Scotland had a custom of writing the heads of his dis-course, on small slips of paper, which he placed on the Bible before him, to be used placed on the Bible before him, to be used in succession. One day when he was ex-plaining the second head, he got so ex-cited in his discourse, that he caused the ensuing slip to fall over the edge of the pulpit, though unperceived by himself. On reaching the end of his second head, he looked for the third slip; but alas! it was not to be found. "Thirdly,"he cried, looking around him with creat anxiety.

was not to be found. "Initily," he cried, looking around him with great anxiety. After a little pause, "Thirdly," again he exclaimed; but still no thirdly appeared. "Thirdly, I say, my brethren," pursued the bewildered clergyman; but not an-other word could he utter. At this point, while the congregation were partly symwhile the congregation were partly sym-pathizing in his distress, and partly re-joicing in such a decisive instance of the impropriety of using notes in preaching —which has always been an unpopular thing in the Scotch clergy—an old woman "Thing in the scotch clergy—an old woman rose up and thus addressed the preacher: "If I'm no mista'en sir, I saw thirdly flee out at the east window a quarter of an hour syne."

The woman who works in some honor-

able way to maintain herself loses none of able way to maintain hersen losses hole of the dignity nor refinement of true woman-hood, and is just as much, even more, an ornament to her sex, than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and I indulgence.

He was sure it had saved many a young boy who would have walked in the footsteps of the old men, and many a young girl, for he was sorry to say, that drinking was getting among the young girls also,

was getting among the young girls also, not so much in London, perhaps, as in Manchester and Liverpool and other great towns. Ever since the League of the Cross had been in existence, numbers of women and young girls had been saved by it, and would, with God's help, be saved by it if they remained true to its pledge. He would ask another question: We there not many homes now tidy pledge. He would ask another question: Were there not many homes now tidy, cleanly, orderly, with fires on the hearth and food on the table, which in times past were—they knew how? Why should not others do the same thing? The previous day he was talking with the Prime Minis-ter of Canada—Sir John Macdonald—who said he wanted some good men in Canada, and he would like to see them with their

and he would like to see them with their priests and all (cheers.) He said each man would get 160 acres of land as a free gift, and 160 acres more at the end of three years if they had done justice by the land. He said a family of five could go from England and get 160 acres of land, with a house built upon it, and eight acres cultivated for a beginning, for the same of fift. That seemed a large the land. He said a family of five could go from England and get 160 acres of land, with a house built upon it, and eight acres cultivated for a beginning, for the sum of £100. That seemed a large sam, but there were mon in the League

APPLIED THEOLOGY.

At a meeting of the Woburn, N. Y., Conference, according to the Albany Ar-gus, Farmer Allen, of Wakefield, related the following anecdote: On Sunday morning, while a certain

On Sunday morning, while a certain deacon was preparing for church, a wan-dering wayfarer, or, in modern parlance, a tramp, appeared at his door, pleaded his hunger, and begged for something to eat. The deacon looked solemn and frowningly, but reluctantly got a loaf of bread and began to cut it; but while doing so took occasion to admonish the beggar concerning the erfor of his ways. doing so took occasion to admonstrate beggar concerning the error of his ways. After reminding him that it was the holy Sabbath which he was descrating, he Sabbath which he was descrating, he asked him if he knew how to pray. "No," was the reply. "Then," said the deacon, "I'll learn you," and he commenced to re-peat the Lord's prayer. But just as he uttered the first words, "Our Father," the beggar interrupted him with the question, "What, is he your "duce herizer".

who attended me, met me si

turn, and HE WAS QUITE ASTONISHED . and admitted that there was mo-lous cures at Knock. My I Very Rev. Father, and the enborhood were surprised and we

my recovery. When I went to Knock, When I went to Knock, Father, the people with whot there, had to remain up with 1 night, I had become so very be thought I would not live, but hopes, Very Rev. Father, to would make three visits to the of our Blessed Lady I would ter. And, Very Rev, Father, been at Knock four days I may visit on the fourth day, and to of all who saw so great a change of all who saw so great a chang a time, I walked out of the cl

QUITE RECOVERED AND When I came from Knock Father, I brought with me holy cement, and I have see cures by its use. One poor m curies by its use. One poor n ailing from rhenmatism in leg, and who was so bad that walk out or lift kis arm to 1 ged of me a morsel of the ce it to him, he disselved it in bathing his leg and arm t could walk within three day area and has continued so et ever, and has continued so e is now able to resume his wo

A woman who had sore nearly blind in consequence a little of the holy cement. she dissolved it in water, water she washed her eyes.

HER EYES ARE NOW QUI and she can see much bette than she hitherto could in Another lady who had ru her leg, and who could get her good, asked me for cement. I gave it to her, a solved it in water, she bath in a week she was quite we

A gendeman who had a face, which caused him a h it, and a great pain in his h much so that he could ha day or sleep by night, rece his own request, some