# The Saller's Toast.

### BE FRANCIS QUINN.

ast, a toast !" the sallors ory, echo souwers back, the good ship ploughs her foamy t the billow's bounding track. 's to the friends we leave babind, ream Erin o'er the seas, iod in He ove and mercies kind est them where'er we be."

Thus pledged each heart both bold and brave. To the loved one he ne'er might see, As the brave ship danced o'er the beaving

With the white sea foam on her lee. Till a youth stood up with briming cup, And his dark eyes fiashir g bright, While each gazed with pride on his manl

form And his curis like the shades of night. "A toast I drink to a dear one's name, I love beyond any other. She's more to me than any friend I name, I drink to my dear old mother. I know ere she closes her eyes in alcep She breathes a prayer for me, That our Bleased Mother will ever keep A watch o'er her boy at ses."

A silence fell on that jovist throng, And eyes that fiashed grow dim, Hoshed was the jest and laughing song, Uutouched were the giasses brim. Such thought of home and a mother dear, And memory wandered back, While the proud ship danced o'er the tremb ling wave. And memory which the proud ship dance. And memory which the proud ship dance. I ling wave. On the ocean's watery track. On the ocean's watery track. San Francisco Monitor.

# THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Many years ago I was the editor of a weekly newspaper, writes a cor-respondent of the Journalist, published in a flourishing town on the office opened and a young man entered and inquired for the editor. The new comer was evidently of Irish birth, and the grace and refinement of his greeting, as he came to my side, marked him as a cultivated ntleman. He was of medium gentleman. He was of medium height, well proportioned body, a perfectly formed head, large dark eyes, clean shaven face, hair black and glossy and lying in thick curls, fine teeth, and a clear red and white complexion. But what most impressed me as I looked into this new You know Brown's old horse, don't face was its smile. This seemed to you? When you wish to obtain the remedial blessings of a severe lake storm just get astride of that quadhave its birth about the eyes, and thence flashing to every other feature, illuminated the whole with a ruped and whip him into a trot." soft brightness irresistible in its attractiveness and impossible to des-cribe. Altogether I thought I had laughed in something of his old pleasant way over this little joke, and I, heavy as I was at heart, forced never met with a handsomer, man-lier man. The card he handed me bore the name of Sullivan, and he went on to explain that he was twenty-three years of age, graduate of an Irish college, and had recently on the following Saturday evening, been reading law in Dublin, and doing some reporting for a city journal but that circumstances had there: from him—the first, other than a business one, I had known of his reinduced him to come to this country for a prolonged stay, and he was anxious to obtain newspaper work in the West. He had no references, but I was so strongly impressed in his favour that I consented to give him a trial it might bring comfort to his trontrial. So our business connection began. bled spirit.

and I was not long in discovering that in him I had secured a valuable assistant. He was thorough and effi-cient in everything he undertook, and as he came and placed his hand and seemed anxious for constant upon my shoulder, I looked up and

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could only beg him to go home with me and take a sleeping powder. 'Sleep!' he cried; 'no sleep has come to me for months! John, promise me one thing—it will do no harm to any cruelly beating a deck-band. He was also a great lovor of little children, and expended a liberal share of his salary in toys and sweets for them, and he was ready to fight in defence ble thing—it will do no narm to any living creature, but will be better in every way. Promise me if I should —if we should be separated, that you will do all in your power to prevent any search for my relatives. It is a foolish whim of mine, I know; but promise dear old fellow ". of the most ragged and dirty little imp among them on the slightest provocation. Saturday was a holiday at our office, ss it was in the town schools, and so it came about that a an appointed hour on that day a troop of children, whose acquaintance he had made in his walks about the promise, dear old fellow !'

I pressed his hand in token of acquiescene, and turned away to hide my own emotion, and when I looked neighborhood, would come flocking to our rooms. None went away empty-handed. If the supply of bon-bons ran out, he would substitute again he was burning the letter in the stove. Other papers he took from his desk and destroyed in the same way. This done, he came to me again in a calmer two or three coppers for each of the others. Then he would sing them some simple Irish songs, and wind up the entertainment with a little speech, both amusing and instructive to his little audience. He said to me, on one mood, and, taking both my hands in his, he said : 'John ! you have been a good, kind friend to me, and I don't of these occasions, when the depart-ing footsteps of the happy company had ceased to echo along the hall-way: "To me there is no music half way: To me there is no music half so sweet as the laugh of a little child! I always feel a pity for them, knowing the mountains of pain and sorrow the most of them will find to me. And now,' he added in a voice soft and sweet as a little child, 'and now if you don't mind, I will rest a while before going home, lying across the paths they must travel in life.' I will be very quiet, and may

sleep. Sullivan had been with me nearly two years, and his tendency to mel-ancholy seemed to have become a I thought it would be well for him to rest a little before our long walk up the steep bluff to his hotel, and Mississippi river in Illinois, and one day, finding we needed an additional reporter, I sat down to write to a friend in Chicago, requesting that one be sent to me, but before I had written the date line, the door of my office opened and a strong bis line of the steep binn to his hoter, and disease, and was wearing his life away, while un istakable signs of the unaistakable signs of the unaistakable signs of the walked slowly to his chair. He had acquired a habit of resting by placing his lebows upon his desk and supporting his head between his up-office opened and a strong bis his tooklo and the steep binn to his hoter, and the steep binn to his hoter, and so told him. He again took my hand as though loth to go from me, and then walked slowly to his chair. He had acquired a habit of resting by placing his head between his up-office opened and a strong his head between his upso told him. He again took my hand consult a physician, and all my attempts to get a hint of the cause of his trouble, in order that I might offer some consolitory advice, were raised hands. Looking after him, I saw he had taken that position now then I turned to my work, which in vain, I finally suggested a few was very pressing. I wrote on, I know not how long, when suddenly weeks rest and a trip around the lakes, and to this he replied: 'Oh, no! dear old fellow. Work! a great fear came upon me, and springing to my feet, I went to him. work! work! is the panacea for me, His noble head was bowed low if there be one in this world ! But stop! I must take a trip after all. upon his quiet breast, and his arms were extended as though at last his You said something the other day about looking up the crops in the upper part of the county. Let me hire Brown's saddle-horse and go. dead love had come to his embrace

and borne his soul away. Perhaps she had ! who knows ?-Boston Herald.

A SISTER'S STORY:

He

AN INVALID CURED AFTER MAKING THREE PROMISES TO THE SACRED HEART.

PROMISES TO THE SACRED HEART. Here is a true story, the moral of which we have placed at the end, so that no one need be frightened away from reading it. Only when they arrive there, they will probably wish to read that also, so that no part of the good gift may pass by them. So good a tale is a real gift; it is from a Sister, who, in the employments of her convent life has devoted herself especially to the Monthly Communion and the Commution of Reparation among Children. myself to join in the mirth, hoping that even this little moment of forgetfulness might do him some good. My dear friend started on his trip the next Monday, and was to return and I, at his request, promised to await his coming at the office. In my Children. It was towards the end of July, 1883. letter mail of Friday I found a letter

One of my old pupils, a young woman scarcely twenty years old, sent to ask my scarcely twenty years old, sent to ask my prayers. She was a mother for the sec-ond time, but her child had nearly cost her her life. So she sent me word : "Pray hard for me and for my boy." The newcomer filled an empty place. His elder brother had died some months before, and the whole family hatled his birth with joy. But the condition of the young mether son game vise to the line.

young mother scon gave rise to the live-liest apprehensic as. Her weakness went on increasing day by day, and at last the physicians declared they could do no more for her. The last thing they had done was

of rooting this practical devotion in this family and in the souls of many others. Still I was faithful to my promise and joined in the prayers of the family ; but the sick person was none the better. I have no doubt that Mary Immaculate when the other the story of Ireland's conversion from have no doubt they wished for other entred

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

wished for other entreaties. One evening—it was the eve of the beautiful feast of the Assumption—they came to tell me in all haste : "Mrs, A. is in her agony ; she wishes to see you before she dies." I hastened to her beddide. No sooner did she perceive me near her, than she

murmured : "It is all over, the Blessed Virgin has

given me up." "No, no," I said, "the Blessed Virgin never forsakes." "But she does not wish to cure me !" "There is still one means left."

"What is it ?" "The Sacred Heart. You are a mem-ber of the Apostleship of Prayer; you know the goodness of the Heart of Jesus; it is He Who will cure you. Only promise "What is it ?" it is He Who will cure you. Only promise Him three things. First, you will con-secrate your whole household to His Divine Heart. Secondly, you will give His picture the place of honor in your parlor. Thirdly, when you are cured, you will go to Communion for nine first Fri-days of the month without interruption. This evening we will begin a novena to the Sacred Heart; join with us in our prayers, and say to Jesus from the bottom of your heart : O Jesus, once Thou didst cure in Judea all the sick who came to Thee; cure me for the glory of Thy Divine Heart." the new and grand creed he had come to teach, and never betrayed the least desire to persecute either him who brought to them the good tidings of great joy, or any of his numberless disciples. A won-derful story it is, truly, and singular in the annals of missionary enterprise. Much of the credit of these extraordin-are features of S. Patrick's encodedate is

Heart." The sick person, summoning all her

The sick person, summoning all her strength, replied : "Yee, yee, I promise everything." "Even though you should be in your last agony, still keep confidence." "Yee, yee, we must do everything." I left the dying person in peace and hope. On my return to the convent, I at once sought the chapel, and there, pros-trate and deeply moved, I cried alond : "O Divine Jesu, it is for thy glory, for the honor of Thy Sacred Heart that I ask this cure. To the I make promise that, if Thou wilt hear my prayer, I will re-double my zeal to establish Thy kingdom in the hearts of all my pupils, and of all those with whom I shall have to do." To this promise I added the offering of a personal sacrifice, of very slight moment it is ture.

she was able to receive Communion on the morrow; but the day was one of the greatest suffering. I bade them say to the poor dying woman: Hope against all hope! Meanwhile I redoubled my urgent entreaties to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"She who was dying is born again. She passed a very quiet night; and her stom-ach, which has refused utterly every kind of liquid, now supports it without diffi-culty. The sick person feels that she is coming back to life." In less than eight days and before the end of the novene. Mrs. A. was fully con-

end of the novens, Mrs. A. was fully con-valescent, and a month had not passed before she took up her ordinary line of occupations, and made ready to ju'fil her

Promises. On learning of her cure, one of the doc-tors who had had charge of her declared : "Mrs. A. may well offer a handsome candle to our Lady of Lourdes !"

added :

less could have cured her." In the meantime our friend, thus raised up to new life, has been faithful to her beautiful pictures adorn her parlor. One represents the Divine Heart of Jesus, the other the Immaculate Heart of Mart of re-Every month she has the happiness of re-the fact that he first went to the Monastery

### MARCH 20. 1846.

and west—with ap energy which simply seems amszing when we consider the dif-ficulties which encountered the traveller

seems amszing when we consider the dif-ficulties which encountered the traveller in those remote days. Conversions from paganism were wholesale amongst the Irish people wherever the Apostle preached; zealous priests were ordained in great numbers; more zealous Bishops were consecrated as occasion re-quired; religious communities sprang up as if by magic; churches innumerable were built, and, in a word, the whole Irish peo-ple, with exceptions, too few to be recog-nized, turned from the false worship to the true, and were glad to have at last a worthy object for their adoration. One striking incident in the saint's missionary career is worthy of special mention. It was his habit to bring his pastoral staff about with him on his jour-neys; and as his pastoral functions had, of uccessity, to be performed on the green sward, in the open air, the staff was shod with pointed iron to enable it to stand upright when the iron was driven into the ground. A Munster prince named Aengus embraced the Faith, and the saint of Baptism. To leave both hands free for the due performance of the function, he, as he thought, struck the iron point into the ground. It happened, however, to derful story it is, truly, and singular in the annals of missionary enterprise. Much of the credit of these extraordin-ary features of St. Patrick's apostolate is due to the character of the friah them-elves; to their natural love of justice, to their inherent mobleness of disposition, and to their high imaginativeness, which made them quick to perceive and to graph the truth and beauty of the new faith presented to them. Much, however, is also due to the character of the great tags of the capitor of the intervent in the saint's missionary career is worthy of special mention. It was his habit to bring his patoral staff about with him on his jour-neys; and as his pastoral functions had, of the cruth at in hisy outh he was carried off to Ireland by pirates, and sold into slavery in a part of what is now the county of Antrim. Thus the opportunity was given to him of becoming well acquainted with the lish tongue, as will as with the customs and the everyday life of the people. The employment to which hit to the great more the faith, and the saint went porceeded to administer the sacament of Baptism. To leave both hands free for here again we have a striking illustration of the wonderful ways of Providence in preparing instruments for the doing of to reaging instruments for the doing of the tragent we have a striking illustration the great to the sward, which soon be-fore plenty of time to meditate and to pray, and thus to make himself more fit to the great to every out could not afterwards to evangelize; and a she in Ira-to that long term of apprenticeship toring per where he would find a ship to boring port where he would find a ship to the take from the place of the slavery. Regarding that directions and the speech of the captive; on the place of the shim mary from the place of the shavery. Regarding that direction and the stare from Haveve, he fiel for mhis slavery. Regarding that direction as one that came from Haveve, he fiel for mis

It is a wonderful story surely—this complete evangelization of a nation by the efforts of one man during the course of his natural life, prolonged as that life was. There is nothing like that marvellous tale in the annals of the Church, profoundly interesting as they are, from the Acts of the Apostles to the latest record of the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. During the whole of St. Patrick's propagands but a solitary life was lost —that of Odran, the saint's char-ioteer. He sacrificed himself to save his holy master; but with that one exception not a drop of blood was spilled in the en-deavour to christianize the Irish people. not a drop of blood was spilled in the en-deavour to christianize the Irish people. This fact speaks volumes for their natural tolerance, as well as for their desire to do what is right if they are let. Many chap-ters of the history of Ireland are sad read-ing; but amid all the gloom of it two need to fear that Heaven has not heard his prayer. Staunchly Catholic the great majority of the Irish people are to-day, despite all efforts, whether open or insidi-ous, to make them change their religious belief. They are still in whole-hearted communion with Rome, just as their glorious Apostle was throughout his car-eer; and they have, as a race, shown such magnificent courage and resolution in ad-hering to their Faith under all difficulties, that it is well nigh impossible to think of that it is well nigh impossible to think of them as having anything but a great future before them under the patronage of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland.

### MARCH 40, 1886

## A New Poem by J. G. Whittier

John Greenleaf Whitier, the Amer poet, rarely writes now; but he has contributed to the Atlantic Monthly a test against the migration of the man of the country districts to the towns. are enabled to give from a copy of American edition of the magazine a extracts from the poem, which is ent "The Homestead." Mr. Whitter b by picturing the describes the charm country life country life\_

Against the wooded hills it stands, Ghost of a dead home, staring thr Its broken lights on wasted lands Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unsho The poor foreaken farm fields lie, Once rich and rife with golden corn And pale green breadth of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft, The garden plot no housewife keeps Through weeds and tangles only left, The suake, its tenant, creeps.

His track, in mould and dust of droug On floor and hearth the squirrel leav And in the fireless chimney's mouth His web the spider weaves.

So sad, so drear ! It seems almost Some haunting presence makes its i That down yon shadowy lane some gho Might drive his spectral kine !

O home so desolate and lorn ! Did all thy memories die with thee ? Were any wed, were any born, Beneath this low roof-tree ?

Did rustic lovers hither come ? Did maidens, swaying back and forth In rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom, Make light their toil with mirth ?

Did child-feet patter on the stair? Did boyhood frolic in the suow? Did grey age, in her elbow-chair, Knit rocking to and fro?

The murmuring brook, the sighing by The pine's slow whisper cannot tell ; Low mounds beneath the hemlock tree Keep the home secrets well.

O wanderers from ancestral soil, Leave noisome mill and chaffering s Gird up your loins for sturdier toil, And build the home once more !

What matter if the gains are small That life's essential wants supply ? Your homestead s titles give you all That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many dollared crave, The brick-walled slave of 'Change

mart, Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers have More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom willed With none to bid you go or stay, Till the old field your tathers filled, As manly men as they !

With skill that spares your toiling has And chemic aid that science brings, Reclaim the waste and outworn land, And reign thereon as kings!

ST. JOSEPH, TME MODEL OF WO ING MEN.

BY REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S. J

BY REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S. J Next to our ever-blessed Immac Mother herself, where shall we fi striking an example of the Divine c of the lowly in order to accomplish own great and magnificent purpos we find in the glorious saint whou chose to be His foster-father? W after a meditation on "the lowlin His handmaiden," of the future Que Heaven, in the cottage at Nazareti turn to contemplate that poor carpu-the virginal spouse whom God had vided for the protection of His M and of His own infant years, we fin and of His own infant years, we fin same law of God's dealings in oper He is the Supreme; He elevates the l He is the All-wise; and He infuses humble hearts the true wisdom, the h ledge, and the love of Himself. the Omnipotent : therefore He besto those who apart from Him, are we great power of intercession at His T. of Mercy. He makes them stron prayer, and they prevail. They have great graces from Him during their because they saked it so urgently. Jacob: "I will not let Thee go, i Thou bless me." (Gen. xxii, 26). that He has fulfilled every desire, so they need nothing and possess all. those who apart from Him. that He has fulfilled every desire, so they need nothing and possess all, power prevails in intercession for of here below; and that, by His own ar-will, in the measure of His love for and to His own greater glory. A poor carpenter, not long ago pronounced by the voice of Christ's to be the patron and protector of Universal Church. "Go to Joseph," King Phareoh to the famishing multi of Egypt, when they cried out to h their hunger; "Go to Joseph," as Pope, echoing the voice of Joseph," ter-Son on His throne of glory, "a all that he shall say to you." I have missioned him (Our Lord declare effect) to be My instrument in reli your spiritual needs, and often your poral needs besides, by his powerful cession with Myself. I love you al a Divine love, and delight to hea cession with Myself. I love you al a Divine love, and delight to bea answer your prayers. But I specially to have your prayers, besides bein ected straight to Myself, pass likew My Heart through the intercession dear soul, who fed Me, tended Me, fo Me at Nearesth. dear soul, who led Me, tended Me, fo Me, at Nazareth. A humble, obscure carpenter ! gloriously will St. Joseph be enthu and how near to the Throne of after the resurrection! How near radiant soul enshrined to Him, even Yet, when we think of the home he pied on earth, of the unobserved toil, and the hidden sanctity, an meek, unfaltering perseverance with he gained bread for Jesus and Ma the sweat of his face, it needs th the sweat of his face, it needs th should look on these things with th of Faith, to see how the one led other—how the steps led up to the t Well, it is precisely here that our patron becomes "the model of the w man." If St. Joseph had been College of the Apostles, or ranked a the white-robed army of martyrs had been crucified with St. Peter, head been stricken from his body li Paul and St. James: if he had gon head been stricken from his body h Paul and St. James; if he had gor with the rest of the chosen twelve, i the earth, and his words to the end world, we should have admired him, him, revered him, invoked his inter --but we should have found greate culty in taking him for our model. we are all working men; though or ticular tools may differ. This pe tool as much as the weaver's shut the masons chisel, or the carpenter the masons chisel, or the carpenter or the shoemaker's awl, or the

It is true, and I began the novena. It was a terrible night for my poor patient. Crisis followed crisis, and she had frightful fainting-spells. However, she was able to receive Communion on The next day, the 16th of August, what was not my joy, when they came to tell

boring port where he would find a ship to bear bim away from the place of his slavery. Regarding that direction as one that came from Heaven, he fled from his harsh taskmaster without delay, reached the harbor indicated by the mysterious voice, and after some little trouble got on board the vessel and sailed away from the shores of Lecland

shores of Ireland. In all probability the runaway was glad

In all probability the runaway was given One of her cousins, a very pious priest, dded : "Yes, really, it is a miracle; nothing ass could have cured her." In the meantime our friend, thus raised pto new life, has been faithful to her those six years had given for an apostle-this mean to the the there were the the there were the should visit them egain. But man pro-poses, and God disposes, as the shrewd saying is. All the preparation which those six years had given for an apostle-

rt of Mary. ppiness of re-bod and pure and of h r ban of h r ridays. But d to her. r again; and, an interrup-n every time mise." The bent of his disposition is shown by the fact flathe first went to the Monastery of St. Martin of Tours, and afterwards bright features stand out in high relief. One of these is these is the keen avidity with which the Irish people embraced the orreed that St. Patrick taught them; the other is the tenacity with which they to him a letter on which were the words, an interrup-to wait which sis of his mind was ious call thus made on him, and labour to his prevent the sis of prevent to the mostery to man interrup-

breach of the law. St. Patrick was as calm and fearless as an archangel. He was engaged in the work of his Bleased for terrors for him. He engaged in a dis-cursion with the king's chief Druids, con-verting many and silencing all of his opponents. It was on this occasion, according to tradition, that he plucked a hearrock from the sod, and used it to illustrate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity —the Three in One. That is why the barrock has become the Irishman's na-tional emblem, and why it is proudly dis-layed by men of the Irish race on each to a server may be summed up briefly. He di not convert King Lagshaire, but he received full liberty for preaching from that proud sovereign, whose two fair daughters were amongst the saint's won-difful conquests for the Kingdom of the Druids not only accepted the new minisionaries themselves. The saint tra-versed the island—went north, south, east and west—with as energy which simply seems amazing when we consider the dif. The story of Ireland's conversion from Druidical paganism to Christianity, though ancient, is ever new. It possesses such a fascinating interest for all generous minds that it bears repetition again and again. To other peoples, also, aposles were sent; but these preachers of the Gos-pel of Christ had usually to meet flerce opposition from those whom they would lead into the way of eternal salvation, and most of them died the glorious death of the martyr. Some of them perished by the sword, some were crucified like their Divine Master, and some were sub-jected to specially flendish tortures, like him whose lamp of life was quenched in a caulton of boiling oil. But it is the glory of the Irish race that, so far back as the fifth century, a whole people grac-iously received the messenger from Our Blessed Saviour's Vicar on earth, heark-ened to his words with intelligence no less than with meekness, esgerly embraced the new and grand creed he had come to teach, and never betrayed the least desire

came to suspect that he had some an effort to greet me with his old time great trouble on his mind that only vivacity, but his soul was gone. His employment could relieve. He fine eyes retained their brilliancy, Had he so chosen he might, by the natural charm of his manner, made a sincere friend of every person with whom he came in contact, but no-body, excepting myself, could get that. He tried to talk cheerfully of beyond the line of a business his trip. "I will have three columns acquaintance with him. Any for you, dear old friend l" he said, attempts at more than this be promptly checked by an assumption sition journal) will just go mad with of the most chilling politeness. To me, as the months passed by, he grew to be a gentle and attached friend, ahead." And so we talked on until while in return I loved him as a brother, and it pained me to see the depression of mind which I had noticed soon after our first acquaintance, gradually increasing in intensity. mind by making up little parties of pleasant young people at our house. He knew he would always honor her invitation to these gatherings; but if he knew I was at the office-as I generally was until very late every I will tell you.' The passage he pointed out in the letter he held in his hand was this night-he would get away as soon as he could, without actual rudeness, and come to me and say something to the effect that he would like to

"Toward the end she never com plained, nor seemed to shrink, as behelp me with my work if I would let fore, from their harsh upbraidings him-that everybody was kind and but just wasted away day by day, and pleasant, but he had no heart for died with your name upon pleasant, but he had no heart for ordinary social conversation, and lips." "Now you know," the stricken man "Now you know," the stricken man just wanted to be alone with me. The sweet, almost childlike expression of continued, "what it is that has made my existence of late a living death. his face at such times there was no resisting, and I usually let him have and drained my body of blood and vitality. She was a beautiful, gentle-

his own way without remonstrance. But, notwithstanding Sullivan's hearted girl, and I knew months ago disinclination to mix with our social that her family was killing her becircles, he became very popular cause of her love for me. I have corwith the townspeople by reason of responded with her old nurse, who his great physical strength and cour- has been with her, and I know all. age. I could give a score of incidents I could tell you much more, but there illustrating this. He once kicked a is no need. I left home to save her, great burly hotel porter half across as I hoped, from abuse; but they lied the public square for burning a little to me! May God curse them here and negro girl's ear with a lighted cigar; and I was walking along the levee All this

All this time he had been excitedly with him on another occasion, when he rushed on board a steamship at the landing and, with one blow, knocked the mate overboard for could I say—what comfort offer? I do this wonder, it is so fine an opportunity of Gorrie, Oat.

 $\begin{array}{c} \mbox{occupation}-\mbox{would} \ \mbox{plead} \ \ \mbox{for it in} \\ \mbox{such a nervous feverish way that } I \\ \end{array} \\ \begin{array}{c} \mbox{saw at a glance that the journey had} \\ \mbox{been of no benefit to him. He made} \\ \end{array} \\ \end{array}$ to perform a very painful operation which had been badly mansged, and it ended by leaving her in danger of death. She was now completely worn out, and life was despaired of. You may guess the sorrow the subject was exhausted, and then he stepped to the letter rack and took the contents to his desk at the other side of the room. Soon I heard My wife tried to divert his key in the door; then I felt the painful grasp of his hand upon my arm and turned to look at him. My God. what a change ! "Oh, John!" he cried, in piteo is and despairing tones, "my heart is broken, read these lines and

It was nearly 9 o'clock when I

heard his slow and languid step upon

of the family. As soon as I heard the sad news, I asked leave to go to my old scholar. I was filled with deep emotion at the sight of her. She was emaciated to the last degree; her features were already altered and everything foretold that the end was near. As I drew near I concealed my

surprise and said smilingly : "Come, take courage! you are on the ross, but you are not alone. Jesus Christ with you

At these words the poor child looked at me for a moment and then began weep-ing. I understood her tears. They told plainly-I am a mother and I am young ; yet I am soon to die ! How can J be resigned ? I understood without difficulty and

"Mary, say with me : My God, Thy will be done !" She obeyed, and then I asked her :

"Do you wear the scapular ?" "Yes, and different kinds, but not the one you have in your hands." It was the scapular of the Sacred Heart. "Do you wish for it ?"

And at her request, I fastened it on her bosom. The good mother of the sick woman, who now never left for a moment the bedside of her only daughter, said to me in a low voice, weeping : "It is all over ; medicines and doctors

can do nothing." "Let us hope on ; God is powerful, and if He thinks best will bring back your

child to health." "I have already prayed so much! I no

longer know what to do." "To whom have you applied for a miracle ?'

miracle?" "To our Lady of Lourdes. My whole confidence is in Mary. I have promised three pilgrimages to three of her shrines, and a considerable gift to one of her

chapels." "Very well; I will join you in your prayers, and we will try to obtain a

I then bade farewell to the sufferer. ex-

boring her anew to confidence, and especially resignation; and so I left the family all in tears. I felt happy at their trust in the Bleesed Virgin; but to tell the truth, I had a secret desire, a kind of

newing to these Hearts so good and pure the consecration of herself and of h r whole family. She also began at once the monthly

Communion on the first Fridays. But she was obliged to interrupt. "What will you do ?" I said to her.

"What will you do?" I said to her. "I am going to begin over again; and, if I am sgain forced to make an interrup-tion, I will begin over again every time until I have fulfilled my promise." The voice of the Irish," and which en-treated him to come amongst them. Thenceforward the bias of his mind was fixed. He would respond to the myster-ious call thus made on him, and labour to make free by eternal truth the people amidst whom he himself had served as a slave. In necessarily brief paper like the pre-sent it would be impossible to go in de-tal into the career of Ireland's glorious word. Besides, the fulfilling of this duty gives me the greatest joy. I no longer understand how I could pass several months without approaching the Holy Table. Monthly Communion is now a need of my soul." Before her sickness, Mrs. A., who was taken up with the asyme of how how is an

taken up with the cares of her business, received Communion only on three or four of the great feasts of the year. Now she understands the advantages of some-she understands the advantages of some-his mind, his varied powers, and the re-mainder of his life, whether that should be long or short. Happily for Ireland it was destined to be long. Fortified with the Papal authority the

I desire that it may so be. This is the end of the good Sister's story. But what is its moral? She herself has given it. It is to desire that the practice of frequent Communion may more and more increase among Christians. This is the expressed desire of our Lord's Sacred Heart to His beloved servant, the Blessed Margaret Mary.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE, is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health. THE PROPER CHANNEL for the escape

from the system of impurities which would, if they remained, poison the blood, is through the bowels. When this outlet is obstructed it may be disencum-bered with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a remedy which regulates the system, invigorates digestion, and is pure and safe as well as effective. It cures all diseases arising from Impure Blood. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

An Obstinate Case.

"In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Garris Ont.

sent it would be impossible to go in de-tail into the career of Ireland's glorious Apostle. Many interesting incidents Apostle. Many interesting incidents must be skipped in deference to the des-potism of limited space. It must suffice to say here that he visited the centre of Catholic unity and obtained the benediction and approval of Pope Celestine before he set out on the magnificent mission to which he had resolved to devote his soul,

be long or short. Happily for Ireland it was destined to be long. Fortified with the Papal authority the

rotified with the Papa authority the zealous Apostle set sail from France about the year 432 A. D., and landed in Ireland at the mouth of what has been entitled "Boyne's ill-fated river." The appelation betrays narrowness of view. St. Patrick's connection with that beauti-ful stream should be enough to hallow it for all time. The banks whereon his feet first trod the soil of Ireland without let or hindrance when he went on his holy mission should be sacred ground to the Irish race, and should be revered in memory though fifty battles, instead of one, had reddened the gently flowing tide with human blood.

Behold the Apostle, then, just entered on the great task to which he had been consecrated, knowing the language and the disposition of the people to whom he had come to preach the Gospel of Christ, and burning with zeal to make that know-

and ourning with 2sa to make that know-ledge available for their benefit. He pushed into the country towards "Tara of the Kings," so that he might strike at paganism in the very centre of its power. It was Easter time, and the Saint caused Paschal fire to be lit on the hill of Slane. Great was the wrath of the Irist monarch, Leachbirg Learny Uterest for its on hear

Cheerful Rooms.

Light and cheer are as conducive to health almost as is pure air. Absolute darkness destroys sight, and dark and dis-mal surroundings impair it. The eyelees fishes of the Mammoth Cave confirm this, nshes of the Mammoth Cave confirm this, and all persons who are compelled to use ill lighted offices soon find that the eye-sight fails. Sunlight in a room may cause the carpet to fade, but better so with a hundred carpets, than that health and sight shall fade. The one can be remedied, the others cannot. What can be made sight shall fade. The one can be remedied, the others cannot. What can be more "best room" in some well to do farmer's home ? Prim, cheerless, ill smelling ; where the blessed rays of Heaven seldom enter, and the pure air is excluded as if it bore a pestilence on its wings. We should bear in mind that light is one of the most important elements in the preservation of important elements in the preservation of life, both animal and vegetable, and the attempt to exclude it from our rooms or avoid its healing influence, from foolish scruples or more foolish fashion, is unwise in the extreme.

#### Don't Read This

the Kings," so that he might strike at paganism in the very centre of its power. It was Easter time, and the Saint caused Paschal fire to be lit on the hill of Slane. Great was the wrath of the Irish monarch, Laeghnire (Leary) thereat, for it so hap-pened that a Druidical festival was about to be celebrated, and the rule was that nobody should dare to make a fire until the signal was given by the blazing of the had the saint brought before him for the