

Life and Falshood.

I bowed myself in grief, and leaned on the breast of earth. "O deathless nothing!" I cried, "why bringest thou over to birth Beauty of bough and bird, white flower and leaf? Yet openest to the sun our hearts of meager worth? Here where I grieve receive me back, and bury my grief?"

FOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

"Ah! hah! Our young lord is too young to marry. He is going on his travels first." "Well, I saw him gathering Madeline's roses for that blue-eyed young lady who arrived a few hours ago at the castle; and if monsieur le chevalier is not paying his court to her, I am much mistaken. Madeline is in the third heaven; she will get something handsome for her flowers. Look, they are going into the church. He is showing her all about the place. We shall see them, I hope, on the green next Sunday evening. M. le Baron likes to see the boys and girls at play after vesper." "Aye, and Mademoiselle Isaura is to give a marriage portion to the best behaved girl of the village. A little bird has whispered to me that your Jane's eldest daughter is to be the Rosier."

I asked if it was a good thing he wished, and he said, Yes. So I did what he said. When we left the church he said, "Papa and mamma were married that day, and I have never seen my father—he died before I was born." That was the only time he spoke gravely, for he does nothing but laugh, and say such funny things that he makes me laugh too. Will you look at the crusader's tomb to-morrow, and please call me early, dearest mamma, for we are to ride before it gets hot, Bertha says, and whilst the dew is on the grass." Mademoiselle d'Auban tenderly pressed her lips on her daughter's cheek. Mina went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. But Mademoiselle d'Auban lay awake, thinking of German castles and haunted chambers and of palaces, enclosing, even as in living graves, warm and loving hearts. And she missed on her child's destiny—her lovely, gifted child, doomed to share her parents' strange and unsettled existence. It was long before she closed her eyes. But in the morning she was sleeping heavily when M. le Baron's footman came to her at the entrance of the parish church, which stood between the court of the castle and the village.

The poor and little children, even though he laughs if anybody says so, or takes notice of it. "No secrets, Mille, Bertha," cried her brother. "In mamma's book on Politeness, which I had to read a chapter of, as a penance, when I had transgressed any of its rules, it is said that whispering in company is forbidden. I told Mina bad things of you." "Mademoiselle, stand ring is a great sin; I hope M. le Curé will not give you absolution for a twelvemonth." "That is very possible, brother, for I am not at all disposed to retract what I have said." The sitting in the library led to more talking than reading. The hours went by very fast, and the days also. Poor Raoul began to dread M. d'Auban's arrival as the greatest misfortune, for he knew it would be speedily followed by the departure of the Dame le seigneur. All sorts of schemes were in his mind, and he had long conversations with his mother; and his spirits rose very much (not that they had at any time much fallen) after an interview he had had with the baron on the fourth day of Mille d'Auban's visit.

"Wall, mamma, I was looking straight at the windows of the parlor—the one which opens onto the parquet—when there came a flash of lightning, and I saw, as distinctly as possible it seemed to me, a face looking into the room, and it was at that moment at least, I felt sure it was Osece's face." "The Indian Osece," repeated her mother, apparently relieved. "Oh, my darling, I have no doubt then, it was an optical illusion. I have often felt as if I saw about my bed some of these terrible dark Natchez' faces. They quite haunted me at one time." "I have never thought so little about America as since we have been staying here. I was listening to M. Raoul, and wondering about his travels and their progress. Then all at once I saw what I thought was Osece's face; but it was such a brief glimpse of anything a flash of lightning gives." "You did not hear anything about that Osece before leaving Paris?" "No, mamma, Osece did not know where he was. He ran away, you remember, the day they landed at Marsailles." "Your mind has dwelt so much upon Indians, my Mina, that it is not wonderful you should see them in imagination."

A MINISTER ACCEPTS THE MIRACLES OF LOURDES AND KNOCK.

The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., preached last evening in the Church of the Holy Trinity on the miracles at the shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes. If it of the sermon was a discourse on faith as illustrated in the words of Christ to the disciples when he declared to them that if the bad faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, they might say unto that mountain, Remove, and it shall remove. "The mountain," said the preacher, "represents the impossible; but the mustard seed represents capacity of development. The mighty deities of faith are done by faith in this world as miracles are secured by it in the world to come. It is this faith in part which at Lourdes in France and at Knock in Ireland has been honored of God. The scene of the shrine at Lourdes is beautiful in its pastoral simplicity and its freedom from all influences of commercial life. Though I have threaded other valleys, I have not seen such a country as Southern France. The town is full of legends—it was so from the first settlements of the Langueadoc. The peasant's imaginations take the place of newspapers. The fancy, instead of having their fancies formed for them. They have a simple and profound religious faith. The preacher said: "Never, even in dreamland, have I read such a tale as that of the little French peasant girl—Bernadette, 14 years old, who saw the form of a strange person in white, in the entrance of a grotto. Time and again the girl saw it, and the priest did not credit her story. The people believed though. The priest wanted to test the vision to see if it was real, and lo, a stream of water burst from the grotto, and now it has been running as large as a Saratoga spring for twenty-two years. The little girl was sincere and simple, and died a happy death. In accordance with the girl's vision in the grotto a church was built there; it is the finest outside of the walls of Paris. A Carmelite monastery and a Benedictine convent have been built, each as large as one of our city blocks, and of beautiful architecture—all the result of faith. You may call it the illustration of a half truth, or of a whole truth, or of truth covered with error, I care not. There are piles of crutches and multitudes of conveyances cast aside by the cured at Lourdes, and the Church at Rome has endeavored the appearance and the cures as miracles. This faith at Lourdes, whether well-founded and reasonable or not, flames into an enthusiasm which shines our ruggedly Protestantism. The poor have poured out of their poverty to honor the shrine. No one dares to attempt to deny that multitudes of cures took place there. The lame leaped, the deaf heard, the blind saw. It will never be in this generation to deny these well-authenticated facts." "Finally, the Rev. Dr. Tyng said that although he had been called an ecclesiastical bigot by the newspapers, it was far from being true. "The Roman Catholic Church is wise above all other sects of believers. I do not find it in my heart to impugn their motives, and in my puny impotence I am striving to attain to the same results. In this age of materialism men make merry over miracles; let us congratulate ourselves that God has left us some impenetrable mysteries. So long as there are facts that cannot be explained by present philosophy or present science so long will there be little opportunity of the people being perverted from the faith that has its place for so many centuries in human life.—N. Y. Sun."

want to supply schools of the character indicated to children of the middle classes. The education of the upper and professional classes, he pointed out, was provided for "by the beneficence of past generations in the wise formations of our great public schools." It is known that many of these are Catholic foundations, coming down from Catholic days, intended chiefly for the education of poor boys; and Lord Salisbury truly reminded his hearers that it would perhaps have surprised their ancestors to know that these schools were ultimately to have been reserved for the benefit of the upper classes." The lower classes were educated partly by the devotion of the country clergy, partly by the State. Between the two the middle classes were neglected, and in a country where, as in England, class lines are pretty distinctly drawn, this was a misfortune. Lord Salisbury is against State interference. "A State," he says, "consists of conflicting denominations of rival religions, and a government can never be anything else in the matter of religious education than an arbitrator among the contending parties between whom it has to judge." The State, therefore, can only be neutral in matters where the question of religion enters. To effect the purpose, therefore, of securing a Christian education to the children of the middle class, Lord Salisbury could only look to private action, or a "spirit of munificence, such as that which from century to century moved their forefathers." If such success does not take up the work then he can see nothing for it than that the State, "this inferior unsatisfactory agency, which really can supply nothing but secular education, and whose efforts, therefore, must derogate from the supreme importance of religion, must step in—upon it must devolve the work which in other times was done by earnest Christians." The times and the Christians referred to were both Catholic. The speaker went on to point out the special advantages of Canon Woodward's scheme. One special characteristic of them was that "they are intended for the purpose of teaching a definite religion." He referred to the religious contentions of the age and to the fact that many persons find it hopeless to bring the sects to agree thought it better to ignore religion altogether for peace sake. Others try to accommodate matters by forming what Lord Salisbury called "a coalition religion," where all controverted matters were to be treated as "open questions." This he disbelieved in altogether, as it was simply an attempt to sacrifice the distinctive features of the religion that a man professed. "The undenominational system has not been a success" is the judgment of this most competent critic. He says with undeniable force that "the doctrines which most move men's minds and most affect their consciences and most influence their conduct, those on which their differences are most likely to arise. Then where is the remedy to be found for the evil which he deprecates of the undenominational system? "I would say to the Roman Catholics or the Independents," says Lord Salisbury, "Take these children and educate them in your own belief rather than accept the colorless, unmeaning, powerless teaching which has gone under the name of secular education." That is precisely the Catholic principle, which this statesman has seized and which, with a conscientiousness so powerfully to advocate.—Catholic Review.

THE MEDIATION OF INTERMISSION.

A very common error underlies the Protestant writings against the invocation of the Saints. They forget to notice that there is a double mediation between God and man—the mediation of redemption, and the mediation of a man professed. The mediation of the Saints is confined to that of intercession, like the prayerful mediation of our brethren here on earth; and all favors are asked through the merits of the redemption. Grace originates from God alone, and in the mode of God; it is given to the worthy, and is granted to prayer. The union of Mary's prayer to his own is the basis of the confidence that St. Alphonsus and every other Catholic repose in her. The illimitable effect that our divine Saviour promised to worthy prayer, furnishes some reason for calling it, as it were, omnipotent, and for saying of it (Jas. v. 14), that the Lord obeyed the voice of man.—Dr. D. J. O'Connell.

BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

It is no vile drug, stuff, pretending to be made of wood, iron, steel, barks, &c., and puffed up by long certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines for curing "Truities" and "Proverbs," in another column. Yellow Oil is unsurpassed for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Frost Bites and Chillsains. No other medicine required in the household. It is for internal as well as external use. Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction. All medicine dealers sell it. There is no secret or patent in the production of "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. It could be produced by any manufacturer but no manufacturer could make it pay at the price, unless he could purchase on a large scale and sell on a large scale. He could not sell below the present price without a loss even if he could purchase on the lowest advantageous terms. To get a large market therefore, without which he would have no inducements to go on, would be the work of many years. This is the reason why Messrs. Fuccett & Billings have the command of the market, and they are wise to know that they can retain it only by keeping the price down to hard pan figures. Durdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula and all humors of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and the Bowels at the same time, while it induces nervous irritation and tones up the debilitated system. It cures all humors from a pimple to the worst form of Scrofula. For sale by all dealers. Sample 10 cents, regular size \$1.00. Yellow Oil is the most deservedly popular remedy in the market for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Sore Throat, Lamé Back, Contracture of the Muscles, Cramp, Quinsy, and every variety of Pain, Lameness, inflammation. For internal as well as external use. Yellow Oil will never fail you. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

LORD SALISBURY ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

We have frequently referred to the fact that opposition to the purely secular school system is by no means restricted to the Pope and to Catholics. Evidence multiplies every day of the desire on the part of Christian men to make education of Christians, and not merely colorless, even where it is not absolutely anti-Christian. One of the most notable contributions to the subject is a recent speech of the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Beaconsfield's Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The speech was delivered at Taunton, England, and the occasion was a very interesting one. It was the opening of a public school, the sixth of its kind, by Canon Woodward, a minister of the Church of England. It is a middle-class school. Canon Woodward explained to the distinguished guests assembled the primary object of the school. It was intended to give the benefits of the public school system to those who had not yet enjoyed them, taking care that the principles of the Church of England and its religion should be adequately taught. In other words, the pupils were to receive careful religious instruction, as religion is taught and inculcated in the Church of England, while they should be adequate in other respects to the public schools that make no special provision of this nature. To the toast of the health of the trustees, Lord Salisbury responded. Lord Salisbury can speak on no subject without throwing weight into what he says. He is a man of culture at once wide and deep. His ability is conspicuous even in the innermost circle of able men. He is one of the most powerful orators in the English Parliament, and one of England's leading statesmen, second in his own party only to Lord Beaconsfield. A man of affairs, a statesman who has had the conduct and control of vast and important interests, a man of learning and great force of character, cannot speak to Englishmen on a subject on which all men are equally interested without commanding their close attention. What then, had Lord Salisbury to say on the subject of education? If the speech had been, as in its principle it might have been, a papal encyclical, we should have had the Tyng and Newman's who set their politics above their religion, carefully misquoting it to show that Catholics insist on gaining control over the public schools. This eminent statesman of Protestant England regarded Canon Woodward's experiment as one of the most remarkable movements ever initiated in the country, and chiefly remarkable for the tenacity with which, in an age of agitated and fluctuating opinion, the conductors of the movement adhered to the simple line of loyalty to their Church. It was intended to fill a much-needed

A WONDERFUL CURE.

CHROKEDHOLM, NEAR KILMARNOCK, Ayrshire, Scotland, Aug. 20, 1890. DEAR REV. ARCHDEACON CAYANAGH:—In reply to your earnest inquiries about me, I take the greatest pleasure in writing to you the following facts: I am a young man about twenty-five years of age. I met with a serious accident in a coal pit on September 24, 1879. A piece of coal weighing about two and a half or three cwt. fell upon my head to such an extent that it rendered me unconscious for a few days. Although the doctor came and set the broken bone and dressed my wounds very carefully, he had no hope of my recovery. My good and pious priest came immediately after, and he anointed me with the last rites of the Church, as he thought it was impossible for me to get better; but, with the blessing of God, I managed to do so. When I came to my senses I found that I could neither see nor hear. My hearing and my sight had both left me. But a little time wore on, and with the aid of my doctor, my hearing came back to me, but my sight did not. So, after walking about seven months, lamenting the loss of my sight, I resolved to go on a pilgrimage to the Church of Knock. I arrived at the most holy place on Lady Day, 25th of arch, 1886. I was there Good Friday, Holy Saturday, Easter Sunday and the following week. I spent my time in continued devotion to my most Blessed Mother, Sts. Joseph and John, also the whole court of heaven. The day before I left, you may still remember me asking you through your charity to offer up a Mass for the proper restoration of my eyesight, as I intended going home, and was then no better. On the following day, after hearing Mass, I started on my journey homeward, still persevering in my devotion, hoping that the Mother of God would do something for me before I got home. Well, then, dear father, being fatigued, I fell asleep on the boat between Ireland and Scotland, and to the best of my knowledge, I slept about three hours. When I awoke I thought the men in charge of the ship had been lighting lamps. I went up stairs to the deck, and, although it was about midnight, I could see all on board perfectly well. It was then, father, that I was fully satisfied that a miracle had been wrought upon me during my short sleep. I went down stairs again, and I could see the bottom step just as plainly as the one at the top. I cannot express the feeling of joy I felt at that moment, to think that, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, it has pleased her Divine Son—Creator and Redeemer of the world—to restore me to the former use of my sight. I arrived safe home at Kilmarnock, to the great joy of my parents and the wonder of all friends and neighbors, with my eyesight as good and as clear as it was the day before I met with the accident. I have been working every day in Glasgow since my return from the most holy shrine. Dear father, yours sincerely, EDWARD M'FLOY.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you love each other you need not spend your time in saying so, for your life will tell the truth, even when your lips fail to do so.