

MR. W. O'BRIEN'S VISIT.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien arrived in Montreal on the 11th and lectured to an immense and enthusiastic audience. His reception was of the most cordial description showing that the vast majority of the people of the metropolis of Canada hold in warm regard both Mr. O'Brien and the great cause of which he is one of the most able champions. The following is a partial report of his brilliant oration: Ladies and fellow-countrymen, I desire at the very outset to thank the question why I have come here to ask a hearing and to ask your assistance. I will tell you in one word—because the homes in Luggscurran are desolate to-night, and the man who has caused it all is in the highest position in the great country of yours. It is by no means pleasant for me to intrude myself on your attention. I am but a humble stranger from Ireland, and Lord Lansdowne is a great lord, but judging from the feeling I have experienced I do not think I need apologise to you for coming here to protest against the extermination of our race by means using Canadian money. Where are we to turn unless to the public opinion of kindred lands such as Canada? Or have I come to this, that it is to be a crime for us to appeal to you, who can alone save the poor people of Luggscurran? I have not come here to appeal to passion or excitement, or stir up division among the people of this happy country. My object is to appeal to the reason and judgment of all free and liberty-loving men. It would never be forgotten by Ireland that Canada, during the terrible famine of 1879, had subscribed twenty thousand pounds for the starving people of Ireland. The great leader of the Irish people, O. S. Farnell, had said he would never beg the world again for man for the victims of Irish landlordism. They did not come to ask for alms, they came to ask for a helping hand. They did not ask now for twenty thousand pounds, but they asked them to enquire what use Lord Lansdowne had been making of the money he had been getting from this country, and if they found him in the wrong, he asked them to pass their just sentence on Lord Lansdowne's conduct as they had a legal, constitutional and incontrovertible right to do. The speaker then alluded to the Crimes bill, which he said sought to reduce the Irish to the level of Negro slavery. It would enable men worse than Lord Lansdowne—far personally he had no reason to judge him harshly—to gag and throttle the people of Ireland. (Cries of "Shame, shame.") If the people of Canada wished to stand between the people and coercion now's the day and now's the hour, for the day they passed condemnation on Lord Lansdowne for his action in the Luggscurran affair that day they would nerve the arm of Gladstone, and put an end to the policy of extermination. (Loud applause.) Lord Lansdowne's policy was simply to depopulate and devastate an area five miles in extent. (Loud hisses.) He dare not deny that fact. If Lansdowne was allowed to triumph in Canada, at the next Quarter Sessions in Queen's County he would get his final batch of evictions, and, with the exception of Lord Lansdowne's estates there would not be a person on the estate who would not be banished from the land of his forefathers. (Loud hisses and cries of "Shame, shame.")

Mr. O'Brien then described the evictions and said that was the kind of man who, unfortunately, was Governor-General of Canada, and it was Canadian money which was being used by his brutes and hirelings. These men only owed half a year's rent, and were as honest and punctual a body of tenants as ever a landlord was blessed with. Their only crime was their just demand for a reduction of the rackrents. The speaker then made numerous quotations in support of his contention that the demands of the tenants were less than Lord Cooper's royal commission of landlords had considered essential, and which he said Lord Lansdowne's own arbitrator, Mr. Denning, had approved of in writing out of the mouths of his own friends; therefore Lord Lansdowne stood condemned. (Applause.) He had also refused to reduce the judicial rents by a single farthing, and was turning Luggscurran into a wilderness. Had Lord Lansdowne not broken his treaties with the tenants he would have been spared the indignity of standing at the bar of public opinion in Canada to answer the cries of the poor tottering men and helpless children whom he had driven from their homes. Mr. O'Brien said he could go on for hours piling proof upon proof. He based the tenants' claim wholly and solely upon the declaration of the Royal Commission and Lord Lansdowne's own words. He held that out of the mouths of his own friends he stood condemned, and that the justice of the tenants' cause stood revealed. (Loud applause.) The tenant had adopted the Plan of Campaign—(applause)—they had stood by it—(renewed applause)—and they were prepared to stand by it to the bitter end. (Great cheering.) What would they have them to do? Would they have them to lie down at the landlord's feet? (Loud shouts of "No, no!" "Never!" "Would they allow them to be transported in ships to the shores of the St. Lawrence, as in former days, and be buried on their arrival? (Cries of "No.") But, thank God, the tenants no longer left their homes with dejected air, but with the shout of "God Save Ireland," and cheer for the Plan of Campaign. (Loud applause.) There was not an Irish exterminator now who could hide his face in any country the wide world over—applause—and save himself from the condemnation of the civilized world. That was what cheered the people of Ireland and kept their hands from crime. He appealed to-night to three hundred and fifty thousand men, who were empowered to pronounce between Lord Lansdowne, not as Governor-General of Canada, but as an Irish evictor—(hisses)—and the four or five hundred women and children who had been condemned to expulsion. From many a home in Ireland to-night were anxious watchers looking to see whether the verdict would be one of

EMANCIPATION OR DESTRUCTION.

It was for Canada to let Lord Lansdowne and the world know that when Canada stretched out her hand to Ireland it was not for eviction or expulsion, but to sympathize and succor them. Let them do this, and he assured them that when the misery had passed away and when the great fact of reconciliation had been realized, in the pleasant years to come, from the happy homes of Luggscurran assembled in the nation's Parliament on College Green—(loud cheers)—the great Irish race would remember forever the message that he hoped would be flashed across to them to-night from the sisterland of Canada. (Great applause, during which Mr. O'Brien retired.)

At the conclusion of the address a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the speaker amid loud cheers, and the gathering broke up without any disturbance amid the singing of "God Save Ireland." Mr. O'Brien's speech was delivered in a forcible, earnest manner, and was marked by studied calmness and unexpected moderation.

THE FATAL DEFECTS OF RITUALISM.

By Catholic Review.

The difficulty with our Ritualistic friends is that they do not comprehend the Catholic system in its entirety and its integrity. They are circulating round on the circumference of truth, and have never reached the centre of the system. They view truth in patches and piecemeal. Of course the mosaic is beautiful in itself, and as viewed in isolated portions, but how much more grand and beautiful would the view be if they could stand at the centre of the design and view it as a unique, compact and comprehensive whole. It is as impossible for a Protestant, however intelligent, to comprehend the Catholic system in all its simple and impressive grandeur without studying it from within, as it is for a man to comprehend the design of a complicated piece of machinery by an external, superficial view of its wheels, its cogs and its axles.

The centre of the Catholic system is the Papacy, and the reason of being of the Papacy is the necessity of unity. There is no unity for an organised body without a head. The Catholic Church is the greatest organisation in the world, and its members, though scattered in all nations throughout the world, are united in one compact body, the binding force of which is the glorious hierarchy of which the Pope is the head. There can be no true unity without union with that hierarchy.

Our Ritualistic friends have come to perceive the beauty, the reasonableness, and the antiquity of various distinct and isolated principles of Catholic teaching, and they fondly imagine that they are Catholics. In their little, isolated sections of a sect they have invented fanciful and impossible theories of unity, and content themselves with aesthetic imitations of genuine Catholicity with which the majority of their own brethren do not sympathize. What they need is a second first, that if our Lord has a visible Church in the world that Church must have been constituted in unity, and our Lord must have provided for the preservation of that unity to the end of time. There is in the very nature of the case an absolute, a priori possibility that He would make such provision.

Second, they should look carefully and candidly for indications of this provision for unity in the Scriptures, and as they have been accustomed to read the Scriptures, with their Protestant spectacles on, and they need some one to direct their attention to the Scriptural argument in its full strength, we take this occasion to recommend their careful perusal and study of a little book which, better than any other book with which we are acquainted, presents the Scriptural argument in a plain, simple, logical, and, to a candid mind, convincing manner. We allude to "The See of St. Peter, The Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction and the Centre of Unity," by Thomas William Allies, M. A. An edition of this admirable treatise was published several years ago by Lawrence Kehoe, with a preface to the third edition, being a letter to Dr. Pussey in answer to a criticism of his book by the Doctor in his book entitled, "The Truth and Office of the English Church." The letter, of course, is an admirable one, and is a clear and perfectly satisfactory answer to the Doctor's criticism. But, we confess, we prefer the little treatise, "The See of Peter," by itself, especially for an inquirer who desires to take in the full force of the argument without distraction. If we had no other edition than the one above alluded to to put into the hands of a friend inquiring for Catholic truth, we certainly should recommend him first to read the treatise itself, and then, if his curiosity prompted, let him read the introductory letter. The writer can never forget the surprise and gratification with which he read that book in his progress to the Catholic Church. The argument was so full and so convincing; it presented old familiar texts in such a new and striking light; there were so many of them, and the combined effect of the whole was so thoroughly convincing that the impression was deep and lasting, and left not a doubt of the real design and teaching of our Lord and His Apostles on this most vital subject. To his surprise he found that the argument for the primacy of Peter in the college of the Apostles was more complete and convincing than that for bishops as compared with the argument for presbyters. The effect was, for the same or even a better reason, that the truth, and it is only by taking one's stand on this great central truth of Christianity that one can fully comprehend the full grandeur and beauty of the system, and find that solid satisfaction and peace in believing which the Catholic faith in its integrity alone can give.

Notwithstanding much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, possibly the matter has never claimed your serious attention. Think of it now! If, by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, you avoid scrofula, and transmit health to your offspring, thank us for the suggestion.

LIFE AMONG THE BLIZZARDS.

SOME COMICAL EXPERIENCES WRITTEN UP BY ONE OF THE SISTERS IN DAKOTA.

You ask for short sketches of how we live up here in the snows and blizzards of the Northwest. Merrily, I can answer you; and yet, if you knew the one-hundredth part of the hardships, you would pity us indeed. I suppose if we had not long ago given over the things of earth for those of heaven we would sometimes be tempted to think our lot a hard one. As it is, we find that God is good, oh, so good to us! You do not want a sermon, but some of our strange experiences—very well. That's an easy matter, and really I could fill a huge volume with funny stories.

First comes "The Bishop's Visit." One morning our pastor announced to us that our saintly Bishop would be with us in two weeks to give confirmation for the first time in that part of the country, and that not only must the school children be prepared, but that the nuns must give all their spare time out of school to those adults that could be "drummed up" through the country. He would do the drumming up and we the instructions.

The result was a most motley crew, chiefly Half-breeds of the Sioux tribe. Many of them had quite an amount of religious knowledge, having many years ago received some instructions from the French missionaries of Manitoba. But their children were miserably ignorant and all spoke a very peculiar and almost unintelligible French. In one thing they all agreed, they dearly loved *Le bon Dieu et Monseigneur* (the good God and the Bishop!).

The great day at length came and we had a class of ninety-six. It had been dreadfully hard work for two nuns and two secular ladies to conduct a large school and prepare this class, but that was child's play to the work of giving suitable instruction to our truly beloved Bishop and six priests. We could not get hired help and upon us devolved the duties of cooking, etc. The pastor's house consisted of two rooms and a shed. He gave it all up and sought lodging elsewhere and the venerable and reverend company boarded with us. Our parlor (?) is a room 9 x 11, with parquet, French wood, two pictures and a table, was the dining room.

Our Mother House had furnished us for fore leaving with very neat and pretty table appointments for just such an occasion, so that was very good. At that time, four years ago, no vegetables were raised here and meat was very dear. But we managed to get up a very good dinner—among other things a fine roast of beef and some very nice canned peas. I was out in the kitchen (which, by the way, was once the chicken house), working away on that hot June day, when suddenly I heard the voice of old Dakota saying: "Oh good sister, who are the peas for?"

I looked up annoyed and met the glance of an old, old Indian woman. Some said there were a hundred, some said she was one hundred and twenty years old; certainly she was old and remembered well when our fertile valley was all under water. "For your loved Monseigneur's dinner," I answered.

"Oh," said she, "just let me taste the peas for Monseigneur's dinner—good Monseigneur that God loves so much." Of course, I told her to wait and let the Bishop be served first. Then she clasped her old body hands and imploringly begged me to just let her dip her two fingers in to taste the peas for Monseigneur's dinner. Again I declined and told her that if she would be good and keep far away from the stove and sit in the corner, I'd give her a whole basket full of peas for herself and her sick daughter when Monseigneur had finished. She quietly sat down and began to smoke, but she watched me with gleaming eyes—eyes that still retained the fire of an unconquered race, now fixed in admiration on the "peas for Monseigneur's dinner."

At one stage of the old squaw's visit I found the combined effects of the natural and artificial heat, the fumes of Dakota's pipe and the various odors of the cooking two much, and incautiously and unwisely opened the kitchen door. Just then it was announced that the Bishop and priests were coming. So I pulled out my roasts a little and hurried into the next room to get a dish for the famous peas.

Upon my return I was petrified with terror and horror and disappointment, every imaginable feeling of misery. Dakota stood over the pan dipping in her whole hand, not two fingers, and her hungry dog was scampering off with my roast. Any housekeeper knows how I must have felt. But the comicality of the whole thing overcame my disappointment and I actually laughed as old Dakota apostrophized me with the words—"Oh qu'il est bon—les pois de Monseigneur que le bon Dieu aime tant!" (Oh how good they are—the peas of Monseigneur whom God loves so!)

Thank goodness we had other things, and the loss was not felt, and when at the end of the dinner I told the Bishop, he enjoyed the joke more than he would have enjoyed the roast and peas; and in a body they all moved off to pay their respects to old Dakota. There she was, finishing in her own primitive fashion "the peas for Monseigneur's dinner."

The sight of himself was enough to raise her to an ecstasy of delight. She kissed his feet, his ring, his habit (he is a Benedictine, and then wore the habit). I could not understand their conversation, carried on in Sioux, or Cree, or some Indian language, but the Bishop told me she wished him to ask me for a whole pie for her sick daughter. She prolonged her visit for about half an hour after the Bishop's departure, and then went on her way rejoicing in a bucket full of all sorts of things and a whole pie.

During the examination of that same Confirmation Class, one big country boy, upon being asked by the Bishop, "When our Lord became man," promptly answered: "At the age of twenty-one!" The Bishop said it was a very American idea of the Incarnation.

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LATTER-DAY SCIENCE—OR DIA-BOLISM.

HOW CATHOLICS SHOULD REGARD IT.

London Univers., April 22.

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday afternoon, Father Clarke, S. J., pointed out that it was not always easy to draw a clear line of demarcation between superstition and what was demanded of us by faith. There was the danger of being too credulous, and there was the danger of believing too little. Our faith must be a rational faith, affording us sufficient evidence to convince any reasonable person of the truth of that which we believe. We should always remember, too, that when any fact comes before us which can be explained by natural laws it does not therefore at all follow that the supernatural is necessarily excluded. The natural and supernatural are often so inextricably mingled that it may be impossible to say which is the predominant influence, and that which we believe in mind is this: that everything is under the guidance of God, and that as even the treacherous betrayal of our Divine Lord and the blasphemous sentence pronounced against Him by the high priest were ordained by Him, so every event in life is ordained by God for His own end. But we must beware of attributing the calamities which befall others to the judgment of God, in some cases, of course, the evidences of God's judgment are too plain to be ignored. For instance, the fate which befall the blasphemous Arius in the very moment of his triumph—that was a plain judgment of God. So in our own country, when that impious persecutor of the Church, the eighth Henry, suffered the punishment predicted by the Cartesian abbot, and

THE COFFIN CONTAINING HIS BODY BURST open, and the dogs came in and licked up his blood in the church where his body lay, who would count it superstition that this was anything but the just and righteous judgment of God! Once more, while we ourselves must mean the side of faith, we must be careful not to condemn others who cannot go as far as we can. There are some people who think that a man cannot be a good Catholic unless he holds every pious belief that they themselves hold. They sin against charity, and their sin is more displeasing to God than their act of faith is pleasing to Him. Let them, for instance, take the belief in the miraculous medals and charms were Catholics who believed—and who might have found good reason to do so—that it was promised by our Blessed Lady to a saint that any one who would wear that medal, and die with it around his neck, would obtain contrition at the last, but they had no right to condemn others who denied the authenticity of the revelation, or refused to believe that there were such privileges attached to so simple an act. Or again, suppose any Catholic refuse to believe in the miracles of Lourdes. Had they a right to condemn him? They might think that he had not gone into the evidence and formed a hasty judgment, or if he had gone into it, they might think he was a rather foolish person, but as long as the Church had not authoritatively spoken they were not justified in accusing him of having sinned against the faith, or denouncing him as a bad Catholic because he did not hold that which they held most intensely. In the present day things and occurrences and facts were constantly brought under their notice that both of them on the supernatural or preternatural.

THEY WERE CONSTANTLY HEARING OF SECOND SIGHT, and of mesmerism, and of cures by magnetic force, and of power possessed by some men of casting others into a trance. These were things which might be said to occupy the line between the natural and the preternatural. The natural and the supernatural—or rather the preternatural—seemed to be intermingled, and it was not always easy to decide what was natural and innocent and what was otherwise. If any man were to tell them that all thought reading, for example, was the work of the Evil One they would rightly believe that he was too far; but if they saw that a man could obtain a power over others which he might exercise for the worst possible ends, for their temporal and spiritual ruin, they could hardly help thinking that it was not all attributable to a natural cause, but that the devil had some part in it.

THE RULE WHICH CATHOLICS SHOULD WHENEVER ADAPT WAS THIS:

Whenever ADAPT was convinced that natural powers would account for the phenomena before them then they should be slow to allow any leaning towards superstition, any desire to peer into the invisible, to betray them into attributing to these phenomena any preternatural cause. They might inquire into these things as much as they liked when once it was fully established to their complete satisfaction that they had a purely natural origin. But on the other hand when once they suspected, when once it seemed likely that the Evil One had a hand in them, then for God's sake let them keep far off from that which would destroy their peace of mind and taint the brightness of their faith. These things must be the rule of their conduct. The instinct of faith would always guide them aright if their faith was bright, and if they were doing their best to avoid sin and follow after virtue. "If any man will do the will of God," said the Lord, "he will know the doctrine." And therefore when, as would sometimes happen, they could not make up their minds on such matters as these, humbly and fervently, of Him from whom flows all true wisdom and all true prudence, and He would enable them to avoid these two dangers—the danger of believing too much and the danger of believing too little.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE SCENERY OF LAKE ATLMER FROM GARTHDY.

Spring, beautiful spring, art thou come at last. Oh! help to scatter to nothingness the horrid white pall, 'neath which the chilly stems hide embosomed their tender blossoms.

Winter, what a depth of snow thou hast shed; and we stood it! Yes, and we now mock at thy last fitful blast, for old "Sol" with beaming radiance, is pouring warmth where thy arctic lung was wont to breathe icicles. Thy network of wintry lace: the last adornment of thy frosty reign, hangs in lustreless shreds to the leafless bough, but fast vanishes away. A mass of tiny hills sink in merrily to the very roots of that beautiful vegetation now preparing to carpet our mounds and glens.

Blow, dreary winter, blow thyself away! For, of the seasons thou art the direst. Thy bequestments are perfidious, and thy pleasures: a costly indulgence to the stiffened limb and the pining lung. And we well hail summer.

Summer the beautiful, with the flowers and the birds and the free sheets of waters; summer, with all the glories of the year! When labour rests: and mankind smooths the uneasy wrinkle to part the lips in smile; when the king of finance and the poor alike breathe invigoration and hope. When the merchantman closes his ledger, the divine his canons, the lawyer his codes, and the physician, tossing away the gory scalpel, asks of healthy moor, or liquid sheet or wooded glen a solace to his delectable from the wary friend, disease.

All his to their favorite resorts, and I to mine.

Beautiful Lake Aylmer! to thy crystal self I will return. Thy nymphs I invoke, thy fountains I proclaim. Again will I commit me to thy placid bosom; for with thee I find all pleasurable emotions. On thy surface, the undulating wave to rock my skill; in thy sky, the breeze to swell my sail; in thy depths, the giants pluck and maskmaking, that bend the rod and shake the very bark in their convulsive throes. And, all over thy shores, the buds, the blossoms, the groves, the cool shades, the mossy seats, the ferns, where to lay and muse and admire to my heart's content.

How I long to unfurl the sail or pull the oar, and, as the rippling waves murmur in the wake,—where Bruno, my faithful Newfoundland, breathes the water, and barks for joy—to admire thy beauties as they unfold themselves to view!

Thy great basin, hallowed into the roots of lofty mountains that hide thy source and echo thy voice; thy banks, skirted with wooded dells, and spotted here and there with white homesteads or stately mills. Thy many bays and creeks: where the patient angler torments thy finny tribes. Thy two great "Points," like a huge gateway reaching from either side to thy centre, the lofty trunks and heavy shades of their maples and elms; or, like two arms extended across thy breast to meet in friendly greeting, while thy waters, choked in their course between them, surge and fret and foam as though in a mad effort to chide their grasp. Maple Point, the leafiest of them, with the ashes of last year's camp fires on its pebbly margin.

Away, in the bottom of thy grandest bay, the shore with a girdle of white buildings, gracefully bends its plane to thee, along which, with its mill, its railway station, its hostelry, its marts, is Garthdy, the village of Garthdy, with step upon step and staircases clustered in easy gravitation up the slope, to the foot of the temple, and mirrored in the lake in inverse progression; the rustic spire overtopping them all, whose image plungest the deepest.

Like a flock of swans at rest, looking over one another's heads into the crystal sheet below, to compare the grace of their arched necks and the gloss of their snowy-white plumage.

There, in the shade of his own church, like an eagle in his eyrie,—one sweep of his eye embracing the whole of his religious domain,—sit, on his elevated piazza, the pastor of the fold: Reverend J. L. Levesque, the courteous of holy men, the ready friend to every one, himself the beloved of all. In one glance, he can span, from his lofty station above their heads, the cycle of his life's vocation in their midst: from the baptismal fount at his side to the lone grave yard away yonder, at the foot of the lake, where a new mound amongst the turf hides the aged lineaments of a departed disciple. I see the picturesque cemetery, whose waters that frigate me. The solitary cross silently watches over its ever sleeping tenants, and in the voice of the sway breaking at the foot of thine tombstones, fancy hears immensity whispering to eternity.

Three children are sporting among the flowers in that garden to the left: they are my babes, and their mother has noticed the bunting my hand has waded to them.

But my bark is flying before the wind and has rocked me over to that villa, facing the quaint saw mill, with its funnel reared up to the skies, and envired for acres by lofty piles of gold coloured pine and spruce: the spoil of the forest around. 'Tis the dwelling of a fellow-admirer of nature, Mr. Thomas McCusker, my "Hilltop" friend, is there? The wind blows steadily; softly dwells the liquid plain, gently the boat bestrates the wave, the church bells chime, there is poetry in the air, and all around bespeaks irresistible imitation. Whet thy Irish wit and tune the lyre, for the evening breeze, fanning thy spouse's brow, will float our merry songs and gaysome chat!

Oftentimes will I, book in hand, follow the meanderings of some fugitive stream, and musingly stride, now under the arch of the railway spanning it, now on the verge of the swampy creek, and, with a plunge, the glistering frog dives in headlong flight to the muddy depths; now amongst the ferns: and the innocent partridge rises to the right, the startled hare hops to the left, and the wary hawk circles aloft, whistling present death to both.

Oh, reclining under the spreading boughs, we watch the Quebec Central trains, as they thunder past, freighted

with hundreds of sport-seekers from the Land of Stripes and Stars, eying with gaping wonder the beauties of thy lovely basin.

Oh! that I could not amongst them the beloved features of my American friends! Arthur Richards! Is Trooster, that giant thoroughfare of Massachusetts, so busy with thee, that thou canst not, with thy amiable spouse, so kind to the exiled stranger, join the throng of these gay so. of Liberty that come to us as welcome as the first flock of birds at springtide?

A sudden whistle carries my vision back to thyself, Aylmer, as the graceful steamer, the present giant vessel of Garthdy, cleaves thy bosom, with her deck full of radiant faces, and from her tunnel leaving a long pennant of sable smoke behind.

For thy graces could no longer be ignored, my beautiful lake! Tariff is now amongst the number to court thy favors: and the captain of that steam-panting craft has an eye to the metallic interests of thy allurements.

And they say that thrifty men, on business intent, have looked thy shores, bristling with bushy vegetation, and that, anon, lofty structures with force of steam: roaring giants with brazen lungs and steel muscles,—devouring thy shady thickets and sacred groves,—will tear away and crush and pound their fibres into the "pulp" that feeds the press and the type.

Get them! But alas! beautiful lake, for the quiet and poetry of thy silent shores: iron-hearted industry wages present war to thy manifold attractions. The angry song of the revolving saw and the shrill shriek of the steam whistle will scare thy winged friends from thy sky, frightening by snails into the depths of their liquid grotesque. And the saddened muse will unstring the lyre, and, with a sigh, withdraw into her sacred groves, to bemoan this new banishment from the haunts of man.

Dr. G. S. GREVILLE. Garthdy, P. Q., April 25th, 1887.

Why Mary Did Not Appear.

One of the latest stories about John Stetson is that he wanted Mary Anderson, who was playing in Chicago, to appear at the Globe Theatre in Boston on April 14, Holy Week, but as she is a devout Catholic, she telegraphed in reply:

"I cannot appear on the 14th." Stetson was standing in the corridor of the Globe Theatre when he received the dispatch, and, turning in a rage to the nearest attaché, he stormed: "Why in thunder can't Mary Anderson appear on the 14th?"

"The Pope won't let her," returned the attaché, clipping the "14th." Stetson fumed around for a while and then telegraphed to Charles Pope in Chicago:

"Why won't you let Anderson appear on the 14th?"

In due time the answer came. "I don't care whether she appears or not. What's Anderson to me! For."

Stetson was overjoyed at the news, and immediately billed Miss Anderson for April 14. When the facts were learned his words were unrecordable.

Four Things Which Bring Much Peace.

From The Following of Christ.

Christ. Son, I will teach thee now the way of peace and true liberty. Disciple. Do, Lord, I beseech Thee, as Thou sayest; for I shall be very glad to hear it.

Christ. Endeavor, my son, rather to do the will of another than thy own; ever choose rather to have less than more; always seek the lowest place, and to be inferior to every one; always wish and pray that the will of God may be entirely fulfilled in thee. Behold, such a man as this enters upon the coast of peace and rest.

Disciple. Lord, this Thy short speech contains much perfection. It is short in words, but full in sense, and plentiful in its fruit; for if I could faithfully observe it, I should not be so easily troubled, and as often as I find myself disquieted and disturbed, I am sensible it is because I have strayed from this doctrine. But Thou, O Lord, who canst do all things, and always lovest the progress of the soul, augment in me Thy grace, that I may accomplish this Thy word, and I perfect my salvation.

Prayer for the Enlightening of the Mind.

From The Following of Christ.

Enlighten me, O good Jesus, with the brightness of eternal light; and cast out all darkness from the dwelling of my heart. Restrain my many wandering thoughts, and suppress the temptations that violently assault me. Fight strongly for me, and overcome these wicked beasts; I mean these alluring concupiscences; that peace may be made in my power, and the abundance of Thy praise may be resound in Thy holy court, which is a clear conscience. Command the winds and storms; say to the sea, be thou still, and to the north wind, blow thou not; and a great calm shall ensue.

Send forth Thy light and Thy truth, that they may shine upon the earth; for I am an earth that is empty and void till Thou enlightenest me. Gen. I. Pour forth Thy grace from above; water my heart with the dew of heaven; send down the waters of devotion, to wash the face of the earth, to bring forth good and perfect fruit. Lift up my mind, oppressed with the load of sin, and raise my whole desire towards heavenly things, that, having tasted the sweetness of the happiness above, I may have no pleasure in thinking of the things of the earth.

Draw me away and deliver me from all unstable comfort of creatures, for no created thing can fully quiet and satisfy my desire. Join me to Thyself by an inseparable bond of love; for Thou alone canst satisfy the lover; and without Thee all other things are frivolous.

THE HERCULEAN, pale hollow cheeks and precarious appetite, indicate worms. Freeman's Worm Powders will quickly and effectually remove them.