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Said the Rose. GEORGE E. MILES

I am weary of the garden, Said the rose; For the winter winds are sighing. All my playmates round me dying. And my leaves will som be lying "Neath the snows.

But I heard my Mistress coming. Said the flowe : She will take me to her chamber. Where the honeysnokles clamber And I'll bloom there all December 'Splic the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily fingers Than the Beet Ahl how feebly I revisted. Sweeted my thorns and even assisted As all blushing I was twisted Off the tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom Like a star : And I finshed there all the morning Jasmin, boneysnekle scorning. Parasites forever fawning That they are.

And when evening came she set me In a vase All of rare and redlant metal, And I felt her red lips settle On my leaves till each proud petal Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers Like a light; Aud, I said, instead of weeping. In the garden vigil keeping, Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping Every night.

But when morning with its sunbeams Soffly shone. In the mirror where she braided Her brown hair I saw how jaded, Old and coloriess and faded I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was near me, Never one : Never one: From my leaves no odors started, All my perfume had departed, And I lay broken-hearted In the sun.

Still I say her smile is better Than the rain; Than'the rain; Though my fragrance may forsake me, To her bosom she will take me, And with crimson kisses make me Young again.

She took me, gazed a second, Half asign. Then, also, can hearts so barden? Without ever asking pardon, Threw me back into the garden, There to dle.

How the jealous garden gloried In my fall !

In my fall ! How the honey suckles chid me, How the sneering jasmins bid me Light the long, grey grass that hid me Like a pall. There 1 lay beneath her window In a swoon.

In a swoon, Till the earth worm o'er me trailing Woke me just at twillcht's failing As the whip-poor-will was wailing To the moon.

But I heard the storm-winds stirring In their fair; And I know they soon will lift me In their glant arms and sife me Into ashes, as they drift me Through the air.

So I prey them in their mercy Just to take From my heart of hearts or near it The last living leaf and bear it To her feet, and bid her wear it For my sake.

A HOLY WOMAN.

A Pen Picture of Blessed Isabelle of France, the Sister of St. Louis.

Isabelle was the daughter of Louis VIII.. King of France, and Blanche of Castile: therefore the sister of St. Louis. She was an only daughter, most henderly beloved by her parents, and being endowed with great beauty, might well hope to enjoy all the norme and discusses of the weakle. Let great beauty, might well hope to enjoy all the pomps and pleasures of the world; but from her childhood she was remarkable for great piety, and following the counsels of her virtuous mother, never allowed herself to be led astray by the brilliant shows and pompons vanities of the age. In obedience to her father, she would dress in accordance with, and take part in,

<page-header><page-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> and would not be re-sired to be treated as the lowest of the Sis ters. Her humility caused her to seek the most menial employments; she considered those days on which, according to the Rule, it was her duty to assist in the kit-quently received the Princes and Prin-ters of France, who came to the set of the set of the set of the set of the the princes and Prin-ters of the set of the set of the set of the princes and Prin-ters of the princes and Printers of the prin dress in accordance with, and take part in, all those diversions of the court not unbe-coming her religious professions, without manifesting any repugnance; but under her fich vestments she concealed Λ COARSE GARMENT OF HAIR, and would as soon as it was possible to do so without attracting attention, retire from such scenes to regain her beloved Ittle wild strawberry, indeed all kinds of fruit. The climate of the country was magnificent, the average heat being 80 degrees Fahrenheit, which was not as we had had it here lately. The average mini-mum of the whole year was 70 degrees in the lower parts; in the bighest 44 degrees. This formed a very pleasant summer all theat was tempered by the sea breeze, and it took him three years to distinguish be-tween the heat of the night and the day. it took him three years to distinguish be-tween the heat of the night and the day. So much for the description of the island. Then as to the place he lived in and the inhabitants. In the census of 1861 the total population amounted to 378,433, and out of this number there were only 500 out of this number there were only 500 whites, thus the prevailing feature was good honest black (laughter). They were a very good-natured people, and far less brutal than some other countries he could mention. There, for instance, they never heard of a landlord being shot, they never beat their women; and the children were most respectful to their parents. At the present time there were a little At the present time there were a little over 12,000 Catholics in the whole island, 10,000 of whom lived in Kingston. Of hat number ne... hat number ne... 100 whites. There were ... shade in the island. IT WAS ONLY IN 1.92 THAT THE CATHOLIC RELIGION was started at all in Jamaica. In that year some Spanish miscion at Cuba asked the gov-serveral Catholic priests. Spanish and port french-prisoners of wat in Port Royal, aself six miles distant from Kingston. The port course of the same year a Domnican friar, mere course of the same year a Domnican friar, mere catholic priest. A lady by name Dame Michoel left £2,000 for the liberation of Algerian prisoners, a catholic priest. A lady by name Dame Michoel left £2,000 for the liberation of Algerian prisoners, be a course of the stane year about the priest. A lady by name Dame Michoel left £2,000 for the liberation of Algerian prisoners, be active worth £120,000, and by wealth was devoted mere course of the stane year about the prisoners. A negroc that number he did not think there wer by two other French priests, refugees. Father Le Can continued the work of the Church in Kingston until his death, which took place in 1807. Then for several months there was no priests whatever in Jamaica and Catholics had to keep in the commenting innser to the constant pray-ers of the Sisters. When, nine days after her death, the body of Isabelle was exhumed in order to place it in a higher tomb, her limbs were out and exercised the apostolic ministry in

size to be treated as the lowest of the Six minerals, birds, fishes, insects, trees, and fut. So a superfect time state of the prises and service that the point of the p about as many stood outside staring through the window and enjoying the fresh air during the service (laughter). In in business twelve months over 1,000 had been christ-ened, which was more than double the amount of St. Francis Xavier's withstanding the church they buried rather more than one on an average of the conincreases the constant average of the con-gregation per day, babies included. At-tached to the church was a boy's school and infants' school. Opposite the church was the Convent of the immaculate Con-ception. In 1857 five sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis went out there from Glasgow. They were there yet. They landed without a shilling in their pockets and they were now possessed of a very fine property,—a boarding school, a day school, a poor or parish school with an av-erage of 120 girls. The ladies were of all nationalities almost, two French, five Am-In course of events this money accuma-ted in property worth £120,000, and by Act of Parliament this wealth was devoted to the education of West Indian negroes, principally in Jamaica. 700 day scholars were educated by this means free of all expense. That was a different state of things to his schools, HENCE THE TEMPTATION TO CHILDREN. the aid of the Sacraments. In 1808, Father D'Arango, a Portuguese, was sent out and exercised the apostolic ministry in 1824. Then another, Don Renitz Fernan-dez, a native of Castile, went at an early age to the capital of the Spanish colonies, and though they could live on little--freak are spacity and promise. The consequence was that as soon as he found himself a

befriended him in his youth. To the needy in Fincastle, Va., he made large donations in cash when the greater portion of that town was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It may be a matter of surprise, however, to those acquainted with all the circumstances, that he did not remember in his will the widow (now a second time) of his earliest friend and benefactor, Mr. Patton. But to Col. Andrew Bierne of Patton. But to Col. Andrew Dierne er Monroe county, Va, he doubtless owes his real start and success in life, and Oliver Bierne was his early associate in business and his life-long friend. John Burnside was never married, and perhaps he had no selatives in this country—none, certainly was hever married, and perhaps he had no relatives in this country—none, certainly, who had ever extended to him a helping hand or a kindly recognition in his sorest need. His will, therefore, may not be so helping 'outrageous" after all. WM. A. OBENCHAIN.

GRODRD THE CATHOLIG RECORD.

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so without attracting attention, retire from such scenes to regain her beloved solitude, where she passed the greater part of her time in prayer, rising at midnight to recite, on her knees, the Office of the Blessed Virgin, the chaplet, etc., as she often found it difficult to find opportuni-ties for the upsatise of these devices during ties for the practice of these devotions dur-

ing the day. In order to avoid idleness, the young Princess early learned to read, write, and work, and, with the assistance of her at-tendant ladies, employed herself in mak-ing ornaments for the Church. The study of the Holy Scriptures had special study of the Holy Scriptures had special charms for her; she endeavored to impress them on her memory, and even learned Latin that she might better understand

the Holy Bible and the works of the fathere of the Church. Full of charity, she distributed abun-dant alms, but herself practiced the most

rigid austerity, FASTING THREE TIMES A WEEK, and at all times taking so little nourish-ment that it was surprising how she sus-tained life. Exhausted by these severities, Isabelle fell dangerously ill. Through out the kingdom there was one universa

out the kingdom there was one universal cry to heaven for the restoration to health of this most aniable Princess. There was then living at Nanterre a person whose reputation for sanctity was very great, and the queen-mother sent immediately from St. Germains an ex-press, begging the holy woman's prayers for the recovery of her beloved daughter. The Sait rapifal that the Princess would The Saint replied that the Princess would not die, but that, nevertheless, she would never more be counted among the living, and before long the prophecy was thus fulfilled.

Isabelle had been promised in marriage, and was affianced to Conrad, King of Jerusalem, an alliance which appeared very advantageous to the House of France, and was much wished for. The Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent IV., was equally desirous it should take place, considering that it would be greatly beneficial to Christian-ity, and himself wrote to the Princess, exressing his wishes on the subject. She, however, firmly refused, but with so much gentleness and humility that his Holiness was much affected and at hereit was much affected, and at length not only withdrew his opposition to, confirmed, her resolution of giving herself Isabelle remained some time longer at

the court, devoting herself to prayer, living. working for the Church, and the performance of acts of charity. Her life, though so holy, was

NOT EXEMPT FROM TRIBULATION. She endured many severe attacks of sick-

anddenly fell into an estacy, becoming persuddenly fell into an estacy, becoming per-fectly rigid, knowing nothing that was passing round her, and when spoken to only saying : "Illi soli honor et gloria—to Him only be honor and glory," while her face, beaming with heavenly histre, was indeed beautiful to behold. She re-mained in the same state from matins un-

til vespers, being seen by many persons whose testimony is unimpeachable. Some time after, this holy Princess was attacked by a severe illness, during which our Lord revealed to her

THE TIME OF HER DEATH. She wrote to Pope Clement IV., to ask his blessing before she quitted this world, begging that, after her decease, the French Detrongene her public public he allowed Princesses, her relatives, might be allowed to assist at ber funeral and visit her tomb. to assist at per functal and visit net tono. His Holiness granted her request by a Bull dated September, 1268. In the month of February, in the following year, Isabelle received the Holy Vaticum with a ferror which profoundly touched all those assembled round her; and after she, by her own desire, had been placed upon A BED OF STRAW

Extreme Unction was administered to her; and lying thus, she rendered her soul to God, February 22, 1269.

At this moment, amidst the unrestrained weeping of Sisters, a melody of ineffable sweetness was heard, and the words re-peated several times: "In pace factus est ws vins"-"Her home is now in DEACE When St. Louis saw the body of his be-loved sister, clothed in the habit of St. Clare, he knelt in profound veneration; and on her burial in the cloister, himself

kept the door, to prevent the intusion of any persons who had not received per-mission to enter. He did all in his power to console the religious for the loss of their holy foundress and whenever he atterwards came to the convent, he always visited the sick sisters, and made inquiries as to how the table of the community was supplied. When on the point of leaving France to undertake another crusade he again visited Longchamps, and entering the chapter-room, fell upon his knecs, re-commending himself to the constant pray-

found to be as flexible as if she were still

NUMEROUS MIRACLES attest the sanctity of this Princess. Leo X. verified sixty-three in the usual form, and declared her blessed by a Bull of 1521, and permitted the religious of Longehamps

JOHN BURNSIDE.

An Irish Boy Sold to Pay His Ocean Passage Dies Worth \$5,000,000.

Wytheville, Va., July 16th -- In your issue of the 12th inst., appears a telegram from New Orleans, relative to the will of the late John Burnside, of Louisiana, in which occurs the following statement: "It is reported that the deceased, when an infant, was found by Andrew Bierne, carefully wrapped up, asleep on a bed of rushes in a brook in Greenbrier Co., Va. Bierne took care of him, and placed him

In business. I desire to correct the Moses-in the-bull-rushes story, and, since the subject is ex-citing much interest throughout the coun-try, to give, as related to me at different times by elderly and trustworthy persons of Persons of Botetour County, Va., a few facts in the general history of one of the most re-markable and successful business men of

the present century. The late John Burnside was no foundtrary, about sixty years ago he arrived in the con-trary, about sixty years ago he arrived in and, is closed, I pour my tears before thy the port of Baltimore—it may have been Philadelphia—a green and penniless lad, fresh from the Emerald 1-le. His passed remained unpaid, and he was held on board the ship until certain stipulations were fulfilled. were fulfilled.

It was customary in those days for emigrants unable to pay their way to be And woe to the most irreproachable life, brought over to this country on condition if thou discuss it without mercy. of allowing themselves, on arrival in port, to be "sold" into temporary servitude for their passage money. Young John Burnto be "sold" into temporary servitude for their passage money. Young John Burn-side was one of this class of emigrants. At that time, Mr. Robert Wiley, a mer-chant of Fincastle, Va., an Irishman by birth, was in Baltimore laying in a stock of goods. Happening to be present when young Burnside was disposed of, he "bought" him for a specific time in the manner above mentioned, and took him to Virginia on his return.

. PRAVING FOR HIS DEAD MOTHER.

Here are some parts of the beautiful prayer of the great Bishop St. Augustine for his mother St. Monica. Some time The late John Burnside was no found-Ing, at least in this country. He was not even born on American soil. On the con-trary, about sixty years ago he arrived in the port of Baltimore—it may have been the port of Baltimore been the baptism, no word contrary to thy com-mandments went out of her mouth. Wherefore, O the God of my heart, I come and pray for her sins. . . I know she has done merey, and forgiven with her manner above mentioned, and total total total manner above mentioned, and total tota nation ; and given us victory. . . Let her rest in peace with her husband, whom