BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,

ested by a passage in the discourse of ace, Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, in nvent-Chapel of the Sacred Heart of Philadelphia, October 20th, 1884.

The bells of the midnight, (like blows from a mailet
on time's mighty anvil), ring loud thro'
the gloom:
The Seraph of Umbria quits his poor pallet,
and rises to pray in his dim-lighted room.

No book doth he need save the skies in their dor, ading their glittering gospei on Outspreading their bild.

No taper is his, save the moon, pure and Which bends thro' the lattice her radiant

All mine to adore in His peerless perfections; To bless and to worship, to thank and to praise;
All mine to embrace with my purest affections:
To love and to fear a His marvellous ways.

My God and my All! O my Treasure of treasures.

My light and my sweetness, my strength and my health;

My Honor of honors, my Pleasure of pleaswealth!

 On pinions celestial, the hours are fleeting;
 Still lingers Saint Francis in prayer's golden thrail.
 Thro' all the long night never weary repeat-"My God and my All !" "O my God and my All !"

Let Sin, like a Syren, to ruin allure us: Let Riches, and Honors, and Pleasures assail.—

There is but One Treasure which never there is but One Treasure which never

The snares of the senses, the world's weary fashions
Shall drop from our souls, like a wormeaten pall,
But Faith shall cry out in the hush of the passions.
"Laus tibi et honor, my God and my All!"

DRUNKE INESS.

A SERMON BY BISHOP ULLATHORNE.

praved cravings of the throat of his body until he has sunk his soul so far that it is lost in his flesh, and has sunk his very flesh lower down beyond comparison than that of the animals which serve him. He is a self-degraded creature, whose degradation is made manifest to every one but dation is made manifest to every one but himself; a self made, miserable being, into stupor. He has uttered folly, and who, whilst he is insensible to his own thought it wisdom; he has profused misery, afflicts every one around him or curses, when he should have uttered mosery, afflicts every one around him or belonging to him with misery. He differs from the madman only in this: that the madman only in this: that the madman has not caused his own calamity, whilst this man has; that the mad man is innocent, whilst this man is guilty. The madman is an object for pity and compassion, and all the cares of humanity; whilst the drunkard is an object of ridicule, scorn, contempt; a butt for the world to play its follies at; a stock for the world's laughter; a ball for its game of mockery; a tool for the knave's cheatery and the harlot's wilery; an instrument in the hands of hell's malignity. The madman is placed in security; he can be guarded against injuring himself or others. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind, like some foul, ill-boding and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust everything that agrees. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind, like some foul, ill-boding and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust everything that agrees. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind, like some foul, ill-boding and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust everything that agrees.

the face of the drunkard? Are they not heard in all his acts? Knows he what he says or what he says not? Has not prudence left the guard of his tongue? Is there any gate to his mouth or any bar to his lips? Are not the secrets of the past, the follies of the present, the fætid fumes of the liquor, and the foul thoughts from the tempter mingled together and poured out upon all around him? The very animal powers sink under drunkenness. which bends thro' the lattice her radiant eye.

"O, call enarrant glorizm Dei!"
The voice of the stars to the Saint seems to call.
And he fill gs forth his arms in a rapture,
"My God and my All! O my God and my All."

"My God!"—yea, the God of the seas and the mountains;
"My God!"—yea, the God of the seas and the mountains;
"My God!"—yea, the God of the great and the small;
Of the hills and the valleys, the fields and the fountains, All-wise and almighty,—"My God and my All!"

All wise and almighty,—"My God and my All!" ture diseases, to fatten the worms and enrich the rankness of the graveyard.

A holy Father has described this con-

A holy Father has described this condition as truly as briefly. "Drunkenness," he says, "is a willing fury, a traitor of thoughts, a ridiculous calamity, a voluntary demon, a state worse than madness." Would you know how the drunkard is worse than the demoniac? We pity the tormented demoniac; we abhor the drunkard. We condole with the one; we are indignant and irritated with the other. indignant and irritated with the other The snares of an enemy have possessed the demoniac; his own counsels have possessed the drunkard. With the demoniac he is driven about a slave by his possessor; with the drunkard he is fallen from his "My God and my All!" "O my God and my All!"

Dear Saint of Assis! ah! let us draw near thee,

(All worldly and woeful, sin-stain'd tho we be),—
Ah! let us creep close to thy side;—let us hear thee
Entoning forever Love's grand litany.

For surely thine eyes at this moment are gazing
Straight into the Vision of God on His throne;
Ah! we will be drunkard he is fallen from his state of mind and manhood; with him he taggers, falls, rolls a disgusting eye, foams and exhales nauseousness. He is disagreeable to his friends, ridiculous to his enemies, contemptible to his servants, loathsome to his wife, scandalous to his children—odious to all. Whilst all that call him acquaintances are indignant, and all that call him friend are distressed; whilst his nearest relations are miserable, and his children are squalid from neglect. throne;
An! surely, this moment, in bliss, thou art raising
Those hands that were wounded and plerced, like His own.

And surely some sparks from those wonderful fires
Which burn in thy breast, on our coldness must fall,
Till our souls shall flame forth in ecstatic desires
To echo thine anthem: "My God and my All."

whill this nearest relations are miserable, and his children are squalid from neglect with the children are squalid from neglect with the children are squalid from neglect with the house of crime, at the table of infamy, with his cup of weakness—his draught of poisou—before him, and is there contending with his brother-drunkard which shall show the greatest folly, which shall exhibit the lowest baseness, which shall exhibit the lowest baseness, which shall most shatter his nerves, destroy his nature, and abuse and anger their common

nature, and abuse and anger their common Lord and Creator.

St. Chrysostom has well described the effects of intemperance—"Paleness, weakness, laziness, folly." Pale, hanging cheeks; red, ulcered eyes, trembling hands, funious dreams, restless distracted sleep: like murderers and persons of an iffeighted conscience, so broken, so juke se diseasely. science, so broken, so sick, so disorderly science, so broken, so sick, so disorderly are the slumbers of the drunkard who wakes to misery. Show me a temperate man, and I will show you a prudent man; show me a temperate zan, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a prosperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, and I will show you a virtuous man; show me a temperate man, who look down upon human deeds? What to the sacred eyes of Him, who, dying redeemed our wick-educated with the sacred eyes of Him, who, dying redeemed our wick-educated with the sacred eyes of Him, who, dying redeemed our wick-educated with the sacred eyes of Him, who, dying redeemed our wick-educated with the sacred eyes of Him, who, dying redeemed our wick-educated with the sacred eyes of Him, who look down upon human deeds? What to the sacred eyes of Him, who despread to the sacred eyes of Him, who look down upon human deeds? What to the sacred eyes of Him, who look down upon human deeds? What to the sacred eyes of Him, wh "He that is temperate shall prolong life."

-Ecclus. xxxvii 31.

"Let us cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light: let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness."—St. Paul to the Romans xiii. 12, "Take heed to yourselves, lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and that day come upon you suddenly."—Luke xxi. 31.

What is temperate shall prolong life."

For intemperance is the root of folly; intemperance is the seed of madness; intemperance is the seed of madness; intemperance is the well-head of injustice; intemperance is the poisonspring of unbellef; intemperance is the poisonspring of unbellef; intemperance is the cloud of flesh verse.

What is the day, not involving and drunkenses. All that can be destroy him will He not deluge to destroy him will He not deluge of fire which will not be quenched? "Do not injustice; intemperance is the poison-spring of unbellef; intemperance is the cloud of flesh verse.

What is temperate shall prolong life."

And if He does not sgain send a deluge to destroy him will He not deluge of fire which will not be quenched? "Do not tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the servant of idols, nor adulter to put tors, nor the serva "Take heed to yourselves, lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunk-enness, and that day come upon you suddenly."—Luke xxi. 34.

What is a drunkard? A Christian is one who follows and practices the virtues of Christ. An angel is a pure creature that contemplates and enjoys God. A man is a person that thinks and reasons. A brute is a creature that follows his appetite, but never goes to excesse beyond the bounds of order. What is a drunk-ard? I have gone through the whole of creation that lives, and I find nothing in it like the drunkard. He enjoys no hap
"Take heed to yourselves, lest your hearts spring of unbelief; intemperance is the poison. Spring of unbelief; intemperance is the poison. Spring of unbelief; intemperance is the cloud of fleshy vapor intemp thick the drunkard. He enjoys no bappiness like the angels; he is not preparing himself like the Christian; he does not think or reason like a many he keeps not the constant is the property of the constant is the property of the constant is the constant himself like the Christian; he does not think or reason like a man; he keeps not his appetite within the bounds of nature, like a brute. What then is the drunkard?

Ike a brute. What then is the drunkard?

to you," says Isaias, "woe to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink until the evening to be inflamed. Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and are stout men at drunkenness. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkenness of Ephraim; the drunkenness of Ephraim; the drunkenness of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot." Are not those written on the face of the drunkard? Are they not heard in all his acts? Knows he what he Where, sacred heavens, are the features of murderer and his soul like the infidel, become an appellation of scorn and a scene of derision to all men, and of forgetfulness to himself. Where, O God, is thy image in this man? Where, Divine Lord, are the marks of his baptism? Where, sacred heavens, are the features of your child? Call yourself still a Christian? Name yourself yet a man? Where then are the commands of the Gospel? Where the precepts of the Church? Where even the laws of nature, the ties of humanity, and the instincts of self-prehumanity, and the instincts of self-preservation?

You have not gone so far, you are perhaps ready to tell me. You have not come to these excesses; nor are you so abandoned, the heavens forbid it! in your vice. No; but you have made a begining; you have already gone to a certain extent—you feel yourself going further. and sy you have already gone to a certain extent—you feel yourself going further. And where and when did the drunkard ever stop and say, "No further will I go," and did not go further, unless death, in compassion, destroyed him in the flower before he had ripened into all those fruits which I have described? Drunkenness is a vice which the more it is indulged the less the appetite enjoys; the more the less the appetite enjoys; the more the palate sickens and languishes from its palate stokens and languishes from its satiety, the more it craves. Providence has kindly limited the possible extent of indulging this degrading habit, or it would never stop till it had turned everything salutary and healing in nature into the means of self-destruction.

You have not gone to all the excesses which the constitution of your nature will allow of, but you have sown the seeds of those excesses. The habit is already per

those excesses. The habit is already, perhaps, planted within you; it has reached a certain bulk; it is increasing; it is strik-ing its roots deeper and broader; it is entwining its fibres more closely round your heart. You have no effectual will to stop its progress; it will allow of no check unless plucked out altogether; it will of itself make increase. The difficulty of rooting out the habit is weekly greater by its weekly growth. Nothing grows upon human nature like that most abject of its propensities, the most degrading of its habits—drunkenness. And is it not a law of our fallen nature that the grossest and rankest productions grow most rife and abundant, and that without our takand abundant, and that without our taking thought or care for it? If, then, you have not reached all those excesses you are in the way to them, and your readiness to excuse yourself is the surest proof that you love the vice, and that, unless arrested in your career by that cold hand which stops all our vices and brings them to their punishment, you will yet exhibit yourself a spectacle of all those excesses, deprived of the power of body and mind, a mere animal corruption, your soul dead mere animal corruption, your soul dead and entombed within your body, and your body itself, with but a few useless organs left to be destroyed not in the effects of intemperance—"Paleness, weakness, laziness, folly." Pale, hanging cheeks;
red, ulcered eyes, trembling hands, funious
dreams, restless distracted sleep: like murderers and persons of an :fféghted conscience, so broken, so sick, so disorderly
are the slumbers of the drunkard who
wakes to misery. Show me a temperate
wakes to misery. Show me a temperate
wakes to misery. Show me a temperate

left to be destroyed not indeed, but on this side of it, only to infeet and afflict everything near you with
wretchedness. And if the drunkard, finished in his vice, be such a spectacle before
man on earth, what must he be to the
just made perfect? What before those
angels of light who look down upon
human deeds? What to the sacred eyes
be han as he staggers on his way; his like a brute. What then is the drunkard? There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened.

This is not a subject on which we can be allowed to soften down the truth in our words until it becomes falsehood. The drunkard is a self-made wretch, who has depraved, and has gratified the deprayed cravings of the throat of his body until he has sunk his soul so far that it is and shall not the monter-vice carry the curses of her brood? Go to the house of the drunkard; consider his family; look at his affairs; listen to the sounds that proceed from the house of drunkenness

loose upon mankind, like some foul, ill-boding and noxious animal, to pester, torment, and disgust everything that reasons or feels; whilst the curse of God hangs of another man? And yet every dramt closed against him. "Be not deceived," says the apostle, "neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor drunkards shall possess the kingdom of heaven." It is not I, it is St. Paul, who classes the drunkard in this company, and shuts the gates of heaven against him. An outcast: the woes of heaven fall thick and fast upon him. "Who hath woe?" asks Solomon, "whose father hath woe?" asks Solomon, "whose father hath woe?" who hath contentions? Who falls into pits? who hath contentions? Woe and alas! God of heaven! dare I appeal to the foolish, disgrace his friends like the impious, impoverish his

Drunkenness — weakness, gloominess, wretchedness, melancholy, wild fantasies, black horrors, madness.

These are but a few of the courses of a drunkard. But, whilst the drunkard himself totters or crawls along his destined path to his destined end—without a sense of his shame, or a feeling of his condition, or a regard to his friends, or a thought for his family, or a reflection towards his soul, or one glimpse of his destination—is God silent? Are the heavens without knowledge? Does no eye see? tination—is God silent? Are the heavens without knowledge? Does no eye see? Does no hand take note? God is silent, but not inactive. The silence of God is the sinner's worst punishment. He no longer troubles the conscience; He has ceased to warn; He is silent. He contemplates the drunkard's course, patiently collecting his wrath like smouldering fire and His vengeance like black clouds, into His bosom. Why should He be in haste? God's time is eternity: and still as the His bosom. Why should He be in haste? God's time is eternity; and still as the drunkard heaps crime God heaps vengeance. Why should He burry? God is all powerful. What can escape Him? The hour comes, and the temptest of God bursts. Why should it be visible? There are other drunkards to be handled by the same judgment. Hear God Himself speaking by the mouth of Isaias: "I have been silent; I have held my peace; I have been patient. My words shall break forth as one in labor; I will scatter them; I will wrap them up in a whirlpool."

will wrap them up in a whirlpool."
Have the divine terrors lost their powers? What a proof of the hardening and stupefying effect of drunkenness! Your eyes, at least, are open to the consequences, and you are without excuse. Take in hand, then, the cup of delusion anew, and, hand, then, the cup of delusion anew, and, with your eyes upon the consequences, however appalling, drink! Why should you start? The, white bubbles that float on the top of the cup—they are only the tears of your wife. Drink on! You have drained her happiness. Take the gloomy cup anew. Do you begin to hesitate once more? The drops look red—they are only the blood from your starved and neglected children. Drink, then, drink on. You have already drained your poor veins to utter impoverishment. Take the shorrible cup anew. What? Are you more dismayed than before? Yet the vision is true enough; it is only the gray hairs of your parents that float on the surnairs of your parents that float on the sur nairs of your parents that most on the sur-face, you have drained their existence. Drink, then, drink on. But now you must take the cup, for alas! it is no longer the cup of choice, but the cup of habit; no longer the cup of enjoyment, but the cup of punishment; no longer the cup of event of punishment; no longer the cup of sweet delusion, but the cup of necessity. Its pleasures are gone, and nothing remains but its bitterness. The cup has lost its charms, and the draught its enchantments; from the mere force and necessity of habit you go on drinking its accumulating compound of miseries. It is thus that at last God punishes the sinner with his sins. For 'in the hand of the Lord is the cup; He passes it from mouth to mouth," sings the Psalmist, "and only its dregs are not annihilated. All the sinners of the earth

ness, and is hastening to the den of infamy; sons of life in the school of vice, and every one is beginning to be uneasy with apprehension about him; to look towards his future; to prophesy his course, and to give him over as lost. He begins to suspect himself neglected, then to feel himself disregarded, then to know himself deserted, then abandoned they should be abandoned they should be abandoned. then abandoned, then shunned; and he reasons foolishly on the subject, for he has drunk of the wine of madness, and he bandons himself.

I know of no disorder so difficult of cure as the disease of confirmed drunken-ness. Few recover. The vice, become habitual, has eaten away too much of the mind and reason to leave sufficient nerve and vigor for a strong and steadlast resolution. Far be it from me to discourage even those who have gone so deep. There are sufficient examples to show that they may recover if they will but take the means. But I must not dissemble the truth. I would warn the beginner, and these who was to the strong the s and those who are tempted to begin. I would entreat them to consider how rare up your soul were almost without excep- and difficult it is to recover into habits of tion either prepared by drinking or were undergone for procuring the means of satisfying this vice and vices which spring in time. Let him take to himself thought, sobriety after having reached a certain in time. Let him take to himself thought, arrest at the beginning, pluck out the

inscribe themselves in your heart, and the fear of them become a portion of your being. Mark them written on the brow of the drunkard. Watch him in his career that the drunkard was a likely state of the drunkard. Watch him in his career that the ways seeming always to be the brown. fear of them become a portion of your being. Mark them written on the brow of the drunkard. Watch him in his career them, all accomplished. until you see them all accomplished. Write them over your door, inscribe them Write them over your door, inscribe them over your chimney-piece, in your chamber, on your table, in the bottom of every glass; utter them in your devotions; hear them in the sounds of every tavern as you pass, and read them on every sign-board. It is better you should pass your whole time in studying the woes of drunkenness than that you should spend your life in feeling them and your eternity in suffering for them.

Do you ask me how you are to break yourself from this degrading habit? The general rule is very simple. Have a willing mind; shun the occasion; fly idleness.

ing mind; shun the occasion; fly idleness. ing mind; shun the occasion; fly idleness. Fix for yourself a measure in your friendly domestic meetings beyond which you are never, whatever be the occasion, to exceed; and never see the inside of a tavern. Be fally assured that you cannot go beyond your measure, however little, on one occasion without going beyond it always. Consider in what places and with what persons you are tempted and avoid always. Consider in what places and with what persons you are tempted and avoid them. "Those that love the danger shall perish in it." Let no motive, no wish to appear hospitable, and no cruel invitations, no pressing of seeming friendship induce you to forget the friendship which you owe yourself. Repeat your resolution each morning when you rise, and pray for strength to keep it. Examine how you have keptyour engagement each bow you have kept your engagement each evening when you go to rest. If you have failed once, be not discouraged; try again. Nothing delights the eye of heaven more

than to see us wrestling manfully with our infirmities, rising courageously after our falls, drawing humility from our weaknesses, and caution and strength from our humiliation. Only he who gives up in despair is conquered. Renew your resolution—strengthen it with prayer; observe the occasion of your past fall and remove it. The last advice which I shall give you is one of great import-ance. Put yourself with all obedience under the guidance of a spiritual director. There is a sort of fascination about this vice which often renders the drunkard powerless for his own deliverance; temptation acts upon him like a charm; he requires the hand of another to free him from his enchantment. Fly, then, to your pastor. The grace of God will not be wanting. And let the consclations and the blessings of a conscience healed, of health recovered, of character restored, of affairs retrieved, of a family made happy, of friends returning with gladdened hearts, of the revival of life now, and of the future hopes which await your redem-ption from intemperance, be your encouragement. A WOMAN'S CURSE.

HOW IT HAS FOLLOWED A GAMBLER OVER LAND AND OCEAN FOR TEN YEARS.

"If you want to hear a strange story," said a gentleman to a reporter of the Alta yesterday, in Golden Gate Park, "engage that gray haired man in conver-sation and get him to tell you his history. It will repay you for your time," and he ndicated a indicated a prematurely aged man with a sad face, sitting in the sun on one of the benches in the park. The reporter needed no second invitation, and was soon seated by the man with the strange his-

I finally got to noticing and expecting one young man in particular, who always came in when it was my night to deal. At first he played boldly, and as a consequence, lo-t heavily; but as he grew more familiar with the game he played carefully, and acted as though life depended on his winning, which, in fact, was the case, as it afterward proved. I got the case, as it afterward proved the case, as it a I finally got to noticing and expecting one the case, as it afterward proved. I got rear guard, that would make church acquainted with him, addressing him as going doubly beneficial. "Hoodlumism acquainted with him, addressing him as Brown, but knowing that that was not game; I am ready. Others Joined in the pernaps, men the first and played for awhile, but finally few whom the withdrew from the game and watched not persuade. the strange young man at my right. He played to win, but fate was against him, for he lost, won and lost again, and finally over that table, never more to return. I said my life would go with them, and it shall. Tell my wife I had gone too far to return." Before we could prevent it he put a derringer to his breast and shot himself through the heart, falling upon the table that had been his ruin and

death.

"His wife came, awful in the majesty of her grief, and, after satisfying herself that her husband was dead, she asked: "Where is the keeper of this dreadful place?" I was pointed out, and, striding up to me so that her finger almost touched my pallid face, she exclaimed in tones that are rigid in the same transition. are ringing in my ears yet: 'Oh, you soul-less wretch, with heart of stone! You have lured my husband from me, sent him to perdition, widowed me and orphaned my children. You are his murderer, and may God's curse rest upon you eternally!'

that curse seeming always to be the bur-den of my mind. On my recovery I burned the fixtures of my den and closed the place, and have devoted most of my time to travel, with hope of escaping that woman's just curse, but I can't. I believe that it is on me forever, and I feel that I was that man's murderer. I am rich was that man's murderer. I am rich and my first attempt was to get the dead man's wife to accept an annuity from me, but she refused all aid and tried to support herself by her own labor. I relieved my mind to some extent, however, by settling a certain sum on her and her children, which passes through her father's hands and ostensibly comes directly from him. Her children are receiving a fine education by this means, and my will, safely locked by this means, and my will, safely locked in her father's office, bequeaths to her and and her children my entire wealth, some \$100,000, My life," he continued, "is devoted largely to visiting gambling dens, where I meet young men who are on the highway to hell, and warn them of their danger. Thanks be to God, I have succeeded in many cases in saving them; and now young men who this term. now, young man, remember this story, and let it always stand up as a white specter between you and the gambling table. See to it that the poison does not enter your veins;" and he pulled his hat over his moistened eyes and strode silently away .- [San Francisco Alta.

THE REAR GUARD.

Milwaukee Citizen. All of our churches-with the possible exception of one or two cathedrals in the great cities of the East—are furnished with pews for the convenience and good

order of the Christian worshippers.

But a view of the interior at any of the services on Sunday morning—especially at the hour most convenient for the male portion of the congregation—dis-closes a dense crowd in the back of the closes a dense crowd in the back of the church. Young men and old men, some kneeling, some standing and others shuffling about uneasily—they literally block all ingress to the pews. When the discomfort of their situation is compared to the convenience and decorum of those who sit in the pews it is hard to understand why they fail to come down and take seats, especially when empty pews are yawning in their faces. There are a half dozen possible explanations:

The standing brigade do not rent seats. Or they want to keep out of the way of the contribution box.

Or they want to get out first.

Or they want to hobble out as soon as the sermon begins and be back in time to hear the conclusion of the services.

hear the conclusion of the services.

Or they come late habitually and are

ashamed to go down the aisle.

Or they think it manly to stand with

Or they have some ungentlemanly habit

that looks bad in the new.

Or they want to be in a position to defend the congregation in case of an attack by Indians.

It is to be noted that none of these

reasons are strictly honorable, or such as would be avowed with candor; yet we prematurely aged man with a fancy each of them is, in some degree, applicable. In some village and town churches the rear guard behind the pews is was soon strange his un-Christianlike, repelling the cleanly

seated by the man with the strange his tory.

"I am told," said the seeker after facts, "that you have a life story strange in the extreme, and that you are not averse to relating it."

The eyes of the man were turned on the speaker a moment, and then folding his white hands in his lap, he said: "Yes, it is a story. I am a murderer and a reformed gambler; but you need not shrink so from me, for the murder was not intentional. Ten years ago I owned the largest and most popular gambling about its positive sinfulness. not intentional. Ten years ago I owned the largest and most popular gambling parlors in the City of Chicago, and on Saturday nights I dealt my own faro game, in which business, of course, I made a great deal of money. Many unpleasant is added to great deal of money. Many unpleasant is added to great deal of money. Many unpleasant is great deal of money is great deal of money. Many unpleasant is great deal of money is great deal of mone incidents grew out of my business, but I approached the pulpit to speak with his always excused it on the ground that men did not have to play my games any more than they were obliged to drink poison.

I finally get to noticing and expecting one

brown, but knowing that that was not his true name. I think he followed the game for months, winning a little sometimes, but generally losing heavily. At last he came one night and I saw by his flushed face that he had been drinking, although he looked appropriate the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be sent to the same of the gentlemanly usher to the same of the gentlemanly usher to be comfortably seated. And the experience would be so flushed face that he had been drinking, although he looked apparently cool. He sat down to the table, drew out a small roll of money, and, laying it down before him, said: "There is in that little pile my fortune, my henor and my life. I either win or lose all this night. Begin your game; I am ready." Others joined in at first and allowed from the pile would, perhaps, melt the hearts of the obdurate perhaps, melt the hearts of the obdurate sher to be comfortably little invitation from the pulpit would, perhaps, melt the hearts of the obdurate few whom the gentlemanly ushers could

Mr. R. C. Winlow, writes: "Northrop played to win, but tate was again, and finally for he lost, won and lost sgain, and finally after two hours of playing, evidently in able medicine to all who are troubled with after two hours of playing, evidently in the most fearful suspense, he lost his last dollar. Leaning back in his chair, with compressed lips and a face blanched to a deathly whiteness, he looked me in the eye a moment, and rising, said: "My my food with no apparent effort, and am my continuous harmony and happiness have gone my food with no apparent enor, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of un-pleasant fulness after each meal. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

The reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because there is little

competition. Easily Caught.

It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tenden cies.

Well to Remember.

A STITCH IN TIME—saves nine. Serious results oft follow a neglect of constipated bowels and bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.

Light of Son of Who is Liest ac A glorior Loyes: And he Remains sire o miracile Incesses Showir And outset to I sough four Not on C lamb a Thus Jess And And are

A stril

DE

Written

good whi public m us in th letter to nard O'. M. Sulliv propagate emissary, efforts to leading foremost ultimatel vigor and Errington you that esolution in person the Irish

Parliamer Archbisho

whither I out any m Mr. Parne tion, In I of Cashel is friends have in word and sought TO ADV aware of t suffering ] bishops sha The splen significant rebuke to who do no illustrious and censur unjust. C the Sulliva find the r secular pr least for th lines of thi

eloquent a Sullivan, In forward favorable t no less pre at the close great card find his lik livan labor together— I say Irish thering the both of the were advan ligion. No of Westmi population for political asserts mo Ireland ass self-existen at being a trial which

was publish

agency directon, Cardin Dr. Croke

was a great the Irish pa

classes of England,

very seriou itself. Eng tation, aide ity of Irish had succeed See an offic motives and the breach of Ireland's and labor o belonged to courageous himself bet representat moment in about the fruit of the little; it w Three copiesent in all Another wa

not then v Sun be the the world ti gence. Ere eminent la

the aims an had from ti