MARCH 9, 1883.

"What! no word, my Pocohontas? Must I come on bended knee? I were slain within the forest, I were dead beyond the sea, On the banks of wild Panankey, I had persished but for thee. "No; but like one that has fallen into sin. O Barbara, a soul that has committed sin is far more disfigured than this flower."

"Ah, I keep a heart right royal, that can never more forget.
I can hear the rush, the breathing; I can see the eyelids wel;
I can feel the sadden tightening of thine arms about me yet.

Hower."

These conversations and the good instructions she received from Catherine, made a deep impression on that naturally thoughtful child.

Thinking that the good instructions are received from the properties of the properties of the conversations and the good instructions are received from the properties of the properties o

"Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of man. Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footsteps ran. To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

All her lithe and willowy figure quivered like an aspen leaf, And she crouched as if she shriveled, frost-touched by some sudden grief, Turning only on her husband, Rolfe, one glance, sharp, searching, brief.

Happy and peaceful was the life which Barbara de Courcy led with Widow O'-

When spring came she loved to gather the sweet-scented violets which grew in the shady lanes, and to fill her little apron with primroses and cowslips, which she brought home to adorn their cottage. The meadow at the back of the house belonged to a good-natured neighbor, who allowed the little trespasser to wander there in search of flowers. By the stream she a good-natured neighbor, who anowed the left trespasser to wander there in arch of flowers. By the stream she lucked the large pale-blue forget-me-not; r, in the summer months, would return the summer months, would return the large pale-blue forget-me-not; woodman was ever to be heard accompany-

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows. Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows; Quite over canopled with luscona woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with egantine.

The care of this fragrant garden had been intrusted to Barbara, and in it she would labor with childish gravity; now trying to keep the trailing woodbine which had intruded itself among the flow-ers; or she would carefully tie up the "sweet musk-roses," and draw back the wavward shoots that would push through. "sweet musk-roses," and draw back the wayward shoots that would push through the hedge and peep on to the road, which view of the world did not improve their appearance; for when their little mistress had drawn them in again she generally found that their green glossy leaves were covered with dust, or trailed in the mud, or a goat passing that way had made a med

or a goat passing that way had made a meal off the tender shoots.

"I think, Barbara," Catherine used to say to her, "that the branches of your rose-trees are like foolish children that wander from their research." trees are like foolish children that wander from their parents' home, and meet with many mishaps which would not have befallen them had they remained and done their duties as becomes good children." "I will never wander from you, sister Kate, and granddame," the child would rank.

Catherine took pleasure in making her young pupil see in the flowers emblems of higher things, thus, one merning Barbara called her to see a beautiful white convolvalus which had just unfolded its

# Youthful Follies

are fruitful causes of Nervous Debil-ity, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power. Send three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing means of complete cure. World's Dis-PENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo,

with the queen's command,
Loud he cried, in tones that tingled, "Welcome, welcome to my land!"
But a tremor setzed the princess and she dropped upon her hand.

kitchen.

"Oh, see the lovely flower has touched the earth, and it is all dirtied," said the child sorrowfully. "Sister Kate, it is no core like a heaviiful soul, is it!"

Thinking that she would like to have "Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of man Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footsteps ran.

To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

With extended arms, entreating, stood the stalwart captain there, while the courtiers press around her, and the passing piges star; But no sign gives Pocanomias underneath her veil of half.

Thinking that she would like to have companions to play with her, her kind friends asked Susan Barnby and some other little girl, who they knew would teach no evil, to come occasionally to the cottage; but when Barbara had amused herself with them for a short space of time she would steal away and either wander alone in the neighboring wood or return to Mother Bridget and Catherine, and reply, when urged to religible to the companions to play with her, her kind friends asked Susan Barnby and some other little girl, who they knew would teach no evil, to come occasionally to the cottage; but when Barbara had amused the would steal away and either wander alone in the neighboring wood or return to the proposition of the prop

with sister Kate and granddame.

The truth was, that her little friends touched by some sudden grief, the could not understand the quiet happiness sum they require?"

At the captain's haughty gesture back the curious courtiers fell, and with soothest word and accent he besonght that she would tell whom she had served so well.

But for two long bours the results of the company of those who did sympathize with her.

The truth was, that her little friends could not understand the quiet happiness the enjoyed in searching for her favorite flowers, listening to the songs of the birds and watching the rippling waters of the will know better the company of those who did sympathize with her.

But for two long bours the view of the song of the birds and watching the rippling waters of the will know better the company of those who did sympathize with her.

She went according day, to the clothier,

whom she had served so well.

But for two long hours the princess dumbly sat and bowed her head.

Movele's as the statue near her. When at last she spake, she said:

"White man's tongue is false. It told me—told me—that my brave was dead.

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves"

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves.

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves"

on the boughs, or the juicy blackberries this good deed, especially as the man who which grew in the tangled underwood. In

Happy and peaceful was the life which Barbara de Courcy led with Widow O'. Reilly and Catherine. Quite as happy as it could have been had she remained in her paternal home.

She was a thoughtful and silent child, yet had within her a deep calm joy. The birds, the trees, the flowers, the nummuring brooks, were companions to her, and spoke to her little heart of the love of God their Creator. She was affectionate towards her kind friends, and had in them that entire confidence which makes child-hood so beautiful and so free from care. What they said she implicitly believed; that they would provide her with all she stood in need of, she felt sure, or rather, it would be more correct to say that the thought that it would be otherwise never crossed her mind; and so she lived on happy and content, finding in Bridget and Catherine all she desired.

When spring came she loved to gather the sweet-scented violets which grew in the sangle great strails, on the boughs, or the juicy blackberries which grew in the tangled underwood. In this forest, too, numerous flowers flouristicated in the tangled underwood. In this forest, too, numerous flowers flouristicated. The wood anemone put forth, in early spring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring, its starlike blossom, and in the carly spring, its starlike blossom, and in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas pring in the sheltered spots there was the blue yas rail

or, in the summer months, would return home in triumph with a bunch of wateriris.

The little garden in front of the cottage was one of her chief delights: it was situated on the sunny slope which intervened between the dwelling and the road, and although very small was well stocked with between the dwelling and the road, and although very small was well stocked with common hardy plants, such as then adorned gardens when flowers reigned supreme and foliage plants were unthought of. It was a spot such as Shakespeare describes when he says:

It happened, however, that for some time Catherine had had no occasion to pass that way, and when business again brought her thither, a change very noticeable had come over the woodman and his dame; for although the axe was still heard working destructhe axe was still head working destruc-tion among the trees, the song was now hushed. The good woman also had lost her air of cheerfulness, seeming sad and downcast. "They have some sorrow."

thought Catherine, and she remarked the same to Bridget.
"Poor creatures? Thou shouldst ask if there is aught that we could do for them," said the good-hearted widow.

The next time that Catherine passed the cottage in the forest she stopped, and addressing herself to the woman, with that enuine kindness and perfect simplicity which were prominent features in her character, she said :

"Mother Bridget and I are very uneasy, fearing ye have received ill-tidings; for

Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease. A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

gence; every week she was able to put Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, World's Dispersary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

their only support.

It was hard indeed for the poor people It was nard indeed for the poor people of be obliged to tell their son that it was not in their power to assist him; but they ould not say otherwise, for although their labor sufficed to support themselves, they were totally unable to supply the large sum they required; he had therefore departed with a heavy heart, leaving the good

sorrowful tale, and expressed her sympa-thy with them. On returning home she communicated the tidings to Bridget. "Good Master Andrews has much money of mine"; she said of the she had

of mine," she said, after she had pictured to Widow O'Reilly the distress of their friends in the wood, "and what need have I of it? I have a happy home; thou wouldst not let me want for anything; suppose I were to ask Master Andrew to ow me to give those poor people the sum they require?"
"Thou hast a generous heart, my child,"

replied the old woman, "but thou must take council with Master Andrew; he will know better than I whether this She went accordingly, on the following

day, to the clothier, who was not a little surprised when she asked, in her usual simple manner, whether she might take out of the money which belonged to her a sum which amounted to well-nigh half her little capital. Andrew raised his eyes from the large account book ever which

ject seemed invested with more than usual beauty.

Even that "modest crimson-tipped flower" which Chaucer calls the "day's eye," and the sight of which was no novelty to her, attracted her passing notice as she hurried on; and raising her eyes from the starfy field to the blue heavens, she murmured, "How beautiful are Thy works, O Lord!"

At length with a beating heart, she stood before the cottage door; it was opened by the dame, who was surprised to see her

o enjoy at leisure this happy surprise.

In the afternoon, however, both she and er husband came to Widow O'Reilly's cottage to thank Catherine, who told them Andrew than to her, since, under God, he had been the principal instrument in saying their son. "He has given you half the money, and lent me the rest," she

"When James is better off he will pay you both, never fear," said the old wood-man: "that is, he will pay the money; but the kindness that moves thee to interest thyself in our misfortunes, that we can never fully repay."

Catherine had too much consideration for the feelings of others to refuse to consider the money in question as a loan, which the farmer could repay in event of which the farmer could repay in event of his prosperity returning, but she remarked that neither she nor Master Andrew were in any hurry, and that they would willingly wait until it was quite convenient for their son to pay them. "And," she added, "if this be not the case for many years let him not you bigself on the case. years, let him not vex himself on that ac

Catherine worked with redoubled dili-

ment would expire in another month, when, if he were unable to answer the demands of the money-lenders, he would be rarrested and his goods would be sold, and his wife and children would with them lose

arted with a heavy heart, leaving the good cople no less afflicted.

Catherine listened with interest to the corrowful tale, and expressed her sympathy with them. On returning home she communicated the tidings to Bridget.

"Good Master Andrews has much money for which the woodman made a little or strength of the cottage and begins inmates to accept. Once she brought for Barbara a snow-white pigeon, for which the woodman made a little or strength of the cottage and begins inmates to accept. Once she brought for Barbara a snow-white pigeon, for which the woodman made a little or strength o uite tame, and soon learnt to com norning and tap at the wind room in which Catherine and the child

Happily did the days pass on. Cather-Happily did the days pass on. Catherine watched with joy the expanding intellect of her young charge; with tender solicitude she guarded her from every evil. She felt a holy reverence towards that pure soul intrusted to her care, and a love that was intense, like everything in her ardent nature. In the soul of that child she saw the image of God. Her first care, therefore, was to direct her young thoughts therefore, was to direct her young thoughts to her Creator, to instruct her thoroughly in her religion; all other learning, how-ever estimable and useful, was, she knew, wer estimable and useful, was, sue knew, only of secondary importance. There was indeed in Barbara's character

"And I lay upon my decressins allone moon of falling leaves (Who hath care for song or corn dance when Looking Io westward where the souls go, up Looking Io westward where the souls go, up the path the sunser weaves.

"Call me 'child' now. It is over. On my fall to them both; it led to the domain of one of the numerous gentry who resided in the environs of the city. Part of the road lay through a forest; and beautiful; was on a summer's day, to watch the fitting lights and shades dancing among the green leaves and across the narrow path; and sweet was the sound of bird's singing, and of the breeze rustling in the reversation of the part of the road lay through a forest; and beautiful; was no a summer's day, to watch the distingular to the wast of the was pouring, and looked at her in be-wilderment, while his worthy dame gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Kate, thou must tell me why thou wantest so large a sum; if it is necessary for thee, thou knowest I shall not refuse it; but if I judge it not to be a gay little squirrel might be seen bounding along the ground, or leaping from branch to branch. All these things were causes of innocent enjoyment to Catherine and Barbara's character from the large account-book over which the was pouring, and looked at her in be-wilderment, while his worthy dame gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Kate, thou must tell me why thou wantest so large a sum; if it is necessary for thee, thou knowest I shall tree tops; and now and then, perhaps, a gay little squirrel might be seen bounding along the ground, or leaping from branch to branch. All these things were causes of innocent enjoyment to Catherine and Barbara's character from the large account-book over which the was pouring, and looked at her in be-wilderment, while his worthy dame gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Kate, thon must tell me why thou wantest so large a sum; if it is necessary for thee, thou knowest I shall to reduce the purpose to which most children and Barbara's character wilderment in the customation of surpris tered, and she was able to form words and find a meaning in what she saw printed,

find a meaning in what she saw printed, she advanced more rapidly.

A prayer-book and one or two more works of piety, which belonged to her mother, formed all Catherine's library. It was in these little Barbara learnt to read, and likewise to say the Psalms in Latin, a language which it was then very usual for ladies to acquire, and which Catherine's mother, who had studied it in her youth, though she wisely judged that any great proficiency would be useless to her daughter, nevertheless desired that she should know enough to be able to say her prayers in the language of the Church as well as in her own. These accomplishments and the doing of various kinds of needlework, constituted the principal part of work, constituted the principal part of Barbara's instruction; but here her educa-tion did not cease. That inward training of her heart and will, that checking of evil Barbara's instruction; but here her education did not cease. That inward training of her heart and will, that checking of evil passions as they sprang up, that arming of the young soul for the lifelong combat against vice, which is the very essence of a Christian existence, and on the issue of which depends his eternal welfare, that part of education, which is so often neglected by the charge of child the part of education, which is so often neglected by the charge of child the part of education, which is so often neglected by the charge of child the part of education, which is so often neglected by the charge of child the part of education, which is so often neglected by the charge of child the part of education, which is so often neglected by the part of education, which is so often neglected that bishop would be justified before the tribunal of God. Then, in all earnest, body in this Western country seems to be

in the first tender hues of spring, in the full glow of gorgeous summer, in the solemn grandeur of autumn, or again be neath the stormy skies of winter—doubt less these scenes made a deep and lasting impression on the mind, particularly of the young; and it must be far easier to raise to high and noble objects the thought of a child accustomed to dwell amids rural beauty than those of one whose eye have rested on no more elevating objects. ave rested on no more elevating object hen endless rows of brick and mortar Catherine unconsciously experienced thi both in herself and in the education of arbara. The peaceful woodland lan lape in the environs of Exeter (far from scape in the environs of Exeter (far from having reached its present magnitude), and the wild sea views about Penzance had, no doubt, served to elevate the naturally fine mind of the former, and to preserve in her that purity and child-like simplicity of heart which shone forth in her whole

But to produce this effect the beautier of nature must be regarded in a right spirit, that is, as the manifestations of God's ower and goodness, and as the gifts of a enignant Father to his children. This is exemplified in a beautiful passage which occurred in the life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. After this holy queen had been driven from her throne and reduced to great straits, our Blessed Lady frequently ppeared to her, and revealed to her many hings concerning her youth in the temple; and she told her that during that period lessed Trinity; which vision made her eart so overflow with holy joy, that rearning again to the visible things of this orld, the very trees and stones were dear her, and she oftentimes embraced them th a holy love, as being the works of her with a noty love, as being the works of her gracious Creator, just as a child kisses the articles which have but belonged to a

Last Meeting of Pocahonias and the Great Captain.

A. D. 1616.

In a stately half at Brentroff when the English June is green.

In a stately half at Brentroff when the English June is green.

Sattle Indian princess, summoned that here for under of the reast pottless and open, so that all can see into count and queen.

There for audience as she waited, with half-all receives all."

That afternoon therewas heavy shower; when it had ceased Barbara ran out to look a here convolvulus. Alas, the rain had counter down the state.

Bright in broidered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the state.

Bright in broidered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the state.

Bright in broidered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the state.

As with striding step he hasted, burdened when the state.

As with striding step he hasted, burdened when the states which the queen's command, with the queen's command, when it had expense is to Catherine, who was working in the when, if he were unable to answer the device of the promote of the count and queen.

The result of the pure should rule the day, the latter prescaled to a considerable one. She asked the woodman, who also did a little carpenter's work, to make for her a small box out of his pieces of old planks. The life of it is an it all can see into a constituent of the pure state of the promote of the pour hands of the pure state of th

By the end of a year the prudent girl was able to pay her debt to Andrew, who commended her for her exactitude and industry—qualities which the old merchant, being himself a very meriodical man, highly valued.

Although the farmer was not in a condition to pay his debt for some time, as, having six children to provide for, he could not afford to put much by, he nevertheless found various means of showing his gratitude to his benefactors.

Bridget and Catherine often received little presents of honey, eggs, or but Devonshire, usually contrived to spend Christmas at the good merchant's. In Catherine's childhood it had been Father Ralph's habit to do so, and he never failed to be the welcome guest of Master Andrew, until the benighted state of Cornwall had duced his superiors to send him to Pen-

Amid the festivities of Christmas there Amid the festivities of Christmas there always floated back to Catherine's mind the memory of that first and last midnight Mass at which she had ever assisted. That sad scene, and the death of Lady Margaret, which had so closely followed it painted themselves vividly to her imagination at that season; and it was, perhaps, on account of the recollections attached to that day, that when Barbara was seven years old she prepared her to make her first confession on Christmas-eve.

The little child learnt her own history by hearing it often repeated by Bridget

by hearing it often repeated by Bridget and Catherine, but she listened to it as to and Catherine, but she listened to it as to some strange and wonderful story, in which she could not imagine that she had had a part; it seemed to her so impossible to realize having at any time lived with others than her good "granddame and sis-

The fact that during the first year she The fact that during the first year she had passed with them her kind friends had avoided speaking of her life at the Manor, fearing to renew the grief which the death of her mother had at first caused her, and the complete change of seene which had occurred soon after that event, had no doubt contributed to obliterate from her memory all recollection of the first three years of her life.

No further tidings had been heard of Sir Reginald, and by degrees Widow O'-Reilly and Catherine looked on little Barbara as quite their own, although the latter always cherished the hope that one day she might be able to restore the child she

she might be able to restore the child she she might be able to restore the child she loved so dearly to her father, or, if he were dead, to her brother, and thus fulfill the promise she made to Lady Margaret. TO BE CONTINUED.

# MIXED MARRIAGES.

TEN YEARS' INVESTIGATION-A FEARFUL

To the Editor of the Catholic Review : others have not a similar statement to make, it is, perhaps, because they paid less attention to this matter, and were of those happy natures who always see the sunny

ted by those who have the charge of children, was the portion to which Catherine devoted her utmost care.

Doubtless the beautiful scenes and besides the stated that her sister engaged several trusty on the charge of children, was the portion to which Catherine devoted her utmost care.

Doubtless the beautiful scenes and believe the tribunal of God. Then, in all earnest, body in this Western country seems to be of affairs regarding mixed marriages. I engaged several trusty of the marriages. Doubtless the beautiful scenes and healthful air of the country, with the charm of forest and glens and rushing streams at hand, ever varying in their aspect as the seasons succeeded each other, in the first tender hues of spring, in the full glow of gorgeous summer in the full glo we worked, and I here give the result of this ten years' labor to all Catholic parents, for the welfare of their children's holy faith. Without any fear of successful contradiction, I say to them openly:
Keep your children from and out of mixed
marriages, lest in fifty years you need
another St. Patrick or St. Boniface, to convert a nation of pagans, made up of your grandchildren. Here is a looking-glass! stand before it, watch it closely! Our town numbers one hundred and fifty | go. four hundred and thirty careless parents, within so short a time, have sent out of the all-saving "Bark of Peter." Many of the parents in the mixed families referred to, were themselves the results of mixed marriages, proving the every-day experi-ence, that the second generation of such unions will always be an entire loss to the

Church

tion ; and why has the Church done so ? Christ gave the answer to the Jews over eighteen hundred years ago: "On account of your hardness of heart, on account of your wickedness, on account of your wickedness, on account of your weakness of faith." Does an occasional dispensation, wrung from the heart of the Church, make a mixed marriage more pleasing in the sight of God, or less detest. this is by no means the case is substantia-ted by the following facts: Our Divine Saviour invites into His adorable Presence in the Blessed Sacrament all sinners, to show mercy to them all, one class alone excepted—parties contracting a mixed marriage. These must always, even after marriage. These must always, even after a so-called dispensation, retire from the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, and the marriage ceremony is performed in some private place, without any sacred vest-ment, yea, without even a sign of religion, and the priest, who may bless even the poor animal in the stable, is strictly charged by the Church not to bless a mixed

marriage. So much for the vaunted dis-pensation.

What would even the poorest Catholic What would even the poorest Catholic say, if he saw a Catholic and a pagan kneeling side by side at the communion-railing dividing the Sacred Host given to one. Something similarly detestable takes place in a mixed marriage. An entire refusal of all dispensation would send, for some years a good many out of the Church (comparatively a small leave on the leavest (comparatively a small loss, or no loss at all) but it must be confessed would save us thousands of souls afterwards. Our non-Catholic American young men are more anxious to contract a union with young maidens of the Catholic faith than with those of their own belief. What is the duty of every Catholic girl under such the duty of every Cathone gir under such circumstances? Before God, they are bound to see to it, that such young men take instructions and become Catholics.

An experience of twenty years has taught me, that, under circumstances, out

of every ten non-Catholics, eight would invariably become Catholics. What instruments God uses in bringing souls into the One Fold of Christ matters little?

The writer of this knows, at not a great distance from his field of labor, three brothers and four sisters, each of whom contracted a mixed marriage with a dispensation and good promises. These seven have reject this circle with a dispensation and good promises. have raised thirty-eight children; only two of whom were baptized, but again "fell away," and so went to eternity. Thus are lost forty-five souls of one family by unions detestable to God and His holy

Who will answer for the loss of all these WYANDOTTE, Ks., 12, 1883.

### Parsons Ark Daily Sun A REMINISCENCE OF TRAVEL.

"A traveling man has many queer experiences," said W. D. Franklin the other evening at the Abbott House while con-versing with some gentlemen. The versing with some gentlemen. The speaker was a young man with a fine, intelligent face—a man well known in this State from his active efforts in behalf of the Continental Collection Union, Cincinnati, with which he is connected "I have just been reading in the paper, continued Mr. Franklin, tapping a copy o the Kansas City Times, "an article on a popular remedy, which recalls a reminisence of Kentucky travel. I think it was To the Editor of the Catholic Review:

In the following lines I shall give the result of a ten year's investigation. To some it will, perhaps, appear incredible, but I vouch for the truth of every word. If others have not a similar statement to tive. We were not exceptions to the rule.

I do not remember how the subject of

> specific for pain both in man and beast. It certainly has obtained great popularity for I meet with its devotees wherever

families entirely Catholic, and four hundred and fifty "mixed families." Of these latter, four hundred have fallen away entirely and completely from the Church; of the fifty outwardly professing the faith. of the fifty outwardly professing the faith, only twenty earnestly strive to raise their children Catholics. Thus, four hundred in the presence of S. J. Lambert, propriechildren Catholics. Thus, four hundred and thirty families are gone; count three children for each, and you have the round number of twelve hundred and ninety—

the writer mentioned the German Remedy in the presence of S. J. Lambert, proprietor of the Abbott House, and received the prompt information from that gentleman that St. Jacobs Oil was the boss rheumatic. including parents, seventeen hundred and twenty souls lost to the Church—the work of less than twenty years. All my successors, within a hundred years, will not matism, too,—and had it bad. I believed bring as many converts into the Church, as in the remedy which every one was praising and used it. I have ever since been glad that I did so, for both my wife and myself realized speedy relief and cure. The St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid curative power; in short, it is just the best of lini-ments."

on Riggs avenue is located, the popular unions will always be an entire loss to the Church.

Now, if we consider that God made Adam

Now, if we consider that God made Adam

Now, if we consider that God made Adam On Riggs avenue is located the popular and she told her that during that period as was often wrapt in eestacy, and beheld and Eve of one religion; if we consider that in the Jewish nation, the chosen people of God, "mixed marriages" were pundous to it all his life. Sometimes he anything else. Mr. Sloan is subject to be subject to it all his life. Sometimes he we consider the emphatic condemnation | wakes at night with a horrible pain gnawwe consider the emphatic condemnation of mixed marriages in the New Testament; when we see that nearly four hundred councils and synods forbid them; when we hear every Holy Father, every doctor of divinity who had occasion to speak on the subject, condemn them; when every ders in a case of sprain. One of his men articles which have but belonged to a much-loved parent.

The starry heavens were among the sights on which Catherine and Barbara particularly loved to gaze: they knew nothing either of the names or of the marked marriages, or how under heaven can a priest trifle with such a subject? It may be objected that the the moon and the stars, ordaining that the

Four little feet on the fender, Straying together through summer wo Out in the autumn's rain— Oh, c.ear and deep were the foot-prints That never will come again! Four little busy, bare, brown hands, Ready for work or play. From the first stir of piping birds, To the last faint gleam of day. Ready for book, or line, or gun, Ready to help or to bear, Four little hands at even-tide Solemnly clasped in prayer. Four strong feet in the press of life, Firm with the tread of health,

> Four weary feet on the fender, Four weary hands that ask Only the Master's 'That will do,' And then to let drop their task,

eeping step with each other yet In the race for fame and wealth

Four hands grasping each other tight In every pleasure or pain, Hands still full of a kindly strength, Still free from unholy stain.

Of the woods, the fields, the school-ho Their loves, their losses and gains, And how they stood by each other Through changes, pleasures and pains And now with hearts still sweet and stro At the end of earthly strife, Still hand in hand, they are waiting For the dawn of a grander life. When these brothers shall meet again,

In the land for which we pray, When their feet tread the hills of God, Oh, what will they do and say!

## THE DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM

By Bishon McOnaid. CONCLUDED.

But some may say, our numerously attended Sunday schools in cities and towns disprove the theory that Protestan tism is decaying through the want o children in the families of church members Statistics with regard to the New Eng land States demonstrate this theory o few children among church members a an undeniable fact. "Besides the strictly native New Englanders," says Dr. Allen n the Popular Science Monthly, "there is only one other people, or race, where there has been such a natural decrease in numbers—that is, the Sandwich Islanders. This assertion finds its strongest sustain ment in the testimony of Mr. J. W. C Leveridge, for forty years prominent is Sunday-school work, and now Secretary of the Sunday-school Association of New York County. He thus unburdened his

d to a reporter of the New York Times They (the churches) never report so "They (the churches) never report so many scholars for the church, and so many for chapels and missions, but so many ir the lump. The reason for this is, in plair English, that they are ashamed of themselves. There are lots of these big churche on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with from eight hundred to fifteen hundred members, who cannot show one hundred to the state of the scholars of the state of the stat members, who cannot show one hundred thool scholars. Why is this Well I guess rich people have about quit having children. And even middle-class Christians don't seem to do much better. When I was a younger man than I am now, our Sunday-schools were largely made up of the children of church members. Now the children of Christian

parents are awfully few and far between." denomination, said to the same reporter: "Our Sunday-school is in excellent condi-tion, but it is largely composed of childen whose parents have no connection with the church—chiefly the better class of Germans. The fact is, Universalists don't seem to have any children." The Super-intendent of Rev. Mr. Collyer's Sundayschool made a similar remark with regard to Unitarians. It may be asked, after pondering on the significance of the above facts: Do culture and sterility, natural or artificial, even in Protestant churches, go

hand in hand? A common-sense view of the working Protestant churche towns notes that their members are highly respectable, their equipments costly, all the furnishing and upholstery parlor-like, pervaded and emcompassed by an atmosohere of exclusiveness. In a word, these phere of excusiveness. In a word, these churches are not for the poor, and the poor do not go to them. For the poor, missions and chapels are built and supported by wealthy fellow-religionists, on side streets and in the suburbs. Poor people, not mendicants, resent the affront of sending them away from their brethren. For one or two months of the summer season, ministers and their wealthy parishioners adjourn to the sea-shore, or to the lakeide, for religion and health, leaving behind churches and their spiritually un-

cared for poor. Many forget to return when the churches re-open. Another hindrance to the growth of

Protestantism is found in the impossibility of providing churches with ministers of providing churches with ministers educated up to the standard required by Americans at the inadequate compensation offered. The advance of the American people in intellectual development, their habits of thought and study with regard to everything that comes before them, in their business or occupation, in politics and religion, make them fastidious in the choice of preacher or minister. They demand much of him. He must be as intelligent, at least, as themselves; be able to treat subjects of the day with readine and skill, in language flowing, rich, and attractive, or their own minds, run ning ahead of his, may be on the alert to supply the missing word, or the apt argument. The minister who can come up to their demand can do better in some other walk of life, and he may not see the necessity of sacrificing himself and family for a flock unwilling to make sacrifices for him. Hence every day we hear of able ministers deserting the pulpit, and of congregations with church and pulpit but no preacher. Thus, Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, came down from his pulpit, and resigned what might be called a large salary to do better for his family in the insurance business. His case is not exceptional. While the statistics furnished by the secular press relate chiefly to cities, the losses to Protestantism in the rural districts come in no small

degree from their inability to obtain suitable preachers at beggarly pay. Nothing has developed skepticism in the laity more effectually than the minister's quickness in giving up a doctrinal point at the demand of secularists, on the plea