THE HOME CIRCLE

COMPORT,

Whate'er my God ordains is right— His will is ever just; Howe'er He orders now ny cause I will be still and trust. He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I shall not fall; Wherefor to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right-He never will deceive;
He leads me by his own right path,
And so to Him I cleave
And take, content,
What he hath sent;

Ilis hand can turn my griefs away, And patiently I wait his day. And patiently I wait ilis day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup mest drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart;
I will not fear nor surink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

FEIVOLOUS WOMEN.

The Sacred Heart Review, in a recent article on feasts of the Blessed Virgin, whom the church holds up to women as their model in their service of the Divine Redeemer, says. The lessons to be drawn from Mary's life are evident, perect submission to God's holy will, and the patient bearing of sorrows and trials as part of our daily life in union with Christ's

How are the women of to-day following the example given them by this perfect handmaid of the Lord? Historians tell us that, through her example and the reverence offered to Sier, the condition of women has been, we may say, racically altered from that in other days; from a slave and chattel she has become a

from that in other days; from a slave and chattel she has become a queen, man's equal, revered, honored, crowned. Will these conditions last? Are the women of to-day following their pattern? Very distinct indications of unhealthy social conditions in this regard are only too patent in our country; and, from a non-Catholic source, and from an unsensational preach x, there have come, in the form of some very searching questions, such remarks as these:

"Is it true that young women, reputed to be of good family and honest bringing up, exhibit with pride the jewels bought out of the profits of the gaming-table? Is it true that hostesses are found in fashionable life who will let young men, whose honesty is their cepital, depart impoverished, x losses at cards, out of drawing rooms into which they have been invited as guests? Of what avail, then, is a crusade against policy shops and pool rooms, whether by five, fifteen, or fifty?" Commenting on this matter, a very well known New York daily remakes:

"We hear of young men who have

makes:

"We hear of young men who have
fost hundreds and even thousands of
dollars at the game, as provided by
nostesses of social distinction; and
some of them are put to dire straits
to raise the money, and save them
selves from social ruin which would
be the penalty of their default."

This is only one indication of a

some of them are put to dire straits to raise the money, and save themselves from social ruin whilel would be the penalty of their default."

This is only one indication of a dark side of society and of fash'onable women's lite to-day, a side that culminates in the darkest shades of family dishonor, social corruption, and intricate depths of frequent divorce, and so-called re-marriages, that are a disgrace to civilization. From it—of course—Catholic women shrink back aghast. But do they?

The ole saying is that a man is known by the company he keeps; and the company we keep is not always precisely of flesh and blood. Our minds keep company with the things we read; and are raised or lowered, refined or tainted, thereby. Into our Catholic households comes the daily newspaper with its detailed, abhorrent accounts of scandais in high life and low life, and the Sunday newspaper (1) with columns of social gossip, to attrect frivcious women's eyes. The extravagant dresses of a multi-millionaire bride, the engagement gift of a city beie, the social triumpis of a young debutante or of a theatrical star, possess a fascination for the frivolous woman that is absolutely appalling when one finds how little time there is also on Sunday for ennobling things. And oh! the contagion of it! the distance that follows for one's everyday, commonplace life, the aping of the rich, the living beyond one's means, the pitful endeavor to appear like So-and-So, instead of being one's true, honest self, the failures that too often follow in business, the shame, the family skeleton discovered—perhaps the suickde. This frivolcus seading, on Sunday especially, is no sign of strength of mind our Catholic women of the farbetter, brighter and more heautiful things that are their invaluable possession in their close tie with her who, while she was the Mother of Sorrows, was also the happlest and most favored of human beings. The thought of her and the imitation of her, in the daily doing of God's holy will and the patient endurance of daily trials

THE WELL-DRESSED GIRL.

THE WELL-DRESSED GIRL.

White holds first rank this summer, as it did last, for children, young girls and young women, and for older ones also when combined with black.

White lawn graduation gowns this year are trimmed with dainty heatitched or lace trimmed ruffles upon the skiris, the waists being tucked and hemmed, with embroidered or lace insertion set in.

White and colored wash slik shirtwaists made like ordinary cotton ones will be much worn this scason. White sashes of soft ribbon used as belts and ending with long ends coming to the edges of the skirts are to be used with summer gowns.

Collars are made from two to three inches deep and over founda-

tions that may be bought in all sizes As a rule the collar is made of the dress material and trimmed as the

waist is.

Many of the parasols this season are of striped silk in white colors, and many others are of plain black and the dark shades. The sticks are long, and as a rule are less of ante than they were a year ago.—May Ladles' Home Journal

THE BOER VROW.

In Winston Spencer Caurchill's book on General Ian Hamilton is the

book on General Ian Hamilton is the description of a prosperous Boer farm house, a large square building with a deep verandah, a garden and half a dezen barns Indoors he found a series of decorations evidently ministering les sto a sense of heanty than to the moral life.

The wa's were hung with curious prints or colored plates, and several texts in Dutch. One set of plates represented the ten stages of man's life, and another showed the woman's. Both were displayed in every period from the cradle to the grave, and the terminus lay at the comfortable age of a hundred. comfortable age of a hundred.

The woman's fortunes were especi The woman's fortunes were especially prosperous. At birth she sprawled contentedly in a cradle, while loving parents bent over her in rapture and dutiful angels hung attendant. At ten she escampered after a hoop. At twenty she reclined on the shoulder of an exemplary lover. At thirty she was on-

clined on the shoulder of an exemplary lover. At thirty she was engaged in teaching letters to seven children. At forty she celebrated a silver wedding. At fifty, still young and blooming, she attended the christening of a grandchild. At saxty it was a great-grandchild. At seventy she enjoyed a golden wedding. At eighty she was smillingly engaged in knitting. Even at 00 she was well preserved, nor could she with reason complain of her lot when at a hundred the inevitable hour had arrived. evitable hour had arrived

THE SPIRIT OF REPENTANCE.

The majority of us think little of the sins which have been confessed and which we believe have been forwhen we believe have need for them. Whereas we are told in Holy Scripture to "be not without fear about she forgiven; and add not sin upon she; and say not. The mercy of the Lord is great; He will have mercy upon the multitude of my sins." Without a salutary fear of God's judgment most of us would exert ourselves but little in the work of our salvation, and this is why wy ourselves but little in the work of our salvation, and this is why wa are warned not to think lightly of past sins and are left in encortainty as to the future. "There are in just men and wise men, and their works are in the hands of God; and yet man knoweth not whether he be worthy of love or hatred. But all things are kept uncertoin." It is the subtly of true "constitute, accept to things are kept uncertoin." It is the spirit of true 'epentance never to forget and never to cease from fear. Past sins, even though they be forgiven, must be atoned for, and they cannot be so easily dropped out of sight and out of mind. They must be remembered, they must be feared, and they must be oxplated. The forgiveness of our sins was purchased by Jesus Christ through His blood

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S STONE.

Albert W. Quiraby in the June Fo-Albert W. Quiraby in the June Forum says: There is one word of almost magical influence that needs to be whispered in connection with the theme of housekeeping. It is system! Without it, success is doubtful; with it, failure cannot ensue. There must be system for all work, system in hours. System in propur-There must be system for all work, system in hours, system in pro-ptness, system for occupation, and system for recreation, system in the rigorous observance of hours of rest and sleep, and system in the hour of rising. When possible, a girl should have in her own right a bright, well-ventilated room, capable of being made comfortable in whiter. Attention to this will react in advantage to the employer. Whatever taste the latter expends upon her maid's apartment is an investment sure to result usurlously to herself. sure to result usurlously to herself.

THE SONG OF SADNESS.

The bird that hes lost her young still sings. She still repeats the notes of her happy days, for she knows no other; but by a stroke of her art the musician has merely changed her key, and the song of the state of pleasure is converted into the lamer-tation of grief.—Chatea. riand.

TRUST GOD.

We must rook out to God, pass over to Him, lean upon Him, learn to be one with Him, and let love of Him burn love of self away, so that our union may be effectual.

LESSON OF FORGIVENESS.

LESSON OF FORGIVENESS.

It would be well for us to study and take to heart the lesson of forgiveness. Those who foster jealousy and envy are their own bitterest enemies, and the heart that is free from those things experiences a feeling of freedom, for it belongs to God. With our hearts free of envy and anger, we know what peace and contentment are, and become more Christilko. Revenge is a sin that makes him who entertains it unhappy and miserable.

The Whole Story in a letter

din-Killer

From Cant. F Love, Police Station No., Montreal: Wo frequently use Prink Avis? Pain-Killer for joins in the stometh, relamation, stiffness, frost ôties, children, enamys, and all addictions which blains, cramps, and all addictions which befall men in our position. I have no heal-tation in saying that Part.-Ritten is the best remedy to have near at hand." Used Internally and Externally. Two S.zes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Funeral Flowers

An outrage on good sense and Christian ploty is the prevalent custom of flowers at adult funerals, where flowers have preperly no place at all. They have come to be there because people without faith or ploty thought "they'd be so nice," the doull naturally, favoring their use as some ald to cloak over, to sentimental imaginations, the menory of mean and worthless lives, and especially to shut out of view the everlasting lot and condition which Christian faith foreshadows for such lives beyond the grave. Then, numbers who inwardly in their own botter sense reprobate the fashion, and despise those following it, when their own turn comes, through human respect, the cowardly "fear of man," or pressure from the vanity or stillness of relatives or friends, yield to the fashion themselves, and so help to sanction and perpetuate it. "They all do it," they say; there's toe pity; "you have to do it;" no you don't! You have to defy it, strike against it, and so you will have the approval of your own and everybody's sense and conscience, and of the Church of God. You will be overthrowing a stupid tyranny, saving yourself utterly useless expenses, and showing a particularly distinguished respect to your dead.

When Christian children die before coming to the use of reason, and so before their soul sin, the church recommends that their coffins be decorated with flowers, emblematic of their souls' beauty through the grace infused in baptism, and the burial service is a protracted chant of joyous praise and thanksgiving to God or the , instantaneous entrance to the happiness and glory of heav-en P t for the burial of adults who have reached the use of reason, and have therefore sinned—for in many have therefore sinned—for in many things we all offend—the church has no use for flowers, and with only the comfort derivable from what revelation has promised on behalf of those who have lived and believed in Jesus, eater His Fesh, and died a union with Him-conditions not at all as common in their infilment as are the function flowers—the church's common in their i-dilment as are the funeral flowers— he church's language is a distressful dargo over the terriblo judgment they have had to face, a wall over the punishment they are suffering. The church follows into the life beyond the living soul, the true man or woman, and whilst it would have the soul's latest casement decently and reverently taken to nature's gentle cremaest casement decently and reverently taken to nature's gentle crematory to be prepared for future resurrection, it mainly wants to have the
body used to solicit, and get for the
over living sentinol soul, by benisons
and prayer, "a place of refreshment,
light and peace."
Ecolowing the wise mind o. God's

light and peace."
Following the wise mind o. God's church, we do well by ourselves, our neighbors and our dead. We escaped being classed with that large number whose extravagant outlay at funerals leave them for months and years unable to pay their just debts and current obligations. We eschew and prevent the growls and muttered curses that often enough accompany the fashion-forced offering of flowers. We save our dear departed the dishonor of being associated in nany the fashlox-forced differing of flowers. We save our dear departed the dishlonor of being associated in people's minds with those whose discreputable or good-for-nothing record, mistaken or assumed, fondness or friendship, attempts to rehabilitate by piles of flowers. We differentiate ourselves from the savages and the vulgar worldlings whose futile fussing about the body leaves them heedless and heartless towards the departed soul. We are, on the the departed soul. We are, on the contrary, led to heer its ery: "have pity on me at least you my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me;" we follow it to where it is, we compensate if for wrongs done it, and services received of it, in the present life, and in the truest way, in very and efficacious deed, we show our love and friendship. The cost of the soon the departed soul. We are, on the cacious deed, we show our love and friendship. The cost of the soon dead and worthless flowers we can put into aimsdeeds, acts of charity and religion, to the intensest satisfac'ion of dear departed ones, to the telling edification of our neighbors, to the fostering in ourselves of an enlightened, refined Christianness of temper and conduct that will make our lives beautiful and fragrant here and forever. and forever.

WHAT THE SPIDER SAID.

"I was spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted and her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she said, 'I can't! I can't.'
"Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now, "very t me. I spun a nice, siky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.

away.
"This happened many times, but & t last I made one that did not break and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

er threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

"What a patient spider! she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step."

DECEIT CANNOT BE HIDDEN.

DECEIT CANNOT BE HIDDEN.

Boys and young men sometimes start in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine that if a man is able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

The Monk and His Work

In the Travellers' Record of Hartford appeared, recently, a monk engaged in illuminating a manuscript. Apropos of the plature the editor of the Record writes:

"Our monk is evidently amused In his eye beams a beneficent satisfaction, the set of his lips, the hand that nestles the chin, are full of supreme self-complacency. Evidently the copy is a work of art. The letter has moulded perfectly under his careful strokes, or the colors of the careful illumination have blended into a beautiful and perfect whole

"To him and his kind we owe puch. The best thoughts of the old philosophers and poets, the history of past ages, the chronicles of his own day, have been preserved to us mostly through his labors; much also of morality and virtue, in an age when civilization seemed varquished.

"In the breaking up of the old soclety which we trace from the fifth to the eighth century, ignorance grew apace. To the men of that day it must have seemed that the ony it must have seemed that the world was sinking into harbarism. The arts, the sciences, the cui are, all that was best in the old civilization, seemed to have shared the fate of all that was worst and been swept into oblivion.

"Rotten and corrupt as was Rome in the years of her decadence, yet the shame of these was dinamed by the traditions of her magnificence and culture in the days of power. To the Roman subject and to the barbarian himself, Rome remained the symbol of might, and men looked to her, though no longer for power, yet for ideas. They believed she was to rise again, and the reagn of charlemagne seemed to be the forerunner of a new Roman empire, but it was to be only a break in the clouds of anarchy and chaos of the years that again fell darkly with Charlemagne's death. Rotten and corrupt as was Rome magne's death.

The Christian Church, powerful through its organization and discip-line, incorporated in itself the force of a real religion and the glamor of a real religion and the gramos of Rome's traditional power and

glory.
"The monasteries severe in rule, yet offered a place of peace in the midst of a storm of conflicts, clashing ideas and general ignorance. Here, in quietness and contempla-Here, in quietness and contempla-tion, the thoughtful, the virtuous, had a refuge from the utter ignor-ance, the gross immorality, the dangers of a world in the threes of change. Here, then, could come not only the ascetic man of the church, but the disappointed, the man tred with the venities of the world, the with the vanitles of the world, the scholar, the scientist. These monasteries were the fortresses of civiliteries were the fortresses of civili-zation. They taught not only the rule o. plain living, but the dignity of labor. They gave to the people of that time some knowledge of the arts of peace, of agriculture far in advance of the rude and barbarous tillings that was generally practis-ed. They taught the value of pub-lic morality and themselves set an oxample in their own living. To their influence most of the social morality and virtue of the time was their influence most of the social morality and virtue of the time was

morality and virtue of the time was due.

"The Benedictines, especially, encouraged learning; reading was compulsory, and during certain hours chosen brethren made their rounds to see that all the inmates were reading or writing, instead of languishing or westning. To them. were reading or writing, instead of languishing or gossiping. To them, and the orders that sprang from them, we owe in great part the preservation of the Greek and Roman classics, and though in the utter durkness that seemed to creep over the Western world in the tenth century—the dark age; the age of lead, as these years were called which saw the growth of the feudal system, the deeny of the church, the frightful immorality of priests, monk, noble, and people alike—yet the work of copying the old manuscripts, the building up of the great monastic ibraries, the art of illumination, had been so far accomplishination, had been so far accomplished and so widely taken up as a means of monastic employment, that the momentum of past practice brought it through into the regenerating influences that came in the middle years of the eleventh century; and though the indifference of many years and the iconoclastic theories of certain periods caused great damage to many priceless works, and, in the days when writing material was scarce, and argumentative and disputatious brethren wrote their thresome discourses and the miracles of the order's saints over the priceless copies of their predecessors, enough had been done, and still continued to be done in the periods of revival, to scarce and ination, had been so far accomplished and so widely taken up as a

decessors, enough had been done, and still continued to be done in the periods of revival, to scure and keep intact until the Remaissance and the reign of the printing press the treasures of the past.
"Bora by hand, every letter copied with care, a whole year oftentines spent on one copy of a work, these manuscripts have coine down to our days perfect in form, and, though the Latin of the later years of the art is so corrupt as to be an almost antranslatable horror to modern scholers, yet a great number are triumphs of careful and painstaking labor, while for harmony of rich coloring, the old illuminated manuscripts, fresh almost as the day it was done, stands out as an example of exquisite art, to the despair of the initator and illustrator of the present day."

THE YOUNGEST KING. .

THE YOUNGEST KING..

The young King of Spain is just fifteen years, and according to the custom of his country, is "of age." Alfonso was born six months after his father's death, and thus he has been a king almost since he first saw the light of day.

There is no Court hedged round with so many formalities, curious customs, etc., as that of Spain. The slumbers of the youthful Sovereign are watched over by a chosen body of men bound by tradition to he natives of Espinosa. They lock the gates of the Pairce with much ceremony at midnight, and open them again at seven o'clock in the morning, and their fidelity is about the most reliablething in the country.

According to all accounts the little King, when a few years younger

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J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.

than he is now, was an amusing imp of mischlef. One of the Sovereign's playmates told his King that he was going to London. "What are you go-ing to London for?" asked Alfonso. "Why," was the reply, "papa has been made Ambassador there" "And," began the Sovereign with solemn anger, "I was not consulted about it!"

The March of Civilization

(From the Washington Post)

In some one of our exchanges-we rather think it was the New York Journal-Mr. Henry A. Massingham a famous London journalist, thus expressed himself touching the problems of the twentieth century:

"The truef danger which, in my view, confronts the coming century, is that the civilized world, which claims the right to impose its ideas on peoples that it calls uncivilized or unsufficiently civilized, is itself without Falth, without Hope, and without Love.

"That is, indeed, the most terrible and malignant form of barbarismnamely, a barbarism furnished with the weapons which science has plac-

the weapons which science has placed in its hands and which it does not use for good."

It was this Mr. Massingham who received a pressing invitation to resign the editorship of the London Chronicle some time last year because he could not see his way to testify to the purity of the British war against the South African republies. According to the published accounts at the time, he had been highly acceptable to the directory of the paper. He was regarded as one of the purest men in British journalism, a forcible and brilliant writer, an incorruptible and patriotic gentleman. gentleman.

But he refused to eulogize the Chamberlain - Rhodes-Beit - Eckstein combination. He "hurt the business," and he had to go. Now, speaking without reproach or heat, he utters the sentiment we quoted above from our New York contemporary.
What Mr. Massingham says

what MF Massingham says is what a great many conscientious and thinking men have been considering these past two years During that period what indescriable horrors have attended the so-railed "march of civilization!" The British invasion of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State was justified on the ground that darkness must give way to light—the invaders uncertaking to define the conflicting ertaking to define the conflicting

forces.
It was explained to us that Eng-It was explained to us that England, in destroying free government in South Africa, was acting as the pioneer of humanity and exaltation. Then came the ravening descent on China: a collusion of the Christian powers to rebuke and punish paganism and to impose upon 400,000,000 of people the customs and ideas of Europe.

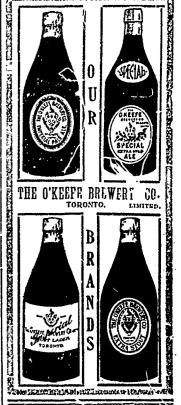
of people the customs and ideas of Europe.

It amounted to a declaration that the Chinese, who knew the arts and sciences before our progenitors had emerged from their savage cases or had imbibed the first lessons of had imbibed the first lessons of the most primitive civilization, were not entitled to respect even in their homes and their domestic practices. It amounted to a solemn notification of the purposes of the European lowers to order and control the moral, social and political observances of China for all time to come.

Nobody loves the selfish child, except, perhaps, those whose unthinking devotion has made them such, "Unselfish parents often have the most selfish children, and selfish parents the most unselfish," is a remark we frequently hear. The unselfish methor puts away her share parents the most unselfish." Is a remark we frequently hear. The unselfish mother puts away her share of a choice dish for Bob and Kate. The best cit thes are given them, and mamma goes shabby. Mamma wears herself out in unstinted service; and all these sacrifices they come to accept as a matter of course. On the other hand, the course of the selfish parent naturally involves sacrifice, self-doubt and service on the part of the child; and in this sense, the selfish parents' child has the advantage; yet the advantage is dearly being the foreithdood's most precious possession, manhood's most precious possession, which is the course of t and playmates is a far more precious and abiding possession than the best hat or biggest piece of cake.—Chris-tian Heraid.

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