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LITANY OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

BY THE REV. FREDRICK GEORGE LEF, D. D.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Ancient of Days, Thy servants meet
To bow before Thy mercy seat,
Thou Father, Son and Paraclete.
Miserere, Domine.

Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait
In place forlorn and lonely state,
Outside Thy peaceful palace gate.
Miserere, Domine.

These were the work of Thine own hands,
Thy promise sure forever stands;
Release them, Lord, from pain and bands.
Miserere, Domine.

Lord Jesus, by Thy sacred Name,
By Thy meek suffering and shame,
Preserve these souls from cruel flame.
Miserere, Domine.

By Sweat of Blood and Crown of Thorn,
By Cross to Calvary meekly borne,
Be Thou to them salvation's horn.
Miserere, Domine.

By Thy five wounds and seven cries,
By pierced Heart and glazing eyes,
By Thy dread, awful sacrifice.
Miserere, Domine.

When here below are lifted up,
The Sacred Host and blessed Cup,
Soon with Thee, Lord, may each one sup.
Miserere, Domine.

By Raphael's powers and Michael's might,
By all the ordered ranks of light,
Battalions of the Infinite.
Miserere, Domine.

By Martyrs' pangs and triumph palm,
By Saints' strong faith, Confessors' psalm,
By Mary's Name, like Gilead's balm.
Miserere, Domine.

These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
Never denied Thee, but confest:
Grant them at last eternal rest.
Miserere, Domine.

On earth they failed from day to day,
Of stumbling on the narrow way,
Yet put their trust in Thee for aye.
Miserere, Domine.

Let their chill desolation cease,
Thy mercy shed and give release,
Thou grant them everlasting peace.
Miserere, Domine.

Here months and years now come and go,
With summer bloom and winter snow;
Let fall Thy dew and grace bestow.
Miserere, Domine.

Flowers fade and wither, each their doom;
Men fall and find the gaping tomb;
With Thee Thy gardens ever bloom.
Miserere, Domine.

Vision of peace so calm and bright,
After a long and darksome night,
Clothe them with everlasting light.
Miserere, Domine.

For these poor souls who may not pray—
For gone in their probation day,
We plead Thy Cross and hallow say,
Miserere, Domine.

Jesus, for These they keenly long,
To company with saintly throng,
And, ransomed, sing the new glad song.
Miserere, Domine.

May they with saints in glory shine,
Joined with angelic orders nine;
Link them with Thee in joys divine.
Miserere, Domine.

Enter may they through heaven's door
To walk in white on yonder shore,
Forever, Lord, for evermore.
Miserere, Domine.

Remember all their sighs and tears,
One day with Thee a thousand years,
Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears.
Miserere, Domine.

As pants the hart for cooling spring,
As bird flies home with wearied wing,
Homeward they turn; Lord, homeward
bring.
Miserere, Domine.

Gifts for Dewey.

"Well," said the patriotic farmer "of Dewey ain't comfortable when col' weather sets in, all I've got to say is it won't be our fault! Gran'mother's half blind, but she's done knitted him six pair of woolsen socks: my ol' woman has made him a quilt with the star spangled banner in the middle; the two gals has made him a flannel muffler. I've bought him a pair of jeans britches, an' the ol' shoemaker has kilt his only cow to git a pair of shoes for him out o' the hide!" — Atlanta Constitution.

Tommy Atkins.

(Chicago Tribune.)
The regular soldier of the British army owes his nickname of "Tommy Atkins" to a pure accident. Years ago Sir Garnet Wolseley, now commander in chief of the armies of Great Britain, published a little volume called "The Soldier's Pocket Book for Field Service." In illustrating the manner of properly filling out field reports he happened to use the name "Thomas Atkins." "The Pocket Book" is the English soldier's military Bible, and the name "Thomas Atkins" was at once adopted as his proper nickname. Later Thomas was abbreviated to "Tommy" and the accidental name passed down into history.

Good Health Asks Little.

The requirements of health are good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest.

Good food is not necessarily expensive food.

Exercise and rest should alternate and balance each other. It is quite possible to take too much exercise, and this side of the question must be guarded against just as carefully as the other.

Women, as a rule, do not rest sufficiently. Every woman should try during the day to get a few minutes of rest, even if it interferes with her regular work.

is impossible for her to attend to the health and welfare of her family if her own health suffers from overwork and lack of rest.—New York World.

Greater Still.

At an agricultural show in Dublin a pompous member of parliament, who arrived late found himself on the outskirts of a large crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and some lady friends who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily ordered:

"Make way there!"
"Who are ye pushing?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I'm a representative of the people!"

"Yah!" growled the porter, "but we're the blomin' people themselves!" — Irish Independent.

The Voice in the Sickroom.

Speak in low, cheerful but perfectly distinct tones. If there is anything to be said which the invalid must not hear, go outside of the room to say it, for there is nothing which so irritates the sick person as whispering. A whisper is more penetrating than a fall tone, and it rasps every nerve. Do not speak in a loud tone, nor talk about the medicine, the disease or the food. Never tell anything of an exciting nature and avoid all references to what is annoying or unpleasant. If there is a fire in the domestic machinery, never let it come to her ears. It will surely trouble her and may retard her recovery. It is of the utmost importance that all family troubles or vexations be rigidly excluded from the sick room and that it be pervaded at all times by an atmosphere of cheerful and restful peace. The one special qualification needed to get on in the sickroom is tact. With this allied to patience and gentleness the duties of nurse will be much lightened.—Sallie Joy White in Woman's Home Companion.

Business Law.

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note drawn on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud or from a person in the state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

A note given by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is respon-

sible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor or lunatic is void.

To Make Pretty Hands.

The flesh at the root of the nail should be loosened and pushed back with an ivory blade or dull pointed steel. It is easily done, after soaking the fingers in tepid water for about twenty minutes. This will disclose the half moon which, in most cases, is nearly or quite covered which adds greatly to the beauty of the hand. A manicure has a tiny pair of scissors which are made for the purpose, with which he cuts away all the superfluous flesh at the roots of the nail, after rubbing them back. When the nails are in good condition a few minutes' care and attention daily will keep them so. Every time the hands are washed the flesh should be pushed back with the towel, and a very few minutes' rubbing with chamomile skin and powdered pumice moistened with sweet oil will polish the nails. The finest polish is said to be by hand, which the manicure gives to a pair of hands by an hour's polishing.

Water can be easily softened with a few drops of ammonia or which is better a small piece of lump borax dissolved in water, in to which enough borax has been dissolved to make the water feel slippery when pressed between the finger and thumb is very good for washing the hands. Many people who do not work wash the hands but seldom. The days a accumulation of dirt is allowed to remain on the hands all night. I have rising the hands are washed in cold water. The process wonders why, when she does no work, her hands are not white.—Exchange

Let us bear in mind this truth, that on the bed of death and on the day of judgment to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will outweigh by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most laborious life.

The fruit of happiness comes only of that which dies to itself. Not happiness before you as an end, no matter to what, guise of wealth, or fame, or oblation you, you will not attain it. Renounce it, seek the pleasure of God, and that instant is the birth of your own.—"But yet a Woman."