

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

Mr. J. Clancy, T. C., took a bold and manly stand in the Dublin Corporation, on April 14th, against the odious, nauseous flunkeyism of that body. Mr. Shackleton, who has been regarded as a Nationalist, moved a vote of sympathy with Queen Victoria on account of her youngest son's death. His speech was a sickening mess of meanness and grovelling splutter. Mr. Clancy rose after the toadyism had been exhausted, and moved that the house should proceed with its business. His reasons for proposing this course were simple, plain and truthful. He was not aware (nor was anyone else) that the foreign prince ever took any interest in Ireland, or tried in any manner to serve the country. The Queen might be a good mother, said Mr. Clancy, but there are mothers as good as she—mothers who had lost sons in Ireland's cause, dying on the scaffold, or in the dungeons of England. The Corporation moved no vote of condolence with the mother of the Ballina boy who was shot by her Majesty's police. He for one would never be a party to votes of sympathy to people who care no more about Ireland than they do about the Carnival Islands. After flinging these truths in the faces of the flunkies, Mr. Clancy left the Council Chamber amid the applause of the gallery.

The Dublin City Quarter Sessions, which opened at Kilmainham on April 15, were almost equally uneventful as regards crime. There were but two cases to be tried—one of assault, and the other of larceny. This was the smallest calendar, the Recorder observed, that he had ever known on a like occasion.

Kilkenny.

Canon Hennessy has thrown himself into the Irish League movement with his characteristic energy and patriotism. At the preliminary meeting called for the purpose of organizing the Convention he presided, as also at the meeting of the Organizing Committee held some days after. Instigated may well be proud of their Pastor, who guards at once their spiritual and temporal welfare.

The Rev. Luke Farrell, P. P., who had been for many years parish priest of Colinstown, died on April 10, at his residence, after a short illness.

The Grand Jury at the Westmeath Quarter Sessions, on April 19, had not a single case to go before them, and the Judge immediately discharged them.

Louth.

The death of the Rev. Patrick Leonard, P. P., Stamullen, took place after a painful and tedious illness, at the parochial house, Preston Hill, Balbriggan, on April 16.

Cork.

Seizures of cattle continue to be made for the purpose of compelling the farmers of the Monaminy (Cork) district to pay the tax levied for the extra police.

It is stated the Cork jury who convicted the prisoners in the Mayo conspiracy case were entertained at a champagne dinner after their verdict.

Great vigilance is adopted by the police authorities in Cork and at Queenstown with the view of preventing the introduction of dynamite into the country from America. All American passengers are watched and their luggage examined. A returned American, named Timothy Harrington, who was staying at a hotel in Cork, on April 12, was visited by a party of detectives and searched. His portmanteau, which was at one of the local railway stations, was also examined, but nothing of a compromising nature was found. On the following evening a man named Cotter, who had been seen in company with Harrington, was returning home from Bantry to a place called Breeney, and on the road was intercepted by a party of police, who examined his luggage. Nothing was discovered, but the incidents are sufficiently indicative of the watchfulness shown by the police to frustrate the operations of the dynamite plotters.

The Rev. P. Madden, P. P., V. F., died very suddenly at Clonakilly on April 4th. Father Madden was in his usual health up to about an hour previous to his death, when he went on a sick call, and when only about a mile outside of the town, feeling unwell, he went into a farmer's house and sat down, and expired in about an hour after being anointed.

Limerick.

The Quarter Sessions which opened at Limerick, on April 15, were a blank, there being no case to go before the grand jury. The judge (Mr. Purcell, Q. C.), having been presented with a pair of white gloves, congratulated the grand jury on the tranquil state of the county.

Limerick is determined to fight the Government to the bitter end on the question of the police tax. The matter came again before the corporation, on April 10, when Mr. O'Donnell counselled his colleagues to withdraw their opposition in the Queen's Bench, and allow the Government to collect the unjust tax as best it could. The Mayor then said there was a strong feeling in the city against paying the tax, and he thought that if the case went to the Queen's Bench some of the judges might see how unfair it was to saddle the people of Limerick with such unjust taxation. Several gentlemen naturally held that it was extremely improbable that the judges would do this, but at the same time they were anxious that the contest should proceed. The town clerk having announced that legal steps had been already taken which made it too late to rescind the resolution, it was settled that the opposition to the Government in the Queen's Bench should be maintained.

Waterford.

On April 12th, the liberation of Mr. Patrick Kiely, ex-suspect, from Waterford Jail, after a term of imprisonment under the Crimes Act, was made the occasion of a demonstration, which concluded with a banquet in the Assembly Rooms, Tramore, presided over by M. W. Veale, organizer of the county under the Land League. It is intended to present Mr. Kiely with a testimonial for his services to the National cause.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Canada, is expected in the course of a few days in Dungarvan, of which he was formerly parish priest,

and the Town Commissioners have decided to present him with an address.

The Rev. Thomas Finn, who for the past five years had charge of the united parishes of Newcastle and Fournilewater, died on April 5th. Born in the parish of Kiltrossenty, in the county of Waterford, he was brought in his infancy to Englishtown, in the same county.

Down.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed on the platform of the Newry (Edward Street) Station, on April 14, prior to the departure of the last train for Greenore. A large number of young men and women belonging to Ballyholland, County Down, were leaving for America, and a considerable concourse of friends besieged the carriage doors, shouting and weeping with great vehemence. The railway authorities observing that the confusion which prevailed might lead to either serious accident or loss of life, had the carriages shunted further up the line, but to no avail, for the female relatives of the emigrants clung to the doors and gave vent to the most piteous cries. As the hour of departure approached the scene became heart-rending, the emigrants making desperate exertions to shake hands with those outside, and the latter surging and crushing round the carriage doors. Ultimately the whistle sounded, and the train moved off, the travellers shouting, "Good bye Newry and Ireland," and "Parnell to the cot on the mount." The women thereupon bewailed the separation in agonizing strains, and the utmost vigilance was required to keep them from following the train along the line. Altogether the scene was a memorable one in the annals of the Irish exodus.

Tyone.

In Dublin, on April 14th, the Chief Baron passed sentence on the Orangemen convicted of having fired and injured a Catholic in Tyone. Smith was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; Barr to eighteen months' imprisonment; and Fleming to three months.

Mr. Harrington, M. P., has been doing good work in Tyone. He has travelled over the greater part of the county—infusing new energy into existing branches of the National League, and establishing new ones in districts that from one cause or another have not up to this been organized. Mr. Harrington has won golden opinions from all people that he has come in contact with.

Fermanagh.

The "Rev." John Frith, J. P., of Enniskillen, thought to crush Mr. Trimble and the Impartial Reporter, but, instead of this, he has saddled himself with a bill of six or seven hundred pounds of costs, besides being branded as a corrupt magistrate by a jury of Derry Protestants. The worst of the matter, however, for the "Rev. John" is, that the Fermanagh gentry have spent their last surplus shilling on "counter-demonstrations," and utterly refuse to subscribe a cent to pay Mr. Frith's bill of costs.

Mayo.

The Mayo landlords are determined to exact the bog rents from their tenants. There was a host of cases before the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, in Ballina, and decrees were granted in nearly every instance. The tenants swore that the bogs, upon which they cut the turf charged for, formed a portion of their holdings, upon which the Sub-Commissioners had fixed their new rents. Of course this was denied, but the Chairman seemed to pay no attention to the tenants' contention.

On April 14th, the people of Kilkenny were startled at seeing Sub-Sheriff Rogers, a posse of police, and a few bailiffs, together with Mr. Taaffe's under-agent, evicting three families on Taaffe's estate. The huts from which these were evicted were scarcely fit for human habitations. None of the parties owned more than one-and-a-half or two acres of reclaimed land, and that not worth 2s per acre.

Cardinal Newman and the English Church.

A recent issue of Society contained a noteworthy article on Cardinal Newman, entitled "Work and Wait," which was accompanied with a lithograph reproduction of Barrauld's photograph of his Eminence. The article concludes as follows:

"It was not possible that the secession of such a man from our National Church could fail to produce a large modification of the view with which Roman Catholicism had been previously regarded. To-day the results are to be seen in the fact that the Church of Rome is tolerated in our midst with a kindly sympathy and courteous appreciation. It is recognized as a religion which fitly appeals to certain phases of thought in our national life: such a result, of necessity, weakens the position and standing of the National Church itself. This condition is intensified by the fact that Ritualism is practically Anglican Catholicism, and the necessity for the union between Church and State becomes more and more indefensible in proportion as it is recognized that the great Catholic Church wields its power, extends its influence, and has based its position upon the willing allegiance of the nations amongst whom it is located. It takes its position as a great voluntary organization, and the Church of England, whilst copying a large portion of its services, can scarcely fail to be willing to adopt also its policy, and such without doubt is the feeling among a considerable section of the English clergy."—Ave Maria.

From Death's Door.

M. M. Devereaux of Iowa, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says: "I had no action of the Kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort. In four or five days a change came, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle." All druggists keep Kidney-Wort which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

THE PEDLER OF ABERDEEN.

In the immediate neighborhood of Aberdeen, Scotland, there is a wold that extends far down to the Moray Frith. In some parts it presents a wide undulating plain, but on the northern side of the ancient city a strip of it is so narrow that an ordinary traveller can walk across it in a few hours. During the penal times some Catholic families lived beyond the latter portion, and were visited, and comforted in the reception of the Sacraments, by a venerable Bishop who dwelt incognito in the great and busy town. To gain access to his little band of faithful disciples, the good Bishop assumed the disguise of a pedler. In a pack, borne on his shoulders, he carried little books, thread and needles, various toilette articles and some simple domestic remedies, the sale of which removed all suspicions from the minds of Protestants, and helped him to gain access to the Catholic families for whose spiritual good he labored.

One summer afternoon the benevolent missionary set out on his oft-repeated errand, under a cloudless sky, and braced in the support of his burden by a gentle breeze that promised to make his journey over the stunted heather less toilsome. He recited his Rosary and read his Office as he walked along. Suddenly the letters of the book became invisible. Looking up he found himself surrounded by black clouds above and around the horizon, which were soon fringed with gleams of forked lightning, loud and oft-reverberated claps of thunder making the scene still more terrible. Rain soon fell in torrents, and the heavy-laden traveller struggled onward, contending with the wet heather beneath his feet and the blinding rain, from which there was no shelter. At last the violence of the storm was spent, and a little lighting up of the sky convinced the traveller that he had wandered far from his customary path, and his time-piece showed him that night would soon be upon him. In vain his eye sought some familiar object in the broad expanse which might serve as a guide to a place of shelter. At last, overcome by fatigue and the weight of his garments and pack saturated with water, he knelt and commended himself to God and the Blessed Virgin. Although death had few terrors to the living martyr, the duty of self-preservation and the dread of compromising his faithful lambs, led the devoted shepherd to pray earnestly for help and resignation. He bethought himself of some articles in his possession that might shield him from the damp earth, and, rising to open the straps of his pack, he descried a feeble red light in the distance, and resolved with God's help to approach it.

Resuming his weary march, the brave missionary before a half-hour had elapsed found himself at the door of a miserable cottage, and saw that the kindly light was caused by a fire on the hearth within, fed by fagots of twigs and dried heather, which flashed up high and bright each time it was replenished. He knocked and was promptly admitted by an elderly woman, whose countenance showed mingled pity and surprise. Helping him to lay down his pack, and inviting him to put aside his coat and warm and dry himself, she entered another room, exchanged a few words with its invisible inmate, and returned, bearing a large arm-chair. Placing it directly before the fire, she bade the stranger make himself as comfortable as the place and circumstances would admit. After going back to the other apartment a second time, and holding a longer conversation with the person within, the woman explained that her husband was there, and that he was "very, very sick." Then, while commenting on the unwonted fury of the storm, she warmed a can of milk and gave it, with some oatmeal porridge, to the weary stranger. He learned from her that he was very far from the place he had set out to visit, and when, after being warmed and refreshed, he rose to depart, his kind hostess declared it was impossible for him to get there that night on account of the pools of water which always beset the way, even after an ordinary rain. "Gladly," said she, "would I offer you a bed, but the one that my husband occupies is the only one I possess; but you are most welcome to the arm-chair."

Inquiring further about her husband's illness, the disguised merchant gave her some remedies and other articles from his pack, to prove his gratitude. Each time she returned from her husband's room she wore a very anxious look, and reassured by the pedler's gentle ways, she confided to him that Donald would not allow her to say the prayers for the agonizing, insisting that he would not die yet. "The obstinate man will never give in," she said, "although I see all the symptoms of approaching death."

The Bishop, with his eyes closed, as if asleep, was pondering over the woman's words, and at last asked himself: "Is it not a special Providence that has sent this fearful storm, and caused me to take another route?" In the dead stillness of night, while the sick man and his wife were conversing, a word dropped here and there, which their guest could not help hearing, made him resolve to see the sick man without delay. He involved the Help of Christians, and when a favorable moment presented itself he told the good woman that if her husband would accept his services he would gladly sit by his bedside, and she meanwhile would catch a little repose in the arm-chair. To his delight the man seemed as grateful as his companion.

When the eyes of the Bishop met those of the sufferer he observed that the latter gazed upon him as if anticipating the realization of some strong and well-founded hope. Every now and then the poor invalid would cast upon the new watcher an intensely inquiring look, and at intervals he would murmur to himself: "It is too late for me now to be seized. There is nothing to fear from men now." Seeing all the ordinary symptoms of the last agony, the holy Bishop said: "Friend, why do you refuse to allow your wife to say the prayers that she seems so very desirous of reciting?" "It is not time yet," replied the patient. "Allow me to tell you, my friend, that I find your pulse weak, very weak." "True," rejoined the dying man, "but I have put my trust in God, and I shall not be confounded. Thirty long years I have daily said prayers that I may have the assistance that I need to die well and happy in God's favor."

"May I ask," said the supposed pedler, "what that prayer was?"

"The Rosary," answered the patient, after a pause, in which he seemed to doubt this own prudence. "I dare say you never heard of the Rosary," he continued, as he held up in his trembling hand a well-worn chain of beads.

"Thank God I have!" rejoined the Bishop, producing his own. "I too am a Catholic and a priest."

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated Donald, calling his wife to impart the joyful information.

"God has heard your prayer," said the Bishop: "His Blessed Mother has sent me to shrieve you. See how faithfully your prayerful trust has been rewarded!"

The Bishop then heard Donald's confession, and a few hours later the soul of the believing and faithful servant of God had gone to its eternal rest.

THE SPIRITUAL SENSE.

What it is and the True Methods of Cultivating it.

BY BROTHER AZARIAS.

1. The human soul is the informing principle of the human body; it is one and simple—a monad without quantity or extension—as all spiritual substances are one, simple and unextended; incomplete in itself inasmuch as it must needs be united to the body in order that it may fully exercise all its functions; immaterial, and therefore void of inertness; ever active, ever exercising its activity. According to the mode of its action do we speak of it as having this faculty or that corresponding to the function which it performs. But it is still the same soul, one and undivided, that thinks and feels, that wills and moves and is moved. And when we say that it has certain faculties we simply mean that it excites certain modes of action by placing itself in certain definite relations with certain objects of thought. Faculties of the soul are therefore the soul itself viewed in the performance of particular lines of action, and they become more or less developed according to the degree of activity exercised in some one or other direction. Now it is the soul analyzing, comparing, inferring, co-ordinating, passing from known principles to the discovery of unknown truth; viewed in this relation, the soul is called Reason, and, under certain aspects, the Imitative Sense. Now it is the soul deciding this to be a good act and resolving to perform it, or thinking that other to be bad, and avoiding it; so acting, it is called the Moral Sense. Again it is the soul moved to pity by the pathos of a scene painted on the canvas or described in the poem; as the subject of this emotion it is called the Esthetic Sense. Finally, it is the soul leaving the noise and distraction of the outside world, entering into itself and realizing its own misery and weakness, and seeking the help and strength which it finds not in itself, but where they alone are to be found, in the God from whom it comes and on whom it depends; in this highest and noblest action it is called the Spiritual Sense.

2. The reason is nourished by intellectual truth; the Moral Sense is strengthened by the practice of good deeds; the Esthetic Sense is cultivated by the correcting and refining of taste for things beautiful and sublime; the Spiritual Sense is fostered by the spirit of piety and devotion. This fourfold activity of the soul may be said to cover the whole of its operations. Over all, and the root and principle of all, giving life and being, aim and direction, weight and measure and intrinsic worth to all, is the soul's own determining power, which we call the Will. In the harmonious development of all four activities is the complete culture of the soul to be effected. The exclusive exercise of any one is detrimental to the rest. The exclusive exercise of the Reason dwarfs the other functions of the soul. It dries up all taste for art and letters and starves out the spirit of piety and devotion. In the constant development of the Esthetic Sense, one may refine the organs of sense and cultivate the sensibility, but if it is done to the exclusion of rigid reasoning and the emotions of the superior soul, it degenerates into sentimentalism and corruption of heart. So also with exclusive Pietism; it narrows the range of thought, fosters the spirit of bigotry and dogmatism, and makes man either an extravagant dreamer or an extreme fanatic. Only when goodness and truth walk hand in hand, and the heart grows apace with the intellect, does the soul develop into strong and healthy action.

3. Again, natural truth is the object of Reason; natural goodness, the object of the Moral Sense; natural beauty, whether in the physical, moral, or intellectual order, the object of the Esthetic Sense. Herein I include as a natural truth, knowable by the light of reason, the fact first and supreme above all other facts, that there is a God. Now, the Spiritual Sense takes in all the truth, goodness and beauty both of the natural and revealed orders, and views them in the light of Faith. The same intellectual light still glows, but added thereto is the splendor of God's countenance. And so the vision of the Spiritual Sense passes from the natural up to the plane of the Supernatural world.

The great results which have attended the regular use of Quinine Wine, by people of delicate constitution and those affected with a general prostration of the system, speak more than all the words that we can say in its behalf. This article is a true medicine and a life-giving principle—a perfect renovator of the whole system—invigorating at the same time both body and mind. Its medical properties are a febrifuge tonic and anti-periodic. Small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, create an appetite, enable you to obtain refreshing sleep, and to feel and know that every fibre and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated. In the fine Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, we have the exact tonic required; and to persons of weak and nervous constitutions we would say, Never be without a bottle in the house. It is sold by all druggists.

Cure For Deafness.

As numerous testimonials will show, there is no more reliable cure for deafness than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is also the best remedy for ear-ache, sore throat, croup, rheumatism, and for pains and lameness generally. Used externally and internally.

HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY!

The following books, in paper covers, will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by writing Thomas Coffey, Catholic Record office, London, Ont.:

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The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, by Sir Jonah Barrington. 25 cents.
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Important Changes.

There are two periods in the life of every female when the system undergoes great changes. First, the change from childhood to womanhood; next, that of womanhood to old age. These are the critical changes of life, and the system should be nourished and regulated by that matchless tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters. It is invaluable in all diseases peculiar to females.

Catholic Religious Orders.

A Protestant writer, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, in the Popular Science Monthly treats the influence of religious orders upon society with more truth and candor than the ordinary Protestant is wont to affect. The following extract will pay perusal:

All the Orders mentioned were composed of Catholics. Not one of them but was intimately connected with the Church. In this connection it ought not to be forgotten that all the culture and knowledge of the mediæval period was confined within the limits of the Church. Within its fold the whole progress of mankind, slow though it was, towards humanistic evolution, was developed. Thus the efforts of the Catholic Church in favor of the poor and sick must be duly appreciated, the more so as the so-called "Reformation" party exhibits nothing but blank leaves in the ethical and human development. The revolutionary movement prepared by powerful minds for centuries, and finally carried out by Luther, did not result in any good to the sick and poor for a long time. Indeed, the success of the Reformation was in part due to the greed of the German Princes, who gained a rich harvest by appropriating the monasteries, hospitals, and all other possessions of the Catholic Church. Thus the Lutheran Church churches were left so poor that if they had the will they had not the power to make any pecuniary sacrifices in the interest of the poor and sick. But even that will they had not, they could not have. For the axiom in Luther's doctrine was this: that not work performed, but faith only, made the Christian. This doctrine was a long stride backward; it fired the imaginations of some bigots, chilled the hearts of most men, sustained the egotists, and created dissensions.

The poetry of the Church gone and its efficiency gone, that was the "Reformation." Not until some decades ago did we know of Protestant unions established on the plans of their Catholic predecessors. But the male orders never tried to imitate the useful example of the Catholics. They did not care for the sick or poor. Their aim was and is "home missions." They are replete with faith, distribute Bibles, and glory in the conversion of that Jew who was baptized once or often, half a dozen years ago, for ready cash. The women, as always, have done better.

Photographing on Linen.

A Detroit photographer, who has been experimenting in the direction of printing photographs on linen, thinks that there will be quite a rage for photographs on curtains, tidies and handkerchiefs when once the fashion, now possible, sets in. The work can be washed and boiled and will not come out. The fact that photographs can be printed on linen and like textures was made manifest some time ago, and accounts were published of a dinner given in honor of Henry Irving in London whereat napkins were used on which was photographed a portrait of the eminent actor. This application of the art might lead to the production of some beautiful designs from nature for dress goods and other articles, especially if a process should ever be devised for the representation of colors by means of photography.

Vital Questions !!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I. Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'"

Ask the same physicians:

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c., and they will tell you:—

"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II. "Patients!"

"Almost dead or nearly dying?"

For years, agonized up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy.

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from sciatica.

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases from

Nature is led to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Fraudulent Transactions.

There are many frauds perpetrated in medicine, and many advertised remedies worse than useless. Not so with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It remains as ever the best internal and external medicine for all pain, soreness and injuries with which human flesh is afflicted.