

The Human Tie.
 "All life were not sacred, too?"—George Elliot
 "Sweetly tenderly! For he is dead," we say;
 "With gracious hand smooth all his rough-
 ended past,
 And fullest measure of reward forecast.
 Forgetting naught that grieved his brief day,
 Yet when the brother, who, along our way,
 Frown with his burdens, heartworn in the
 at life
 Totters before us—how we reach his life,
 Can and sternly punish while we may.
 Oh, weary are the paths of earth, and hard!
 And living hours alone are ours to guard.
 At least bridge not to the sore distraught
 The reverent silence of our plying thought.
 Life, too, is sacred; and he best forgives
 Who says: "He errs, but—tenderly! He
 lives."

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

The achievers of great things have been
 infidels. In Henry M. Stanley's paper
 for June in *Scribner's Monthly*, the great
 African explorer says: "Constrained at
 the darkest hour to humbly confess that
 without God's help I was helpless, I
 vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that
 I would confess his aid before men."

A Protestant gentleman, writing from
 the South in the *American Missionary*,
 notices what he calls the un-Christian
 bearing of many denominations towards
 the colored people. He says: "Dropping
 into the Cathedral at St. Augustine, I saw
 graceful white ladies kneeling side by
 side with black women, and worshipping
 together. At Pensacola I went into a Catho-
 lic Church and there, in a crowded audi-
 ence, were colored and white people
 sitting in adjoining pews with perfect
 freedom. I went from here into a Metho-
 dist Church, and there was not a single
 colored person present. It would not be
 strange if the Roman Church gathered
 into its fold a large part of the negroes
 of the South."

Ashamed to toil, at thou! Ashamed
 of thy dainty words and dusty labor,
 of thy hard hand, scarred with ser-
 vice more honorable than that of war;
 of thy soiled and weather-stained garments,
 on which Mother Nature has embroidered,
 midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam,
 her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of
 these tokens and titles, and envious of the
 flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and
 vanity? It is treason to nature, it is im-
 piety to Heaven, it is breaking Heaven's
 great ordinance. I repeat, toil,
 either of the brain, of the heart, of the
 hand, is the only true manhood, the only
 true nobility.—*Orrville Dewey.*

The letter of Cardinal Manning, in
 reply to that of Cardinal Gibbons, who
 had tendered the congratulations of Ameri-
 cans on his silver jubilee, contains the
 following beautiful and touching words:
 "I cannot let a day pass," says the great
 Archbishop of Westminster, "before I
 tender to you, and to all my brethren in
 America, my heartfelt and grateful thanks
 for the great consolation of your affec-
 tionate words. They are only too kind,
 but they come at the end of a long and
 eventful life, as a witness that I have not
 altogether failed in my desire to serve
 our patient Master. Such a testimony
 from your great Episcopate, will cheer
 me, now that the day is far spent, and my
 slender work is nearly done."

Two lives have been joined for years,
 perhaps for half a century, and there
 comes a day when the hands must be un-
 clasped. But the hearts are not dis-
 severed, and the one who remains still
 clings to the other who is called away.
 When the knee is laid at morning and
 evening, and the orisons are said, and
 the pleading is only from the home here,
 and for a blessing on the utterer of the
 prayer? May not the aching heart in the
 illness of its dearest cry into the ear of
 the Infinite for the one out of sight? Is
 there no blessing to be obtained by such a
 cry? Are the beloved, who undoubtedly
 pray for us, beyond the reach of our
 side? If God has done all He can for
 them then our desires are vain; but if no
 creature of His is ever so richly endowed
 that there may not be as His gift an
 added capacity and a still larger gain of
 precious things, then we do well to un-
 burden our hearts to Him for a further
 blessing on those we love. The Father
 Himself has set no limit to the cry of His
 child, and when He is pleased to listen no
 man may interpose with his impertinent
 edict of restraint.—*David M. Stone, non
 Catholic.*

A PRINCE TURNS CATHOLIC.
 Prince Henry of Nassau has professed
 his conversion to the Catholic faith in the
 cathedral at Friburg.

**AN EMPEROR WALKS IN THE CORPUS
 CHRISTI PROCESSION.**
 The Austrian Emperor thinks he is
 getting too old for soldiering, and does as
 little of it as possible. On June 4th he
 visited one of the people's kitchens,
 established by a benevolent society in
 Vienna for the benefit of the poor, and
 watched some of his humble subjects eat
 their frugal fare. Next day he took part
 in full state in the Corpus Christi pro-
 cession, surrounded by his guards and all
 the archdukes. He walked bareheaded
 in the hot sun during the whole of the
 procession.

ST. KEVIN AND KATHLEEN.
 The Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor
 Bishop of Clonfert, in his learned work,
 "The Island of Saints and Doctors,"
 which has just issued from the press, has
 given a new version of the legend en-
 shrined in Moore's immortal poem, "By
 that Lake where Gloomy Shore." St.
 Kevin did not fling the fat Kathleen into
 the lake, but scourged her on the loe and
 arms with burning nettles by which he
 had first inflicted punishment on himself.
 "The fire without," says the author of
 the *Saint's Life*, "extinguished the fire
 within." Kathleen's heart was touched
 with the grace of penance, and she be-
 came a sincere convert, consecrating her
 virginity to God, and faithfully following
 Kevin's counsels and spiritual guidance.
 This historic account of the legend lessens
 somewhat its romantic halo, but every-
 body must admit that it is more in con-
 sonance with the character of a saint than
 the poetic fiction which lingers at Glenda-
 lough.

LONESOME IN A STRANGE GRAVE.
 At the dinner station where we stopped
 one day on a certain Tennessee railroad
 almost the first sight which greeted the
 eyes of those who got off was a rough
 burial box on the platform, and seated
 near it was an old black woman with a

handkerchief to her eyes. When kindly
 asked the cause of her sorrow she pointed
 to the box and replied:
 "De old man's in dar."
 "Your husband?"
 "Yes; died two days ago back yere in
 de Kentry."
 "And what are you doing with the body
 here?"
 "I wants to bury it up at Charlestown,
 but I hain't got money 'nuff to take it on
 de railroad."
 "What nonsense!" exclaimed a man,
 as he came forward. "What's the differ-
 ence where a nigger is buried? They
 want her to bury it here, and she won't.
 She's determined to take it to Charlestown."
 "For what reason?" asked the passen-
 ger who had put all the previous ques-
 tions.
 "Kase, sah, all de fo' chill'en is buried
 up dar, and his mudder an' sister, an' de
 poof' ole man will be lonesome down
 yere."

"What bosh!" growled the kicker.
 "Look here!" whispered the other, as
 he went over to him. "I'd rather be a
 nigger with her soul than to be a white
 man with yours. She's right. Let the
 family dead sleep together."
 He entered the express office, paid for
 the shipment of the body, bought the
 widow a ticket to Charlestown, and then
 dropped a ten dollar gold piece in her
 hand and said:
 "Give him a decent funeral, mammy,
 and this will put up a headboard to
 mark the grave."
 "May de Lawd bless you for—!"
 But he hurried to snatch a bite to eat.
 When he was gone I made inquiries as
 to his identity, and found a man who re-
 plied:
 "Why, that's Colonel — of Ala-
 bama. He owned over three hundred
 slaves when the war broke out."—*In-
 dianapolis Sunday Sentinel.*

WHAT WOMEN WANT.
 At a dove dinner the other night the
 question was asked: "If you only could
 have one thing in this world which you
 might possess for the wishing, what
 would it be?" A slender blonde had
 Andrew Lang's wish: "A house full of
 books and a garden full of flowers," a
 brunette, whose dark eyes flashed from
 under a picture hat framed in roses,
 smiled as she said: "Total annihilation."
 A tiny little woman, girlish
 enough looking to suggest she should
 ought to wish for a doll baby, said: "I
 want to know what a protoplasm is."
 Another, a woman who looks like Mrs.
 Kendal, asked for "Money, for with that
 I could get everything else." A woman
 who is one of the best writers in this
 country, and who is happiest when she is
 in a canoe, said: "I wish that I wanted
 one thing so much that I would have to
 work hard for it." She gave in a way the
 key note to the woman of this generation
 — a desire to be continually doing.
 Another, a woman who knows what it is
 to have her body ache while the busy brain
 is at work, said: "Give me health, and I
 will get everything else." It was curious
 that nobody wished for love, but if the
 truth must be told each woman there
 believed she had it. Another
 question that was started was:
 "What is your ideal man?" Summed up
 and drawn, possessing a knowledge of
 protoplasm and elasmopunches; knowing
 how to hold a baby and not banding it
 at unfortunate times over to its mother;
 being able to laugh with you when you
 were merry and console with you when
 you were sad; possessing good looks and
 good manners; being strong enough to
 lean on, and yet not so strong but when
 he had a wee or worry he didn't want
 your sympathy. But the best thing said
 came from the woman who wanted to
 work hard for her wish: "There is but one
 ideal man in the world, and I married
 him." I wonder if men are as compli-
 mentary to women at a state party as these
 women were to the men? says the Phila-
 delphia Times.

AFTER NINE YEARS.
 Brave Kate Shelley no longer fears
 for the safety of her little home near Mol-
 gona, Ia. The mortgage, to pay the in-
 terest on which she toiled at school teach-
 ing, has been lifted through the instru-
 mentality of the Chicago Tribune, and
 the surplus of the fund raised will be devoted
 to improving the little farm that affords a
 living to the family dependent on Miss
 Shelley's labor for support—her widowed
 mother and young sisters and brother.
 The girl's story? It is a simple one of
 everyday heroism accentuated and made
 known by one deed of splendid daring.
 Between Boone and Molgona (five miles)
 the Northwestern railway crossed twenty-
 one bridges. On the night of July 6th,
 1881, a storm piled up the water in the
 Molgona river and Honey creek and swept
 away ten of these structures. A freight
 train crashed into the creek near Kate
 Shelley's house. The girl hurried out into
 the midnight tempest and rescued the
 engineer and fireman. Then she crawled
 over the ties of the Des Moines river
 bridge, ran to Molgona station, stopped
 the on-rushing passenger train, saved one
 hundred and fifty lives and fell fainting
 on the track.
 The country rang with the praises of her
 magnificent intrepidity, but the substan-
 tial reward was small. The railway com-
 pany gave her \$100 and the State of Iowa
 voted her a gold medal. The excitement
 over the fifteen year old maiden resumed
 her daily battle with poverty, and kept it
 up cheerfully and uncomplainingly. She
 had dropped from general view until last
 spring a writer visited her home. He
 found the young woman keeping her
 family together and trying to pay interest
 on a mortgage out of a school teacher's
 salary of \$35 a month. He retold the
 story of her gallant deed. This is not a
 bad world, but a forgetful one, and the
 moment the public were reminded of the
 case contributions poured in for Kate
 Shelley's benefit. Now the mortgage is
 paid, and the heroine of Molgona has
 over \$500 in bank and some forty mat-
 rimonial offers under consideration.

OBERRAMBERGAU.
 The Passion Play at Oberammergau,
 says the London *Weekly Register*, with
 a majority of English people in its audi-
 ence, has triumphed over some of the
 strongest dislikes which race and edu-
 cation explain in the English temper.
 An honest reviewer, a sensibility

which moved Mr. Coventry Patmore's
 soon when he described a Protestant at
 worship on a decky more solemn than
 Lord, have for many generations been
 fostered amongst us by long familiarity
 with the sensible images of religious
 things. Being a people by tempera-
 ment literary, and not artistic, Eng-
 lishmen, as a race, and all individual
 Englishmen, have lost the habit of mak-
 ing mental pictures—the habit common
 to children. To them the events of the
 incarnation keep a place in the vague
 world of thoughts that take no shape,
 until their minds are not far from attri-
 buting irrelevance to the making of a
 definite image, whether material or
 mental, of things which they know, had
 on earth a material existence. This
 temper, all the more difficult to over-
 come because it is obscure in its causes
 and reticent in its attitude, has been
 conquered by the Tyrolean peasants, so
 that English tears flow before these
 living pictures of the Crucifixion, and
 the English press is full of admiring
 and sympathetic descriptions of the people
 and of their work.

To this general sympathy there is hardly
 an exception. It is true that the *Standard*
 counts up the supposed gains of the vil-
 lagers, distributing enormous and imagi-
 nary sums, and laments in anything but
 a tender manner the deterioration of the
 actors, their families, friends, and neigh-
 bors, under the stare of foreign curiosity
 and the torrent of foreign gold: "Would
 it be possible to see the *auri sacra fames*
 truly? Judas seems to have become
 the informing spirit of the representation;
 and the thirty pieces of silver its most ap-
 propriate incident." But the Times sets
 right this somewhat cruel judgment, show-
 ing with authoritative figures that there is
 no profit for the men and women who lay
 aside their work during months together
 for the laborious busines of the Passion
 Play. How far these loving and devoted
 people are from the corruption of which
 they are accused, the same writer shows
 by his record of their lives, which are
 continuous rehearsals of the creed and
 consents of their religion. The same
 Joseph Mayer who acted the part of our
 Saviour twenty years ago and ten years
 ago, appears now in the awful and sorrow-
 ful character, and of him it is said that
 "his whole existence has been ennobled."
 With his fellow-actors he receives early
 every morning of the play the Holy
 Communion; with them, before the cur-
 tain rises, he kneels and offers in silence
 the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary,
 three times; with them he makes the day's
 work an act of solemn adoration. And
 rightly indeed are the peasants of this
 village called a peculiar people. The local
 industry of wood-carving is a refining art;
 their recreations from childhood are the
 acting of the plays of the national drama-
 tists, and if their old men are children in
 simplicity, their children bear themselves
 with the dignity of art. The overgrowth
 of their village, the appearance of a vil-
 lage for hire and sale, with English placards
 for the posting of advertisements; the threat
 of a great riot; the locking in of the vil-
 lagers, the greedy, and the competing in
 the wake of the rich—all these things are
 feared not welcomed by the people of
 Oberammergau. For fear of such they
 are willing to sacrifice the traditional
 devotion of their village, and if this is
 the last deed to be done by the
 Passion Play, those who have dedicated so
 much love and labor to it will give a
 regretful but eager assent to the Regent's
 decree for its suppression.

CHURCH FURNISHINGS.

Messrs. E. B. Wilson & Co. have estab-
 lished at Jordan, N. Y., a large and
 thoroughly equipped factory for the
 manufacture of church furnishings and
 ecclesiastical metal work of every descrip-
 tion. They have engaged skilled work-
 men, thoroughly familiar with the art
 of reproducing these articles in the Gothic,
 Roman, Byzantine and other styles of
 art consistent with the general architec-
 ture of the Church. They have pre-
 pared drawings for their own manuf-
 actures, and, being thoroughly
 equipped with the most improved ma-
 chinery for working all metals, are in a
 position to furnish Chalices, Ciboria,
 Monstrances, Candelabra, Lamps and all
 other articles in church use that are
 made of metal at lower prices and in
 more appropriate design than those now
 imported. The fact of their now exist-
 ing a duty of 45 per cent. upon all metal
 work imported is sufficient guarantee of
 their ability to compete with the cheap-
 looking foreign goods which have been
 furnishing our churches for many years.
 They are prepared to submit drawings
 and estimates on the entire metal outfit
 of a church in harmony with the archi-
 tectural designs and have arranged for
 the prompt execution of repairs, renova-
 tion and re-modeling of old articles
 now in use and those out of use. They
 can re-gild gold and silver plate Chalices,
 Ciboria, Monstrances, Candelsticks,
 Lamps, etc., at the lowest prices, from a
 12 inch plain Candelstick, at 50 cents to
 the most elaborate Chalice. Around
 every church there has no doubt accumu-
 lated quite a number of old Candel-
 sticks, Candelabra, Lamps and other
 articles that could be re-modeled and
 re-guided and put into use at a small
 expense. They are particularly desirous
 of securing just this class of work, and
 solicit a correspondence upon the sub-
 ject. Mr. Wilson was formerly the man-
 ager of the Baltimore Publishing Com-
 pany and is familiar with the manuf-
 acturing and repairing of all church goods
 and all the needs of the rev. clergy.
 The facilities of the company are such
 that they are encouraged to expect a
 liberal patronage, feeling assured that
 they can merit entire satisfaction by
 prompt and good work.

SAVED.—A fine family of children were
 all afflicted with scrofula. Two died
 early; the rest would soon have followed,
 but for the timely and persevering use of
 Ayer's Sarsaparilla which built them up
 into a healthy and vigorous household.

Editor Pemberton
 Of the Delhi Reporter—a well-known
 journalist says: "I consider Burdock Blood
 Bitters the best medicine made, and
 would not be without it on any account.
 It should be kept in every house in the
 land."

CARDINAL MANNING'S JUBILEE.

PRESENTING THE TESTIMONIAL SUB-
 SCRIBED BY IT TO THE NEW
 CATHEDRAL FUND
 HIS EMINENCE AS HE APPEARS TO DAY
 (By Cable.)

London, June 8.
 Lord Ripon to-day presented Cardinal
 Manning, on behalf of the congregation
 of the pro Cathedral, a check for £3,676
 and an illuminated address on the occa-
 sion of his silver jubilee. Lord Ripon
 was accompanied by a large deputa-
 tion, which included Judges Mathew and
 Storer, William O'Brien, the Duke of
 Newcastle, and many clergymen. The
 Cardinal, in returning his thanks, said
 he would devote the money to complet-
 ing the Cathedral and clearing it of
 debt.

**AN AMERICAN LADY INTERVIEWS THE
 GREAT PRELATE.**

For the New York Freeman's Journal.
 I had a great desire to hear and see
 Cardinal Manning on every occasion of
 my visit to London, but until last July I
 never had the great pleasure. Through
 the kindness of a personal friend I was
 given a day, and the hour set for my
 interview. The Cardinal knew I was
 connected with the press, and spoke
 freely. He was evidently not afraid of his
 opinions. It was July 21st and just be-
 fore the great strike—the greatest on
 record, when an army of over 100,000
 men stood stolidly dead against the
 reduction of starvation wages. It was
 a crisis—a time when strong men
 turned white with fear, and
 wiser ones said little lest a
 word might lead to an act. Banks were
 secured by double guards, the docks with
 drilled militia, and even the twopenny
 baker took extra precautions lest angry
 men should seize the bread for hungry
 babes who were suffering. The police
 and the per left town, even the High
 Churchmen of the Established Church had
 his eye in pupil and print and fled, actu-
 ally ran off headless of his own flock.
 Then Cardinal Manning came forth plead-
 ing with Capital and Labor and forcing
 each to recognize the other, and to the
 satisfaction of each. Was it any wonder
 I wanted to see this great man and talk
 with him? So, precisely, at the hour
 named, I was at the palace—a building
 with a most unpalatial exterior. The door
 was opened by a pleasant-faced old
 Thomas, who is very much more dignified
 than Buttons, but for all that a veritable
 Buttons, with an addition of an artistic
 sort of a smoking cap. With a bow, and
 in a very polite manner he closed the door
 after I entered the large marble-floored
 hall, asked me if I had an appointment.
 Presenting my card he led the way to a
 reception room to the right, and waited
 till I was seated, and, bowing, left.
 I then had time to glance around the room.
 The door was almost bare and freshly
 waxed, a strip of dark red carpet from
 the fire place to the door being the only bit
 of luxury to be seen. The table and chairs
 were simple and solid, and around the
 walls were glass cases filled with books.
 Over the mantle was a fine portrait of Leo
 XIII. Not much the style of a Prince of
 the Church about here, I thought, and
 then the servant entered and conducted
 me up the marble steps, and still further
 till I found myself in a large well lighted
 library, two sides of which were filled with
 book cases, reaching from floor to ceiling,
 and containing ten thousand volumes of
 works of every department of literature,
 although theology, philosophy and history
 predominated. It was just the library as
 such a man as Cardinal Manning would
 need. The furniture, like the reception
 room, was of the plainest kind, consisting
 of an oblong table, half a dozen chairs, and
 a cheap carpet of neutral tint. Pictures of
 a religious character covered the walls.
 Among them were portraits of Pius IX.,
 Leo XIII., Cardinal Wiseman and King
 Edward the Confessor.
 While I was examining the pictures
 the library door opened, and a tall, slender
 and delicate figure glided into the
 room. The red cap told me I was in the
 presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of
 Westminster, Henry Edward Manning.
 His simple, gentlemanly manners made me
 feel at home at once. I remarked that he was
 much younger looking than his eighty
 years would lead one to expect. "Oh,"
 he said with a smile, "I am eighty one
 and enjoy excellent health." The Car-
 dinal is greatly interested in the temper-
 ance cause, and attributes much of the
 misery of the poor to the vice of intem-
 perance. He said that Irishmen drink
 from joviality, Englishmen from bruti-
 ty; but it is easier to reform an Irish
 than an English drunkard. Hearing
 that I was about visiting Ireland, he
 said: "You will be just in time for the
 great temperance demonstration in
 Cashel. Some of our clergy are over for
 nay, and the good Archbishop is most
 active in it. It is certainly very gratify-
 ing," he continued, "that such large
 numbers are joining the League of the
 Cross. You should try and attend our
 gathering at the Crystal Palace in August.
 We expect it to be the largest temper-
 ance reunion in years."
 I found him deeply interested in the
 United States. He looks upon America
 as the country of the future, wherein the
 mental and physical development in
 mankind is destined to attain high per-
 fection. The rapid and remarkable
 growth of the Catholic Church in the
 United States astonished him. He said
 in England there were only 1,000,000
 Catholics in population of 35,000,000,
 and fully 900,000 of those were Irish.
 He spoke of the labor trouble that was
 brewing then in London and, as an evi-
 dence of his deep penetration, added
 that he feared a strike and, said he,
 when it comes it will be one of the great
 events of the world. The truth of his words
 was vindicated a month or two later. Then
 presenting me with a work of his own
 said, "I shall be glad to see you when
 you return to London." So ended my
 first visit to the great man.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLICITY.

"This is why the man of imagination,
 nay, and the philosopher, too, will always
 have a weakness for the Catholic Church;
 because of the rich treasures of human
 life which have been stored within her
 portals."
 "Who has seen the poor in other
 churches as they are seen in Catholic
 churches? Catholicism, besides, envelops
 human life; and Catholics in general
 feel themselves to have drawn not only
 their religion from the Church, they
 feel themselves to have drawn from her
 too their art and poetry and culture."
 "If there is a thing specially alien to re-
 ligion, it is divisions; if there is a thing
 specially native to religion it is peace and
 union. Hence the original attraction
 towards unity in Rome, and hence the
 great charm and power for men's minds
 of that unity when once attained."
 "I persist in thinking that Catholicism
 has, from this superiority, a great futu-
 re before it; that it will endure while all
 the Protestant sects dissolve and perish."
 —From *Various Essays of Matthew Arnold.*

French parents do not take to govern-
 ment schools. The Lyceum of Rheims
 has lost a hundred pupils in two years,
 while, on the other hand, since 1875 forty
 new Catholic institutions have been
 founded. While \$4,000,000 are expended
 by a certain class on their children in the
 State schools, \$5,000,000 is the figure con-
 tributed by Catholics to their own institu-
 tions. These figures are significant, for
 they prove the growing distaste of parents
 for the godless schools.

Several new Catholic dioceses are to be
 established in India.

**THE BOOK AND GRANTING ME ANOTHER INTER-
 VIEW.**

"So you are going back to America. I
 wish you a very pleasant voyage and trust
 you enjoyed your trip, for you have trav-
 eled much beyond the lot of us—from
 the New World to the cradle of human-
 ity and its Saviour. I timidly ventured
 to congratulate him as the mediator in
 the labor trouble. Slightly he said,
 "Well, the Lord made use of me like
 the use of Balsam's ass, but I got into it
 and was determined I would not leave it
 till it was settled. I saw there was a
 crisis." "How about the present; the
 papers report there is still much fear?"
 "I do not consider them anything—
 merely frets." "I could not help remark-
 ing the absurd utterances of some of the
 papers during the strike, which stated
 that 'the majority of the strikers were
 of your flock?'"

"Oh, no, no; I am quite sure there
 were, at least, two English to one Irish
 among the strikers, but the English and
 I are good friends." "What about the
 leaders?" and here I named several. "I
 will trust them," and here he placed his
 hand gently on the table, and as if in the
 attitude of brooking or patting the "good
 fellows," as he called the leaders, "they
 are good fellows. You see, our trouble
 is an economic question and unlike your
 side when the political issues enter into
 it." "Unfortunately," I said, "it is too
 true."

Then he in the most animated manner
 said "After all, the Catholic Church is the
 only friend of labor, and it is the Catholic
 Church only that is able to deal with
 such trouble." As I rose to leave, he
 said, "Wait a minute," and, going to an
 inner room, returned with two books.
 "I want you to read them, and this, to the
 little one, will do you no harm." Both
 his own works. "Indeed, Your Eminence,
 I will be delighted," and, opening at the
 title page and looking at the dear, old
 man, he understood. "Oh, yes, I will
 write your name." Then, asking my full
 name, wrote with a clear almost feminine
 hand on the fly leaf of both. I shall prize
 as a souvenir of the rarest, the works of
 Cardinal Manning. "When I looked at
 the stars, the moonlight figure and the thin,
 was face of Cardinal Manning it seemed
 strange that one possessing so little mate-
 rial strength could endure the constant de-
 mand upon his mind and body required
 by the exalted position which he holds.
 His voice in conversation is low and
 clear, and his smile is singularly sweet,
 and he receives visitors with the most
 winning and gentle courtesy. I
 noticed also that, like on the former
 visit, he wore the same threadbare
 suit and well-worn coat. I said to a
 priest: "Why don't the clergy present
 him with new ones?" "What is the
 use?" answered the Father; "he gives
 them away. Every poor priest or
 Bishop that comes along the Cardinal
 will give him his own garments."

From what I saw of him I can well
 understand how Cardinal Manning is
 often consulted by the Government on
 many important matters, especially
 upon the subject of education and the
 improvement of the condition of the
 poor. He is in favor of universal educa-
 tion, but an education with religion.
 Just opposite the Cardinal's residence
 land has been bought for the new Catho-
 lic cathedral at a cost of \$400,000. The
 cathedral will probably cost over \$2-
 000,000. Sir Tatum Sykes has promised
 to build it at his own expense, devot-
 ing ten years to the undertaking
 under his own personal supervision.
 For the last twenty years Cardinal
 Manning has been constantly and
 conspicuously before the world
 not only as a preacher and controv-
 ersialist he has appeared before the public,
 but he has been a prominent figure in
 the social world of London, meeting on
 an equal footing dukes and princes, as
 well as the most intellectual men of the
 time. Nor is he to be found wanting in
 the work of the vast archdiocese of
 which he is the head. Many a poor
 man's death bed has been blessed by the
 presence of the great Cardinal Arch-
 bishop, and many a poor family relieved
 by the same liberal hand that wrote the
 most powerful defence of the Vatican
 decrees and the astute arguments in
 favor of the independence of the Holy
 See.

The Cardinal is an early riser, getting
 up at five in the summer and six in the
 winter. After half an hour's meditation
 he says Mass in his private chapel, and
 then passes thirty minutes in thank-
 giving. He breakfasts at seven in sum-
 mer and eight in winter, which is very
 early for an English gentleman.

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 Use. Yours, etc., A. H. HIRSHMAN,
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 tem, all the impurities and foul humors
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 recting Acidity of the Stomach,
 eructations, Bloatingness, Headaches,
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 Constipation, Dryness of the Skin,
 Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaun-
 dice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Sero-
 fula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Ner-
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