

The Cheerful Heart.

"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
So spoke a grand old man with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.
But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grand old man say.
Years after when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,
Back to her heart the memory came
Of the quaint utterance of the dame:
"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
She cleared her brow, and smiling thought
The words of the good old soul taught.
And half her woes, thus quickly cured,
The other half may be assured.
No more her heart in shadow more,
She grew a little child once more.
A little child in love and trust,
She took the world as it must.
In happy mood, and lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view.
She made of life (as we, too, should)
A joy, and lo! all things were good
And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first she said, "Let there be light."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS
FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.
Preached in their church of St. Paul the
Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth
Avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review.
SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT.

In to-day's Gospel Our Blessed Redeemer bids us learn a lesson of constancy and also one of self denial, from St. John the Baptist. "What went you out into the desert to see? a reed shaken with the wind?" This form of putting a question about what everybody knows to be beyond question is here used by our Lord to express a fact universally acknowledged. St. John the Baptist was the very reverse of a man who is shaken and tossed about by every wind that blows. He was a determined man. He was constant in his purposes. He was of a positive disposition. St. John the Baptist never swayed a leaf of his heart from what he knew to be the right path. What an example he is to us, my brethren, since so many among us are as flexible as a reed shaken by the wind, fickle and cowardly and inconstant. How often have you not promised God to keep away from bad company, and gone back to it before a week was out? Are there none here this morning who cannot refuse an invitation to go to the saloon? And is it not true that what we know to be dangerous in the newspaper we often read from a silly curiosity—the very charm of the serpent which stings us? Hence are our Lord's words well selected by the Holy Church for this season of Advent, which is that of great resolutions. In Advent we need to rise up from our creeping posture and stand erect like men, and to be constant, and fast, and true. We need to emulate, at least imitate that most manly figure whom our Saviour places in the foremost ranks of human greatness, saying: "Amen I say to you, there hath not risen among men that is born of women a greater than John the Baptist." Take him for your model, my brethren, when you pray, by a great confession, for your Christmas communion. Let your prayer be made, simply and determined, again at all sin and all occasions of sin, to be hated and shunned finally and forever. And St. John is pointed to by our Lord as a model of self denial. "But what went you out to see? a man clothed in garments?" There is, in fact, no saint so conspicuous an example of the virtue of self restraint as our Lord's precursor. He lived in the desert, fasting and watching, from childhood, clothed in no soft garments, but like Adam and Eve when driven out of Paradise, dressed in the skins of beasts. Yet he was not a penitent. He had never committed a single sin. Why, then, such self-denial? Because, in the first place, he was a man, and he wanted to be master of his appetites. He aspired to rule his passions and his appetites by his reason, and no man can be sure of success in that except by actual conflict and real victory—often repeated victory. The supremacy of reason over appetite, of the man over the animal—that was the aim of St. John, and he secured it only one way of mortification of the flesh. But he also practiced self denial out of sympathy with his poor sinners, who must do it not only for manhood's sake, but also for justice' sake, because we have sinned to atone for. St. John was our Lord's forerunner, and began his mission by calling the people to penance: "Do penance," said he, "for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." We know that a Kingdom of Heaven made up of sinners must be a kingdom of penance.

Let us all lay our Lord's lessons, drawn from the Baptist's life, earnestly to heart, and by constant prayer, fasting, abstinence, and bodily mortification of all kinds, win for ourselves an interior sorrow for sin and a fervent love of God.

HE SUFFERED IN SILENCE.

"Monseigneur Vincent," said the Queen of France to St. Vincent de Paul, one day, "have you heard what is being said of you?" "I am, indeed, a great sinner, madam." "Nevertheless, I think that you should justify yourself from these charges." "Ah, madam!" replied the saint, "myself justifications than these were brought against my Master, and He opened not His mouth."

A Friend's Face.

A FRIEND'S face often looks sour and gloom from the effects of misery-making biliousness or liver complaint. It is well to use Burdock Blood Bitters and he will see the face soon brightens with returning health and happiness. B. B. B. never fails.

EVICION HORRORS.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT SCENES ON THE OLIPHANT ESTATE.

The following graphic account of the evictions on the Oliphant estate in Donegal is taken from the letters of a correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The opening day of the now eviction campaign on the Oliphant estate was ushered in by a fierce storm as ever swept the wild and desolate hills of Donegal. All through Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the rain came down in torrents, flooding the fields and the blighted potato gardens of the wretched peasantry. The storm abated during the morning, but the hills were blowing when the sub-sheriff, Mr. John S. McCay, and the agent of the property, Mr. Hewson, and their party started at 9:30 from Falcarragh. The evicting forces consisted of one hundred and fifty constabulary—one hundred batmen and fifty men armed with rifles—under the direction of County Inspector Milling, and accompanied by their surgeon, Dr. Joyce. Captain Slacks, R.M., was in command of the expedition, and Mr. Ulick Burke, R.M., was present in his capacity in case arrests were made during the course of the proceedings. Half a dozen police cars accompanied the evicting forces. The evictions were witnessed by a large party of sympathizers. After a stiff march of an hour and a half over the mountains, through large already evicted, passing on the way a Land League village where a large number of tenants are comfortably housed in newly erected cottages, we arrived on the townland of Ardabeg, the scene of operations. The first house visited was that of Neal Perry and his wife and five children. A cord of police was drawn round the house at a distance of about two hundred yards, and another cord immediately surrounded the house. The people in the case of every eviction were kept outside the outer ring, but the members of Parliament,

and the members of the press were admitted inside, and were able to see through the inner cordon the incidents of each eviction. Six emergency men now arrived on the scene with a cart containing scaling ladders, crowbars, and other implements of eviction, and proceeded to remove the furniture from the house. When the household goods had been flung on the roadside, some wooden laths were nailed across the doorway by the bailiffs, the sheriff pulled a straw from the roof of the thatch and handed it to Hewson, the agent, and with this formula the eviction of Neal Perry was completed. By the next eviction an old widow named Herraghty, her son Hugh and his wife and eight children were rendered homeless. During the removal of the furniture from the cabin we could see Hugh Herraghty at the door gesticulating wildly, and shouting in Irish, in which the word "sogharth," or priest, could be distinguished. "He wants me," said Father Boyle, one of the priests of the parish, as he left our group, and rushing through the inner cordon he reached the house, when he was seized by two constables, and despite his protests that somebody ill inside needed his ministrations, he was removed outside the cordon again, by orders of County Inspector Milling, who kept shouting: "Turn him out!" As a matter of fact the wife of Hugh Herraghty was in bed in the cabin, weak and ill after a confinement. Dr. Joyce, the police surgeon, was sent for by the sheriff. He certified that the woman was well enough to be removed, and removed she was forthwith with her baby, a month old. After the police had left the place the mother and child were found lying on a few sacks in the shelter of a gable of the house. The poor woman was pale and emaciated, and wept bitterly. The ladies remained behind for a time to give her comfort, and Sir John Swinburne, who was deeply moved by the scene, said if he had perpetrated but one tenth of that cruelty on his estate in Staffordshire, he would have been strung up at his own door by his tenants, and the country would have said, "Serve him right." That was a very harsh case, but a case of still greater hardship was the eviction of the widow Kate Gallagher and her family. This poor woman had actually paid her rent. It seems she holds another piece of land as sub-tenant to James Dugan, and in forwarding the rent of her residential holding to the agent she by mistake enclosed the eviction notice she had received in respect of his sub-tenancy. The agent finding the amount forwarded was far in excess of the debt due by Mrs. Gallagher as sub-tenant to Dugan, applied it to wipe out the arrears of Dugan, who was also under notice of eviction, and sent Dugan a CLEAR RECEIPT.

Mrs. Gallagher, on discovering her error, waited at once on the landlord, and he promised her that everything would be made right by the agent. The way the agent made things all right was evicting the old woman. Thus ended the first day's work.

On the 12th the evictions were resumed. The rain poured in torrents all day, the wind came in terrific gusts from the Atlantic, and at times blew a regular hurricane. The work of eviction was taken up at the point at which it was left off on yesterday. The district known as Derryconner lies on a very remote point of the seaboard. Access to it was found extremely troublesome. The cars accompanying the expedition had to be left on the roadside, and striking a rough bridge path, we pursued our way on foot in the wind and rain for miles through tracks of bog and over rocky stretches of mountain. It was 10 o'clock before the cry "It was heard. We had reached the first of the houses to be evicted. It was a small novel, built of rough, unburnt stones, placed on each other higgledy piggledy fashion, with the interstices filled with clay. On the walls thus erected, to a height of about six feet, were placed some sticks in the usual slanting fashion to form the roof, and over the sticks a layer of sods of heather. The roof was bound with straw ropes as a protection from the gales that blow so frequently over the Donegal highlands. This is the common Oliphant but as it appears on the outside, Go inside and you find, as a rule, a single

room, the walls and floors of which are of clay, a bed in a corner beside the hearth, and a few articles of furniture, such as a pot, a table, two stools and a "dresser," containing a little delph. It is from humble and miserable houses of this sort that nearly two hundred and fifty families have now been driven by Mr. Wybrant Oliphant, and from which one hundred more will be turned out before the present campaign ends. Then lock at the land they are expected to till and pay for. It is extremely prolific of boulders of rock. It there was a market for limestone in this district the PEASANTS OF WESTERN DONEGAL would be rolling in riches. The evictions effected on this day were carried out quietly and without any demonstration whatever. There were never more than a hundred people present, and these were always rigidly kept outside the outer cordon of police, and about two hundred yards from the cabins. The evictions were continued till 2 o'clock, when the weather got so dreadfully inclement that further progress over the hills became impossible, and operations were suspended till to-morrow.

The elements were not so rough on the 13th. A few heavy showers fell at intervals, but these apart, the weather was favorable enough at times. Indeed the sun shone brilliantly on the scene, and, adopting the advice of the old proverb, the evictors made hay with a vengeance. The evictions, owing principally to the removal of the furniture from the houses by the bailiffs, and to the fact that the tenants themselves before the advent of the bailiffs, were got through with astonishing rapidity. When the sheriff had, in accordance with the statute, ceased his labors at 3 o'clock, he had conveyed over thirty houses and holdings from the tenants to the agent. The proceedings were entirely devoid of interest. The evictions to day included babies in arms, co-operations, the feeble and the infirm, even the blind, in one of the houses an old woman totally blind was among the occupants, and she, like the rest, was put out. One widow, who bore the name of the landlord, Oliphant, was lying in her bed dangerously ill when the sheriff arrived, and Dr. Joyce, the constabulary surgeon, advised that the woman was unfit to be removed, and the eviction being completed, she was allowed the shelter of the house with her son as caretaker. In another of the cabins a man named Darby Curran, who had reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and five years, was dislodged. His case was a peculiar one. He was evicted in June last from a little holding on the property, and was immediately received under the roof of Edward Dugan. To day Edward Dugan was evicted, and as Darby Curran was too feeble to be removed the force of appointing him caretaker was gone through by the agent. The old man was lying on a few sacks in the shelter of a gable, the doctor, the agent and the sheriff discussed his fate. He was born in 1785, three years after the independence of Ireland had been established by Grattan and the volunteers. He was fifteen when the union was carried, eighteen when Robert Emmet was hanged, thirty-four in the year of Catholic emancipation, sixty-two during the awful famine of '46 and '47, and having spent a century on the Donegal hills is evicted at the age of one hundred and five years by Mr. Wybrant Oliphant. What an ending to such a life!

Wild weather prevailed on the 14th and detained the constabulary in Falcarragh. The rain fell in torrents, and a gale strong enough to blow a horse and a vehicle off one of the roads, and over the desolate bogs and hills that comprise the Oliphant property. It was announced that despite the storm the agent, Mr. Hewson, a young and active man, insisted on the sheriff and his brigade continuing the evictions, but, as the weather was too bad, they were suspended. The agent, Mr. Hewson, insisted on the sheriff and his brigade continuing the evictions, but, as the weather was too bad, they were suspended.

From that day forward Our Lady of Lichenthal was held in veneration—
From the French, by the Author of "Tyburne."

THE GREAT CENTENARY OF 1890.

Rev. A. F. Messchele, author of "The Key to the Gregorian Calendar," calls attention to the year 1890 as being the 18th year of the Metonic Cycle, and also the 100th recurrence since the birth of Christ. The reverend gentleman writes as follows: Christ was born on the 25th of December in the 18th year of the Metonic Cycle, and the year 1890 was likewise the 18th year of that cycle, and will be the 100th recurrence since the time of the birth of Christ. Christ was born in the year of the building of the city of Rome 752. Some of the early fathers of the Church place His birth in the year of Rome 791. Their differing arises from this: According to the Metonic or natural year Christ was born in the year of Rome 752, and according to the so-called Julian year he was born in the year of Rome 751. Julius Caesar, in his pride, deprived one Metonic year of the eleven days which immediately followed the winter solstice, relegating them to the end of the previous year, thereby to secure to himself the honor which was due to the famous Greek astronomer, Meton and Callippus.

WEIGHED IN THE SCALES, but not found wanting. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has been weighed in that just balance, the experience of an impartial and intelligent public. Both remedially and peculiarly it is a success. In cases constantly recurring, test money in its favor is daily pouring in. The question of its efficacy in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Ailments, and for Blood Impurity, is decided.

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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 a speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup, and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, writes: "I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"
Bland's Liment cures Burns, etc.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE CONVENT KEYS.
The Abbess of Lichenthal assembled her Community in the Chapter room. Every face among them was sorrowful, for evil times had fallen upon the fair abbey.

It was in 1869, and war devastated the country round.
"My daughters," said the Abbess, "our peaceful days are over, and it is not our Lord's will that I at least should die as my predecessors have in the midst of that peace which I sought in the shadow of the Tabernacle. Heavy clouds are passing over us; let us humble ourselves, and, by earnest prayer, seek to make reparation to our offended God. Let us trust in His mercy, which never forsakes us even when the sword of His justice is on us. If we could die on the altar steps I would let you remain, but it is my duty to guard you in safety, dear flock, whom the Master has given into my care. The army is advancing and its trumpets break in upon our prayers. Children, we must fly. Fear not, the Lord will send His angels to guard you."
The weeping religious knelt for their Mother's last blessing.
"Let us go into the chapel," said the Abbess, "for I will be long, probably, ere we can again assist at the Holy Sacrifice."

The Mass was finished, the tabernacle was empty. The Blessed Sacrament, in a silver pyx, rested on the chaplain's breast; the Abbess, with her own hands, extinguished the sanctuary light. The nuns, prostrate on the ground, recited the Miserere; then they rose up, bathed in tears. "Weep not," said the Abbess, "all is not lost—the protection of Mary is still ours." She went towards the image of Our Lady, taking with her the convent keys. "O Mary, my Lady," she said, "I confide in thee to save me. This house is thine; defend it from stain and sacrilege—thou art more powerful than an army in battle array; do thou put our enemies to flight. Tower of David, from which flows the standard of victory; Tower of Ivory, our talisman heavenly weapons! Most powerful Virgin, House of God! keep this dwelling in which thy praises have been so often sung! Protect these clustered walls which have sheltered the innocent consecrated to thy service!"
Then the Abbess laid the keys in the hand of the statue, and the nuns slowly left the chapel and convent, singing the litanies as they went.

They had hardly reached a safe refuge in the mountains, when a band of troops arrived at the convent door. They were in high spirits, for their plunder was extensive—the ornaments of the chapel were numerous and precious. They broke into the place and rubbed the chapel floor with their feet. They stepped back in order to rush with all their united force against it, when suddenly it opened of its own accord.

A lady, around whom shone a splendor before which royal magnificence grows pale, stood on the threshold, holding in her hand the Abbess's keys.
The soldiers, overwhelmed with terror, took to flight, falling over each other in their haste; nor did they draw breath till they were far away from Lichenthal.
When they were gone the chapel doors were closed again.

The Abbess and the nuns returned to the abbey; they found all their property untouched.
From that day forward Our Lady of Lichenthal was held in veneration—
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TRENTON, TEXAS, Sept. 28, 1886.

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Roxbury, Mass. I am proud of my recovery as to express my feelings in thanks to you. The KENNEDY'S DISCOVERY has made me four-legged for six years. At last I have traded off two of them to Bell—Druggist—for four bottles Kennedy's Discovery. I am yours gratefully and unsolicited, J. B. Irv."

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