A STORY FROM A STAR BY REV. ABRAW J. BYAN, THE POET PRIEST.

om the mystic siderial spaces the none of a night 'mid of Maj me aspirit that murmured to a was it the dream of a Dream?, he, no, from the purest of places here liveth the nighest of races an unfailen sphere far away,— nd it were immortality's glass.

as I sleeping? Is sleep but the closing the night of our eyes from the light? oth the spirit of man e'en then rest? doth it not toil all the more? hes the earth-wearled frame is reposing the vision then veiled the less bright? hes the earth from our sight hath been

But the unsiceping spirits of dreamers in hours when the world-voice is still are building with faith without faiter Bright steps up to heaven's high altar Where lead all the aisles of the earth.

Was I sleeping? I know not, or waking? The body was resting I ween; Hassems it was o'ermuch tired With the tolls of the day that had gone;— When, sudden, there came the bright break-

When, sudden, there came the bright broing
Of light thro's shadowy screen,
And with the brightness there blended
The voice of the Being descended
From a star ever-pure of all sin,—
In a music too sweet to be lyred
By the lips of the sinful and mortal;
And oh! how the pure brightness shone
As shines, thro' the summer-morn ports
Rays golden and white as the snow;—
As white as the fakes,—ah! no! whiter
Only angelic wings may be brighter
When they flash o'er the brow of some
That walketn this shadowed Below.

The soul loseth never its seeing.
In the goings of night and of day
It graspeth the Infaite Far;
No wonder there may come some Being
As if it had wandered ast ay
At times down the wonderfilled way
As to me in the midnight of May
From its home in some glory-crowned star
Where evil hath never left traces.
Where dwelleth the highest of races.
Bave the angels that circle the throne,—
In a grace far beyond all our graces
Whose Carist is the same as our own.

FATHER GALVIN, S. J., ON THE

London Universe, July 17.

London Universe, July 17.

A large congregation was present at the service at the Carmelite Church, Kenaington, on Sunday afternoon when the Rev. Father Galvin, S. J., preached, his subject being, "The Conversion of England and the Mother of God," England, he said—that word brought before our minds an island set in a silver sea; an island blessed in many ways above all the nations of the earth; an island gloricus in its past, glorious in its present, and with many bright hopes for its future; an island with a constitution, open tribunals in which justice was on the whole fairly administered. All these things made England in many respects the envy of the nations of the world. England had nearly everything which the world recognized as making a nation great. She had power and a stable Government, a loyal and generous people. Say what they would, the sun did not shine at this moment upon a nation that loved its laws and loved its Sovereign more than did the people of England. This was looking at England from a human point of view. In no country in the world were the words of Jesus Christ, uttered with infinite tenderness and infinite love, more applicable than to England: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold, and these I must needs bring with Me, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." This country was not now as it was four hundred years ago. Then it was as remarkable amidst the nations of the earth for its love of the See of Peter as it was now for its worldly greatness and its earthly prosperity.

THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY WERE

See of Peter as it was now for its worldly greatness and its earthly prosperity.

THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY WERE the sheep of the fold of Jesus Christ. They were not of the fold, but they were the sheep, and for them there was an untiring love in His heart and words of mercy and tenderness on His lips. England's past was great. She was great in the multitude of subjects which she gave to the Church; great in her self-sacrifice, great in her devotion to the Mother of God, who looked upon that sea-girt island, and called it her dowry. These days, slas! had gone, and the faith which bore England to all the grace and all the beauty of the supernatural life was for well-nigh 300 years a stranger and an alien in the land. Englishmen sold their birthright; they did what in them lay to drive from the land the Church of God to which they owed all that is great in their constitution. Englishmen at this day boasted of their laws, of their open tribunals, of the liberty of which they were proud, and all these things. Let it be remembered they owed to the Catholic Church, so long and so unjustly maligned and which now send to them.

where she was once so faithfully and loyally served. Might she pray for Englishmen; might she stretch her hand over this land where once her name was held in benediction; might she remember the shrines that covered the land where day and night prayers were sung, where men and women came in pilgrimage and laid their offerings before her; might she lead English people once more into that Church in which truth and peace and rest were only to be found,

out the lessed Virgin he says: "We should invoke her, in order that God through her intercession, may grant us our requests; and it is thus we must invoke all the other saints." Again: "May to keel the other saints." Again: "May the Lord Jesus Christ grant us this grace through the ever blessed Virgin Mary! Amen."—Luther, vol. I, page 477.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure
Cod Liver Oll, with Hypothosphites, For Wasting Diseases of Children, Where the digestive powers are feeble and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the child, this acts both as food and medicine, giving strength and flesh at once, and is almost as palatable as milk. The Blessed Mother of God: looked down to day on this country.

Take no other.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The was not may be desirably and proposed the property of the automated by property of the property of p

And the state of t

to raise and educate the Christian people of England without the Christianity which had made them. What was it that had made England? Not the wars of the Heptarchy, for war was a force of repulsion, not of attraction. Much less was England ever made one by legala.

ALWAYS REQUIRED—A good cathartic medicine. National Pills will not disap-

A father to encourage early rising, offered a prize of money to that child who should rise earliest next morning. At a very early hour a bright little girl made her appearance, claimed and got the prize, and then—went back to bed,

The Little White Hearse.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB BILEY.

BY JAMES WEITCOMB RILEY.

As the little white hearse went glimmering their children by As the little white hearse went gillimetries by
The man on the coal-cart jerked his lines,
And smutted the lid of either eye,
And turned and stared at the business
like the walls aigns;
And the street car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders, and gazed up

THE PA

meal and be

learn practice scarcely one explained ov

it. Is it neces outside of

There may, father if for himself for de

And the street car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders, and gazed up
street
Till his eye on the long track reached the darken the As the little white hearse went glimmering

require a bur them into must lead in dren will fo As the little white hearse went glim mering by
A stranger petied a ragged child
In the crowded walk, and she knew not why,
But he gave her a coin for the way she
smiled;
And a boot-black thrilled with a pleasure
strange amiled;
And a boot-black thrilled with a pleasure strange
As a customer put back his change
With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

and even in can pick up practical knothe hands of children knothe As the little white hearse went glimmering know no more the gilded to cries because looks. Parer deed they do A man looked out of a window dim, And his cheeks were wet and his heart was for a dead child even was dear to him!

And he thought of his empty life, and said,

"Loveless alive, and loveless dead—

Nor wife nor child in earth or sky!"

As the little white hearse went glimmering

ENGLAND'S APOLOGISTS.

Catholic Review.

but this do There is one At last the enemies of Home Rule have condescended to argue the question with their opponents, and to invoke the aid of logic in attempting to give the color of reason to a position necessity, grabit of going when possible woke the aid of logic in attempting to give the color of reason to a position which the whole civilized world proclaims to be the product of passion, prejudice and hatred. Mr. Goschen and the Duke of Argyle coolly inform the people of this country that they do not understand the political status in England, and that they have allowed their judge. father or mot Such parents homes. The Duke of Argyle coolly inform the people of this country that they do not understand the political status in England, and that they have allowed their judgment to become warped by the impassioned utterances of Irish-American writers and speakers. They claim that passioned utterances of Irish American writers and speakers. They claim that England has evinced a longanimity and forbearance in her treatment of her petulant sister isle, which could have sprung and appreciation of the maxims contained in the Sermon on the Mount. His Grace of Argyle even says that, least of all would this country have tolerated in any of the States such nests of vipers and broods of conspirators as Ireland has sheltered for ages, and which the Government of England has refrained from stamping out, because the heart of the nation is tender and merciful beyond comparison. Verily, those of the nation is tender and merciful beyond comparison. Verily, those who know the history of Ireland are aware that it is the traditional and fully guaranteed privilege of Irishmen to abuse government officials with impunity and to curse their oppressors with utter fearlessness of the law. They know, too, there never have been suspects in Ireland, nor midnight arrests, nor spiritings away of obnoxious individuals, and that jails were never built there to cool of the land, nor midnight arrests, nor spiritings away of obnoxious individuals, and that jails were never built there to cool off the fervor of the imprudent patriots. Wholesale evictions, roadside starvations, poorhouses and forced emigration are peculiarly Irish institutions imposed upon the Irish, by the Irish people themselves, because they enjoy such things with relish. England, in pursuance of her heaven appointed mission, has been vainly striving for centuries to convince the people of Iroland that these things are wrong, that it would be much better for them to stay at home and live in full and plenty, and to own the land they and their forefathers have tilled for countless generations. The wounds that Iroland has inflicted on herself by exporting across the channel her butter and pork and breadstuffs, by closing her home industries and by billeting a lot of lazy red-coated soldiers on her half-starved population, have often brought scalding tears to the sympathetic eyes of England. Dear, tender-hearted Albion has frequently endeavored to assist Erin in teaching her children the principles of self government by sending such men as Spencer and Forster to her shores, with direction that all meetings held for the peaceful and constitutional discussion of those principles (Church, duri Parents conversation before noticed, no instructors. I parent who s Church, during and holydays much trouble ful and constituted by the benign arm of the law. These peaceful disseminators of the principles of peace who adopted the title of lord.

Children lieutenants and secretaries to Ireland merely to show they have come over clothed with the love that England bore her blind unfortunate sister, closed the gates of Kilmainham, and frowned Lent, month Lent, month Christi and sternly on the Orangemen who dared in-sult a Catholic. The Irish, however, were deaf to the dove like accents of their remain away fies some par

sult a Catholic. The Irish, however, were deaf to the dove-like accents of their voice, and by way of rank ingratitude pretended to perpetrate outrages which had no existence but in their morbid imaginations, pretended to shoot down landlords, to burn down houses and to ham-string cattle, simply for the sake of forcing Mr. Forster to riddle them with buckshot. Nay, more, when Lord Salisbury mildly suggested that emigration was the worst remedy for Irish woes, and that a strong government was the least adapted to the needs of the Irish race, they hotly resented the expression; though they had heard of hearts that had been broken and families parted forever by the merciless system of coercive emigration, and though they had heard of strong governments in Poland and Russis, still they would not listen to the tones so child-like and bland of Salisbury, but persisted in pinning their faith to the Will o'.the-Wisp vagaries of Gladstone. The Irish people are truly a wretched and ungrateful rabble. Burke, Macaulay, and even Froude, to say nothing of John Mitchell and Father Tom Burke, have time and again told us that England has been pouring oil into the self-inflicted wounds of Ireland for centuries; that she has staunched their gaping mouths and bound them round with all the tenderness of a devoted mother, and still the Irish will not kiss the hand that soothes and caresses them. Continue Messrs. Goschen, Argyle & Co. There is nothing like lying strong and end of such p tinue Messrs. Goschen, Argyle & Co.
There is nothing like lying strong and
stiffly when you go about it. L'audace
toujours l'audace. Keep on and you may
get a few American dawdlers around the present with Church when Kingdom of

It Never Fails:

London club houses to believe you.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; a few doses cure when other remedies fail.

be added the Mr. Frank forth, says : Burdock Bl blood. It di excellent he tonic and sy taking B.B.I

Children