

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XXXIII.

We have seen that Catholicism or Protestantism, where either prevails in a country, must of necessity give tone to its legislation. This is not to be ascribed, on either side, to any deliberate plan of securing influence. It lies in the very nature of things. Where there are wide religious differences, even within the compass of the common Christianity, there must of necessity be considerable ethical differences, and these must of necessity express themselves more or less in legislation, and in the temper of judicial decisions. How, for instance, can the laws of marriage be the same where the one is a country in which the wife is esteemed a holy and indissoluble state, as in a country in which Luther's view of it is taken, that it is "a mere bodily thing"? It is true, the Lutherans soon gave up Luther's own position, that polygamy, though not ordinarily to be advised, is entirely lawful for a Christian man, and that he has the right, moreover, if he is some considerable time away from home, to take a temporary wife. See his correspondence with the Landgrave Philip, as given in Sir William Hamilton's works. This extended view of evangelical privilege was followed by Brother Martin, although Luther himself suggested that this would be a good way for Henry Tudor out of his matrimonial difficulties. "Don't let the King," he advised, "put away Catherine of Aragon. She is a good and noble woman, and the aunt of our great Emperor. He has been duly married to her, and had better keep her as his one wife. But if he is bent on having the Lady Anne, let him take her over and above, and so everything might be comfortable and pacific." This was the substance of his advice, which, however, it did not please Henry to follow. The Landgrave, too, was obstinate. Luther thought that, as the Landgrave was to be continued in her rank and married honor, Philip would do better to take the younger lady with whom he had fallen in love as his concubine, or at least to let it be supposed that she was such. In this way, intimated the Reformer, the enemies of the Lord—meaning those who were staggered by some of Brother Martin's opinions—would find no occasion to blaspheme, as nobody minded it when a prince, of any religion, took a mistress in addition to his wife. However, the Landgrave declared that if he could not have each woman as his wife, and publicly avowed as such, he would not have her at all, and have her he would. Then at length Luther reluctantly gave way, and consented that the marriage should be blessed by a Lutheran clergyman, and sanctioned by Melancthon's presence. The prince lived very comfortably with his two wives, but I need not say that the enemies of the Lord—that is, of the Lord Luther—took great occasion to blaspheme. The obstinate and misguided Papists could not be persuaded by all his objections that even he was great enough to be warranted in overturning the foundations of Christian morality. The Emperor Ferdinand remarked that he had had some thoughts of turning Lutheran, but that as he did not care to find himself in a nest of polygamists, he now thought he had better stay in the old Church.

Luther could carry through a good deal. When he rendered St. Paul's "a man is justified by faith" as reading "a man is justified by faith alone," he met the very natural remonstrances of the Catholics with the most supreme contempt. Why need I heed the brayings of an ass? said he. Every Papist, by the simple fact that he is a Papist, is an ass. I have translated the passage so because I was obliged to translate it so. I was right in adding the sola, if it were only to please the Papists. Hear the sum of the matter: "sic nota sic jubeo—I, Doctor Martin Luther." This was heretically mendacious and impudent, but even his Atlantic shoulders staggered under the weight of polygamy and temporary marriage. Lutheranism soon settled back into the consent of universal Christendom, that a Christian man living with two wives at once, or contracting a marriage for a limited time, does what is immoral and void.

Still it is beyond denial that in this respect Protestantism has never recovered from the taint of its beginnings. Our Lord has signified, and St. Paul has declared, both beyond all possibility of misunderstanding, that while marriage is high and holy, virginity, for those that have a vocation thereto—and only for those—is still higher and holier. This declaration of Christ and of the Apostle, Protestantism, from the very beginning, met with a formal and solemn denial. In other words, Protestantism began its course by the existence of an essential principle of original Christianity, set forth by the Lord, received and published by the apostles, transmitted by the martyrs, fathers and Bishops, and accepted by the Universal Church down to 1517, and by the vast majority of Christians to this very day. It is certain that Catholic legislation must favor, under due guarantees of freedom and genuineness, the profession of a purpose to lead a virgin life. It is certain that Protestant legislation must disfavor it, until such time as it shall have corrected its original aberration, and come into line with the Saviour, and with the multitudes of His people.

Catholic theology, we know, is disposed to rank the contemplative above

the active life. I do not understand this to be of faith. In one aspect, however, it is a certain truth. All activity which does not rest on the sense of supernatural truth is shallow and ineffective. Contemplation, therefore, as being the fount of all worthy action, must in this view be ranked higher than the action which proceeds from it. Now Protestantism, especially English Protestantism, setting out from a very well-warranted contempt of merely idle brooding, has always, in great measure, put contemplation itself under the ban. Archdeacon Hare was a staunch Protestant and an enthusiastic admirer of Luther, though assuredly not in Luther's capacity as a polygamist, any more than we admire the devout and benevolent Pius V. or Cardinal Ximenes in his capacity as inquisitor. Now the Archdeacon complains of the incompleteness of English Protestantism, in that it finds no room for monasteries. Richard Rothe, too, a Protestant of the Protestantism, urges the re-institution of monasteries. Yet thus far there can be no doubt that Protestantism does not favor provision made for the contemplative life.

Observe, there is room within Catholicism itself for large varieties of legislation here, both ecclesiastical and civil. Sometimes it has happened that Church and State concurred in thinking that monasteries were too numerous, and reduced their numbers. Sometimes, as has often happened, they may be found too few, and may be multiplied. Old orders may degenerate, and be reformed or even abolished, and new orders may spring up. Sometimes the sterner rules may prevail, sometimes the mitigated. Sometimes orders proper may be the favorites, sometimes congregations. There is room for all, from the solemn austerity of the Carthusians or the Trappists to the unwowed profession of the illustrious Oratory, that "school of Christian mirth," or of our own Paulists. Allowing for all these varieties, however, the public policy of a really Catholic nation will rest on the assumption, that a virgin life, for those genuinely called to it, is a blessing to them, and to the Christian commonwealth. Protestantism, however, in its very instinct, has almost always discouraged, or forbidden outright. And even among us, monastic institutes, however quiet in their seclusion or philanthropic in their activity, must consent to hear ominous growls, mutterings: "You will never mend till more of you be burned." We will pursue this general train of thought further. Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

REVERENCE TO GOD.

Reverence in the church is required of every one because of the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He is there, in His Divine Majesty, in the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist, and no subject can be unmindful of the presence of his King of Glory, our Lord, there should be no talking in the church or whispering either in the pews or in the isles, in the front of the church, in the choir, or in the pack of the church, or any gossiping in the vestibule. The church is not a market-place, nor a news-stand, but a place to adore our Lord, to pray, to receive the sacraments. "The church," to quote the sentiments of a Paulist Father, "is the best place to show good manners." In fact, for the sake of the minority a few hints are given: If there is a crowd going into the church, don't try your utmost to elbow everybody else and increase the general discomfort. Take it easy. Don't aim a blow at the holy water font and finger the whole hand. Dip the finger lightly and then sprinkle yourself alone, not the others standing around you. Walk quietly down the aisle to your pew, and take the most convenient seat therein. Don't lay siege to the seats, and hold it against all comers. We should like to see that "don't" printed in very large and black letters. Never disturb your neighbors by your prayers. Be attentive to the priest at the altar. A silent good example is most telling and most edifying. Never spit on the floor; it is exceedingly bad taste. In going out, after at least a short prayer of thanksgiving, take your time. Don't leave God's house in a hurry. Try to postpone any prolonged meeting with friends until you are outside. During confession hours never deprive any one of his or her place. It shows but a poor spirit in which to receive the Sacrament of Penance to rob one of what belongs to him. It is not at all forbidden to allow another, who for some necessary reason must hurry, to go ahead of yourself. Marriages or baptisms are not occasions on which to satisfy your curiosity. In all things use common sense. You would not forget yourself in visiting the house of a friend; do not do so in the house of God. Carry yourself modestly, becomingly, without affectation, without prominence. Look to the comfort of others. If inconvenience must be borne, let it be yourself who will be willing to bear it.—New York.

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Hamples, hills and humors show that the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier that money can buy.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sixth Sunday After Easter.

THE GREATEST TRIBULATION OF THE CHURCH.

"Yes, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God." (John 8:20)

In the gospel of to-day our Divine Saviour predicts for His Church great persecutions. And, up to the present hour, how painfully has she not been afflicted? For centuries, the bloody sword of persecution waged against the holy Spouse of Christ; unnumbered bitter words did the poison of heresy, and less than the pagan and Christian tyranny, prepare for her during all ages. But how distressing sever these trials and tribulations were and still are, they vanish, as it were, like vapor before a tribulation which is inflicted on her, not by her enemies, but by her own children leading un-Catholic and godless lives.

In the first ages of Christianity it was, indeed, a bitter trial for the Church when for centuries the blood of her children was shed throughout the whole world when being Catholic signified nothing less than to doomed a terrible martyrdom. But the tears which the Church then shed were not tears of sorrow, but of joy; for the blood of the martyrs was that glorious seed from which sprang forth innumerable children for our holy Mother, the Church. It was the glorious fluid with which the divinity of our holy religion was written in the hearts of her persecutors. But how different are the persecutions which waged against our holy Mother, by the godless children of her own children! Here the Church is not increased as she was then by the bloody persecutions of the Christians, but rather diminished; she is not covered with honor and glory, but with scorn and ignominy. The world perceives the vices of the godless, but instead of casting the reproach on the culprits, it is hurled against the Church herself, who is certainly not accountable for having such worthless children among her number.

Millions of poor, ignorant pagans live on the borders of Christianity, innumerable Christians separated from us in faith are in our country, in our midst, but how can they revere and love a church wherein they see instead of wheat only cockle, instead of the flowers of beautiful virtues only the thorns of godlessness, when the wicked life of so many presents to their eyes merely the caricature of the only true Church of Jesus Christ! But this is by far not all. These nominal Christians not only insult the holy Mother by their rebellion, but not only forlornly keep back all non-Catholics from entering the Church, but like wolves which have penetrated the sheepfold, they tear to pieces and murder in the Church the souls of their fellow Christians by their scandals and seductions. We to these unhappy ones whose lot it is to associate daily with these scoffers of religion, to hear their impious conversations, and to see their shameful example! Woe to those deplorable children, who must call these unworthy ones their fathers and mothers and who are educated by them only for hell! Woe to those poor servants and subjects in such un-Catholic houses, where they no longer see or hear anything Christian, where moreover the death of seduction is lurking for their souls! The devil may indeed bring destruction to many, but not to so many as the wickedness of such bad Catholics brings every day. And should not such murdering of her own children be the greatest trial of the Church? Should we not press bitter and blood of sorrow and anguish from that Mother who is so tenderly anxious for the salvation of her children?

However, have patience, beloved Christians: these tares of our holy Mother, the Church, are not lost, they are preserved by the angel of wrath, and to be poured on the last day as glowing streams of fire on the heads of those unworthy Christians. Verily, then will they experience and understand, when too late for all eternity, what the Saviour said in the gospel: "And I shall send angels to separate the wheat from the tares, and the tares shall be bound in bundles, and shall be burned with many stripes." (Luke 12, 47.)

And in truth, if even the poor heathen, who has known God so imperfectly, is lost forever for the sins he has committed against the voice of his conscience, what hell can be deep and terrible enough for a child of the Catholic Church, whom the light of the true faith illuminated, to whom the source of all graces was open every day, and who in spite of all this sank into vice! Woe to thee, Corozain, woe to thee, Bethsaida," our Divine Redeemer has said, "for if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the mighty works that have been wrought in you, they would have done penance long ago, sitting in sack cloth and ashes! And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto Heaven, thou shalt be thrust down to hell." (Luke 10, 13-15) Behold, O indifferent Catholic, your judgment is pronounced in these terrible words. You are the Capernaum exalted into Heaven, in you have been performed those miracles of graces. But woe and a thousand times woe to you, if you continue, by non-Catholic behavior, to blaspheme God and insult the holy Church! You will be sunk into the deepest abyss of hell. Oh! permit, therefore, your hardened heart to be touched by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and no longer live like one scorning the faith. Return contritely to God; by true penance atone for the scandals you have given, so that you may yet find grace and mercy at the hour of your death.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

The Wall of Lamentation, as Described by the Painter Tissot.

J. James Tissot, the distinguished French illustrator of the Life of Christ, writes in the Century for April of a walk "Round about Jerusalem," and gives this picturesque description of a scene at the Wall of Lamentation: Let us now turn down into the Jews' quarter and go the Wall of Lamentation. Friday is the best day to choose for this, because on that day the Israelites are there in greater number, and one thus has a wider variety of types at hand. All along this old Solumonian wall, every stone of which is of the greatest antiquity, are leaning crowds of men, most of whom are clad in more or less shabby gaiters. The majority of them are certain as to that point. Some hold their heads in their hands and press their brows against the wall; others read. From time to time one will see, whereat all the rest will begin to weep and wail in the most doleful manner. I noticed one fellow in particular, who was as fat as though he had been fed from birth on sauerkraut and had drunk nothing but beer his whole life long. He swayed to and fro and nearly choked himself in his efforts to provoke a few reluctant tears. He struggled vainly, making all manner of piteous and frightful faces; he then began moaning in a feeble voice, and finally, at the crescendo, the climax of his fictitious grief, he belched at the top of his lungs and shook from head to foot. His antics so disgusted me that I was forced to change my place. Notwithstanding such exhibitions as this, I saw among those present many who had real sorrows, profound griefs, several of whom were fine, dark, Jewish types, and who I learned, had come from Portugal. What touched me most deeply, however, and that which at the same time caused the tears to dim many an eye, was the sight of a group of Jewish women, who were easily distinguished by their costume, the striking features of which consisted of black velvet bandeau about the brows and a yellow shawl thrown over the head and shoulders, half veiling their faces. They were moving slowly away, with tears streaming gently down their cheeks; they murmured softly to themselves, and drawing their hands from their black mitts, they would throw a good-by kiss, a last adieu, to their beloved wall—their consoler, their confidant, their true friend. "For," said an honest Jew who often acted as guide for me in my many wanderings about Jerusalem, "this wall is a friend to whom we confide all our sorrows; it has known our fathers when they were happy and prosperous; it sees us now in our misery and many troubles, it links us with the past, it consoles us, it comforts us, and we go through life aided, sustained and uplifted by it."

ONLY A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR.

The Mother Superior of the Little Sisters of the Poor died last Saturday in this city. There was no great ado made over her death. The newspapers give her a modest little paragraph in an obscure corner of their voluminous sheets. Had she been a "new woman" who had preached a crusade against the established customs of the world and created a furore about the emancipation of her sex from the duties and burdens of the family life, she would have had her portrait in double columns and a three headed article proclaiming her greatness and her fame. But no: she was simply a good woman, who had given up her life, her time, her energies, her talents in the service of the poor for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. She had simply sacrificed herself wholly and solely on the altar of divine charity—that was all. The world didn't know much about her, in fact never heard of her, until the meagre announcement of her death appeared in the newspapers. You see, it isn't the world's way to take cognizance of people who devote themselves to real charity. The world hears only the noisy philanthropist, who ostentatiously parades the public stage as a benefactor of mankind. Your philanthropist is careful not to hide his headlight under a bushel. But a Little Sister of the Poor is not a temperance lecturer of the voluble type, or a red-cross nurse whose perpetual news for the daily press. She merely gives up everything in the world to gather to the deserted, and aged poor, to live with them, to serve them in obscurity and lowliness all the years of her life, and then die unknown and unappreciated by the world. This consideration is a theme worthy of meditation.—St. Louis Church Progress.

Virtue is shown not so clearly in being good when not tempted, but in being good in spite of temptation. It is in resisting evil that the soul becomes strong in merit and forms the habit of righteousness.

In 1888 Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER said of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES "I think better of that which I began thinking well of."

Write us—we'd like you to know all about them. If you want an estimate send outline showing the shape and measurements of your ceilings and walls.

They are both handsome and economical—outlast any other style of interior finish—are fire proof and sanitary—can be applied over plaster (necessary)—and are made in a vast number of artistic designs which will suit any room of any building.

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THE SELF-DEVOTION OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

I wonder that the self-devotion of our priests does not strike Protestants in this point of view. What do they gain by professing a creed, in which, if my assailant is to be believed, they really do not believe? What is their reward for committing themselves to a life of self-restraint and toil, and after all to a premature and miserable death? The Irish fever cut off between Liverpool and Leeds thirty priests and more—young men in the flower of their days, old men who seemed entitled to some quiet time after their long toil. There was a bishop cut off in the North; but what had a man of his ecclesiastical rank to do with the drudgery and danger of sick calls, except that Christian faith and charity constrained him? Priests volunteered for the dangerous service. It was the same on the first coming of the cholera, that mysterious awe-inspiring affliction. If priests did not heartily believe in the creed of the Church, then I will say that the remark of the Apostle has its fullest illustration—"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." What if my assailant is to be believed, upon the presence of a deadly disorder, one of them following another in long order up the forlorn hope, and one after another perishing? And such, I may say, in its substance, is every mission priest's life. He is ever ready to sacrifice himself for his people. Night and day, sick or well himself, in all weathers, off he is, at the news of a sick call. The fact of a parishioner dying without the sacraments through his fault is terrible to him; why terrible if he has not a deep absolute faith, which he acts upon with a free advice? Protestants admire this, when they see it; but they do not seem to see as clearly, that it excludes the very notion of hypocrisy. Sometimes, when they reflect upon it, it leads them to remark on the wonderful discipline of the Catholic priesthood; they say that no church has so well-ordered a clergy, and that in that respect it surpasses their own; they wish they could have such exact discipline among themselves. But is it an excellence which can be purchased? Is it a phenomenon which depends on nothing else than itself, or is it an effect which has a cause? You cannot buy devotion at a price. It hath never been heard of in the land of Chanaan, neither hath it been seen in the children of Agar, the merchants of Meran, none of these have ever known its way." Whence, then, is that wonderful charm which makes a thousand men act all in one way, and infuses a prompt obedience to rule, as if they were under some stern military compulsion? How difficult to find an answer, unless you will allow the obvious one, that they believe intensely what they profess!—Cardinal Newman.

A TIRED GOVERNOR.

A good story is told of Lord Aberdeen. Across the Ottawa, at Gatineau Point, opposite Rideau hall, dwelt a good cure, Father Champagne. Lord Aberdeen knew the cure, and was aware that he was an excellent musician. Meeting him one day, the Governor invited the cure to run over to the hall and try the new organ that had been placed in the chapel. Cure Champagne agreed, and he and Lord Aberdeen were soon in the chapel together. The cure commenced to play, and for fully an hour the music rolled out of the great organ. Suddenly the wind stopped. But the cure was delighted with the instrument, and urged the Governor to permit him to go on for another hour. His Excellency, weary, and in a tremendous perspiration, protested that he could stand it no longer. At that moment it dawned upon Cure Champagne that the Governor General had been pumping for a full hour at the belows.—Toronto Mail.

A JEWELLERS' CASE.

MR. R. F. COLWELL, OF WINDSOR, TELLS HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Windsor, May 1.—In no city in Canada has that celebrated medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, won a brighter record, than in Windsor. The number of persons cured of deadly Kidney Diseases, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this city is surprisingly large, and increases daily.

One of the latest to testify to the magic power of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Jeweller R. F. Colwell, No. 9 Ouellette Street. He says: "I have endured, for two years, the greatest torture, from back ache and pains in the loins. A puffiness appeared under my eyes, my limbs bloated, and my urine was of a dark, unnatural color, and bad odor."

"I tried many remedies, but all failed to help me. When I ascertained that I had Bright's Disease, I became thoroughly alarmed. I was told of the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in all Kidney diseases, and I began to use them."

"After the first few doses, I began to improve. The pains left me, my sleep became sound, puffiness and bloating vanished, my urine resumed its normal condition, and my health gradually became all I could wish it to be. I used only a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they cleaned my system thoroughly of that dread cure—Bright's Disease."

"There is no case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Diseases of Women, or any other Kidney disease, that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Extirpator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

CURE rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and PAINS.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Don't Let Mother Do It! Daughter, don't let mother do it! Do not let her slave and toil. While you sit a useless idler. Fearing your soft and soiled. Don't you see the heavy burdens Daily she is wont to bear. Lining the lines upon her forehead, Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it? Do not let her slave and toil. Through the loom, do you remember hours Share with her, do you know? See! Her eyes have lost its brightness Faded from the cheek the glow. And the step that once was buoyant Now is feeble, tired and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! You will never, never know What were home without a mother. Till that mother lies low. Lay beneath the budding daisies, Free from care and all its sorrow; To the home so sad without her, Never to return again.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! You will never, never know What were home without a mother. Till that mother lies low. Lay beneath the budding daisies, Free from care and all its sorrow; To the home so sad without her, Never to return again.

Never to return again. Let no boy think he can make a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of all these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, neat and respectable. By being civil, kind and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how, and finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

Little Things. When I meet you anywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your homes, or at school, I see a great many things to admire. You are earnest, you are merry; you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours. But very often I find one great thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you. Sometimes when mother and sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say: "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Sometimes you say "the governor," or "the boss," in speaking of your father, and when he comes in at night you forget to say "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you, you do not step up carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say: "Let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with your toys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you will call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment until she has passed by.

Such little things, you say. Yes to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First, manly that means everything brave, strong and noble, and then gentleman that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking.

An Unselfish Pig. A writer in Nature Notes gives the interesting account of a little pig that was not at all hogghish.

"I must record a pleasing and amusing trait in the character of a young sow, now the mother of a numerous family, toward her own mother since deceased—in the autumn of last year. The two sows fed in a meadow divided from the fruit garden by wire fence, rather dilapidated; the wire holes in it, through which the younger and smaller animal could creep, but not sufficient large to enable the mother to do likewise. The gardens informed me that they saw the young one repeatedly pass through the fence, and return with an apple pear in her mouth, which she laid the feet of her respected mother."

A Touching Incident. The still form of a little boy lay a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A man came into the room and asked to look at the lovely life. "You wonder that I care so much," said as the tears rolled down cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I coming down by a long ladder from very high roof, and found your boy close beside me when I reached ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder, and as frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of ing when you were up so high?' before I had time to answer, he—'Ah, I know why you were not afraid—' You had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I not prayed, but I never forgot to from that day to this, and by God blessing I never will.

To Make Dainty Handkerchiefs. Any girl that likes to do needlework, can make far prettier than she can buy ready-made for

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