

B. Ides of Heaven.

The author was about to bid farewell, as Chaplain to the Sisters of St. Joseph's, Carondelet, Mo., when seven young ladies made their presence in the community. This was the occasion which suggested these beautiful verses, now published, as far as we know, for the first time, by favor of a friend.

Ye are Seven, Brides of Heaven, Jesus claims you as His own, Love Him ever, Leave Him never, Till He leads you to His Throne.

All the pleasures And the treasures Which the thoughtless world can give; You've forsaken And you've taken Mary's part "for God to live."

Virgins-hearted, You have parted From the earth here below; Jesus would bless you And careen you, But you nobly told it No.

All its flowers In its bowers, You have slighted Ere they were bright; With their beauty your virtue fair.

Softly, lowly, Sweetly, slowly, Whispers you of love, And they listened, With the angels' songs above.

Oh! 'twas lovely, For above you Jesus gazed benighted down, While the angels veiled you, Heaven hailed you, And the angels wore your crown.

Sisters never, Not a sister Meet upon life's weary way Moments brighter, Gaudier, richer, Sweeter than that Bridal Day.

At the altar, Not a sister, As you bade the world "Good-bye," You forever, How forever, All its pleasures, How forever.

But you did it, For God bid it, When He called you with His voice, Earth's pleasures, Vows pronouncing, Never did you so rejoice.

Like stars gleaming, Joy with beams, Brightly in your beaded hair, While each feeling, Over you stealing, Proved how sweet was every vow.

Oh, how quietly, And serenely, Knelt you on the marble floor; Never quailing, Never quailing, Crowned you Virgins evermore.

Sisters, hear you, God was near you, On that sacred day, Hence forever, Sisters never, Virgins ever, Oat the world's way.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN IRELAND.

The world at large is learning a good deal more about the "Isis of saints and sages," yet there is still much to be told, not only as to her life and death, but also as to her influence on the world. The thought that most naturally arises to one's mind who has carefully read Irish history, is how there can be an Irish nation at all—how the people could have remained Catholic through such terrible slaughter, famine, social degradation, and enforced ignorance; above all, how it is possible that they have made such an impression on the civilization of other countries. Causes in plenty are assigned for all this.

Macaulay thought the Irish remained Catholic out of hatred for England—a very foolish opinion for a wise man. Their enemies always seem rather annoyed at their survival, but when pressed for a reason, fairly give it up for a puzzle that burke comprehension. The great Father Burke came nearer to the real solution of this question than any writer that I have met with. He ascribed the survival of the Faith in Ireland, and consequently of the Irish people, to the saying of the Beads.

Of all outside the Church of God I know none, except Mr. Hussey, who only longer seems able to the hand of God working out His will through the actions and designs of men. In the case of Ireland, a man must admit, if he have any perception of the spiritual, that to Irish Faith Irish nationality owes its existence. The struggle of Ireland is, and ever has been, that of the Faith against heresy, of law against rebellion, of Catholic loyalty against sectarian selfishness, and at last it has resolved itself into that of religion against irreligion. The Irish religious influence is among the greatest in the world to-day. Ireland is a fountain head of faith undified, and of fervor glowing like the sun. That all this should be owing to her devotion to Our Blessed Lady is not a little encouraging and consoling to her children all over the world.

Once more—and it may be for the hundredth time—it becomes necessary to refer to the English persecution of the Irish Faith. Under Elizabeth this became for the first time perfectly and completely organized. Elizabeth was not a religious woman; neither were her ministers, courtiers, nor Protestant clergymen at all God fearing or pious men. The ablest English Protestant writers of this century have called these Elizabethian "reformers" a party of the greatest hypocrites and scoundrels that the world has seen; they cared little about the souls of the Irish, but they cared a great deal about their lands. They knew very well the Irish would not apostatize, and so they made their sedition to the Faith treasonable, and punishable by fine, confiscation and death. The Elizabethian persecutions were the most barbarous and brutal carried on in Europe since the time of the Huns and Vandals. They destroyed one third, or, as some say, one-half of the population of Ireland. The total number of human victims from the time of the first persecution by the deliberate contrivance of the English leaders, has been reckoned from one-half to over three quarters of a million.

Poor St. Hubert Burke, in one of his admirable books, tells how the English slaughtered eight hundred women and children sent to one of the north-west islands for safety. The husbands and fathers saw this diabolical deed from the main-land, and went nearly mad with grief and rage; but when Elizabeth heard it she was especially pleased. This story is told in a terrible manner in the "Crownwell" by Crowwell, but Ireland. Under her, priests, monks, nuns, teachers, and bards were put to death, and in every way exterminated, so that there would be none to teach, encourage, or exhort the people. Eight hundred blood-hounds were trained by Essex to hunt down these malignant monks. Books were destroyed wherever found; learning was as much as possible stamped out; and the native nobles who sheltered and encouraged teachers and writers were all killed, beheaded, or exiled. Then such of the poor people as survived were left as sheep without a shepherd.

This was the first terrible blow. After the "Caulinch road" had gone to her account, the Scotch pedant, James II., came on the scene, to confiscate Ulster and persecute all Ireland during the remainder of his infamous life. Then religion and religion were persecuted, and the English persecuted Charles II. and his minion, the rascally, black Tom Wentworth, who suffered for his misdeeds at the hands of far greater tyrants and more villainous misdoers. After the capture of the "Crownwell" by Crowwell, but Ireland. Under her, priests, monks, nuns, teachers, and bards were put to death, and in every way exterminated, so that there would be none to teach, encourage, or exhort the people. Eight hundred blood-hounds were trained by Essex to hunt down these malignant monks. Books were destroyed wherever found; learning was as much as possible stamped out; and the native nobles who sheltered and encouraged teachers and writers were all killed, beheaded, or exiled. Then such of the poor people as survived were left as sheep without a shepherd.

It is very consoling to think that our fathers withstood all dangers and underwent all persecutions for their Faith; and it is our glory that they preserved it. All this is grand and glorious, encouraging and consoling; but may God in His mercy grant that, until the end of the world, no other people shall have to suffer what they suffered! I have read much about these persecutions in books, and I have heard still more that never was written or printed; and, during a residence of more than twenty years on the border of one of Ulster's Orange manors, I have witnessed somewhat of the evil spirit that animated these persecutors. In my childhood my ears were familiar with tales of underground caves, of long knives and bloody blankets, of murdered priests and burned monasteries; of the vain vow of the Englishman who swore he would not leave a crucifix, bead, or drop of holy water in Ireland; of the proposal of that other, who suggested that the right hand should be cut off every male child on the island, to prevent him from making the Sign of the Cross. What wonder, then, is my wonder that an Irish Catholic survives in Ireland!

In those years so great was the desolation of the Catholics, and so many the difficulties of practicing their religious duties, that whole parishes were months without seeing a priest, and all this time there were those among them the emissaries of a credulous faith and an altarless Church. Moreover, they were "forbid to read," and when master and pupils met,

it was on the wild mountain-side "fellow-ionally to learn." All the old Irish books that told of saints and heroes were ruthlessly destroyed, and in their stead were scattered over the land those Protestant tracts, that reeked with filth and blasphemy.

How, then, did the Irish keep the Faith—without teachers, without books, without churches, almost without priests—on occasions when it was treason to love and death to defend the Cross? And yet they did keep it! Keep it! There is faith and fervor enough in Ireland to-day to convert the whole world. When I consider this precious treasure, that no persecution could take from the people, and its vigor and vitality, and look abroad, I raise my hands and thank God for all our sufferings; for the prize was worth the pain.

When the prelates and nobles were almost all banished and slain, and the few priests who remained had to live and celebrate the Divine Mysteries in pits, caves, and holes, and the books were all destroyed, and learning stifled and banished; when there was no church standing in the island, but a price set on the head of priest and Catholic schoolmaster; when all earth had deserted Ireland, one hope and help at last remained—the glorious Queen of Heaven. He who has knelt at an Irish Father's fireside, and joined in the Rosary offered up in Gaelic, will understand how that favorite devotion was able to supply the place of church, priest, book and sermon, when and where these were not to be had. I have heard priests said piously in many languages, but never anything like these Gaelic Rosaries. The prayers and responses were recited in a chanting tone, which very much resembled the tone in which our college choirs used to chant the Lamentations of Jeremiah during Holy Week. The poor people put all the hope and trust and awe of their hearts into these prayers. You felt that they knew they were not praying to a Father who was far away from them, or to a Mother who took little care of them. They realized the presence of God as we do that of a tangible, visible friend. Their love for the Mother of God was something that can be appreciated by sympathetic hearts, but that can not be described in words. In those terrible times they had neither picture nor statue of the sweet Madonna, but they seemed to need none.

This veneration for the Blessed Virgin is as old as the Faith in Erin. I have met in very old poems Our Lord's name "Son of the Virgin Mary." There is a famous old Irish Litany of Clonost, composed about A. D. 725, that in beauty, fervor, and piety, surpasses all other except that of Loreto. One of its petitions is "Give us, O Mother of God, the grace that thou hast given to the Virgin Mary." There is a famous old Irish Litany of Clonost, composed about A. D. 725, that in beauty, fervor, and piety, surpasses all other except that of Loreto. One of its petitions is "Give us, O Mother of God, the grace that thou hast given to the Virgin Mary."

From the following passage of the "Annals of Loch Cé" we learn that before the so-called Reformation, the land abounded with representations of the Blessed Virgin: "The most marvellous image of Mary—which was at Béal Atha Tronair, and which the Irish people all honored for a long time before—which used to be the image of the Virgin Mary, and every disease in like manner—was burned by the Saxons. And not only that, but there was not a holy cross, nor an image of Mary, nor other celebrated image in Erin over which their power reached, but they were all destroyed. So the Irish had images of Mary held in high honor before the 'civilization' of the burning Saxons! The Saxons destroyed all the material representations, but they could not burn the image deeply graven on the people's hearts."

It was once charged against O'Ruark, Lord of Brafan, that he who so highly revered the image of Mary, Mother of God, and of the saints, dragged Queen Elizabeth's picture at his horse's tail; whereupon the doomed rebel replied: "Ah! but there is a great difference between our shirts and your Queen!" The persecutions of the Irish for conscience' sake brought those dangers to faith and morals that always follow in the wake of barbarous and long-continued wars. The Irish were not the men to stand quietly by while themselves and all their loved ones were being destroyed and blasphemed. They fought like brave men in the field, as long as there was a chance, and when the open war was over, and the work of Saxon "legal" spoliation commenced, seeing themselves hunted down like wild beasts, they prepared scenes of resistance and vengeance. Were it not for religious influences, they would have slaughtered the English planters—men, women, and children—on highways and byways, as the planters slaughtered the Irish on their own soil.

The land that I try from its fertile and fair affects upon the world's system, to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," universally acknowledged to be the greatest liver invigorator, blood purifier, consumption cure, and general revitalizer and tonic in the world. By its use, thousands whom physicians could not help have been restored to health and happy living. All druggists.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, rot and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

A JEW CHILD'S COMMUNION.

The Carmelite Father Augustine of the Blessed Sacrament, better known to the world as Hermann, the pianist, who had charmed the music-loving people of the Continent by his wonderful talent before retiring to the solitude of Carmel, gives a very moving account of a child's first communion. We use the words in which Fr. Hermann himself told the touching story to the children of the "Association of the Child Jesus." What enhances the charm of this edifying tale is that it is young children are told how heroically one of their own age loved and suffered for the Lord Jesus, and that the little boy was speaking, and, like him, a convert from Judaism. This is the story as the Father told it:

"My dear children, six years ago a little boy seven years of age came to the Carmelite monastery near Agen with his parents, who were Jews like himself, to pay me a visit. It was just at the time of the beautiful Corpus Christi processions. This child had been taught to feel a deep horror of our crucified Lord. But grace flowed from the monstrance where Our Lord Jesus in the sacrament of His love, before our happiness, and took possession of this childish soul, so unaccustomed to all Catholic ceremonies. This young heart was drawn so strongly, though with such gentle sweetness, by grace, that the boy believed in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of His love, before knowing anything at all of the other truths of our divine religion. So, by dint of prayers and entreaties, he obtained the great favor of putting on the dress of the choir boys who, during the procession, walk, casting flowers before the feet of Jesus in the Host. Full of joy and heavenly delight, when he was through with this angelic employment he ran to his father and said: 'Father, what a pleasure! Do you know what I have been doing? I just came from throwing flowers before the good God!' Such words in the mouth of a little Jew boy were like the profession of a new faith. His father, fearing that the religion of this only son of his, on whom he lavished the utmost love, would be tampered with, kept a close watch over him after this, and wished to set off with him for Paris, where they lived. But before they were able to do so, he sent by Our Lord in the Eucharist straight to the heart of the boy's mother, had stricken, pierced, and fairly overwhelmed her. It was a victorious grace, for he became a Christian, and in the most profound mystery of a living saint, he had received baptism and the holy Eucharist from the priestly hands of her own brother, and the next day the Bishop administered to her the sacrament of Confirmation. This pious secret did not get out, and the family started for Paris with the little Jew boy, who was like the others that there was a Christian among them."

"Little George—for that was the name of the little Jew—could not forget the holy impressions made on his soul by the Christian solemnities, and he spoke to his mother about them. When he would question her, she, full of joy at finding the seed of faith which grace had cast in her son's soul taking root there, could only pray that it would develop in his mind, as eager for light, the knowledge of that God of love, of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, and to become Man to save the sheep of Israel."

"In point of fact, from that time his young mind and ardent heart were only occupied with the thought of that little host which had wounded the poor heart with love. Every night when he was alone that his father was asleep, he would open his eyes and begin to pray to the Infant Jesus and to learn his Catechism. 'O my dear Jesus,' he would say, 'when will I be glad to give her child his food?' When the little boy said this, he pressed closer to his mother and kissed most respectfully her dress above her heart."

"Now, my dear little children, this desire and ardor kept up for four whole years; I cannot tell you what sacrifices and holy efforts that young boy had to make to reconcile obedience to his father with his lively faith. His mind was full of the wish to become a Christian, and to learn to know and to love and to serve Jesus Christ. He was really a martyr, a martyr of love for the divine Eucharist, for all this long time."

"Ah, my children, perhaps you have never reflected on what an immense benefit you have had in being born of Catholic parents, and being baptized as soon after your birth, in a city like Lyons, where the faith and the light of religion shined with such splendor! Perhaps you have never thanked Jesus Christ for having made you children of the Church even before the dawn of your reason, nor for having been admitted to the banquet of His love without having any special merit to your name, but on the contrary, being with every encouragement. Look at this poor little boy, attending when he was 11 years old at the solemnity of a first Communion in the parish in which he lived. He knew Jesus, he loved Him, he was full of love for Him, and he was burning with thirst for His Lord. He sees all his childish companions and friends approach, with full approval, the Holy Table. And look at him—concealing himself in an obscure corner of the church

and forcing back his tears, as he looked at those happy children with a glance of his consolable, holy envy. Never, my dear children, have you had to feel this envy; never has this treasure, this sweet Jesus, been denied to you. You cannot even understand what the desire of Holy Communion is in one who is a Jew or Indian, but who has determined to belong to Jesus. No never have you endured such a torment of love. Take care, my dear children, that the ease with which these treasures of grace and salvation are lavished on you does not make you appreciate them less. We are so young, so ungrateful, so ungrateful or even indifferent to this benefit which surpasses all the benefits of God."

"Some months after this first Communion in their parish his mother wrote to me that she could no longer hold out against the tears of her son, who threatened to ask baptism of the first priest whom he could move to sympathize with his lot, and who would learn that he had all the conditions required for his reception. The difficulties of the situation, in which the child was thrown into opposition with a cherished father who had not yet heard the voice of grace, and who armed himself with all his authority to prevent his son's becoming a Christian, were maturely considered. But the love of Jesus Christ was so strong in the heart of the child, that he would come to Paris in secret."

"As if you could have seen that child coming into the chapel, led by his mother! She was trembling for fear of being detected in thus withdrawing the boy from his father's watchfulness. But if you were present, you would see the child, who was strong in his resolution, his face bright with a holy joy! Ah, too, had you heard him answer the solemn questions I put to him! 'What do you ask, my child?' 'Baptism.' 'But are you aware that perhaps to-morrow they may force you to enter the synagogue, to take part in their abominable worship?' 'Don't be afraid, uncle, I abjure Judaism.' 'But if they should wish, and use threats, to make you trample the crucifix under foot, through hatred for our divine religion?' 'Have no fear of that, uncle, I would die sooner.' 'But he added, they should tie my hands and feet, and not mind my cries and resistance, and saying that I would not; if they carried me to the synagogue so, and put my feet on the crucifix, would it be apostasy if my will resisted?' 'No, my child, only the will can make a man a sinner.' 'Then I demand baptism. Please, please give it to me.'"

"The ceremony took place to the deep emotion of those assisting at it. After baptism came the Holy Mass, and when I had called down and received my God with transports of gratitude, I turned around and showed to the happy child the object of all his prayers and desires. Never could a more moving sight meet the gaze of Christian Faith. On his knees, between his mother and god-mother, he signed for the holy kiss, and received into his heart that sweet Infant Jesus, who came to him bringing all Heaven with him. Nothing troubled his joy, not even the fear of being surprised by his father. Some weeks later he communicated again on All Saints, with the same light heart, and then came the moment of trial."

"His father had presented him a book, saying: 'Let us make our prayer.' 'Father, I cannot pray out of this book for the Jews.' 'And why not?' 'Because I am a Christian, I am a Catholic.' 'My son, this is a cruel joke that you are playing. You are not surely serious. I cannot think that; and besides, you know that your baptism would not be valid without the consent of your father.' 'Father, forgive me, but in our Holy Religion it is a duty to be true to the age of reason, and to have faith and to be properly instructed, in order to receive baptism.' The father disguised for the time his violent irritation; but some days later—on the 3d of December—he took his son, and, setting off, carried him to a Protestant country fully 450 leagues from his mother."

"We had intended to give only these incidents relating to the patience of the little Hebrew in waiting so long for his Lord's visit, and the joy of his first Communion on the trials of his little soldier of the Cross before the persecution to which he was so soon subjected. We therefore continue in the word of his uncle, Father Hermann:

"Every effort made to discover the spot to which they had banished the poor boy was fruitless. The whole civil and political authority was aroused in the search for him; but as he had been put at a boarding school directed by heretics, and under a fictitious name, all these endeavors availed nothing. The mother in the home alone, and the boy, like Daniel in the lions' den, was the object of cruel assault made upon him to induce him to deny his Faith. 'I want to see my mother,' he would often say, while the tears sprang to his eyes. 'You shall see her,' they answered him, 'if you will abjure your Christian faith.' 'Oh, no! I am a Christian, I am a Catholic and I will rather suffer everything than give up my Faith.'"

"And despite this heroic fidelity of her son, she wrote to the mother that he had returned to the shadow of Judaism. But she had confidence in Jesus, and in Mary and Joseph; she believed none of her reports, but as Paris seemed so dreadful, with her son torn from her, she took refuge in Lyons. Often, as she received her Lord in Holy Communion, she would be thought of the separation which she and her little George were enduring for the love of their Eucharistic Lord."

"Three months more slipped away, and letters from the south of Germany arrived which said: 'Your son is here, Come!' She flew to rejoin him, and after the weary leagues of travel were accomplished, as soon as she found herself with her family she cried out: 'My boy, where is my boy?' 'You do not see your son until you have sworn that you will renounce the Jewish religion and that you will give no external sign of the religion which you have embraced,' was the answer."

"Imagine, if you can, my dear children, the heart-rending position of that afflicted mother! 'We have left her poor boy in the den with the lions; but God is too good to suffer these beasts to do him any harm. After some weeks of

this anguish in the mother's heart, the father allowed himself to become a little softened. He permitted an interview with George, in his presence, but on the condition that there should be no word about religion uttered. The boy cast himself on his mother's neck, who bathed him in her tears. They could not even pronounce the sweet names of Jesus and Mary. But in a letter, my sister told me: 'He was not allowed to say anything about it to me; but learned, I felt, am certain that he has remained faithful. Yes! I felt in his glance, in his tender kisses, that my boy had remained a Christian.'"

"But the poor boy found himself deprived of that treasure which he had incurred all this religious persecution; that he might possess it he had become a Christian that he might receive his Lord in Holy Communion, and here since his Lord in Holy Communion had been under the severest guard that he might not go to church, and had been placed, where do you think, my children, in a boarding school, a school in which there was not a single Catholic priest! Picture to yourselves this torment. He has regained his mother; but when will he see Jesus once more! 'Several months went by. One day he contrived to evade the vigilance of his guards; he went to pray in a wood, and there he saw flowers not birds that he is after; his gaze eagerly seeks a messenger from Heaven. A gentleman passes near him and looks at him with marked interest. It is surely he. Do you know who! It is a missionary priest whose sympathy George's mother had excited in behalf of her son. He had disguised himself, and came to walk as if by chance in this wood, and the delighted boy was enabled now to make his confession for the first time since they had abandoned him, more than ten months ago. He made it in the wood, under the shadow of a protecting tree. But this is not all. How could he receive Communion? The priest hid his mission on the other side of the river Elbe. They prayed and studied the way the ground lay, and finally, some days after, the missionary disguised himself again and embarked on a steamboat, in the midst of a thoughtless crowd who never dreamed that on the breast of the happy priest, in a silver case, he had hidden the treasure of Heaven, the Sacred Host. The boy had succeeded in getting away from the school and had hastened to his mother's room, where on their knees before a little altar which he had improvised in the room, covered with flowers and tapers, both of them awaited the arrival, so ardently longed for, of their Saviour, Who was to come in person to console them in their exile."

"At last the priest, every obstacle in his dangerous attempt having been successfully surmounted, came with his precious charge, and in that country without faith, in that city without priests or church, the boy was at last enabled to accomplish his Easter duty and to unite with his Lord, in the modest little room of his mother."

"Here was the good child wrote me, a few days after this event: 'When I lie awake at night, my dear uncle, thinking of all the grace which the good Jesus has given me since I am here, far from all religious support, when I think especially of the almost miraculous Communion that I was able to make in mamma's little room, I almost leap for joy in my bed, and bite my corset in the excess of my gratitude.'"

"Some months afterwards he wrote me again: 'We are at the Vigil of Christmas, and as the solemn feast approached the watch over me was increased, so that I was not permitted to receive my God. I must I spend the beautiful feast in a painful fast, deprived of the Bread of Life? Pray the Holy Infant Jesus that this fasting may soon end. I must be very good to make up to mamma for not being at Lyons while you are preaching at Aincy.'"

"So, beloved children, at this very time when I am addressing you, at this very hour, this good child is thinking of us. More than 500 leagues away, he is nevertheless united with us in intention, and we, for our part, will pray the Infant Jesus, will we not? to grant him the just favor of soon coming to console him in the Holy Communion."

This is the end of Father Hermann's touching address to the children of Lyons on the trials of his pious little Jew. We will only add that the mother and the boy were soon restored to one another, not to be separated again. Father Hermann did not see George for three years after his baptism; but he wrote to him regularly, feeling the spirit of youthful piety in him, and exhorting him to bear and amuse his uncle and aunt. As regards this subject, he says something very practical and worthy of being recorded: 'My dear, in every position we ought to labor for Jesus Christ, trying to spread His good odor, to extend His Kingdom, and to save souls. Only a young layman, like you, has need to handle people with gloves, to be prudent and not to exercise a zeal without precaution. In our times, laymen have often a greater opportunity for winning souls than ecclesiastics, and I know myself of numberless conversions wrought about through them.'"

Father Hermann believed that the piety and patient courage of his nephew had a larger share than he dreamed of in the subsequent conversion of his uncle Albert. The latter, indeed, told Father Hermann, after witnessing the courage of his nephew George in maintaining his faith: 'A religion that can give such strength to a mere child must be divine, and this is why I wish to become a Catholic.'"

III Temper Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your feet in corn and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fitty imitations. Beware of substitutes. Putnam's sure, safe, painless.

A Dangerous Condition. One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected kidney complaint. When you suffer from fever, aching back, weakness and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Porous Plaster, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowels. Low's STRUVER SOAP should be found with every toilet. It is cleansing and healthful.

Our Lady's Lilies.

You wonder why my tropic lilies thrive In this small room, where they marble dove, More freely than beneath their marble dome, Some charming lies in my touch or in the air, And this is why my lilies bloom so fair.

Sweet friend, the mystery I will frankly tell: Upon it list thy heart one moment dwell: The lilies know where they will go, As well as you, I where they will go. And from the root, Their moss-white arrows every duly shoot, Our Lady's feast with gladness to salute.

Our Lady's place, her own throne beside, Is where her lilies ever choose to hide. Another dove In ecstasy of silence evermore; Their perfume please your worst need, For us, poor mortals, our worst need, And Jesus must His Mother's lilies heed.

HOW THEY HELP INGERSOLL. N. Y. Freeman's Journal. It has been said that "Col." Bob Ingersoll would not be able to score so many laughs during his scurrilous lectures if Calvinists had not constructed a religion so full of inconsistencies. The only unanswerable answer made to Ingersoll's mercenary speeches was to ignore them. Lambert, who found it easy to defend Christianity, but whose "Notes" do not attempt to defend Calvinism. That is a job which no logician can undertake.

The vagaries of Protestantism has left it "naked to its enemies." Year by year it bulwark of Christianity, the wave of doubt, disintegrating the faith of the masses, and means of what is called in the slang of the street—"the camp-meeting racket." The notorious has the reputation of the Methodist and Baptist camp-meetings become, and the sound of their organs, and if Mr. Ingersoll should assert that emotional religion is an incentive to uncharity, he would receive a round of applause. He would go further and insist that Calvinism led to uncharity, and the fools who listen to him would applaud, too; for they have been taught to believe that Methodism and other eccentric sects represent Christianity.

The moonlight picnic parties which go out into New York Bay, or up the Hudson River loaded with beer, "toughs," and their "lady friends," are moral expeditions compared with the seaside "religious" camp-meetings. There is no hypocrisy about them. The "toughs" and "lady friends" do not hide their immorality behind such stacks of Bibles. They do not sing "Beulahland" and "Hold the Fort," and call "Lord! Lord!" while their thoughts are mainly occupied with the devil. They go forth for a saturnalia in the devil's name, and they are in opposition to the teaching of Our Lord, and they do not dare—having let us hope, some fear of God—to pray blasphemously while they sin.

But the frequenters of camp-meetings adopt Luther's advice, and "sin, and sin boldly," but always within reach of a parlor organ, and the sound of Moody and Sanky's hymns. The beer-drinking of the moonlight picnickers fills their souls with horror. They are never weary of praying for the drunkard and prodigal, and in the midst of their prayer, they are in opposition to the teaching of Our Lord, and they do not dare—having let us hope, some fear of God—to pray blasphemously while they sin.

These pious assemblies are now in full swing. The one at Ocean Grove, N. J., particularly strict as to what its denizens shall not drink on all days, and as to what they shall do on their "Sabbath"; and their "lady friends," are moral expeditions compared with the seaside "religious" camp-meetings. There is no hypocrisy about them. The "toughs" and "lady friends" do not hide their immorality behind such stacks of Bibles. They do not sing "Beulahland" and "Hold the Fort," and call "Lord! Lord!" while their thoughts are mainly occupied with the devil. They go forth for a saturnalia in the devil's name, and they are in opposition to the teaching of Our Lord, and they do not dare—having let us hope, some fear of God—to pray blasphemously while they sin.

How can any body of men who know human nature invite crowds of young people from all quarters of the country to come and live idly for weeks, unstrained, free to do as they please, and to give vent to their passions and amuse themselves with parlor organs and Moody and Sanky's hymns on the "Sabbath"? The consequences of camp-meetings have become common talk. Can it be that the Methodist and Baptist leaders are so close their eyes to the disgrace of their meetings, and the increased cash value of such gatherings give to otherwise worthless patches of sea sand? Until some very plain mandates are set up along the beach at Ocean Grove, and the law enforced, the conduct of the male and female pilgrims getting a change of air, will be shocking in the extreme. "Ladies" are implored, by signs nailed against the bath-houses, to forget themselves, and to keep in the fact that they are about to be seen in their ordinary clothes, state of affairs causing these was and reproofs ought to have been "camp-meetings" impossible long. In the interest of Christianity should be the Methodist travesty of it is supposed to represent, suffers eyes of young and old by the shamsenualism—so notorious that the street urchin has his gibe at camp-meetings—of people who break the Commandment which pretend to obey the God that gave it. The of Protestantism, as a religion, enough. It has been made veiled by outlaws which it is indeed to meet. Still, its slight hypocrisy and "pious" vice con keeps many men from rank in but year after year the camp hypocrites and "pious" vice con young in a belief, too easily that religion is a sham, and like Bret Harte's Caucasian is out.

Our Lady's Lilies.

You wonder why my tropic lilies thrive In this small room, where they marble dove, More freely than beneath their marble dome, Some charming lies in my touch or in the air, And this is why my lilies bloom so fair.

Sweet friend, the mystery I will frankly tell: Upon it list thy heart one moment dwell: The lilies know where they will go, As well as you, I where they will go. And from the root, Their moss-white arrows every duly shoot, Our Lady's feast with gladness to salute.

Our Lady's place, her own throne beside, Is where her lilies ever choose to hide. Another dove In ecstasy of silence evermore; Their perfume please your worst need, For us, poor mortals, our worst need, And Jesus must His Mother's lilies heed.

HOW THEY HELP INGERSOLL. N. Y. Freeman's Journal. It has been said that "Col." Bob Ingersoll would not be able to score so many laughs during his scurrilous lectures if Calvinists had not constructed a religion so full of inconsistencies. The only unanswerable answer made to Ingersoll's mercenary speeches was to ignore them. Lambert, who found it easy to defend Christianity, but whose "Notes" do not attempt to defend Calvinism. That is a job which no logician can undertake.

The vagaries of Protestantism has left it "naked to its enemies." Year by year it bulwark of Christianity, the wave of doubt, disintegrating the faith of the masses, and means of what is called in the slang of the street—"the camp-meeting racket." The notorious has the reputation of the Methodist and Baptist camp-meetings become, and the sound of their organs, and if Mr. Ingersoll should assert that emotional religion is an incentive to uncharity, he would receive a round of applause. He would go further and insist that Calvinism led to uncharity, and the fools who listen to him would applaud, too; for they have been taught to believe that Methodism and other eccentric sects represent Christianity.

The moonlight picnic parties which go out into New York Bay, or up the Hudson River loaded with beer, "toughs," and their "lady friends," are moral expeditions compared with the seaside "religious" camp-meetings. There is no hypocrisy about them. The "toughs" and "lady friends" do not hide their immorality behind such stacks of Bibles. They do not sing "Beulahland" and "Hold the Fort," and call "Lord! Lord!" while their thoughts are mainly occupied with the devil. They go forth for a saturnalia in the devil's name, and they are in opposition to the teaching of Our Lord, and they do not dare—having let us hope, some fear of God—to pray blasphemously while they sin.

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