ne acceptance lding it almost now it seemed a eyes turned ron, and then drew back and ly toward her with the flower ho leaned for-word:

darkened life darkened life
as the flower
her—came up
eauty sbut out
her no follagehe to follow the
looking with
depths of the
ittering, twinkhose blue eyes
of His designs of His designs, veil. No ex-other's face for ever soothes a blind passage nd over those of which that ten and often tance. For her

aves and wind-nks do not exthis as the lady shut within it ose, now bearimming eyes in

reliness of form

PULAR. e Northwestern t Assinaboine,

the 18th of

wing edifying rm of devotion es ought never tought little of I am inclined gion, and I am nany devotions ful for the end nd eternity a on the mind ey produce the

te will clearly ngo to-day, not t a fishing in a m camp. The I got into the twenty-five or ors of the Sioux iver where my nediately seized ew the greater cross my mind y three wood-hese very same ese very same up for lost.
a patient in the
Paul. While

me a Scapular nel. I was in aking, or whatthe power of ere was no pos-eft for me, I self to the pro me near, they a terrific yell, d fell on their a few moments, the scapular on o one another, kissed it most sat down and They gave me and smoked it.

one hour, they before doing so, a flannel shirt, ssed the scaputo me to give refused to do. my life at that compromise, I vas attached to them, and all d the sapular ent their way, l satisfied with
I was grater it
ed Mother, by re, I was saved the deprival of

is elegant, in as a splendidly silver hair, and coloring. His ss strength and to be in his exof inward joy."
The redingote, of aking the form and held there

HER. taller than he treme slender-

ered silk, and nt, showing the same color and oulders to the to the coat in ince, like down cound the neck, n the front: the neck, restdepending in led cross. His led cross. His nd the fingers ded, and d-shaped and

an: "The very swindle newsmoney, by inears in arre-

d he wears

The Way of the World. BY F. S. WINSLOW.

A sparrow caught a little fly,
And to its struggling, prayers and cry
The bird would no attention give.
"On dearest sparrow let me live!"
"No." said the sparrow, " same rule for all,
For I am big dud thou art small!"

A hawk shot down as quick as thought— So quick was ne'er a sparrow eaught, Nor clinched by cruel claws.—"Hold on," The sparrow cried, "what have I done?" The hawk teplied: "Same rule for all, For I am big and thou art small!"

The eagle came with lightning speed, He wanted but his morning feed, And caught the hawk which chilled with And caught the hawk which chilled water and creat, Cried out: "Oh, stop, you hurt my head!" The engle screamfd: "Same rule for all, For I am big and though art small!"

The hunter fired with deadly aim, And tumbling down the eagle came, With bleeding breast,—'Oh cruel blow, The eagle cried, ''why hurt me so!'' The hunter said: 'Same role for all, For I am bigand thou art small!''

RELIGION AND THE PRIEST IN IRELAND.

The devotion of the Irish nation, without in any way siding with those accusa-tions of idolatry and superstition with which Protestantism is so layish towards which protestantism is so layish towards the Catholic populations of the continent, is nevertheless scrupulous and severe.

The man who would disobey the pre-The man who would disober the pre-cepts of the priest, who notwithstanding lives on his contributions, would be looked upon as something despicable. A lofti-ness altogether poetical, a delicacy of thought and emotion rarely found in our most elevated classes of society, is impressed on each word pronounced by a pressed on each word pronounced by a poor Irish man or woman when they speak of their God or their faith. For a Cath-olic, I know not a sweeter emotion than that of hearing these unfortunate people, having scarcely wherewith to cover them having scarcely wherewith to took them, selves, and meagrely fed, find in the midst of their miserty the warmest and most eloquent expressions to extol God's mercy towards them; to thank him for having made them to be born in the true faith, and to compare the consolation which they derive from their confidence in the Mother of God, and the holy patrons who have watched over their childhood, to the cold worship of their Protestant mas-

Blessed nation! It is seen that it understands the mystery of life, and that God in denying to it the goods the most precious of this world, has given himself

In front of all the miseries accumulated on the heads of the people, God has planted the cross, as if to show to the world that it alone can vanquish all and wonguish all and wonguish all and wonguish all and wonguish of the Middle Ages, the crimphs of the Reformation, the perfidious porty of Louis XIV., the rentless persons for all. It is well known that, whatever has been the excess of her missories accumulated that it alone can vanquish all and wonguish all

From the London Tablet.

(CONTINUED.)

Without attempting to define the style of and these unkappy people, who even in the time of their greatest abundance have scarcely enough to each died by thousands.

England came to the aid of her vassals by means of a subscription, which soon rose to millions; but before the necessaries of life had arrived, unheard-of misfortunes had taken place, entire counties were depopulated. Among others the inhabitants of a large parish, situated in one of the most retired counties of inaultion, were waiting but for death to put an end to their sufferings. The Catholic priest would not abandon his flock, and was dying of nunger with them. When he saw no more hope, he tottered from hut to hut saying. "My children, let use to the poor of the later is not forget our God in this fatal moment, the London Tablet.

The most retired counties of interventing that place of ailes, a manufacture of interventing that there was no more hope, he tottered from hut to hut saying. "My children, let use to the population of the later is not forget our God in this fatal moment, the London Tablet.

(CONTINUED.)

Without attempting to define the style of architecture, I will try to concevy an idea are hor to the more retired. Will try to conceve an idea to the populate and the early consists of one large nave, at the end of the hird was a secleptated, and the constant of the later is the greater of the contract of the later is the contract of the contract his flock, and was dying of hunger with them. When he saw no help coming, and that there was no more hope, he tottered from hut to hut saying, "My children, let us not forget our God in this fatal mo-ment, the Lord our God who bestows life and takes it." At the sound of his voice. ment, the Lord our God who bestows lite and takes it." At the sound of his voice fifteen hundred 'naked spectators dragged themselves to the church, and there fell prostrate. The priest ascended the altar and stretching his emaciated hands over the heads of the dying, intoned the litany of the agonizing and prayers for the dead.

I have never witnessed such solemn cries, those periods of religious and popu-lar exaltation so numerous in the annals lar exaltation so numerous in the annals of Ireland. I have assisted at scenes of daily piety, and have only passed in the midst of their trials and habitual virtue. Very often on entering an Irish town on Sunday have I seen the streets encumbered in all directions with kneeling laborers, but all eyes turned towards some low door, or obscure alley, leading to the Catheland of the contains, besides its own statue and appropriate emblems and decoration, the thank offerings of the devout of every admiry. The names of the donors are bered in all directions with kneeling laborers, but all eyes turned towards some low door, or obscure alley, leading to the Catholic chapel, which in those times of persecution, when Catholic worship was high secution, was built behind the howoff the immense crowd which introd itself the immense crowd which introd itself the immense crowd which in the colosure, into this narrow and hidden enclosure, only one-third could gain access; but they only one-third could gain access. adon, or desiredley, leaking to the Carbo dic chapel, which in these times of the special control of the contro

nerer forget. In the Mass I heard in foot of a mount, friving one day at the fine the property of the property

The front of the altar is separated from the nave by a handsome communion rail, and the altar itself is a work of art. It is composed of various kinds of marble, arryed with skill and destined with tasts. composed of various kinds of marble, carved with skill and designed with taste. The tabernacle in the centre is gilded. composed of various kinds of matrie, carved with skill and designed with taste. The tabernacle in the centre is gilded. Upon it rests a lofty canopy, supported by four delicate columns, likewise gilt, which reverently guard a snow-white statue of the Virgin of Lourdes. Above this canopy, and forming its upper position. this canopy, and forming its upper portion, appears a succession of elegant minarets, surrounding at intervals one long central spire. Throughout the edifice are sus-pended banners and bannerets of silk,

and below in the crypt until an advanced hour in the morning. It was an impressive hour in the morning. It was an impressive sight to witness this simultaneous multisight to witness this simultaneous muti-plied sacrifice, and multiplied successive communions. Priests kn-lt or sat round each alter reciting the divine office, or in meditation patiently waiting some distant hour for their turn to celebrate. In the meantime the church filled and refilled untill the last solemn service. At the afternoon service a preacher was selected each day. Sometimes a Jesuit

At the atternoon service a preacher was selected each day. Sometimes a Jesuit Father, sometimes Franciscan, or Carmelite or member of some other religious order, sometimes a canon, and more than once a Bishop, addressed the people in impressive and impassioned words.

The burden of the exhortation generally

himself: "I was walking home one evening in London, and passed an old hodman carrying his hod over his shoulder; he was smoking a 'white clay,' I believe they call it. And, as I went by, I said, 'Good-night.' The man said, 'Good-night, your reverence.' I said, 'Do you belong to me?' 'Yes, your 'Good-mgnt, your reverence.' I said, 'Do you belong to me?' 'Yes, your reverence.' 'Where do you come from?' 'From Ireland, your reverence.' I said, 'I know that. (Laughter). From what part of Ireland?' 'Cotk, your reverence.' I saw that the man was enjoying his pipe, and, as I have a sort of rash judgment and, as I have a sort of rash judgment when I see a man smoking a pipe that makes him thirsty, I said, 'Have you ever taken the pledge?' 'No, your reverence,' 'V'hy laven't you?' 'Well, I asked my director, your reverence. 'What did he say?' 'He said he didn't think that I wanted it.' I said then, 'It will do you no harm. I have taken it.' 'And did you want it, your reverence.'

loy Sacrifice was soon over; the priest of mounted his horse and departed. Then each one arose and wended his way home to accomply wards. Some travelling laborers, carrying with them their implements of hundred plant of the difficulties which had been contracted when the good old when the good old when the good old which the proposed in the most of the hundred had been to the worksoffile Immanulate, and conceive the distant abodes. Several remained a considerable time praying to their Gody and proceed her been such that the multin the middle of that silent enclosure chosen by these one and faithful people in the time of ancient presentation.

And all this took place, not under the bright sun and celed a blue sky of flast, but the distant abode where devotion is almost a luxury, but under the some processed and and cold sky of British Isles, far from all the seductions of the fine arts, by the side of the can find peace and satisfaction in the Catholic Church, and they invent catas-trophes for the occasion, which they think too certain to need testimony or proof."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Roman Catholics of the Diocese of Detroit have raised \$8,56s for the sup-port of their ecclesiastical students.

Mr. John Anderson, a generous-hearted Protestant gentleman, has contributed two hundred and fifty dollars to the Purcell

It is rumored in Washington that Mrs.

Limit your expenses to necessity and comfort, leaving a good margin tor "bal-Justice Stephen J. Field, who is at her home in that city, became, during her summer trip to Canada, a convert to the

summer trip to Canada, a convert to the Catholic church.

Mr. Kenneway, a son of an Indian judge and a member of the English Bar, was received into the Church, September 5, at Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, England. A Japanese law student, son of a high official to the Imperial Court, was received at the same time.

discourse at the coronation of Our Lady of La Salette, took occasion to glorify the supernatural, revealed on all sides. "Since they boldly deny, let us boldly affirm," he or belief."

exclaimed. Among late converts are the Countess Among late converts are the Countess of Rossmore; Lady Hilda Higgins, who is the sister-in-law of the already Catholic Lady Maidstone; Lady Alexina Coventry, a daughter of the Earl of Fife, who died last month, and a sister-in-law of the philantrophic Marquis Townshend; also, Lady Tankersville and her son, Lord

Bennett, have been recently received.

PRIZES FOR VIRTUE.—The Academy of France has been awarding prizes for virtue. Gold medals have been adjudged to two ladies who have devoted themselves, the one for twenty-eight and the other for thirty years, to the eare of epileptic girls, idiots, and destitute orphans. Bravo, says the Paris Figure; but the same good work, performed as a matter of course by hundreds of the humble daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, has never excited the enthusiasm of the Academy of France.

The Catholic congregation of St. Stephen's Church, Port Huron, had a special

prove itself to King Cetewayo, nor to those Continental Governments which re-fuse officers leave to marry unless they can prove that they have a sufficient in-But all this is evidently thrown in to cover the attack on a celibate clergy.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Revenge converts a little right into a reat wrong.

Much of knowledge is growth, not ac-

Better free in a foreign land than a serf home.
There is no good substitute for wisdom

the stience. Charity begins at home, but should not

end there.

Truth is stranger than fiction because there is less of it.

there is less of it.

He who is good company for himself is good company for others.

Fine society deprayes the frivolous mind, and braces the strong one.

Mary is the way to Jesus, just as Jesus is the way to Jesus, just as Jesus.

Mary is the way to the Father.

The wise and prudent conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfect without adver-

sity.

He is richest who is content with the least; for content is the wealth of nature. Discontent is a vital element of civiliza-tion; without it there would be no pro-

Dost thou love life? then do not squan-der time, for that is the stuff that life is

The man who dies richest is the man who leaves the least here, and takes the most with him.

Limit your expenses to necessity and Charity, taken in its largest extent, is nothing else but the sincere love of God

and our neighbor. Evil is like a nightmare; the instant you begin to strive with it, to bestir yourself, it is already ended.

People are never made so ridiculous by the quantities they possess as by the which they effect to have,

The praise and blame which hang on the Monseigneur Terris, in his beautiful lowest boughs, and may be easily plucked, discourse at the coronation of Our Lady are generally worthless.

All that which pleases is but for a mo-ment; all that which troubles us is but for a moment; that only is important which

Take away our Christian hope, and there is not a word in human language sad enough to express the thought of death.— He that gives his leart will not deny his

money; doubt the sarnestness of him who avows his good in entions, and is able to but does not carry them out. Beautiful soals often get into plain bodies, but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unemsciousness of the humility

The earth is a great factory wheel, which, at every revolution on its axis, re ceives fifty thousand raw souls, and turns off nearly the same number worked up more or less completely.

As the Dead Sea drinks in the river Jordan, and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers, and is never the