

A Legend.

There's a legend, old and quaint,
Of a painter and a saint,
Told at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, where the swift river
flies:
Where the berg with snowy crown
Hanged skirting o'er the town,
And, circling all, the green domed hills and castles
Alps arise.

In church, at set of sun
(Thus doth the story run),
Some children watched the cupola, where, propped
on dais, frames,
Daniel Asam, calm and grand,
With a heaven-directed hand,
Stood painting a colossal figure of the great Saint
James.

And one there, whispering, praised
The painter, as they gazed,
Telling how he had pondered o'er each text of Holy
Word.

That helps the story on
Of the brother of Saint John,
Of the first Apostle who was martyred for the mar-
tyred Lord.

Every dawn of day, 'twas said,
He ate the Holy Bread:
And every night the knotted lash wounded his
shoulders bled.
Silent he came and went,
Like one whom God has sent
On a high and solemn mission, that brooks no speech
but prayer.

For 'twas meet that he should pray,
Who fitly would portray
The form that walked with Christ, and feasted at the
mystic board.

And much he needed grace,
Who would picture forth the face
That had shone back in the glory of the Transfigured
Lord:

Thus whispered they below;
While above, within the glow
Of an isolating sunshine, the unconscious artist stood
And, where the rays did fall
Full clearly on the wall,
Leaned the Apostle, half revealed, in dawning saintli-
hood.

Daniel Asam paused in doubt,
As he traced the nimbus out:
Would the face show dimmer should he add one
crowning raylet more—
With a single pointed spire
Tip the auroral fire,
Whose curved and clustered radiance that awful
forehead wore?

Hesitating, back he drew,
For a more commanding view
The children trembled where they stood, and white and
and "flew faint";
And still he backward stepped,
And still, forgetful, kept
His studious eyes fixed earnestly upon the bending
saint.

One plank remained alone,
And then the cruel stone
That paved the chancel and the nave two hundred
feet below.

The man enwrapped in God,
Still slowly backward trod,
And stepped beyond the plaster's dizzy edge, and
fell—when, lo!

Swift as a starlet thought,
The saint his hands had wrought
Lived, and flashed downward from the dome with
outstretched, saving arm;
One dazzling instant, one,
The heavenly meteor shone,
And Daniel Asam stood before the altar, free from
harm!

Like mist around him hung,
The lingering glory clung;
He felt the pictured holy ones grow still with'n their
frames;

He knew the light that shone
Through eyes of carved stone:
And, fading up within the dome, his saviour great
Saint James!

Thus shall thy rescue be
My soul said unto me,
If thou but cast thyself on God, and trust to Him
thine all.

For he, who, with his might,
Labors with God aright,
Hath angel hands about him ever, and he cannot
all!

REV. DWIGHT LYMAN.

At the funeral of this celebrated prelate recently at Govanston near Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons drew the following interesting sketch of Father Lyman's birth in New York, his graduation from Columbia College, his subsequent professorship at St. James' College, near Hagerstown, and departure thence for the city of Baltimore and his ordination as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman. The speaker dwelt upon the friendship that knit together in the closest bonds the late pastor of St. Mary's and Rev. Francis Baker, for some time assistant

to Dr. Wyatt, of old St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore. He then referred to the Oxford movement, begun by Hurrell, Froude and Dr. Pusey and carried to its development by Dr. Newman, Ward and others. He suggested how naturally Messrs. Lyman and Baker discussed this intellectual and moral issue in the Protestant Episcopal Church, both "holding to the faith of their church until resistance on their part was overcome by the submission of Dr. Manning." The Cardinal went on:

"Then it was that Dwight E. Lyman, who had accepted a charge in Columbia, Pa., and Francis Baker decided to accept the verdict of Manning. Before that event Baker had urged upon his friend a continuance in the Episcopal Church on the ground that whatever force there might be in the conversion of Newman and others, still Dr. Manning had remained true, and was standing like a rock of defence, resisting the force of the tempest. When reading of the Archdeacon's submission, conveyed in the brief newspaper statement, 'To day Dr. Manning made his submission to the Church in the city of Paris.' Father Lyman sent the clipping to Baker, quoting the latter's words (words by which he had hitherto justified his position and continuance in the Episcopal faith), 'The Church that is good enough for Manning is good enough for me.'

"Dwight Lyman was received into the Catholic Church at St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, and after a brief residence under the hospitable roof of Basil Spalding he entered St. Mary's Seminary, where he took sacred orders in 1866. He went as assistant to the late Father McManus, and left the latter to become pastor of St. Mary's, Govanstown, where he had labored faithfully during a full third of a century up to the day of his death.

"If I were to single out some characteristic trait of Father Lyman I would mention his great care in instructing children in the principles of the Christian faith and his care in instructing converts to the Catholic faith. These persons naturally sought him before others as having been buffeted as they were, and believing that under God he would be the kindly light to lead them to the safe haven of the Catholic Church. His love for those not of the Catholic faith was elevated, spiritualized and ennobled by his own faith. He felt it as a treasure, and, instead of hiding it within his own breast, desired to share its treasures and joys with others. As an instance of this I may mention the fact that over 800 conversions were due to his work in Govanstown.

"Father Lyman was an accomplished man and one of refinement, with whom it was a pleasure to converse. He had the amenities of social life and was also an accomplished musician, both an instrumentalist and vocalist. Well do we remember his singing in the Seminary, especially that of the most simple but most majestic of all songs—'The Divine Preface.'

"When I contemplate my friend before me I can but recall the trials and vicissitudes through which he passed before reaching the haven of rest, and the sacrifices he made, which all men in the same situation have to make. It brings to mind the conversation between that prince of apostles Peter and his Master, when Peter said, 'Behold, O Lord, we have left all things and have followed Thee. What shall we have?' To him may be applied the reply of the Master to Peter, 'Every one who has left family and friends shall possess an hundred fold more in this life and in the life to come.'

"We do not understand nor do we reckon upon the trials men like him have to endure. There is a prison far more darksome than a dungeon, that of imprisoning one's own thoughts.

There is a sword sharper than that of execution, to be misrepresented and misunderstood. An abandonment and dereliction and expatriation far more trying than the exile of country is that of the imprisonment of our thoughts from those we love and with whom we wish to converse. Consolations will superabound for Dwight Lyman if trials abounded in this life. He possessed the hundred fold promised by Christ. He had the precious consolation of faith, the light and peace which it imparts, the peace which springs from the conscious possession of the truth, and from the testimony of a good conscious saying within him: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' May we not hope he has entered into possession of everlasting joy and that peace and rest which passeth understanding?

"Wherein lies our duty as pointed by the life and death of Father Lyman? It is three-fold; first, toward God, which includes duty towards country and neighbor. Follow Christ and live like Christ. The world is governed more by ideals than ideas. Living examples teach more than the most beautiful abstracts of virtue. He speaks to you now from the bier. 'If I have preached the Word of God and have offered up for you the holy sacrifice of the mass—pray for me now.' May he rest in peace."

Preserving Butter.

When we consider how many hints have been given during the many centuries past for the preservation of fruits, it is remarkable that the present enormous industry in that line had not been invented earlier. It shows the advantage of what is called abstract studies. When by the invention of the microscope it was found that rot and decay were the result of the action of small organisms, and that not even these fungi could develop without atmospheric air, it was the most natural thing in the world that successful canning of fruits should follow; yet the hint has long ago been given in connection with many things, and especially with the preservation of butter. The old *Gardeners' Monthly* recorded a number of cases where butter had been fished out of wells, where it had dropped from vessels suspended over the water for the sake of the cold temperature. These lumps of butter, in many cases a century old were found just as fresh and good as the day they were churned. Kept from the atmosphere no parasitic fungus could attack it. Recently butter has been found in the bottom of bogs in the old world. It is believed in some cases to be nearly a thousand years old, and yet entirely fresh and good. These hints certainly are of great value to the practical person, who desires to see a dollar-and-cent value in every scientific idea.—*Meehan's Monthly*.

A Custom in Siam.

The people in Siam act upon the old saying that it takes a thief to catch a thief; and so they take rats when they are quite young, tame them, and train them to hunt their own kind. These animals are said to attain enormous size by care and good feeding. They grow domesticated, and soon get to be as good to chase away the wild rats as if they were cats.

Notwithstanding all this, however, it is not likely that we, although we are adopting many ways from the far East, will ever allow Pussy to be supplanted by her old-time foe.

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