THE NAMES OF OUR LADY. ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. Through the wide world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and bright the days
Of those who trust in thee.

themselves, as Ranke points out, of the

chronic seditiousness of the younger branches of the blood royal against the reigning line. In England, the Lan-

casters, after dailying with Wycliffism, had finally carried out their designs

upon the crown by a strict alliance with the Church, which in this case

undoubtedly consulted the good of England by supporting them. Rich-

ard had become impossible, and Henry was the only feasible alternative. In

Huguenots allied themselves with the

junior princes, and fused their relig

ious interests with the personal ambi

sarily threw the reigning line of Valois

into an attitude of hostility to the Pro-

testants. The Bourbons had no thought

of anticipating the time of their own

the hereditary king was an impossibil-

ity in French eyes. The intensest fanaticism of the League could not

carry it out. What they wished, by the aid of the powerfully organized

Calvinistic body, with its graduated

synods, its armies, fortresses, magi-

strates, levies of taxes, was to rule over

the kings, in the hope of the time when

they should, by due succession, become

kings themselves. They were cheer-

fully willing to reverence the crown,

where, and with the intense and intol

erant French nature it was quite an

if only they could control the crown.

to the end of the century.

tially alter it.

the Catholic interest.

with Froude, both of whom are borne

out by the narrative of Ranke, mass

acre and assassination were in the very air of that age, but above all in France.

tended, or the murders those of very

notable persons, they seem to have drawn little attention from either side.

If we take the number of the victims

of Saint Bartholomew's at seventy

thousand, it swells the relative blood-

thirstiness of the Catholics very high

In such a case, however, we are bound

by the later estimates of sober-minded

the hyperbolical estimate of Archbishop

Péréfixe, of the next century, is given

up on all hands. Ten thousand, the estimate of another Catholic, is as ex

travagant again in its reduction of

Professor Fisher, a man of almost

excessively sober temper, of miracu

lous accuracy of statement, and, as

martyrs, having, moreover the advan-

tage of all the evidence and computa

imes its true reckoning, or more

How much more in that time, when

communication was so uncertain, stat

stics so vague, and our present armies

of reporters, mutually checking each

orders, in many towns, and whole

provinces, were utterly contemned. Zealously Catholic Nantes, and Lisieux,

Macon, D.jon, the great provinces of Provence and Dauphine, took meas-

ures, not to murder the Haguenots,

out to protect them. The numerous

presume, were able to care for them

elves, and so was Calvinistic Rochelle

Even where the royal orders were carried out, there were such intervals

of time between that the first fierce

central impulse of murder went on

slackening with every day. Although it was an age of murder, yet there

were many already who abhorred it.

Various commanders of garrisons scornfully refused to suffer their

troops to defile their hands with the

The wretched king, suffering al-

eady the torments of hell, unable, as

he complained to his Protestant nurse,

horrid work.

Calvinists of Languedoc and Guienne

ther, wholly unknown! The royal

were utterly contemned.

historians. One hundred thousand,

massacres were very ex-

ccession to the crown. To dethrone

France it was the other way.

tions of the Bourbons.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed Which is the dearest to my heart, And the most worthy thine?

Star of the Sea: we kneel and pray When tempests raise their voice; Star of the Sea! the haven reached, We call thee and rejoice.

Help of the Christian : in our need Thy mighty aid we claim;
If we are faint and weary, then
We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary :

Bright Queen of Heaven: when we are Best solace of our pains:— It tells us, though on earth we toil, Our Mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel: thus Sometimes thy name is known; It tells us of a badge we wear, To live and die thine own. Our Lady dear of Victories: We see our faith oppressed, We see our faith oppressed, And, praying for our erring land, We love that name the best.

Refuge of Sinners : many a soul, By guilt cast down, and sin, las learned through this dear name of thine Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick: when anxious hearts
Watch by the sufferer's bed, On this sweet name of thine they lean, Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows: many a heart Half broken by despair Has laid its burden by the cross And found a mother ther

Queen of all Saints: the Church appeals
For her loved dead to thee;
She knows they wait in patient pain
A bright eternity. Fair Queen of Virgins : thy pure band,

The files round thy throne,
Love the dear title which they bear
Most that it is thine own. True Queen of Martyrs: if we shrink

From want, or pain, or woe,
We think of the sharp sword that pierced
Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary: the dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best;
The first low word that Jesus lisped
Laid on His mother's breast.

Mary, the name that Gabriel spoke, The name that conquers hell The name that conquers hell:

Mary, the name that through high heaven
The angels love so well.

Mary, our comfort and our hope,— O may that word be given To be the last we sigh on earth,— The first we breathe in heaven.

Sacred Heart Review PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXXIV. During the reign of Francis I. and the earlier part of the reign of Henry II., the laws concerning heresy were strictly applied against the French Calvinists, of whom from 200 to 300 were burnt alive. This persecution, it will be seen, was much less severe than that by Mary Tudor in England, for while the number of victims was about the same, the executions extended over a very much longer tract of time. Francis was mostly passive in the matter, not seeing how to im-pede the carrying out of the laws against heresy, although his adored sister Margaret was a friend of the new Widely as Catholics, Luthd Calvinis a differed from each other in the definition of heresy, almost all then agreed that it ought to almost all then agreed that it ought to plied the real number of victims by be punished with fire. In Spain this ten, and that so long afterwards. opinion had been opposed by some leading Catholics, but although they were not molested, they were not regarded. The Protestants, although they stigmatized the Catholics as idolaters, could not very well call them hereties, but, as we know, they re-peatedly burnt Unitarians, and burnt or drowned Anapaptists. Calvin tried to mitigate the punishment of the Arian Servetus to the sword, but the magistrates refused. Cranmer, notmagistrates refused. Cranmer, notwithstanding the entreaties of the
of France. This may safely be taken
as about the truth. Such a number young King Edward, would not save the Arians and Anabaptists from the stake, which cannot but lessen our sympathy with him when his turn

Henry II., inferior to his father in every way, was an active persecutor. Under him, however, the Calvinists multiplied so uncontrollably that they were soon reckoned at almost one fourth of the nation. Their great strength lay among the merchants and artisans of the cities and among the The pobles, and very pos sibly the burgesses, were much more largely of Teutonic descent than the bulk of the people, and therefore in stinctively more inclined to the great Tentonic movement, although, Latinized, they accepted a form of Pro testandsm far more deeply sur charged with Latin elements than Lutheranism is. Presbyterlatism seems much far-ther from Catholicism than Lutheran ism does, but in reality it is not so far. It seems strange, at first, that French

Protestantism should have bad its great strength in the South, bordering on Spain. Canon Taylor, however, has reminded us that the Teutonic blood is peculiarly strong in Langue doc (in its wider sense), which for gen erations was the seat of the great Vist gothic kingdom. The Gallicized Goths being still Goths, were quick to well come the modified Christianity coming from Germany, although Toulouse, from which a elements of dissent had been so rel. dessly purged out by the Alolgensiae crusade, remained intensely, savagely Catholic, and was a constant thorn in the sleet to the Protest-

does, as having been from twenty to

wenty-five thousand.

Taking this as our basis, we will ext consider how, in France, the two religions compare in this fearful pre minence of individual and collective CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

PIVE . MINUTES' SERMON.

Fourth Sunday After Easter.

"I go to Him that sent me." (John 6, 5,) I go to him that sent Me, thus say our Lord to His apostles in the gospel of to day. Thus He announces His departure from this world and His going to the Father. The same announce ment I must make to you in the name of the Lord. You, too, must go to Him who sent you into the world, to labor in His vineyard for the salvation of your soul. Each day, each hour brings you nearer to the end of life's journey. Perhaps soon, yes, sooner than you imagine, your period of earthly existence will be past; your body will be consigned to the earth, and your soul summoned before the judgment-seat of God. Do you doubt, for a moment, this message coming to you from God, through me, His min-Here, we see, were all the conditions of desolating civil wars, which again and again, and yet again and again, ister? Ah! if you harbor a thought to the contrary, you must be bereft of your senses. For, day after day, ravaged the fair land of France nearly you see plainly the verification of St. Paul's words, "It is appointed unto almost an impossibility for the two re-ligions to live together in that age any man once to die, and after this the judgment." (Heb 9, 27.) Day after day, the mournful tolling of the bell brings vividiy to our minds the humil impossibility in France. The ambi-tion of the Guises, the irresolution of lating words of the Creator, " Dust thou art, and into dust, shalt thou rethe Valois, the unspeakable wicked turn." (Gen. 8, 19,) that also in you ness of Catherine, exasperated the situwill be fulfilled the saying of the proation, but did not create it, nor essenphet Isalas, "Thy carcass is falle down, under thee shall the moth be Worse than even the Civil Wars, strewed, and worms shall be thy cover which had at least their laws and (Isais 14, 11 ) Have you any counds, their treaties and truces, were ing. certainty when this great day for yo the alternations of massacre, and the will arrive? Will it be after many continual recurrence of assassinations. years or perhaps after a few months or Ranks, though a zealous Protestant, seems to put the earlier Civil Wars days, aye, even before the sun sets this evening? Can you inform me where rather to the account of the Huguenots death will overtake you, and hand you than of the Catholics. Froude, who over to divine justice? Will it will not be suspected of partialities for the Catholics, puts the blame of the here in the church, on the street, in your house, in your bed, or where? Can you tell in what manner death first massacre on the Calvinists, although they were its victims, while will visit you? Will it be by heart the first notable assassination was disease, apoplexy, or by accident? Will it be so sudden that you will not wrought by a fanatical Protestant upon the great Dake who was the head of be prepared, not receive the last sacraments or by a lingering disease that However, we are not to suppose that will give you time to reconcile your the French Protestants were intrinsisoul with God? Oh! terribly impor cally any more inclined to massacre or tant questions, and yet you cann assassination than the Catholics, or answer them; you can merely say any less. As Guizot remarks, together with certainty, die I must, and that but once, and in a day, in an hour

when I least expect it. "It is appointed unto man once to die." There is no remedy against death, no means of escape, no prayer or supplications are of any avail. decree of God will remain unto the end of the world. "It is appointed unto man once to die." My brethren, did you ever seriously refle on the signification of death? A word of only three letters and yet is signifies the most terrible and dread imagine. For, to die, means to leave home you have occupied, the fields you have tilled, the riches you have accum-ulated. To die, means to bid farewell dren, to all who are near and dear to rupt, to be consumed by worms, and to return to dust. To die, means for your soul to go into eternity to be judged by on omniscent God. Of staunch Protestant, not inclined to diminish the number of Protestant what? Of all your thoughts, your words, your actions, your desires, in a word, to be judged of your whole life. What kind of a judgment will tions of three centuries, puts the vic-tims of the Saint Bartholomew at you have? All you have done, either good or bad, from your earliest years, twenty-two thousand, five thousand in Paris, seventeen thousand in the rest from the time you came to the use of reason until the moment of your death. Though your actions were committed might easily, in the first indefinitein the most secret places, though you ness of horror, even in our times, whether it was a massacre, pestilence or earthquake, be run up to three

have long since forgotten them, they will now come to light before the Eternal Judge, who can be moved neither by tears nor groans; but who will pass the judgment which will decide your state for all eternity. For you, what sentence will this Judge pro nounce? Heaven or hell, eternal happiness of eternal damnation, a glorious crown of fiery chains? One f the two will certainly be your lot for all eternity. Eternity! On! fearful, incomprehensible word. The world has existed for nearly six thousana years, and this seems to us an in-measurable period. But what are six thousand years when compared to eternity! Take a handful of sand, can you count the number of grains? Imagine the globe to consist of saud and each grain to represent a century. Now would these millions and millio of centuries make an eternity? Oh! ply this immense sum by the greatest number you can imagine, and deduct the number of centuries from eternity, and what will remain? The whole

My dear Christians, let us with all the powers of mind seriously reflect that we are created to exist during himself of the vision of the this incomprehensible eternity, and bloody faces of the dead by day or that the certain and yet uncertain night, was now as eager to check the hour of death will irrevocably decide work as in his compelled desperation, our fate. Deluded stoner, you must ormented by his evil mother and his be without a spark of faith or, deprived ovil brother, he had been eager at first of your senses, if you continue to live an enemy of God, risking an eternity antism of the South.

The Calvinists, 89 strong among the lower and higher nobility, 200n availed this awful massacre, as Doztor Fisher and despectably that satisfies the craving of pain, of torture and despair. And down the true number of the victims of the Calvinists, 89 strong among the lower and higher nobility, 200n availed this awful massacre, as Doztor Fisher tate on the dread eternity, which

eternity. Time will have an end, but

might begin for you this very day, without resolving to be more |zealous in the service of God, without resolving. to enkindle the spirit of penance in your heart, without determining, with redoubled seal, to make reparation for the past? And you, faithful Christian, will any struggle seem too diffi cult, any suffering too poignant, any sacrifice too great, to save your soul from hell and to gain the eternal crown of glory? Oh! whoever you may be, frequently call to mind the words of Holy Scripture, "In all thy works re member thy last end. and thou shalt never sin." (Eccli. 7, 40) Remember eternity, and you will not attach your heart to the vain and transient goods of this world, you will rather live for the salvation of your soul by a constant preparation for death. Let the foolish children of the world, who do not wish to heed God's solemn warn ings,-rush blindly to perdition. may pray for them, admonish them, but save them, we cannot, without their own co-operation and God's grace. Let our daily consideration be, that I must go to Him that sent me, to a God of infinite sanctity, and hence I must not be defiled by sin; to a God of retribution, hence I shall enrich myself with virtues and good works that will procure an eternal reward.

#### IN GOD'S OWN TIME.

The time may be delayed, the man ner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire, poured out in prayer to God will ever be lost, but in God's own time and way will be wafted back again in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessing on you and on those for whom you "Father, forgive them." What prav. are we to do when resentful thoughts return? Sick men, when the attack returns, repeat the salutary does.
"Go thou and do the like." "I say o you, love your enemies, do good to hem that hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that calumniate you." Not seven times only, but seventy times seven must we say, "Father, forgive them," till the virtue that comes from the Cross prevails in Who knows? Our Lord may see that either your soul needs much special grace or that your enemy is in great need, and therefore allows the resentful thoughts to return, that you may win grace for yourself and for your enemy by praying again and again, "Father forgive them."

#### THE REVULSION FROM AGNOSTI-CISM.

We rejoice to believe that the popu arity of scientific agnosticism is on wane. We no not mean to say that there is not still a powerful tendency in that direction in some Some leading scientists still minds. old to agnostic views to some extent. But those leading scientists differ among themselves as to the fundamental principles of their hypotheses which were at first recognized as in-controvertible. The fact is that the great wave of skepticism and doubt has met with the grand breakwater of the Catholic Church. The confident ful event which a worldly mind can scientists have discovered and are still discovering that they are not in the world and all that is loved and fallible-that they are not theologians cherished. To die, means to leave the and that there is a great field of intel lectual investigation and discovery quite as legitimate as that of mere physical science, with which they are to your husband, your wife, your chil sadly unacquainted. Theology, the dren, to all who are near and dear to queen of the sciences,—all that refers

Then, in spite of the degeneracy of human nature ; in spite of the animal tendencies which are continually dragging us down to grovel in the mire of voluptuous self-indulgence, there is in us all a higher, spiritual nature which will assert itself and demand satisfaction. Man is a religious being. God has so constituted us that we can not realize the perfection of our nature, or of that happiness for which we sigh and of which we are capable, without religion. We must have some kind of religion. If you do not give us a rational religion completely adapted to our wants, we shall be sure to invent a religion of our own imperfect, incongruous, irrational and more or less tinctured with

superstition. The children of the so-called Refor mation though they had constructed the perfect religion in their revolt from the mother Church. But they are rapidly discovering their mistake. Their very fundamental principle was Unlimited private judgan errorment which diseards authority leads to skepticism and agnosticism.

But the human mind believes in and craves the supernatural. Catholic Church alone appeals intelligently to this sentiment and furnishes satisfactory evidence of its existence. But our Protestant friends, who do not believe this, simply because they know nothing of the real teaching of the Catholic Church, but have been led by education to look upon it as superstitious, are compelled to seek for the gratification of the sentiment in such irrational, absurd and often ridiculous, though highly pretentious, schemes as those of spiritism and Christian Science, not to mention other vagaries after which crowds of comparatively ignorant yet intensely earnest people

We must have a rational religion and at the same time a religion that furnishes a sure ground for faith, and which appeals to all that is highest, purest and best in human nature, and especially that satisfies the craving

individual speculation and high-flown

This religion we have only in the Catholic Church, and, thank God, in the revulsion from agnosticism and the unsatisfactory skepticism and doubt of Protestantism which is now going on, it is encouraging to know that the more serious, candid and thoughtful portion of the community are more and nore turning their thoughts towards the old, hitherto despised but now reviving and advancing Church, as the only rational and satisfactory solution of the great problems which are so deeply agitating the public mind.

In view of this state of things does it not concern every professed Catholic to inquire very seriously what are his personal duties and obligations in the premises? The personal influence of Catholics is more powerful than the most eloquent preaching. That influence is for life or for death-for life eternal or eternal death. What an awful thought that a single soul should take prejudice, or have its natural prejudice, confirmed, by some inconsistency, prevarication or bad conduct on our part and thus be deprived of the inestimable blessings and privileges which are vouchsafed only in the loving bosom of hely mother Church. Sacred Heart Review.

## THE TYPICAL CATHOLIC NOVEL.

Rev. Patrick J. Supple, D. D. in April Don-

There is not a dull page in the de-lightful povel "My New Carate" which Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile, diocese of Cloyne, has given to the world. It is, without doubt, the best novel on priestly life which has ever appeared in the English language. We have here a characterization of the real priest, and not the caricature which has been held up to public view in many novels which have essayed to portray the character of a priest and his life among his people. There is a deep and charming insight, too, into the character of the Irish people, and a splendid portraiture of the tender bond which holds closely together priest and people. Only one intimately acquainted with the priestly life and the tender and pathetic experiences which come into the life of a priest in the exercise of his sacred ministrations could write such a book. It is realism of the best kind; not the realism which shocks and degrades, but the realism which uplifts and makes a man truer and better and more hopeful from the reading. In the very first chapter we catch a delightful glimpse of the buoy ancy of the Irish character, of wha the author calls "the wonderful elastic ity of the Irish mind or its talent for adaptation,"a quality that has stood the rac- in good stead during its most depressing history. The whole town of Kilronan had come out to witness the departure of the old curate, Father Laverty, and judging from the good-byes one would imagine that his loss could never be repaired. Godd be wid you, Father, wherever you go!" "Wisha, may your journey thry wid you. Sure 'tis we'll miss you!" "Yerra, what'll the poor do now, whin he's gone!" And yet, when old Daddy Dan, as the parish priest was familiarly called, returns to he town after bidding good bye to Father Laverty, he receives encomiums

'Difficulties give way to diligence," and disease germs and blood humors disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is faithfully taken. you. To die, means that the body will to man's higher, spiritual nature,—is descend into the grave, there to cornext to an unknown quantity to them. Cures,—Medical experiments have shown CURES.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However, this may be, it is well known that Parmelee's Vegretable Pils, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

just as gracious as those that greeted Father Laverty on his departure. "Well, thank God, we have himself whatever." "Wisha, the Lord spare

him to us. God help us, if he wint."

emedy in curring ion.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a per

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a per son whose hands are covered over with warts Why have these distigurements on you person, when a sure remover of all warts corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn

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#### THE NEW TESTAMENT-25c. For Sale at the Catholic Record Office.

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# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Our Lady on the Wall. Through a door sjar I watched her— Lilly, en the toy-cover'd floor; Giving lessons to her "dearest"— The most precocious dolls of four;

"Hold this book now, and read it—so.
What makes you want to hang your head?
Is you tired? Well, don't mind, then;
I guess 'tis time to go to bed.

"Wait! I'll say your prayers, though, for you. Kneel down with me. Be still, that's all For Our Lady hears and sees us From out her picture on the wall.

"Why, Dolly, please don't roll over! I wish you wouldn't act so wild, When you know Oar Lord's dear Mother Can never love a naughty child!"

O Lilly, I, too. am praying
No blight upon thy faith may fall,
Nor thine uplifted eyes e'er fear
To meet Our Lad's on the wall.

Little wise and patient teacher, Keep, keep thy pura heart undefiled, Mindful aye our Blessed Mother Can never love a naughty chilp. -Dawn Graye in Ave Maria

Precepts for Boys.

A very successful teacher of be First. -That a quiet voice, courte and kind acts are as essential to part in the world of a gentleman as a gentlewoman. Second.—That roughness, bluster

and even foolhardiness are not manness. The most firm and courage men have usually been the n gentle.
Third.—That muscular strengt not health.
Fourth. - That a brain crammed

with facts is not necessarily a Fifth. - That the labor impossib the boy of fourteen will be easy to

man of twenty.
Sixth.—That the best capital f boy is not money, but a love of we simple tastes and a heart loyal t friends and his God.

The Younger Days of Cardinal

The Orphans' Friend has the fo ing sketch of Cardinal Gibbons: forty years ago could be seen cornehandler's shop in New Orles boy employed in labeling sacks that been filled with corn. Alti poor and sickly in appearance h so wall liked by his employer an low workers as to be generally "agreeable little Jimmie." the second son of an Irish family so poor were his parents that in to increase the family income were obliged to take him from at an early age and send him to He grew, and continued making corn sacks. One day his serio pleasing manner attracted the tion of Father Duffo, a friend employer. 'How old are you Jir Eighteen years, Father. could not do better, my child, the your parents, but perhaps you do it in some other way. Do to school? How do you pass you ings?" The thought of study the evening had never entere mie's head; but after his conve he began to continue his studi Father Duffo. After a while came a self made man, then B of Arts, then priest, then Bisho Archbishop and to day he is C

came from their ranks. The Cliff and the Broo At the foot of a spur of the A Mountains stood a great gran The face was as big as a chi the top rose sheer to the sky as a steeple. The summit was with pine trees. Its che wrinkled and scarred and bear

Gibbons-an American prela

exercises considerable influen

ticularly among the working

moss and running vines and saplings and even flowers were into the open seams.

And the Cliff was old. It when the first white man camdians reverenced it. But t have been because of the curi and figures carved upon one

the base. Close by the foot of the C a Brook that gushed out of tain higher up the side. happy little Brook and gu played along its pebbly chai and day the whole year the even stopping when the fand bound it up in ice, f neath its frezen bosom it ming its old happy song.
One day its spirits were because of a sweet June sh had filled its bed. In its m it sang a louder song and

ing and purling and rip prancing, and whisking an and skipping and dancing ing and laughing, and che chaffing, and ringing an and swinging between its merry-hearted a brook as

summer holiday on the more "Humph!" said the C down on the little Brook his venerable head until aloft quivered like the Santa Claus. "You're a gadabout, Miss Brooklet better be learning manne up such capers in the f

betters ! He spoke in so gruff a v Brock was startled, and t stood still. "Oho!" the Cliff went o

little to be proud of, you jinks! Yet you go gi jiggling by me with no ence than if I were a year And I-look at me! wink one of my eyes and