At Sea.

Shall we, the storm tossed sailors, weep For those who may not sail again; Or wisely cavy them, and keep Our pity for the living men?

Beyond the weary waste of sea, Beyond the wilder waste of death, I strain my gs z 3 and cry to thee Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech? This hand, methicks, if I were dead, To thy dear hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice For each to bear the other's part. That mine should be the silent voice, And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well, for any voyage done, Whate'er its end, or port, or reef; Better the voyage ne'er begun. For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES. BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

SECOND SUNDAY AFFER EASTER.

SECOND SUNDAY AFFER EASTER.

"I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth His Life for His sheep."
(Gospel of the day.)
Among all the ways in which we have thought of our Blessed Lord of late—the "Man of Sorrowa," the "Lumb led to the slaughter," the "Crucified for our sins," the "Risen and Glorified Saylour"—there is perhaps no way wherein He stands out

is perhaps no way wherein He stands out more beautifully, or more lovingly, then when He says of Himself: "I am the Good Shepherd." What title is there that Good Shepherd." What title is there that invites us more tenderly, or draws us more closely, than this? Both the Epistle and the Gospel for to day set Him before us in this light. He has suffered. He has risen. Now, He is our "Good Shepherd," the "Pastor and Bishop of our souls." And the proof of His title is this: "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." life for His sheep."

My brethren, our Lord is the same Good Shepherd now as He was during His life on earth. He speaks as truly now as He spoke then: "I am the Good Shepherd." He is more truly, more closely present with His flock than when He suffered His divine nature to be veiled in the feeble frame of a human form. He is with us always—"even unto the consummation of the world." For "we are the people of His pasture, and

How is He now our Good Shepherd?

First, He leads His sheep. He leads them by His Holy Spirit. He leads them by by His Holy Spirit. He leads them by His example. As the Epistle of to day tells us: "Christ also suffered for us, leav-ing you an example that you should follow His steps," His indwelling Spirit guides us in the path of life; filling our souls with love for Him, and desire to be like Him and to be with Him, giving us both the will and the power to come to Him. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me, and I give them life eventsating." We hear His voice saying, "Come unto Me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall

find rest to your souls."
And again, as He leads His sheep, so He And again, as He leads His sheep, so He also feeds them. "He hath set me in a place of pasture," says the Psalmist, "He hath brought me up on the water of refreshment." Ob, my brethren, how much better it would be for us if we hungered and thirsted more for that heavenly food and for these lighty waters. and for those living waters! For then, according to the promise of the Beatitudes. "we should be filled." Has he not said: "I am the living Bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever; and the Bread which I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." That is the true food wherewith the Good Shepherd feeds His flick; and at this Paschal season we have every reason to be mindful of our need of it, and of our obligation to receive it.

And while we speak our Divine Shepherd thus caring for H's sheep, those tender words of the Prophet Isalas rise to our memory — words full of sweetness, as though sung by choirs of angels: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather together the lambs with His arm, and shall take them up in His bosom; and He Himself shall carry them that are

with young.

And once more, as the Gospel tells us, the Good Shepherd will seek out and help even the wandering sheep and bring them back to His fold.

Are we among the number of those wandering sheep, my brethren? Have we strayed afar from the flock, caught per haps in the thorns and brambles of some besetting sin? He will seek us, no met ter how far we have wandered; He has sought us over and over again; He is sought us over and over again; He is seeking us now Oh, despise not His gractous promises; Oh, reject not His proffered love! Alax, for our blindness, which will not see His gulding hand, and for our deafness, which wit in it hear His warning voice! Let us follow Him, my brethren—our Divine Example, our Good Shepherd—through ever greet pastures, by ever purer streams. Let us never be content until we, with all the flock, at last arrive at that blessed Fold where last arrive at that blessed Fold where "they shall not hunger, nor thirst any more; neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall rule them. and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "I have sold at retail, 156 bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician penciling it for several days to no effect, the Eclectric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in threatened croup in my children this winter, it never failed to relieve almost

immediately."

A Feasonable Hint.

During the breaking up of winter, damp chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism. neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup quinsy and other painful effects or sudden quinsy and other panning encous or sound cold are common. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a truly valuable household remedy for all such complaints.

"MANY MEN, MANY MINDS," but all men and all minds agree as to the merits of Burdock Pills, small and sugar-coated. Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

NEVER OUT OF CALL. BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE. I thought that I might walk alone, And so let go my rather's hand; Brightly the sun above me shone, And verdure covered all the land.

The flowers blossomed at my feet, The morn was fragrant with their breath; I thought that just to live was sweet, Nor dreamed of sorrow, pain or death.

Yet, as with careless feet I spec, Heedless of time's unfailing flight, Thick clouds were gathering overhead, And lo! the moon became as night,

With blinding flash and deafening roll, And rat ling hall and drenching rain, A dreadful storm burst o'er my soul; I looked for shelter, but in vain.

The flowers had withered in my grasp, Silent the birds that san; at morn; In all the world there scarce could be A spot more barren, more forlorr.

Then I bethought me of the time When, safely at my Father's side, His hand I held, and knew no fear, Though joy or sorrow might betide. And in my need I cried to Him

In His strong arms He lifted me, And held me closely to His breast; Oit were worth a life of pain To find at last such period rest!

He wrapped me in His garment's fold, Whispered of pardon and of peace; While in His ear my grief I toid, And all my sorrows found release.

Where wert Thou, Lord, when Thy poo child Was tempted from Thy side to stray ?" My Father looked on me and smiled: "Child, I was with thee all the day."

All day, though oft by us forgot,
The Father watches over all;
Through storm and sunshine—sweetest
though!
His ear is open to our call.
—Ave Maria.

LOVINGE ST FACE IN THE WORLD. 'I love you, mamms," my little one said, As close to my beart crept her golden head, 'I love you lots," with a clasp and a klas, "The best of all mammas my mamma is.

'And I think," said she, looking up in my with a glance that was tender and grave
and wire,
"That you've got just the lovingest face,
Oh. Oh.
"I'm glad you're my mamma, I love you
so."

What was the praise of the world to me To the love of the little one throned on my knee.
And this was my prayer, as I kissed the eyes That were smiling up to me, pausywise, "May the face of thy mother forever be The 'loyingest' face in the world to thee."

BOYS THAT HATE TO GO TO SCHOOL. The following order, issued by a prominent railway company of the West may suggest something to the boy who "doesn't intend to go to school any longer than he can help," and who is a perfect pest to his parents and teacher while he goes "to leave leave the school and the scho

while he goet—:o learn lessons simply to oblige somebody else!

"The Wabasn railroad his issued a posttive order that no boy or young man shall be employed in its shops or other departments for the purpose of learning any trade or skilled work unless he bring a certificate from his instructors stating that he completed the studies of the second grammar department of school work.

The reason for this order is that the company has found that young men the pany has found that young men who have completed the English branches of study learn skilled work more readily than those who have not."

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO,"

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, awear, play cards and visit theatres. I beg you to quit

"You needn't be afraid for me, father,"
replied the boy laughing, "I know how
far to go and when to stop."
The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the

old man's notions.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, be-fore a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My down-ward course began in disobedience to my parente. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyeras, and hurried

me to ruin. Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents!

Mark it and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take water.

Tree. The loyal heart waved her away, as before, and believed only in Laughing water. first step on the road to ruin. Don't take that dangerous step.

A SAINT'S AMIABILITY. St. Francis de Sales was so humble a saint that it is impossible to tell any ance dote of him without illustrating the sweetness of his character, which was gentleness itself. He was especially kind to his servants, so much so that he obeyed his water about the hours of going to bad his valet about the hour of going to bed, eating and dressing, and he would hurry through his work at night so that his ser-

Vant might go to rest.

One morning the saint awoke very early, and forbore to awake his man, who was exceeding y angry when he got up and found his master dressed and at work

The valet remonstrated.

'I am old enough to dress myself, am I not?" asked the holy Bishop.
'You might have called ms!" answered

the servant. 'Ob, you were sleeping so sweetly I had not the heart!" replied the saint.

A certain bishop had an idea that St. Francis' familiarity with his inferiors would make them despise him, and remarked so to him on one occasion.

'Coarse familiarity might," answered St. Francis; "but love will win love in

return and respect always follows love.' high Time To Begin.

After a long winter the system needs a thorough cleansing, toning and regulating to remove impurities and prepare for summer. Thousands of testimonials show that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine ever discovered, producing a feeling of buoyancy and strength. It re-moves that tired, torn worn feeling, and restores lost appetite.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it. Try it and be convinced.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

MINNEHAHA.

HOW THE RAINBOW CROWN WAS PLACED ON LAUGHING WATER. (Just below Minnebeha Falls stands an old dead tree the artists are ignoring. This sketch reveals the mystery of its death, and shows that the old tree must be in the fore-ground of all true pictures of Minnehaha.)

ground of all true pictures of Minnehaha.)

Long age, by the silvery Minnehaha, stood a little tree which overhung the river; overhung and shaded it just where the water-elves inthroned the Minnehaha Falls. Minnehaha, "Langhing Water," the beautiful one to whom they gave a song to sing on and on forever.

As the years went by the Tree and Lunghing Water grew up together and loved with all the sweetness of natural affection. More and more beautiful she became as the years developed her. The rippling laughter of her jyyous life

rippling laughter of her joyous life cheered every heart, and her musical voice made the leafy woods dance as the

ing Water.
How like a prince he seemed, arrayed How like a prince he seemed, arrayed in his green robe! How like a king he stood, crowned with the autumn gold! How loving they were in those happy days! He, whitpering his passionate yows, putting out his eager arms to embrace, and bending over to kiss her when the wind-god gave him leave.

She, arswering back in her low, murmuring voice in words that only her

muring voice, in words that only her wooer could know; laughing from under the bridal veil of white spray at the love he stirred as he threw to her the gold

leaves of his autumn crown.

But one day a storm cloud swept over them, and a stroke of lightning withered one of the great arms he stretched out to shield her. It was summer, and when the leaves fell the sun smiled dazz ingly down on Laughing Water. Still she sang on to her lover a soothing song and laughed more mertily than ever to cheer him. If she wondered at the lordly grandeur of the stranger who rode by in a chariot of flaming cloud, it was only for a moment.

Each day the sun stole round to where he could creep under the withered arm and smile on Laughing Water. He played with her flowing hair and filled it with gleaming gems. He decked her with pearls and showered the mist cloud that robed her with silver beads. The Moon saw, one evening, the lin-gering leave taking of the Sun, and in-

stinctively divised the secret. Her own inconstancy led her to look for it in all others. Softly she told her suspicions to changeless still. He had braved the countless storms which had broken upon them, fondly bending over to shelter her when the tempest leveled the glants of the woods; fondly bending over to hear her voice, lost in the roar of battle with the ship, and got all safe on board.

sweetly intered, curtous to know, and gazed and was ensuared.

She laughed her new joy to the Sun, and be told her that if she would forever sirg her sweet love-song for him, the crown should be forever hers. Fascinated, and to die for us. For who has loved us deceived, she began to sing her song for as Jesus has loved us? Who has done for

Again the Moon came and told the

Water.

I'me went by, and she grew more and more estranged, and began the parting which was forever.

Slowly, but surely, she followed the Sun up the stream, farther and farther from the Tree. Still he loved and trusted her. The mist of her presence kept fading away—it was gone. He whispered the love names, but she did not answer. He listened to the love-song; it was for another—the Sun. Heeaw her laughing, ecquetting with his rival, and watched him place the rainbow crown upon her. him place the rainbow crown upon her. He shook his withered arm defintly at the Sun; he stretched out the other ap pealingly to Lauguing Water. He reached after her in the tempest, striving to carees her, moaning his sorrow, hoping that he might be prostrated at her feet to die reclaiming her. In vain; she was lost forever. His great heart broke, and the Moon found him dying of sorrow.

And to this day, just below Minnehaha Falls, where once sang and played beauti ful Laughing Water, stands the Tree, the arms he stretched out after her folded away, the faithful lover dead—dead bee he lost her.

And, just so far as the years have estranged her, you can see Laughing Water singing to the Sun the song she once sarg to the Tree, and sometimes wearing the enchanting rainbow crown. But the elves have hung a cloud of spray over the water-mirror so that she spray over the water-mirror so that she cannot behold herself with the rainbow crown for which she proved faithless to her real lover, the Tree.

The value of a remedy should be estimated by its curative properties. According to this standard, Ayer's Sarssparilla is the best and most economical blood medicine in the market, because the most pure and concentrated. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

A CHILD'S INSTRUCTION IN RE. LIGION.

TWO SYSTEMS COMPARED—THE PRO-TESTANT WITH THE CATHOLIC. Protestant children have very little to learn at school in connection with their religious faith. All that they can gain is the impression which selected reading may imperceptibly make upon them. It is different, of course, with Catholic children. The echool is part of the Church. The school is part of the Church. teacher is ever teaching Catholic truth, in

the midst of secular teaching. Especially in the primary schools, the school is a religious nursery all the time.

THERE IS MORE TO BE TAUGHT THE

than the singing of a hymn, and there is more to be taught the grown boy and girl in the higher schools than the scriptural lesson for the Sunday. The Protestant boy and girl seem essentially equipped for life when they are proficient in singing the hymns of the denomination to which they belong and in having a fair idea of the biblical lessons of the Sunday-rchool book as expounded by the Sunday school teacher. CATHOLIC CHILD

voice made the leafy woods dance as the zephyrs wafted it to them; the birds hushed their liquid notes to the song of Laughing Water.

Her long hair hung down in flowing tresses to the water-mirror which lay at her feet; the mirror that the elves gave her that she might know how beautiful she was. Through the day, through the night, she sang on and on the same sweet love song to her wooer, the Tree.

The Tree grew, too, and stood by her side, strong and majestic. He spread his great arms out, so that the sun could not after the sun could not shine on his bride, his worshipped Laughing Water.

by and girl seem essentially equipped for life when they are proficient in singing the hymnes of the denomination to which they belong and in having a fair idea of the biblical lessons of the Sunday school book as expounded by the Sunday school the majority of Protestant children do not want any reside, strong and majestic. He spread his great arms out, so that the sun could not ship the sunday school the sunday school book as expounded by the Sunday school book as e

it is only when they have grown into boy-hood and girlhood that they really begin to understand the Catholic faith. It re-quires more than an hour on Sunday to unfold all the beauties and the full mean ing of the Incarnation of the Son of God, the sacraments of the Church, of the sublimity of the Sacrifice of the Mass, of the sacrament of penance, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the intercession of God's saints, and of the many and varied tenets, all of which in their completeness and helpfulness gird round the heart of youth a cordon of loving attachment to the true faith. This teaching never fades from the memory. There are few Catholics, no matter how far away they may have wandered in the busy world during a lifetime, who will not craye at the last hour for a priest. They are taught why in Catholic schools. But, as has been said, the Protestant protests against the necessity for such a religious belief, and of course as he is in the major ity he can afford to tell the Catholic tha such things do not belong to a school. So he takes the Catholic's money and says: "We can bring a horse to the river, but we can't make him drink."—N. Y. Catholic Review.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

A ship was far away upon the Atlantic Orean. A storm came on. The captain was below, the mate upon watch, when the cry rose, "A man overboard!"

The moon was bright, but the sea was running so high, and the danger so great, the Tree, but he shock his head scornfully and waved her away with the withered arm, while with the other he veiled the presence of the fishle one from his adored Laughing Water. Through all the changes of the changeful years his great heart was changeful years his great heart was let down late that terrible sea, but the wall heart the description.

and shows his love by risking his own life.

Far beyond this ought to be our love to
Him who came down to this world to live

PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME.

SENATOR COGGESHALL'S EXPLANA TION OF HIS ABSTINENCE. Senator Coggeshall allows nothing of Senstor Coggeshall allows nothing of an alcoholic nature to pass his lips, and this peculiarity has often excited comment in the gatherings of a social and political nature which his deties oblige him to attend. He has been so many times seked to explain his abstinence—which is sufficiently rare among law makers to be in some degree remarkable—that the matter head ranging through that the matter began running through the result was the following poem, save a Syracuse exchange. The "blue eyed lass' referred to is one of the Senator's children, and the words quoted are true to

What makes me refuse a social glass; well,
I'll tell you the reason why,
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever standing by.

And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the jost and merry glee,

As with baby grace sue kisses my face and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Then, what can I do to my lass to be true heter than let it pass by?

I know you'll not think my refusal to drink a breach of your courtesy;

For I hear ner repeat in accent sweet and her dear little form I see.

As, with loving emorace, she kisses my face and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most, whose doar little will I obey,
Whose influence sweat is guiding my feet over ite's tolisome way.
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine, from sorrow may she be free,
For with baby grace she hath kissed my face and said, ' Papa, be true to me,"

One person in each locality can aground said. Papa, be irue to me,"

ourn a good-sized bag of gold at work

some earn \$200 a day and upwords, and all get grand wages No
one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and
easy. Experience not accessary.
Capital not required; we start
you can live at home, giving
work all your time or spare time
only. One person has earned
\$500 during past few months;
you can do as well. No room to
here. Full particulars and information mailed FEEE to
howitis us at one. Better not delay if you want work at
you will be sare of earning a large sum of money

Catarrh

Is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this leathcome and angerous malady. Therefore, the only flective treatment is a thorough course (Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

I was troubled with catarrh for over we wo years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A ew bottles of this medicine cured me of his troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had hearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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woods; fondly bending over to cares her to voice, lost in the roar of battle with the elements; bending over to cares her, to receive her kiss, then rising with a knightly tossing of his kingly creat to beat back the wind ghouls that sought her. The incense of her presence, rising in a mist of radiance, had permeated every fibre of his being. His life had been, now was, to live for Laughing Water. He could not believe she ever would be faithless or untrue.

But one day the Sun came, and, stealless or untrue.

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CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, SARNIA, ONT.
This institution offers every advantage to young laddes who wish to receive a solid, useful and reflued education. Particular attention is paid to vocal and instrumental music. Board and tuition per annum, \$100. For further particulars apply to the Mother Superior, Box 303

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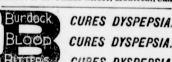
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