Our Symbol.

(By X. Y. Z. in Ave Maria.)

In the ancient story, Once a warrior high Saw a cross of glory Flaming in the sky; While around it reaching, Writ by hand divine, Ran the holy teaching, "Conquer by this Sign !"

Sign of our salvation Printed on the brow, Ever fresh relation Of a solemn vow, May we always love thee As our joy and pride, Looking still above thee

In the time of sorrow Peaceful we shall be, Since from it we borrow Lessons, Lord, of Thee. In the days of gladness We shall do Thy will; For Thy Cross of Sadness

To the Crucified!

Till the cord is broken Of our earthly part, Let us wear the token Near a loving heart; And when eyes are glazing With the final strife. Still upon it gazing,

Keeps us humble still.

Her Unbelief Helped.

Pass from death to life.

Grayson approached his wife. Constance, my darling, the doctor

says our little boy cannot live.' 'Let me have him,' she cried robbed and ruined pitied the poor sharply, dully, then with a low moan stricken mother, who had idolized of terror pushed past him to the him.

'Let me have him,' she cried sharply; 'give my baby to me.'

him to her warm bosom, 'mother's to indicate a disordered mind, belittle man, don't you know your yond an unquenchable melancholy. mother, baby?'

The gray shadows were closing in, the end of the journey was already in sight, but the mother cry pierced have you been ill?' boy's long lashes lifted.

mother's little boy,' then, with a sigh, his head fell heavily against died? I remember his mother worher arm.

She clasped him to her in an ecs-He knew me, doctor; he must him.

be stronger than you think; he spoke to me.

husband turned abruptly away. It heart had been torn from her body,' did not need the doctor's ' He's gone' slipped away from earth.

'Madam,' said one of the nurses,

gently, 'all is over !' echoing in her ears it was impossible to go and see Mrs. Greyson.'

doctors for letting him die; in the Why should not they let her be, next apologized gently for her dis- these well-meaning friends with courtesy, explaining with cold grav. their futile words of sympathy? ity that 'of course, she knew they 'Constance,' said old Mrs. Marshhad done their best; that it was not am, 'I heard of your great loss, and I their fault, but what chance had they have come to help you.' to save him, when everyone-the

to whom breaking mother-hearts sorrow herself recently. meant nothing ?'

It is God who is cruel, she cried, and bent dry-eyed over her child's still form.

When his nurse, the old servant came in softly, bringing fresh, fair He does not willingly inflict; that linen, she said again :

has torn my baby from me.'

Tears were on the old woman's cheeks.

' Don't say that honey,' she said don't say dat; the good Lord gaved yo' baby an' now He's jes called him sionate voice, 'my only son lay dyhome again. He's happy yonder !' He was happy here. He loved ful, happy-in love with life. The to some tastes. There is something everything-the birds, the flowers, the sunlight through the trees. Do me he could not recover; that it was you remember how he liked to run only a question of a few hours. in the wind, the breeze blowing When I heard the verdict I knelt through his curls? He didn't want down and prayed : to die; he tried to live; he ought to

would not let him stay. She laid him down with his head slightly turned, his cheek upon his hand, as she had often seen him lie in healthy, happy sleep; then, motioning the nurse away, crept up on monotonous, low-toned voice had the bed beside him. Her busband caught her attention. when he came in, found her thus, lying beside the child, smoothing his granted my prayer. He did what I hair and whispering tender words

into his dead ear. One after another the many wh loved her and whose hearts bled for her in her bereavement came and went away sore at heart; girl companions of her own, awed and fright ened by her tearless grief, friends of her mother's, men comrades of her husbaud-all who had loved the little lad. The room was filled with flowbunch of violets on the baby's pillow. Her husband leaned over her tenderly; then someone came in-a mat she had never seen before who pproached her reverently, seking

All Stuffed Up from catarrh, especially in the morning Great difficulty is experienced in clear-

ing the head and throat. No wonder catarrh causes headache impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must lead tonic. constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Hugh Rudolph, West Liscomb, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

permission to measure the tiny form. The morning after the baby's death Miss Allen, one of the nurses who had cared for him, was called to the telephone by the doctor.

'I suspect you are tired,' he said, and I would like you to rest, but old Mrs. Marsham needs you. I don't think she will be a very great strain on your strength.'

'Mrs. Marsham?' 'Yes, the mother of Marsham, defaulter. She has been failing ever since his indictment, and conviction last Friday was, I suppose, the last straw. She is not in bed, not actually ill, but weak, nervous, not quite

Mrs. Marsham received Miss Allen kindly; she was a handsome old lady with snow-white hair and the saddest eyes the nurse thought she had ever seen. She had been the great lady of the town, the generous dispenser of hospitality, and an well was she beloved that the 'Constance,' he began slowly, righteous wrath of the community against her son did not touch her. The very poor people whom he had

Her anguish of mind was written on her lined face; her spirit's misery looked from her weary eyes. There 'Archie,' she crooned, gathering was nothing in her manner, however,

> When the purse returned, after removing her hat, she said gently: 'You do not look very strong;

even the cold ear of death. To the 'No; but I have been nursing a bewilderment of the watchers the very sick patient. He was an only child. I daresay you know his

'Mother,' he said distinctly, people, the Archibald Greysons?' 'Yes, yes; so the little fellow

shipped him.' 'Oh, she did, Mrs. Marsham, she did: and we tried so hard to save

'She is resigned to her loss?' Resigned! I have never seen But at that triumphant cry her anyone less so; it was as though the

'There are crueler losses than to tell bim that the struggle had death,' said old Mrs. Marsham, and been in vain, that the tired spirit, as the nurse did not reply she gazed freed from its earthly bounds, had thoughtfully out of the open win-

'Miss Allen,' she said, after an interval of deep thought, 'will you But with the boy's soft tones still ring for my carriage? I should like

to convince her, and when the truth To Constance Greyson brooding finally beat its way into her con- beside her child-who in a few hours sciousness she was as one bereft of now would be taken from her forever-there came the sound of a In one breath she upbraided the dragging step, she looked up wearily.

A faint gleam came into Mrs.

whole, wide, miserable world-was Greyson's eyes. She remembered at the mercy of a relentless power dimly that Mrs, Marsham had known 'Thank you,' she said coldly, 'but

sympathy does me no good.' 'I have not come to sympathize.'

Mrs. Grevson frowned. 'Then perhaps you have come to who had been with her all her life, remind me that God is good; that in all things He is ever merciful and 'God is very cruel, mammy. He loving?' The mockery in her tone

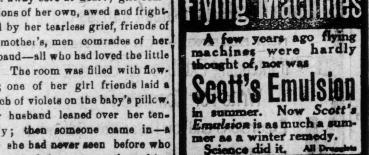
was indescribable. Mrs. Marsham walked to the foot of the bed. She stood looking down at the little flower-wreathed figure,

'Years ago,' she began in a pasing. He was a mere child, beautidoctors had given him up; they told

"Spare him to me, O Lord; spare have lived, but God was ornel. He my only son! Over and over again entreated; not for strength, not for moral force, not for will to resist evil and turn away from sin-only that his life might be spared to me."

Mrs. Greyson was listening; the

'As you know, Constance, God besought Him to do = spared my son's life-spared him that he might dishonor his father's name, ruin



those who had trusted him, and bring particular commendation. But textmy gray bair in shame to the grave. ual weakness counts, after all, for but

'Don't be frightened,' she said, inevitable. leading the now exhausted old lady During its week at the Gaiety

trouble lately; she insisted on comng to you; she seemed to think-' She broke off, startled by the

hange in her listener's face. Its hardness had melted, its bitter had hitherto distinguished them. It was as though a veil had been lifted, giving to her understanding a sudden vision of divine love.

Breaking into tears, she turned

and laid her cheek on the boy's. 'Archie,' she whispered tenderly, dear little boy, mother's innocent, stainless little child, I give you back to God. I would not keep you. He knows what is best for you, my precious. Father in heaven, slipping to her knees, ' help Thou my unbelief. Teach me to pray Thy will be done, Thy will be done on earth, as'tis in heaven .- Exchange.

Music In Ireland.

Ireland's annual musical festival he Feis Ceoil, went off this May with a success which was decided and cheering. In the number o solo entries and attendance at the ompetition a record was established. falling away in the quantity and quality of choral work presented As to the comparative success of town and country, this year marks a things redolent of Ireland find strong slight but decided gain of the provinces upon the Dablin monopoly Choirs for Newry, Sligo, Bangor and Thomastown gave a good account of and, Mr. Edmund O'Sullivan.

More remarkable perhaps than the drama ever achieved by an Irishman. Feis Ceoil has been the week of Irish -LEINSTER, in America. opera, which followed it. Mr. Robert O'Dwyer's "Eithne" was first heard last autumn at the Oireachtas, when it was an unquestioned success: the performance however being by no means ideal, a more has been very satisfactory. satisfactory rendering was eagerly We shall put forth every ef

been secured. text in the Irish language is a nov. possible service.—R. F. Madelty striking enough to merit atten- digan. tion, even were its music of no special value. "Eithne," however, has won the applause of the best judges as a remarkable and pleasing work WARITIME of art. It manifests considerable power of melodic creation, command of the resources of harmony and instrumentation, aptness of dramatic

expression and a genial skill in work. ng up fine ensemble effects. A study of the first act will fully prove
Mr. O'Dwyer's possession of these gifts. Everywhere we feel the thoroughly competent musician. though there may be room for more developed and easy power; frequently we do acknowledge the resence of something greater than mere musicianship-of feeling, im-

agination, inventiveness.

If we proceed to Act II. we find the same gifts manifested in new and perhaps more popular ways— at least all goes well until we reach Halifax the last scene or two, in which the composer's inspiration somewhat falls off. A danger seems to haunt the musician-a danger not always escaped by the very greatest -of writing himself out during the course of a long work, and rushing on to its conclusion, while inspiration lags behind. Is there not something of this in the Creation," not to mention many an opera? Often, alas, it is the sheer necessities of the day and the hour, of

Elijah," in "The Messiah," in "The bread and taxes, that turn the Mozart or the Schubert, as well as the Schiller or the Shakespeare, into Art's mere sweating journeyman. However, as regards " Eithne," the end did not fall short of other parts

in the power of capturing applause. All sections of the work appeal at least for the severe, something for the frivolous, something for the national enthusiast, something for the connoisseur, who, Bacou-like, takes all music for his province. There is a good deal of Irish coloring in turns of phrase and scale effects-markedly in some sections, hardly at all in others. There are traces of Wagner's influence in a use (not very extensive) of lead. ing themes, and in the harmonic subtleties of orchestral and choral writing always careful and sometimes very

elaborate. Finally there are many suggestions of Verdi, and perhaps of Balfe, in climaxes and bravura effects which might seem a little trivial to a highand-dry critic of German predictions. This electicism of style may (and we hope will) prove a transient phase, leading the composer into a future Will style of more firmly compact individu ality. But meantime its effect on "

bearers is quite pleasant. The composer has not been very happily guided in his choice of a story, It is a romantic fairy legend from Ire land's pagan past, but it rather lacks coherence and unity. It lends Itself to mere picturesque scenic effects, but not to moments of dramatic fervor The Irish and English texts call for no

Her voice rose so loud that the little in an opera. The world, we nurse, waiting in the hall, hurried fancy, has long ago resigned itself to libretto shortcomings as more or less

Theatre, the reception of "Eithne' Mrs. Marsham had had great was uniformly enthusiastic. The composer had repeatedly to express his acknowledgments. Unfortunate ly, the number of those who neglected

to attend was unduly large, so that at

the end of the week Mr. O'Dwyer had ness died away, into her eyes came to announce a loss to his own pocket that soft, beautiful expression that of nearly £200. This is a deplorable consummation to a record of the toils of genius. At this rate of encourageflooding her soul with sunlight and ment Ireland can hardly look forward to the appearance on her stage of many more Irish operas. Numerous explanations have been suggested, but

> they are not very satisfactory. The most valid appears to be the unfortunate incidence of the King's death, and the consequent lack of Viceregal patronage. One might have believed, however, that there was in the country a force or collection of forces sufficient to secure, without the smiles of Dublin-Castle, the success of a work which does honor to Irish music and the

Irish language. The Irish revival is to be credited with the birth of "Eithne;" must we suppose it incapable of nurturing its children after they are born?

Whatever may be the answer to those questions, it is to foreign lands O'Dwyer, supported by Mr. Joseph MENT. O'Mara and other admirers, now looks for solace and reimbursement. There Against this may be set off a slight are good hopes of a prosperous coming-out in London. It is extremely to be desired that the great cities of the United States, especially wherever est support, may soon have opportunities of judging for themselves of the value and interest of "Eithne." We have little doubt that every adehemselves, while the gold medal for quate performance will multiply by tenor solo singing was carried off by hundreds its admirers - those who young amateur from Valencia Is- will judge this work to be not inferior to anything in the range of musical

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boys to come back. When had we better hold it ?"

Diphtheria

should say."

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"And who's the gent talking to "Sh-h! Not so loud. That's the sporting editor."

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remedies but only received temporary re-

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