

LANG UPON BURNS.

Mr. Andrew Lang's preface to the new edition of Burns contains this brilliant passage:—
Montaigne, in a well-known phrase, has defined man as *outgoing of divers*. In Burns, who was so essentially human, these qualities, fluctuating and changeable, were carried, like all the elements of his nature, to a power almost without precedent. He was, on different occasions, excessive in passion, in remorse; oblivious of his regret, he erred, repented, boasted; again he could be tender with the tenderness of Shakespeare, or hard, till the mood was over; he was proud and would humble himself, till his letters, in the vehemence and the instability of their emotions, remind us of the letters of Coleridge. Through all the vicissitudes of humors, the sorrow, the remorseful or the self-willed despairs, his guiding stars were courage and faith. His creed was not orthodox, indeed, but it was sincere; he never lost sight and touch of the spiritual. When Bloomfield, the rustic English poet, was told to "remember Burns," he said that he did remember him, but that the warning was needless; he had neither Burns's power nor Burns's passions. That mysterious thing which they call genius has very seldom been associated in modern men at once with force and with balance. Coleridge, Shelley, Musset, Byron, were all partakers with Burns in a rapidity, variety, and intensity of emotion which were incompatible with a "donee," comfortable, tranquil existence. In his case the accident of social position emphasized, in a constant series of contrasts, much that was not peculiar to him, but the ordinary modern attendant of a genius with out equilibrium. It is hardly conceivable that, in any rank, with any education, Burns could have preserved his balance as Wordsworth, Scott, Goethe, Shakespeare and the majority of their classical peers, succeeded in doing. He never could have been happy, no more than Cowper, no more than Byron, no more than Shelley and Coleridge. He was born to beat his wings against the bars of his prison, even if they were no more closely confining than the *flammantia mania mundi*. The world of all these great men, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Burns, was a secure society, like that of *Echylus* and *Sophocles*, but was rent with earthquake, and darkened with eclipse. These reflections may be fantastic; they are only meant to indicate the writer's belief that Burns happy, or cured his inconsolable discontent. His spleen, no doubt, was inflamed by poverty, by the unreasoning of a man whose genius has taken him into a sphere where he was not born, and where, for want of money, he could not always and easily move. This made part of his misery, but in any other rank than his own he could not, of course, have become the immortal voice of labor, the immortal proof that poverty cannot destroy or depress genius. Burns was born to revive and reassert the Scotch spirit as it would have been but for Puritanism. In him lives all the mirth, the sensuousness, the joy in mundane existence, which the reformers did their best to stamp out. The merry Scotland that had been jolly at Christ's Kirk on the green, or in Peebles at the play, awakes in him, but awakes in wrath as well as in mirth. In him folk song and folk romance, never wholly extinct, become consequently artistic. He is not, in poetry, an innovator, but a "continuator." He always has a model in the music and the lyrics of the people, in the humor and the measures of Lindsay and Dunbar, in the passion of the ballad singers. It is into the dry bones of tradition and the stifled consciousness of a people that he breathes new life. As this revival coincided with the general European revolution, it had all the more influence on literature, especially on Wordsworth, on Scott, and on a poet so unlike Burns in style and quality as Keats. "A" contributors are in a manner fierce, says the Ettrick Shepherd, and most writers on Burns are fierce too, in a manner. Mr. Carlyle was fierce, of course, and in his essay on Burns he says that the whole poetry of Keats "consists in a weak eye, maudlin sensibility, and a certain vague, rambling tunefulness of nature," echoing in less odious terms the old brutalities of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Keats, in fact, in his "Letters," displays a sympathy with Burns and a lucidity of judgment worth much more than all the frothy rhetoric of Christopher North, for example. "We can see horribly clear in the works of such a man his whole life, as if we were God's spies," says Keats. That is the precise truth. No life of Burns is needed, much less any moralizing on his life, by a reader of his poems. He has drawn it without relenting. If he is drunk, or has the spleen, if he is tender or fatuous, indignant or grateful, kind or unkind, repentant, resolute, maudlin or in revolt, even so he writes, and the verse is alive to testify to it.

Mr. Lang demolishes ruthlessly Thomas Carlyle's regrets for what Burns might have been, if he had been born with means to go to the University:—
It is awful to think of, but he might have died a Professor of Moral Philosophy, like Christopher North. Burns, one cannot say it too strongly, is quite good enough as he is. He was a careful and conscientious artist, he gave the needful attention to his work, altering and improving, but not more. He could not have bettered "Tam O'Shanter," or "Hallow E'en" or "The Jolly Beg-

gars," if he had been steeped in Longinus and Quintilian, Dr. Blair, his rhetoric, and the writings of Boileau. A man's work, after all, is what he could do, and had to do. One fails to see how any change of worldly circumstances could have bettered the true work of Burns.—Boston Pilot.

IT WAS A PRETTY SPECTACLE.

I have just returned from witnessing, in this charming capital of the Grand Duchy, one of the prettiest spectacles at which it has been my lot to assist, writes a correspondent of the *Tablet* under the date of June 22 from Luxembourg. To me the custom is quite new; perhaps, however, it may be known elsewhere. I refer to the Rose Mass of the children in honor of St. Aloysius, as that saint is the special patron of children of the primary schools. This year, however, the feast falling on a Sunday, the celebration and the holiday had very naturally been transferred to to-day—Monday. The day opened with a High Mass for the children in the cathedral at 8 a. m., and the sight within the walls of the edifice was this morning an exceedingly pretty one. The church was filled up with all the children from the primary schools of both the city parishes—the Cathedral itself and St. Michael's. They troop in, clad in their very best, each school with its banner borne proudly at the head; and each single boy and girl, great and small, rich and poor—and herein lies the special character of this celebration—carries in his or her hand a small bouquet of roses, generally two or three blossoms in each, sometimes more, red or white, or tea roses, as the case may be. The girls fill to overflowing the gospel side of the church and the boys the epistle side. The high altar, over which presides in all her splendor, the much venerated image of Our Lady of Luxembourg (the famous Madonna of Kevelser is a copy of this) is resplendent with lights; on the sanctuary steps, facing the great crowd of little ones, is a statue of St. Aloysius, also surrounded with candles and flowers; whilst opposite in the dark corner of the cathedral, near the great door, stands the grim, empty sarcophagus, with its carved *Pieta* and attendant figure of the blind King John of Bohemia, about whose death at the battle of Crecy our own school-children are taught (and whose bones lie not here, but on top of the steep hill of Kastel, near Treves). The entire body of roses, densely packed with orderly and devotional children, row upon row of lads and lassies bearing proudly their bunches of roses in honor of the saint, all with bright and smiling faces, far is not to day to be a whole holiday and is not the weather just perfect? And so the big organ rolls out the opening notes, the choir chants the "Introit," and the "Rose Mass" has begun. At its close, the children, marshalled in orderly files, come to offer their roses at the foot of their patron's statue and for some hours after their departure, not only the empty cathedral itself, but the neighboring streets also, are still filled with the faint, sweet odor.

Arnold and Newman.

A charming page in the newly-published "Letters of Matthew Arnold" is that which tells of his meeting with Cardinal Newman. He writes:—
On Thursday I got a card from the Duchess of Norfolk, for a party that evening to meet Newman. I went, because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman. I met A. P. S. (Dean Stanley) at dinner at the Buxtons, and he was deeply interested and excited at my having the invitation to meet the Cardinal. He hurried me off the moment dinner was over, saying, "This is not a thing to lose." Newman was in costume—not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap. He was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on the other side and a chaplain on the other; and people filed before him as before the queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. The eloquent passage in which the apostle of "sweetness and light" explains "why the Roman Catholic Church will always have a strong attraction for the man of imagination" is well known, says the *Ave Maria*; it was his scholarship and not his imagination that made him write of the well known historian of the English people: "I am glad to hear from Green... that the more he looks into Puritanism, and indeed into the English Protestant Reformation generally, the worse is his opinion of it all."

A Dead Bargain.

A merry prelate was the late Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland. He had a piano of his which he desired to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck at a price which the Bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse, and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the Bishop in high dudgeon.
"Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano home in a hearse?" The Bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered:—
"Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

A VISIT TO THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE.

Rev. Thomas J. Melish, one of the most noted Protestant ministers in Cincinnati, gives his impressions of a late visit he paid to the shrine of St. Anne, Quebec, in the following letter to the *Times Star*:—
"A person does not need to cross the Atlantic to come into thoroughly European cities. Montreal and Quebec remind one much of Paris, and the French language you hear on every side and the French signs at every turn complete the illusion. I have been surprised to see the splendid improvements in churches and public buildings in Toronto, Montreal and Quebec since my last visit to Canada twenty years ago. The churches, especially, are elegant. I think Europe has no finer church than Notre Dame, Montreal, while St. Peter's cathedral in its vastness reminds one of St. Peter's at Rome, of which it is a copy in reduced size. During my stay in Quebec, St. Anne's day of the Roman calendar occurred, and the anniversary is made a great occasion always at St. Anne de Beaupre, twenty-two miles from Quebec. A pilgrimage occurs here every year from every part of the Dominion. Hearing wonderful things of the miraculous cures effected on these occasions, I determined to be a pilgrim."
"I found St. Anne's a really splendid church, its walls and pillars of colored variegated marble, its walls adorned with fine paintings and statuary, its grand altar a lofty erection of white marble, loaded with flowers, and perhaps twenty-five or thirty side chapels and altars. But the most impressive picture of all was the pyramids of crutches, some of adults and some of children. These were all evidently worn by use and had been left in the church by people who had been healed of infirmities. As far as I could see, from a visit of only one day, the cures were not effected by any manipulations or personal work of priests, but occurred during the continuance of the religious services. These have continued now for about a week and end to-day. They are very fervent, and the whole atmosphere of the place seems to be full of electricity or magnetism. Services are kept up every day, beginning with early Mass at 5 o'clock and continuing throughout the day. The church was full at every service and the Father who preached was very fervent and eloquent. Most of the sermons are in French, as the pilgrims are chiefly French Canadians. I heard one earnest sermon in French. It was entirely extempore, without notes, by a young priest. At the close he offered a fervent extempore prayer, wholly addressed to St. Anne. He began, "O bonne Sainte Anne," and throughout it was addressed to her with earnest ejaculations. "Obonne Sainte Anne, priez pour nous," frequently repeated. One cannot but be impressed by the simple and fervent faith of all participating. It would be well if we, who claim a better apprehension of religious truth, could equal them in faith and fervency."

The Bible Alone.

The trial of a "heretic" in the Presbyterian Church two years ago put practically before the public the ancient but unanswered difficulty about the "Bible alone" as a rule of faith says the *Ave Maria*. Since that time even the secular newspapers of discernment have insisted that Protestants have no right to anathematize heretics until they agree upon an intelligible canon of belief and a definite code of dogma. One point is certain: the "Bible only" theory will never regain its old ascendancy over men of thought. Mr. Balfour is only one of many cultured and out-spoken Protestants who have publicly abandoned this folly; for in his study of "The Philosophy of Belief" he says:—
"Indeed when we reflect upon the character of the religious books and of the religious organization through which Christianity has been built up; when we consider the variety in date, in occasion, in authority, in context, in spirit, in development, which mark the first; the stormy history and the inevitable division which marks the second; when we further reflect on the astonishing number of the problems—linguistic, critical, metaphysical and historical which must be settled, at least in some preliminary fashion, before either the books or the organizations can be supposed entitled by right of rational proof to the position of impossible guides, we can hardly suppose that we were intended to find in these the logical foundations of our system of religious belief, however important be the part which they were destined to play in producing, fostering and directing it."

Live up to Your Privileges.

If we read of some fine fabric made in some foreign country which gave protection from cold, providing a healthful warmth in all sorts of weather, we would consider it wonderful and be envious of the people who could take advantage of it. But because Fibre Chamois is quite inexpensive and easy to get perhaps some have not yet tested its merits and found out for themselves the splendid winter comfort a layer of it will impart to all outdoor garments. Its weather-proof qualities are genuine, founded on the fact that it is made entirely from Spruce Fibre, and is therefore a complete non-conductor of cold. This, as well as its light weight, makes it an ideal addition to every one's fall and winter clothing.

PRIEST AND PYTHONESS.

How Abbe Valadier Exposed "the Angel Gabriel."

Mlle. Couedon, "the Angel Gabriel," as her votaries called her, after going up like a rocket has come down like a stick, says a Paris dispatch to the *London News*. She has not even obtained a gilded retirement, after all her notoriety, for the £2000 damages she claimed in a recent libel case were reduced to £5, and the extra postmen who groaned under the weight of mail bags addressed to her have been withdrawn.
Before allowing Mlle. Couedon to sink into oblivion, the following interview with Abbe Valadier, the very respected chaplain of La Roquette, who speeds the parting criminals on the scaffold, may be interesting, as the conclusion of one of the most curious chapters on superstition in modern times. The abbe, by an ingenious stratagem, compelled the lady to confess that she was no more a *voyante* than fortune tellers, who are allowed to fool credulous people at French fairs.
Anxious to see the "Angel Gabriel" for himself, the abbe called in the Rue du Paradis, and, on handing in his card, he was immediately received. On seeing him the *voyante* began, as usual, to pour forth "bouts rimes" which meant nothing. The priest, in interrupting asked whether he could speak to the "angel." Mlle Couedon made some mysterious signs, turned round and round in her chair, and said, "Now you can question the angel."
"Cur dixit angelus"—began the abbe.
"I beg your pardon," remarked Mlle Couedon; "but if you speak Latin, the angel does not understand."
The abbe held under his arm a box containing apyx, in which there is usually a consecrated Host. "Can this 'angel' see inside this?" he asked.
"Certainly."
"What is inside, then?"
The *voyante* sought to turn the conversation by reciting psalms and disconnected sentences.
"Suppose," said the abbe, "it was a consecrated Host?"
"Oh, then, the 'angel' would go down on his knees and pray."
"Then, said the priest, rising, and in a solemn tone, 'the 'angel' must know whether or not I have a host in this box."
Mlle. Couedon dropped on her knees. Tears flowed from her eyes. The 'angel' was speaking through her. "He knows the host is in the box, he sees it, and he adores it."

Missions to Non-Catholics.

For years the Paulist Fathers have given missions to non-Catholics, and always with gratifying success. Of late they are making an organized effort to reach the American masses outside the fold. In co-operation with the local diocesan clergy they have established many permanent missions throughout the United States, so that missionary work is now pushed with a vigor unknown before, and the results are surprising. According to the New York press one hundred thousand conversions to Catholicism took place last year in the United States. Doubtless some credit is due the A. P. A. for these numerous conversions, as that insane crusade has brought many to the study and right understanding of Catholicism with the usual result. But a larger credit is due to the Paulist Fathers, who have worked for that purpose with untiring zeal and devotion. *The Missionary*, a journal edited by them, gives each month the names of notable converts, and more complete details of missionary progress than one can obtain elsewhere. The Missionary Union is a large and growing society incorporated for the purpose of providing financial support for the missions to non-Catholics.
This work ought to be encouraged. As Bishop Horstmann observes: "It is time for the Catholic Church in the United States to take up this work. The harvest is great and the laborers are few. I bless God for the good work done in my diocese during the past two years by Paulist missionaries. The same work is to be done throughout the country."—New World.

Irish Purity.

The recent report of the Registrar-General for Ireland pays tribute to the personal purity of the Irish race. So very small is the percentage of illegitimate births in Catholic parts of the country that the Registrar-General has thought it worthy of special comment. In Connaught, where the population is almost entirely Catholic, there is only one illegitimate birth to every thousand children born. In Ulster, where Catholics and Protestants are about equal, thirty-nine of every thousand children are born out of wedlock. For the population of the whole of Ireland the illegitimate birth rate was twenty-seven per one thousand. There is no country which can furnish such striking figures to prove national morality. Ireland has little wealth and much sorrow, but in obedience to the sixth commandment, in purity of thought, word and deed, she leads the way.
Only the sufferer knows the misery of dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases of this disease.

Agnosticism a Decaying Creed.

There are many indications, says the *Ave Maria*, that Agnosticism, "the climax of logical inconsistency and the height of intellectual presumption," is a decaying creed. Even Spencer, the prophet of the new sect, posits the existence of God as an indispensable first principle both of knowing and of being; and some of his whilom disciples now openly declare that God is not concealed from mortal ken; that, after all, we really do, "see through a glass darkly" and "know in part." In a recently-published essay President Schurman, of Cornell University, refers to Agnosticism as "a passing fever of juvenile free thinking, a transitional and temporal phase of thought."
We cannot, of course, accept his opinion that there will ever be a reinterpretation of the idea of God which has hitherto been held by the great majority of believers; though many misconceptions of the Deity on the part of those who have had no infallible guide may be dispelled. Agnosticism is due, not to the advance of knowledge, but to the decay of understanding. "Unless you believe you shall not understand." Dr. Schurman says:
"The human mind can no more surrender its belief in God than its belief in a world or in a self. Contemporary agnosticism, strange as it may sound, is in part due to the great advance which knowledge has made during the last half century; it is blindness from excess of light. The astonishing results of scientific investigation have given us new insight into the physical universe and the life of mankind; and though, in consequence of the immanence of the infinite in the finite, every enlargement and rectification of our view of man and nature must also involve growth in our knowledge of God, the first effect of this advance has been merely a revolt against the partial and inadequate representations of God which popular thought has inherited from the ages that antedate the birth of modern science. But the agnostic fever seems already to be burning out."

A "Popish" Scare.

Frederick Harold in a cable letter from London, says: "Since the rather extraordinary incident occurred of Catholic seamen belonging to the British Mediterranean squadron being received at the Vatican by the Pope in their uniform, the alarm at the previously suspected Catholic movement inside the Anglican Church in England has been spreading swiftly. One hears of Protestant parties organizing in various parts of England for the purpose of imposing an anti-Catholic pledge upon Parliamentary candidates in the future, and all sorts of rumors are circulating about a secret understanding between Rome and a large section of the Anglican clergy. Lots of Ritualistic priests have been wearing barettes for a long time, instead of the old collegiate "mortarboards," but now it is said that the baretta is being taken up by numbers of the younger clergymen hitherto not prominent in the Ritualistic movement. It will not be surprising if soon there is no organized 'no Popery' agitation throughout the country."

Old History of a Church.

For the first time Mass was celebrated last Sunday in the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, Powell street, near East New York avenue, Brooklyn. This church, which has a singular history, was blessed on Monday previous by Bishop McDonnell. Father Stephen Gesraldi is its pastor. It was originally built for the Congregation of the Holy Family, but on the amalgamation of the Powell street with the Beecher Memorial congregation it was handed over to Mr. Wooley. Mr. Wooley leased it to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and James Shapiro, a Hebrew orator, preached in it for a year without much success in the way of converting.
It was then sold to Thomas Trueman, an Englishman, who converted the building into a Mormon temple, where the doctrines of Joseph Smith were preached thrice every week. No conversions followed, the temple was not self-supporting and Mr. Trueman leased the building to the Salvation Army. The Army drummed and pruned away until last spring, and finally Bishop McDonnell purchased it for use of the Italian Catholics of that section of Brooklyn, of whom there are three or four thousand.

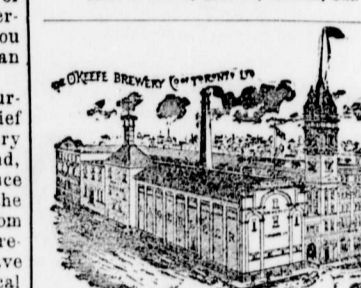
Still Another Triumph.

Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectic Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

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How foolish to suppose our souls by you. "Where your treasure your heart be also." sake of the world and world we forsake Chr we show where our tr what service we are.

If our easy-going c appreciate the enorm sin, he would but adm in condemning a so mortal sin. It is a single act which we c for which the leprosy w the moral leprosy w sinner capable of s crime. No words can scribe the awful lepro that soul which is in state. When it becomes state, after death, i greater hell for it to st of its outraged Creato the miseries of that where there is weepin and gnashing of teeth be brought before the of God, before who angels veil their fa wings, it will cry ou to cover it and the h the sight of God.

Let not our easy think, therefore, that of small consequence. taken if they think the of penance will do them. If any man g without doing his sh repenting of the pas purposing to walk in commandments for the state of that man is first. By no trickery heaven; God requires ice and a whole-souled

But he caps the clin thinks to put off his old age. "To day "What man, by taki add one cupit to his can count upon a d year? But even if upon an old age, who shall become truly co is apparent that the our conversion is the sinning any more? the magical charm friends would have it make a foul sign of sleight of hand. God worst sinner in a mo the penitent thief. I that He has done so case? Let us not t He cannot be mocked. clearly that we must all our hearts, or we We must choose be Mammon. It is in choose. Which shall Mammon?

By a singular c memorials were unvei the 15th ult.: one to and the other to Card there could be no dou these brilliant men all especially to honor o which was refused a memorial to Newman and represents the robed and holding th his hand. One who unveiling thus descri "The face is finely ch the impress of cultur which one is accus portraits of the Cardin faraway look of the ch finely portrayed; and is added to the appear able figure by the im and the Child which monument—placed o dome, gracefully ou ported by substantial not help thinking the figure looks, as it teeming multitudes metropolis, though th hushed, and the stry no longer clasp th and the sanctity of and breathe, and th harbinger of the Seco buried within the ton

A Million Good

would not bring happi foring with dyspepsa rilla has cured many this disease. It tones the bowels and puts al system in good workin good appetite and give health.
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