JAN: 23. 1869.

71

The state of the s To lovely Florence, peaceful still, The tide of war rished on.
Where towers and pointed minerets
In hoes respired not shone; Then fieres and arrong the monult burst With presention wild.
Germanic legions insessoring
Toxilon Christiaus mild.

A thousand ills at once were bred, A thousand terrors rose, A thousand hearts were crused to dust By fierce Tutonic foes;
With "hersey" its battle-axe,
And "hatred" for its shield,
And "Personnion" its watchword
To force God's Church to yield.

in the second

III. Firm in a claister's shaded cell, Assembled to reclaim The wavering, fallen, and infirm, And those sunk low in shame, Sat seven boly, faithful monks, Their heads bent low in grief, To see the progress of discord And hateful unbelief.

When lo! a vision beautiful, Respleadent as a star, Respications at a star,
Appeared before this constant band
Like beacon from afar,
The Queen of Heaven barself it was,
While mute and speechless now The seven true monastics pause, And gaze upon her brow.

"My children." She sweatly said,
"I'll shelter and defend
If you for m, "Seven Dolers" spread Your services you'll lend"; Then forth embarked for Britan's shore Those seven pilgrims true, From brothers and from country bore Our Lady's chosen crew.

Ah noble purpose well pursued,
And promise well fulfilled!

How many souls have thus been saved By p inciples installed. By the example of those faithful men
Whose followers are found
All over carth, devoted still? In heaven they'll all be crowned.

Brockville, Ont., Jan. 11th, 1889.

IRELAND'S PRETTY GIRLS.

A correspondent says that only the American girls surpass the Irish ladies in beauty. Though their features are generally irregular, they lead the Frailish women in safe American Landich was a landich with the landich women in safe and the landich was a landich with the landich women in safe and the landich was a landich with the landich women in safe and the landich was a landich with the landich wa the Euglish women in soft, creamy complexions, their large appealing, gray-blue eyes and long lashes and sort of indefinable charm and demure lashes and sort of indefinable charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. "Every third Irish woman," wrote the Queen in her diary, when last visiting the country, "is beautiful and some of them remarkably so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely." Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the Emeral Isle. Go where you will. I defe you to find an Irish woman who you will, I defy you to find an Irish woman who is otherwise than naturally distinguished—the very barmaide being superior in hearing and speech to many English duchesses.

CARE OF THE HANDS. One who has suffered from chapped hands says:—With care the hands may be kept smooth, even by those who handle the disheloth. For cleaning the hands use catmeal instead of soap, or a little ammonia or borax in the water they are washed in. Be careful to dry them thoroughly every time they are washed, and then to apply a little vaseline or cold orsam, wining the hands after the application. Oxalic acid in a weak solution will remove stains, or, what is better, a bit of lemon, for oxalic acid is poison and mass not be permitted to touch an abraded part of the skin. At night rub oatmeal over the hands and wear a pair of gloves a size or two large. This is especially for those who, after their housework is done, sit down to the paino or occupy themselves with fine sawing or silk embroidery.

AN IMPOSING LOOKING NURSE. One of the striking figures to be seen every pleasant afterno n uonn our broad promenades, says the Washington Post, is the foreign nurse of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McKay's little tob of a daughter. She presents quite an imposing spectacle in her long full cloak of dark blue cloth, bordered with a band of red, and her head, surmounted with a Russian bonnet, head-dress of puffed white tulle, from which extends down the back to the edge of the skirt two sash breath ribbons of scarlet moire, while by her side trots the dainty white-robed figure of the infant, all unconscious of the many curious glaness directed toward them. But then Washington is a city of strange sights, and even the German Minister's novel turn out, with gaudy coachman in glittering regimentals and floating yellow plume, has ceased to attract attention except from an occasional stranger in our metro-

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

The Princers of Wales is forty-four years old, but in the shaded light of an opera box or when arrayed in full court dress (a toilet which she wears with infinite grace) she does not look a day over thirty. It seems impossible that the lovely lady can be the mother of her two tall sons, to say nothing of the two plain girls, her eldest daughters, with whom she is seen in public. Her eldest sen, Prince Albert Victor, looks a good deal like her, but it is a resemblance of caricature. His countenause reproduces that of his mother, with an added element of heaviness and stupidity. Only one of his three sisters is pretty and that is the youngest, the Princess Mand. The real beauty of the family is the second son, Prince George, who is a fresh complexioned, blonds bearded young fellow, a typical English youth, full of gayety and sprightliness, but taking more after his fat-her's family than after his beautiful mother. The English nation has always idelized the, Princess of Wales on account of her fair face and winning manners.

CELEBRATED OLD MAIDS. Look at the list of old maids. Elizabeth of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brillian literary age of the English-speaking people. Her political acumen was put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be-called the mother of the Waverly novels. Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were Thaddeus of Warsaw and The Scottish Chiefs, which have moved the hearts of millions, with excitement and bears; Joanna Ballie, poet and play writer, was "one of em," Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of lukermann and Balaklaya hospitals, has to the present, written "Miss" before her name. The man who should marry her might well craye to take the name of Nightingale. Sister Dora, the mave spirit of English pest houses, whose story is as a helpfull evangel was the bride of the world's sorrow only. And then, what names could the writer and the reader add the stock of a gun. Look at the list of old maids. Elizabeth of Dora the thing spirit of English past houses, whose story is as a helpfull evange, was the An unavoidable breach of the piece—The bride of the world search would be an illed by a deitlet, what names could the writer and the reader odd story. It is a secret still, and after all a flourage they will please you.

What names could the writer and the reader odd story is a secret still. The angle of they will please you.

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What names could the writer and the reader odd story is a secret still. The angle of they will please you.

What names could the writer and the reader odd story is a secret still. The angle of they will please you.

of those whom the great world may not know, but we know, and the little world of the village the church, the family know and prize beyond all worlds !

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THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

It is for the woman whose husband works hard to earn money that I propose this special and superior education to enable her to spare and spend his money as well and wisely as he same it. It is most necessary for the poor man's wife's to know the value of money and the nature of money's worth. The cost, value, and wise way of using her fuel is to her and hers a first need. The first principles of cookers are to her vital conditions of existence. She, ab we all, should know how to select good fond, to cook it wholeknow how to select good food, to cook it wholesomely and nutritiously, to mix good driuks, to
buy cheaply, and to get good measure and exact
quantities of all she wants; to make all her
markets wiself and well: to buy all of the best,
and all at a moderate price; that is her special
wisdom. How to clothe her children, her busband and herself with good, lasting, warm stuffs;
to select them herself, to cut them herself, to
sew them herself—there is occupation, enjoyment, virtuous work. Then to be able to teach
her children, all she knows; to be able to train
them to be wise, virtuous and useful like herself—there is work and also hap lines; and then
to be able to receive from them grateful help in to be able to receive from them grateful help in return—there is reward. Then look at the poor man's leisure in a home illuminated by such #n educated woman; look at an evening fireside where books can be interestingly and well read aloud; where songs can be sung correctly and well in parts in which all can join; where stories can be well told and games of intelligence played, and where each can benefit by anothers knowledge. See how the evils and gloom of s humble lot vanish before the sunshine of an educated mother's home organization. It is to the poor man that the educated wife is the great prize of life. WOMEN WHO SHAVE.

"Did you ever shave a woman?" was the queer question put to a barber by a customer who was being shaved. "Many a one," said the parber, who went on to tell of his experience in the business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a mustache, and others who have something like a chin beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I shaved the upper lip of a

lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go out to a party. She keeps down the growth of hair by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion. Some of them troubled as she is pulled out the hairs a few at a time until they get rid of the whole growth, and there is now an electrical way of removing them without pain from any part of the face but I know ladies who get barbers to shav; them at times, and others who can shave them-relves just like men. I tell you, there are more kind of folks in this barbarous world than some people know of." Here the knight of the brush shouted "Yext!"

WHAT MAKES A GOOD NURSE. The instinct of self-preservation-one may as well call it by a high sounding name—makes a perfect vampire of a sick man. It is not all together watching, or care, or constant service, or the keen sense of responsibility which exhausts a nurse, nor all of them combined. It is the presence of the patient's familied body, the broad, impersonal warmen of the aun. It is the quicking of pulse by pulse, the kindling of life by life. Strange and unaccountable are physical influences, but more potent in this world than men are willing to own. They are unheeded in the hurrying crowd, where electricity passes constantly with the jostling of elbows. But the sensibilities of the insulated insulated in the insulated insulated in the sensibilities of the insulated i invalid quiver like pith balls when brought into contact with positive and negative forces. tain persons give and others take from him the strength which is his carefully hearded treasure. strength which is his carefully hearted treasure.
He rebels against proximity with one, and clings like a frightened child to another. To say that the well and strong are the attractive is not enough. Often they repel by those characteristics. Goodness and virtue have little to do with it, and sympathy is but a moderate factor. The feeling is almost wholly unreasonable.

CORSET PRESSURE. Conclusions with respect to a few of the most palpable changes brought about by corect pressure have been tabulated by the American Analyst as follow:—

was 1,625 pounds to the square inch. This was during inspiration. The maximum in quite breathing was over the sixth and seventh cartil-

ages, and was 0,625 pounds.

2. The estimated total pressure of the corset varies between thirty and eighty pounds, and in a loose corset sivty-five pounds.

3. Within half a minute after hooking the corret such an adjustment occurs that a dis-

tinct fall in pressure results.

4. The circumference of the waist is no orierion of tightness. The difference between the waist measure with or without corsets gives no direct clue either to the number of pounds pressure or to the diminution in vital capacity.

Relaxation and habit seems to effect these frac-5. The capacity for expansion of theohest was found to be restricted one-fifth when the cor-

6. The thoratic character of the breathing in women was largely due to corset wearing.
7. The thoratic cavity is less effected by the

correct than the abdominal.

8. The abdominal wall is thinned and weak ened by the pressure of stays.

9. The liver suffers more direct pressure and

is more frequently displaced than any other organ.
10. The pelvic floor is bulged downward by tight lacing one-third of an inch.

IDLEWORK FOR WOMEN.

Book cover emboidery is coming into vogue again as a pastime for women. Good House keeping says: In olden times it was nun't work, and many fine examples of it, some of them famous, are preserved in the British and other museums. One of these, the cover of a small Bible printed in 1590, is of green velvet, small Bible printed in 1590, is of green velvet, richly embroidered in seed pearls, with a garnet in the center. The design is a broad border ornament with a running design, the center being a iily-like radiating flower. The corner ornaments are roses and flour de lis. The flower stems are of gold thread. A book presented to Queen Elizabeth by Archbishop Parker was emboridered in colors and gold thread, respecting a park with deer trees and flowers. presenting a park with deer, trees and flowers. Modern work is done on silk, satinor velet, either in original or copied designs, appropriate to the contents of the book or otherwise, affording un-limited scope for choice and skill in design and treatment. The embroidered cover is then sent to the binder's along with the book upon which it is to be placed, care, of course, being taken to make the size right. The results may be made very beautiful and desirable for center table and bondoir books.

Never he above your calling, or be afraid to appear dressed in accordance with the business you are performing.

St. Vinceent de Paul at the beginning of

all his actions, used these words, "My God, I will now do this because I believe it to be pleasing to Thee," When we rise in the morning, we ought

to give thanks to God, and to do every action throughout the day in the sign of the Saviour.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

F. P. Tenner, of Neebing, Ont., says he has not only found B.B.B. a sure cure for Dyspepala, but he also found it to be the best medicine for regulating and invigorating the system that he has ever taken. B.B.B. la

THE SHEET STATE STATE OF THE WESTER

for Infants and Children.

विकास के भी भी भी अपने हैं। विकास के किस के स्वास के लिए के साम के किस के किस के किस के किस के किस के किस के स जिल्ला के किस के कि

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that community is superior to any prescription it is superior to any prescriptio I recommend it as superior to any prescription mown to me." H. A. Arouer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

gestion.
Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUE COMPANY, 77 MUSTRY Street, N. Y.

DECEPTIONS OF WOMEN.

'The Duchess" Tells of Some Modern Evils of the Tollet.

"Loveliness unadorned," says an old writer, "is adorned the most." But is it? Is there a stoic living who will refuse to confase that Venne delicately clothod in purple human, a very monster to whom someibility is and fine linen is preferable to Venus in a unknown. dowdy gown?

But the question is how far a woman may go in the beautifying of her person, and what are the levitimate means the may use to render herself attractive in the eyes of men? It has been said that women dress to please each other. To annoy each other and to please men would have been nearer the truth. Ins great marriage market is always open, and that every woman sees in every man a possible husband is a fact not to be denieda very natural and reasonable one, teo. Marriage, believe me, is better for women than all the "rights" they ever screamed or speechified about, and a nursery full of pretty bables to be desired beyond the high est diplomae all the colleges in the world can offer.

But to gain this busband, is it right that s woman should descend to artifice? Has she any right to heighten by unlawful means such charms as nature may have endowed her with and thus show herself to him a creature altogether different to that which her own glass nees in the privacy of her own room. Say nature, that great mother of us all, has denied a rosy bloom to her cheek, is it fair to the possible husband" that she should make up the deficiency by complexion tablets, ect. ? If her tresses are spare and sandyhued, has she any business to beguile that is the presence of the patients familiated body is the presence of the patients familiary to the patients familiary of trusting than by pilling up false locks upon whoever is near. The weakling pants for life her head, and dyeing those meagre, natural Life he must have. Give me your hand. Send the full charge of your human battery along my veins. That is better than wine, better than the broad, impersonal warmth of the head, and dyeing those meagre, natural hard figure be of the angular order, all points, and thin to a fault, is she justified in going to the cuit by a pulse the broad in the mearost dressmaker and having such and such articles, largely advertised, and guaranteed to give a walking skeleton what the modistes call "Une figure ravissante!"

If I must speak the truth, even at the risk of offending half my elsters, I will say "deci-

dedly not." No woman has any right to wilfully deceive any one, but least of all him with whom the elects to spend her life. A woman is not necessarily bad who may so punishment will overtake her, and will lie in the fact that when she is found out (as must be the case scorer or later) her title to respect from her husband will be seriously damaged. He can hardly entertain for her that perfect trust in her probity that is the bails of all true matrimonial bappiness.

That the use of cosmetics is largely on the increase among woman is not to be denied. first to condemn the effence are also the first | leave it. to condone. They abuse, yet tolerate. Loui disapprobation and smeers behind the back, with emiles and admiring words to the face is not the way to ours a folly such as this. Let men once sternly and openly declare their abhorrence of all paints and pigments as used by the gentler sex, and some check may be laid upon the use of them; for it is impossible to believo—exoe;; in a few rare cases, such as one I have dimity hinted at—that men are blind to the perpetual rouging, powdering, dyoing, and padding that goes on among

their women acquaintances. But of all these evils, tight-lacing is ussuredly the worst. Rouge may min the complexion, tight-lacing will certainly destrey the constitution. And where lies the great necessity for it? Tell a woman that her body is not formed in proportion, that this or that part is too large or too small to agree harmoniously with the other parts, and shewell, she will not thank you, yet she will deliberately squeez; and press and generally ill-use her waist until it is out of all symmetry with the other members of her body, simply because Fashion, that most despote of all tyrants, has ordered her to do so; and thereby she destroys all that natural grace, that delicate poising of the limbs, that gracious bearing of herself that in all probability was given at her birth.

Her walk becomes a mineing trot, her voice after the smallest exertion falls from her in little tremulous gasps, it is with the greatest difficulty alone that she can sink with any semblance of grace into a lounging chair ; and when at last, the fatiguing day having come to an end, she resigns herself into the hands of her maid, and lets her remove the cruel band that all that day long has been torturing her, the relief is an great that but for shame and pride's sake she could give way to

a good cry.

And nothing gained! That seems to me the most marvellous part of it all. The Venus of Milo, of whem these foolish virgins would doubtless rave were you to introduce the subject, has a waist, we all know, quite as large as two of the preposterous ones of which the girl of the period is so proud. Da they ever pause to consider why we admire her? that it is because here nature is expressed as she really is, the human form divine carved for an adoring world in just

such guise as Heaven had sent it forth? There can scarcely be a more distressing sight than a girl finely and strongly made, with handsome shoulders and well-medelled arms, and a walst perhaps a little under sixteen inches and a half. Surely this is a sorry spectacle, on which the Greeks of old (those lovers and creators of beauty) would have shed a shrinking tear. It seems as though a keen nor easter would blow her into two. One may be indeed pardoned for the speoulation as to when the pretty Grecian feature that adorns the middle of her face will have

assumed a tinge distinctly orimson.

As to modern follies in dress, such as long trains (now for a moment happily forgotten) and bustles, and such like, I confess I hardly see how a woman is to emancipate herself from these without being regarded by the world as a "dowdy." Terrible word! What woman, unless she be specially charged with that strength of mind which, of course,

here, an absurd " tall" there, a ridiculous addition to one's back, does no harm, and (though one should blash to confess it) often gives occupation to the idle mind. The cleverest women are not above the delighte of vanity; the most chaste find pleasure in the thought that their bonnet is becoming. If any woman says to the contrary, do not believe her, or else dub her without delay un-

No one speaking honestly or from the heart will condemn altogether the pretty chances and changes that Fashion each year brings in her train. It is but the extravagances, the artifices, the deceptions that must be cried dewn. Put on a charming dress by all means, but do not redden your cheeks and your lips, and let the shadows beneath your eyes be only those that your lashes have cast there. Do not seek to attract attention by making yourself a moving falsehood. Are you not pretty and fresh enough, all you handsome girls and beautiful women, to be able to light your way through life and take hearts captive without the aid of art?

Handsome girls, beautiful women! My heart falls me as I think of those others, the very many whom nature has left out in the cold while dispensing her hest, most splendld gifts. The ugly ones! The plain girls and women who, hankering after the good things bestowed upon their fairer sisters; filled with a desire to be as they are, reach out their hands toward the human aids that are on all sides offered them. What of them? Must they be heartlessly rebuked because they strive to gain that shore where love and admiration and the best things life gives do lie? If a little color—secretly and in deadly fear of discovery—leid on makes the sallow check less unlovely, if a touch here and there im proves the ungalaly figure there is a perpetual grief to its owner, who among us has the heart to drag this culprit, to whom nature has been unkind, to the bar of human justice? Few I think-I hope,

But those whom I would censure are the fashionable beauties of the day, those who possessed of sufficient charms, an honest share of loveliness, would still add to their store. Heaven has been kind, but, like the daughters of the horse-leech, they cry. "More, more!" and are never satisfied. They paint their faces, and tire their heads, and look out of their windows as did a famous beauty of yore, who, though old age must have over deceive, but she runs the risk of being called taken her by then, did not know how graceso, and she is certainly foolish; for her fully to welcome him, and would still be coquetting with those that came and went.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty-that is all ye know or earth, and all ye need to know."

sings one of the sweetest of dead posts, and I leave it to you, all women on whom the sun shines, is it a truthful thing to pretend you are lovelier then you really are, and is beauty fraudulently obtained worth the acceptance And whose fault is it! Men who are the of any man? To your own consciences I

even the most real, is not everything. Other graces are to be desired. What says Carew, that sweet old post?

" But a smooth and steadfast mind, Gentle thoughts and calm desires, Hearts with equal love combined, Kindle never dying fires. Where these are not, I despise Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."

And as to that foolish borrowing from sources whose names we should be ashamed to speak aland, why, there is another old poet, Herrick, a contemporary of Carew. who has a word or two to say to you about

"A stweet disorder in the drass Kindles in clothes a wantonness; A shawl about the shoulders thrown Into a fine distraction"-

"A careless shoe string, in whose vie I see a wild civility—

Do more bewitch me, than when art Is too precise in every part !" THE DUCHESS

FASHION'S MIRROR.

Spanish flounces are coming in again, A glass top fruit dish is mounted with silver in Louis XV, abyle.

Old-fashioned shovels of oxidized silver are used as shoe horns. White cloth is a great deal worn in dresses

by young girls. A shepherd's Grock of Roman gold makes very bandsome hat pin. Muffe made o feathers are flat and square

with a how for ornament. Mail pouches are reproduced in oxidized silver and used as stemp boxes. Cuff buttons of burnished gold have one-half

rnamented with chased flowers. Rose pink, coral and lettuce green will be carried over in the spring shades. Low-necked waists are either round or pointed, and are not extremely low.

Velvet evening dresses are to be worn in greater numbers than for some years past, Silver embroidery on lisse and in white faille rivals the gold trimming so long in fashion, Bracelets of twisted rope paterns are studded promise uously with enamelled pausies,

Gold and silver stars, galoons and pins are andsomely used on expensive dress bonnets. A beautiful jewel case of Viennese make in f solid allver, and lined with quilted blue satin,

PRESENCE OF MIND. Presence of mind is good in case of accidents and emergencies, and when coupled with Hagyard's Vellow Oll will eiten save life, "Yellow Oil ourse, all painful injuries,

burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, rheumatic and neuralgic pains and is in fact a handy and reliable surgical aid.

the way, do not want to come.

To get belief from indigestion, billionsness, constitution or torpid liver without dis-turbing the stomach or purging the bewels, take a lew doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills. THINGS TO THINK OF.

BY PEILIP O'NETL.

. If we would but think ! Well, this is just what the mind is fer—to think I God gave us this power that we might us it for salvation. There are some few who think if salvation ouce in reven days-that is, on the Sabbathle this enough? It is fair to give six days' earnest faithful work to the world and this short I fa, and put off God and eternity with one day in the week? We should think of Gud always. Everything we do, dreay, or think, should be referred to Him. He is the "first" and the "last." We may think of Him in the house, in the field, or on the road. While employed in the ordinary vocations our hearts may be increasing in fervid love for God. It is the will of God that all should he saved, and it is His command that all shall be holy. Our state in life is no bar to
the highest sanctity or the greatest interior
the highest sanctity or the greatest interior happiness. My friend, you can continue at a ork and converse with God. You can soon team to say the sweetest things to Him, and your every moment will be gilded with joy. Your work will be a pleasure because it does not deprive you of Him, and, having Him, you can want for nothing. We read (James IV. S), "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you." Learn to talk to God and then it will become your delight to talk of Him, tor out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. When you hear people always taiking of money, politics, trade, balls, watering-places, fine dresses, or ridiculing their neighbors, you can rest assured that they rarely think of God in their hearts. As a little dew-drop reflects the light of the sun, so the most simple nature may, by walking and conversing with God, become hely and beau-tiful. My friend, "draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you," The Apostle James has given his word for it.

OTHER THINGS TO THINK OF.

My friend, it is a pleasant, heart-lifting thought to know on your dying-bed that you did not wait until the last moment to "dra night o God." You had been making love to Bim a long time. Your lips now murmur His endearing name with a passionate thrill. Your heart throbs with a love almost divine. Such a death-bed is a holy scene-a blessed place, where invisible angels shed a perfume around. My friends, "draw nigh to God and He will deaw nigh to you."

FOR CHILDREN TO THINK OF.

A mother's love ! Look into those dear eyes, listen to that loved volor, notice the feeling of even a single touch of that gentle hand Make much of it while yet you have the gift of a mother's love. Read the unutterable longing beaming from those eyes ; the kind anxiety of that tone. In after life you may have friends-kind and valued friends-but never again will you have the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished on you that warmed your young life boneath a mother's care. When years have passed away, sad she his laid beside your father in the churchyard, her grave will become a holy place to you. Her voice will whisper through the mist of years, and you will perhaps drop a tear sacred to the memory of the most un. solnah love you can ever know in this world.

FOR ALL TO THINK OF. Old faces pass before us every hour, yet how few stop to look a second time at an old taded face? We meet them on every side. They abound on the streets and in the churches-wrinkled, sallow, faded faces, that have once been young and many of them beautiful. They have borne the heat and burden of their day, tolled faithfully for stalwart sons and daughters, who, perhaps, rarely think of them. There is an obligation due to them from us all. Every line of these faded faces means a thousand cares and heartackes. Each furrow represents days and nights of wearing, watching, and anxious prayers for the well-doing of those committed to their charge. No mother ever had a child go wrong without suffering such a crucifixion be may, perhaps, always keep himself above the of soul as fits her for eternal rest. It may common clay, above matter except to pick up a not show itself in her face for years, but it life-austaining morsel. It took the saints to pre-will come at last. The classic step grows ceive how mind can soar above matter. When slow and painful, the form becomes bent with the burden of life and its manifold griefs. If all the sacrifices, the self-depials were written upon the faces of taded old women whom we pass by so thoughtlessly, we might read lines that would transfigure them into fairy forms of angelio beauty. We, too, will take our places in the ranks of the faded and unnoticed

marching past. THE FIRST THOUGHT.

faces some day, and it may be that some one will pause to utter a benediction as we go

When we have thought of these things the heart becomes more tender, and our sympathles grow broader toward our fellow-man. and we commend them to the care of the Fatner who is in beaven, and we ask Him to supply them with His graces to the measure of their needs; and as the gentle and tender emotions flow in waves across the soul we say. as we reverently bend the head : "Blessed be God, the Father of all."

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POPE The Vationa at Rome is a collection of buildings, erected at various times and for various purposes, consisting of a papal residence, a library and a mussum. The first residence of the Pope was erected by St. Symmachus, between 498 and 514. This ancient palace was rebuilt in the thirteenth century by Innocent III., between 1277 and 1321; but the Lateran continued to be the papal residence, and the Vatican palace was only used on state occasions and for the recaption of any foreign sovereigns visiting Rome, While the popes resided at Avignon, France—in 1309 to 1377—the Lateran palace full into doosy, and, for the take of greater security afforded by the vicinity of the fort trees of St. Angelo, it was determined to make the pontificial residence at the Vatioan; and the first conclave was held there in 1378. The length of the Vatican palace is 1.15t English feet, is breadth 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts and is said to contan 11,000 apartments of different sizes. The small portion of the Vatican inhabited by the Pope is never seen except by those who are admitted to a specal audience. Two hundred and fifty six popes are reckened from St. Peter to Leo X., Inclusive. The library of the Vati can was founded by the early popes, but has been greatly augmented in modern times. The noble ball is of splendid architectural propor-tions, surrounded by a immense double gallery, the whole adorued with frescoes, busts, statues and columns, but no books or manuscripts are to be seen; they are all enclosed in cabinets of painted weed. The number of printed books does not exceed 40,000 but the collection of manuscripts is the finest in Europe, and is said to amount to upwards of 25,000. The Museum of Art is the finest in the world.

Most of the people who come to want, by in three days my appetite returned in a week I felt like a new man, It was wonderful what that one bottle did for me," writes Arthur Allohin, of "Guntsville, Muskoka," who suffered from dyspepsis,

A LETTER TO A MAN WHO DRINKS

MY DEAR FRIEND:

My Dear Friend:

You do a very foolish thing.

What man, having to walk along a precipice, takes means of growing dizty at the time?

Who goes on purpose to the wild beat's lair to be devoured? The man who drinks to drown his troubles, proceeds most neressonably. Is one trouble not sufficient? Do you not know that the trouble begotten of drink is the greatest kind of trouble? Might I ask you to rend five minutes in thinking how many personal of your acquaintance were the victims of drink, and the prey of drink's troubles? When in your city the last time I visited the city of P———. While there I inquired about several families or individuals. "They took to drink," and died it's victims victims of its poverty, victims of its degradation and despair. O. God I some of them were bursed in the potter's field. To drown trouble! Is one chain not sufficient? Meet trouble! Is one chain not sufficient? Meet your troubles like a man, If you wrestle vilistrength to win other contests. If you plunge into the tavern to prepare yourself for she battle you must pay for what you order. What you pay out to the tavernkeeper, does not do battle with you sgainst your troubles. The article you get in exchange for your money keeps you from eating your meals with reliah and regularity. To strive with your troubles you need all the vigor you have or can gain. Then in the tavern there are other playboys beside the grink. there are other playboys beside the drink. There are other playboys beside the drink. There are drinkers and there is a mixer of drinks and drinkers. You must come off the loser in the game. The gentleman behind the counter must be paid for his resolution and the keeping of it, by which he threw away his conscience to appage in making motors by demonstrate the engage in making money by demoralizing his dupes, whom he calls friends and customers. What pays for the furniture of the tavern-more costly than that of the gorgeous cathedral? What pays for the inventions of luxury and the luxuries of invention of the tavern man's residence? What supports the underpinnings and underlinings of the commodity which vulgar people call check; which he may denominate outsiness ability, and which is so essential to the tavern keeper? What pays for the golden jinglings and silver mountings and dolman sacqueings and other adorments of that gentleman's adorments? It is not your money? man's adornments? Is it not your money? Why not give it to your little wife, whom, perhaps, you kept from gracing a convent. Her intelligence and dutiful love will carefully store it away until joyfully brought forth for the pur-pose of drowning your troubles—some creditor's bill.

The play over, now go out with a swimming head in search of time flown forever, with weakened unmanned frame, in search of more hopelessly lost endeavor; with light purse in search of what is best to do with a heavier one, or even with the contents your purse enjoyed before.

Oh! it is a hard world. What gives it the
extreme of bitterness? We ourselves. We
remember when we were told by her who wore remember when we were total by her who were a ring that the dreaded fault was covered over by hearty promises in the friendship we bore for both; "how little of the past did stay." How during visits we thought most desired, we hoped and prayed that as the new abode "faced the church," the two lives in one faced grace, because and heaven. How when the news happiness, and heaven How, when the news of the careless (!) interested care of a tiny care balf reached us in northern boly nursery of our sacardotal life, from the big pen of the sick, broken down, soon to die, big hearted, widowed, uncared, without a shadow of delay we hurried off all our concentrated energetic advice to have

the care transferred to you. It was done.
Without drink you are capable, full of energy with drink no man is a manly man. Did you not enjoy spiritual and temporal blessings from the beginning until the end of the year, for which on bended knees you pledged yourself before me? What happiness shone round the little lady's countenance when she heard you the masses were offered for you without your knowledge, Oh! if not for one who would watch over you every interest as constantly, if possible, as your guardian angel; if not, for the sake of her who gave you herself in Holy Cross, for the sake of your soul, for the love of God, go get on your knees before some soul-thirsting, allget on your guess before some soul unitating, all consecrated priest, and pledge yourself stoutly, but in all dependence upon God's help, against the accursed, blighting, abominable habit of drinking intoxicating drink.

A man is a good deal more than a junk of clay, after all. By the little animation he possesses he can add to himself angelic wings by which we are denying ourselves for some time what the material part of our being craves we suppose our possibility of learning the alphabet by which the saints learned their knowledge of the craving, crumbling, gross, sluggish inclination of our material beings to be dissolved and to be dust again, and the upward scaring spiritual flight by which they would be dissolved and be with

We deny ourselves by means of God's grace, which is a participation of God Himself let down from His eternal splendor into the soul through its frozen neutransparent, earthen windows. When we follow this light for some distance, in spite of the walls of ignorance, darkness, disease and death that surround and break in on us, our enjoyment of the contrast may inspire us with wonder how we could expect an endless life of infinite enjoyment, and how God could be so good as to give His all fulfilling promise to this effect. Besides the deception, intellectual darkness, incurable disease and lamentable death sown broadcast by strong drink, an irrepressible, manifold curse must have moved over it, into it and all around

about it.
Thousands of men and women have cursed it, thousands of orphans, and culprits, and criminals, and convicts have cursed it; writers and statesmen have cursed it, bishops and priests by decrees and sermons have cursed it; God. Almighty in His written and traditional word: seems to have cursed it. Its vendors, votaries, gourmands, gains and gainers seem to be-

Read the paper I send you with this read Mr. McKenzie's article. I hardly think you belong to this year a harvest of drunkards; If you do not turn in your course you don't know how soon you will belong to this headless, soulless. army of drankards.

The pledge is not enough. No man can keep his soul in fair condition on earthly food. Thus fed it must become stunted and perich. Fort-nustely we have divine medicine for our sin-sick souls, and divino food to keep them round, ruddy and ripening. If a man excuses his bearish appetite for strong drink on plea of drown'ng care he should choke his pet animal once or twice a mouth, and always fear his coming back to life again with the fulness of the divine food of the Blessed Eucharist and with the compunction of penauce that chain such un-ruly animals. Prayer, humble and trusting, is another divine auxiliary. Guarding against danger, places persons, &c., clears the ground for these auxiliaries.

December 26, 1888.

Fifteen Pounds Gained in Three - Weeks, and Cured of Consumption.

Mesers. Oraddock & Co., Gentlemen : Please send me twelve bottles of Dr. H. manuscripts is the finest in Europe, and is said to amount to upwards of 25,000. The Museum of Art is the finest in the world.

ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION.

"For three months I could not eat a full while taking the first three bottles, and I know meal or do a day's work." I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, began using it, and in three days my appetite returned line week.

1 Solve is send me tweelve bottles of Dr. H.

JAMES CANNABIS INDICA, one each of Fills and Onther who is not expected to live; and as your medicines cured me of CONSUMPTION, some three years ago, I want him to try them. I gained fifteen pounds it is just the thing for him. Respectfully.

Lawrenceburg, Arderson Co., Ky:

\$2.50 per bottle or three bottles for \$6.50. Pills and Ointments \$1.25 each. ORADDOOK & Co., Proprietors, 1032 Race St., Philadelphia.

Pai remille District