At the Last.

last thy bread upon the waters; for thesit find it after many days."—, Eccles

'Mid the losses and the gains,
'Mid the piessures and the pains,
'Mid the nopluge and the fears
And the restlessness of vears,
We epeat this passage o'er.

We believe it more and more:
"Bread upon the waters east."
Shail be gathered at the last."

Gold and silver like the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands;
Jaweis, gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark;
Run and unoon and stars will pale,

Soon like dust to you and me Will our earthly treasures by: But the loving words and seeds To the Soul in bitter needs. They will not forgotten be; They will live eternally:—"Sreai upon the waters cast Shall be gathered at the last,"

Fast the moments slide away ; Moon our earthly powers decay, Low and lower sinks the stud, What we do must soon be done; Then west rapture if -e bear "Bread upon the waters cast "Brail be gathered at the lest."

KNOCKNAGOW THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXV.

PEIL LARY IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY. Billy Heffernan, on reaching his own door, was about bidding his companion good night, when it occurred to him that Pail might take it into his head to pay a widt to Jack Delansy's forge, from the door of which, late as it was, a gleam of light shome out at intervals, indicating that the blackemith had some work in hand which it was necessary to finish before morulage.

Billy Heffernan's enspicion proved well founded; for, after reflecting for a min ate or two, Phil said :
"Billy, I'll wish you a good night. I'll

take a walk down to the forge I want to talk to Jack Delaney about—about a

"Sare von can see him to-morrow, or Phil put his finger and thumb into his waistoest pocket, and taking out the last shilling of what Mat the Thrasher had

given him, he fell into a deep reverte.

'Fatth I b'liare 'tis burnin' vou," said
Blity Heffarnan to himself. "Tis getting
late," he observed aloud; "an' ma, be if
you stopped out any longer Norah might
be frettin'."

Tale decided Pall, who walked off so quickly that Billy found himself standing aloue in the middle of the road.

He was about turning to wards his own

door—a little disappointed, perhaps— when Phil was at his elde again as sud-denly as he had left it. "Rilly," said be, "you may as well come in for a minute."

Tate invitation was not prompted by politeness on Pail Laby's part. Perhaps if it were, Billy Heffernan would have declined it. But he know Phil shrank from meeting his wife alone—which may appear strange, for it was quite true the

appear strange, for it was quite true that she "wouldn't say a word to him no mat ter what he'd do," as he said at Mit Donovan's. But perhaps this forbearance was the secret of her influence.
"No rah, you ought to be in bed," said Pnil Laby, in a mild, parental tone, as he laid his hat on the top of the press near his ship-board, with the sir of a man who had been lab ring hard since day break to maintain his family respectably.

For Phil Laby really seemed to be quite satisfied that he was the prop of the house-

atisfied that he was the prop of the house-hold. And when he did happen to do anything useful—such, for instance, as transferring a customer's account from his wife's board, where it was chalked in the shape of "strokes and O's" to the account book, or buying a couple of "silps" at the fair—Pull Laby had the "allow" at the fair—Fall Lany had the look of a martyr who was slaving from year's end to year's end to keep a roof over the heads of his wife and children. He was apt to get those "weaknesses," too, to waish he was subject, on these occa-sions, and his hints as to the necessity of a little "nourishment" were both strong

take sud ion fits of industry, which usually takes and is m is of industry, which usually lasted half an hour at a time, and evinced themselves in "digging the haggart;" and 'twee wonderful how often the hadle of his spade would get loose, and how every one would be in his way while he scarched for the hammer, or sharpened a kuife, to meks a wedge, on the brown flag at the shop door. In reference to this peculiar ity M at the Turceber was heard to declare that if Pall Lahy "or'y turned a dog up from the fire you'd think the whole house was dependin' on him."

"You know, Norsh," he continued, in a tone of mild sepresch, "it doesn't answer you to be up late.'

"Au' sure you know," replied his wife,
"that she wouldn't go to bed till you'd
come home; and if she did itself she

"I was readin's a American paper over at Mat's," said be. "Billy Heffernan an' myself happened to be there, an' we didn't feel the time pessin'. I told Nelly how much obliged to ker you were for the fresh

much obliged to ker you were for the fresh eggs."

This was a deep stroke of Phil's; and he began to feel that he had been discharging an important duty during the evening which placed them all under an obligation to him.

"I think," he continued, as if he thought he might lawfully allow himself a little relaxation at last, "I think I'll look over the bishop's speech."

He sat down by the end of the table next the fire, and smuffed the candle with

next the fire, and enuffed the candle with

There were cups and sancers and a load of bread cut into substantial slices on the table; and as soon as Billy Heffernan observed them he was moving stiently towards the door. No one noticed him but Norah, who turned round in her chair and followed him with her eyes. Such an effort was so unusual with her that her effort was so unusual with her that her mother looked up in surprise to see what had happened. But observing nothing but Bidy Heffernan's retreating figure, she turned to Norah for an emplanation; and her look of inquiry was met by one of mild reproact from Norah's dark eyes. Mrs. Lany was for a moment quite at a less to understand what had gone wrong;

and little party.

Pail Leby was not insensible to the comforts by which he was surrounded, and their influence lost nothing by the reflection that he himself was the course and creator of them all the was more than half sober by the time the first cap of tea was discussed, and talked so wissly, and learnedly, sud feelingly upon various subjects that his wife's admiration actu-ally shone in her face till it revalled the turf fire in brightness; and poor Norsh, as she looked at him with a kind of won-dering foundame, said to herself. dering foodness, and to herself:
"Ah! if he never came home any wors

than he is now, how happy we'd all be!"
Supper over, Mrs Lahr handed Phil his newspaper, and Bill Heff-rnan his flate; but just as Phil had adjusted his spectacles on his nose, and as Billy was in the act of blowing the first note of the "Humours of Glyn," the half-door vant came in with one of the lamps of his master's tax-cart in his hand. "The wind is after quenchin' the lamp

on us," said he, "as we wor passin' the

quarry, and I came in for a light"

Honor Luhy made the sign of the cross on her forehead. She and Mrs. Donovan had more than once compared notes in reference to that same quarry, and the conclusion arrived at was that certain folk who need not be mentioned had "a

folk who need not be mentioned not "a passage" through it.
Honor Laby hended the candle to the man, but as he found some difficulty in lighting the lamp, Mr. Beresford Pender biuses! made his appearance.
"What's delaying you?" he asked in

his tremendous voice. seemed hours to Mr. Beresford Pender when he happened to be left alone at night, particularly in the neighborhood of those properties with which his father had any connection as agent or assistant agent He began at once to bluster as he exam-He began at once to bineter as no examined his pletols, and muttered of murders and robbers, and Papiete end rebels, till poor Norsh became quite frightened. But the oaths with which he interlarded his blustering were to shocking that the poor girl shuddered to listen to them. One was so horribly impieus that she put was so horribly impleus that she put

her hands to her ears with a low cry, which she was unable to suppress. He turned round and glared at her, but swore no more till the cervant came At certain seasons, too, he was wont to in to say the lamps were lighted. After looking again at Norch, Mr.

Ber sford Pender said, almost in a kind "Good night, Mrs. Lahy, I'm obliged to

you I hope I didn't distarb your daugh-"Oh, no, sir," Honor replied in a low doe, no, an, monor replied in a low tone, not at all like her usual hearty, good-natured way of addressing people.

And Norah leoked up in surprise, as if she could scarcely believe he was the came man whose language had se shocked

Perhaps he was not the same man. Who knows? Be sure, however, that North Lahys are not sent into this busy world for nothing.
This unlocked for intrusion cast s

gloom over the little party.

Honor Laby could not shake off the feeling that Mr Bereaford Pender's ap pearance was a "sign of bed luck." But, not with standing, Billy Heffernan played

and several other melodies, grave and gay, before he bade them good night.

"On, wisha!" exclaimed Honor Lahy, "he put Tommy's cup out uv my head.
And now," she added, after tasting it, "'tis cowld."

And now," she added, after tasting it,
"its cowid."

But, though not as hot as might be
wished, Tommy refished the cup of tea
very much, and smacked his lips as he
despatched it, with the hoel of the loaf,
sitting up in bed; for Tommy had been
sound a leep for a couple of hours, when
he opened his eyes and commenced
whisting the "Humours of Glyn" in excellent accord with Billy Hiffernan's fitte celient accord with Billy Heffernan's fiate cellent accord with Billy Heffernan's fiute—till Billy come to the variations, which so aggravated Tommy Lahy that he pulled the blankets over his head, and turned round with his face against the bolster, in order to shut out the tantalizing vagaries of the musician altogether. And in this position his mother found him when she have get him his share of the facet.

brought him his chare of the feast.
"I'm afeard you'll be tired after stayin' "(O₃, nc, mother, I was never so happy."
"Well, come, alanna."

She took Noran in her arms and carried her to her bed room.

"I hope you e.j yed the hunt yester-day, Mr. Lowe," said Mary.
"Oh, very much," he roplied. "The harriers are an excellent little pach

But I must confess I thought the country rather stiff; particularly beyond the bill "

"But how did you get through the bog ? Grace and I could see you alt in a cluster in the wood; and Grace coid she could see the hounds going through the heath over the high part of the bog; but I could not

see them."
'Did they not go through the place where the heath is?" Grace asked, turning to Richard.
"Yes; and into the wood at the other side; and we don't know what be

them after hat."
"I knew I could not be mistaken," said Grace "Though Mary wanted to pur-sucde me it was a flick of geese I mistook

the half-door for the hounds."
rd Pender's ser "We thought yo'd be back to dinner, said Mrs Kerney. "We were an hour later than usual But Hugh said if ye had not gone somewhere ye'd be home before then, and there was no use wait-

Mr. Lowe applogised; and justly throw all the blame on the dictor
"The fact is," said the doctor, "Bab
Lloyd ineleted that we should dine with him He had young Homphill and a few

more friends
"Mr Breeford Pender among the nam ber, I suppose," said Mary.
"No, he didn't ack him; though he was

with us at the time. Lloyd doesn't care about him. I think he told me his father overreached him in some money transac-tion"

tion"
"Depend your life on old Isaac for that," said Mr. Kearney.
"By the by," said Mr. Lowe, turning to Grace, "your friend young Mr. Hanly was there—I mean at the hunt Aud he is really one of the boldest riders I ever saw. He had an unbroken colt with his tail down to the ground and all covered over with mud-as indeed was the rider, fo they both rolled over in a muddy ditch. Grace laughed at this description of her admirer. It was agreed on all hands that she had made a conquest during the short time she had been Lory's partner in the

cave each time; besides teiling her he Rembler, or Thomson's Bessons, or Goldsmith's Poetical Works.

"I'll bring them all to you," said Lory. But Grace assured him all those books were in her pape's library; and Lory, shaking hands with her for the fifth time, mounted to his place in the photon; but turnbled out again immediately, and thrusting his long neck inside the draw-ing room door, startled Mrs. Kearney with the announcement that he had "The

"And four volumes of the 'Spectator." added Lory, "and the second volume 'Tem Junes."

So that it was egreed on all hands that she had made a conquest. And the moment Lory was mentioned, Mery looked at her, but Grace frowned ecornfully—till the picture called up by Mr. Lowe of Lory mounted upon an uncrained colt with a long tail and covered with mud, farced her to laugh whether she would or

"He certainly has pluck," said Mr. Lowe; "and rides remarkably well." As almost imperceptible motion of the head—something between a ned and a toss—and a certain thoughtfulness in her look led Mary to suspect that Miss Grace was just saying to herself that a young gentleman who had pluck was not to be despised.

And in fact Grace resolved that her re ception of him the next time should be more gracious than it had been on previous occasions when he came to pay his respects. She remembered his love of books, and that some of his rema ke were very striking. She even began to think that there was something manly in what Mrs Kearney called his "terrible throat." So that it was quite lucky for Lory that Mr Lowe gave him credit for pluck. To be sure it could be wished, Grace

thought, that his coat were wider in the shoulders and longer in the skirts, and the other garments less suggestive of carrying several stones of potatoes in the rear. It was to be regretted, too, that his hair stuck out straight from his head, and that there were so many pimples on his face. But that one virtue of pluck covered a

but the real state of affeirs suddenly and the state of affeirs suddenly asked Rupo bee, and starting up the shoulder when he had proceed the state of the control of the state of the control of the con

""" h, that's not much; they're billeted smoon to the control of plage of horeer, and takes causey by 'em the bas several agender, too, and a d—n task agent he to the control of the properties he is over. He predented, "Oh, very much," he replied. "The harders are an excellent little pack.

The times of the properties he is over. He predented the control of the properties he is over. He predented the control of the properties he is over. The predented the control of the properties he is over. The himself partiers are an excellent little pack.

The times of the properties he is over. The predented the control of the properties he is over. The predented the control of the properties he is over. The predented the control of the properties he is over. He predented the control of the predente puts 'm up to it he sa magistrete now.
The fether was a good seri of an old
fellow, nothing troubling him but husting But the son is a rogue. He's after
turning more people out then any men in the country, and giving the land to Scotch and English tenants at a lower ront, and

"I thought you said there were n "I seen to the old tenants. But the Euglishmen and Scotchmen are sure of

"I had no idea such a systom was being "You'll probably learn more about it

when you see Mr. Pender," said Hugh.
"Sir Gerrett said nothing about it," replied Mr. Lowa
"I suspect," said Hugh, "he knows
nothing about it"

notoing about it "
This was all very uninteresting to Grace
and the doctor, and they were both leaving the room, after ya wning several times,
when the door opened, and a servant in
formed Mr. K-arney that Ned Brophy
wanted to speak to him
"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Kear-

"fell him to come in," said hir hearney. "I suppose he is coming to resulted
us of the wedding."

Ned Brophy soon appeared with "his
clothes spic and span new," as the song
says; but we cannot add, "without e'er a
speck," for Ned's clothes were pretty well
sneakled with mud—and not his clothes

speckled with mud—and not his clothes only, for a pellet of the mud had hardened and dried on his right cheek under the eys, and two or three smaller spots were visible about his temples.

Ned was secompanied by his "best man,"

Mat Donovan.
"Sit down, Ned; come, Mat, sit down here," said Maurice Kearney, placing two

chairs near the window,
"Well, Ned, want's the news?"
"A five, wet day, sir," replied Ned, who
felt and looked somewhat embarrassed as e glanced at Mat to help him on.
"Ned that's afther comin' over, sir, for

the lend uv the ould mare to carry home the wife," said Mat Donovan.

This request seemed to surprise Mr. Koarney, who looked at Nedne if he ex-

He had come back five several times to shake hands with her and bid her good night; renewing his offer to show her the cave each time; header totally mine is in the babit of renewing his offer to show her the cave each time; header totally mine is in the babit of renewing his coult up her the in the habit of runnin' away, an' ber he I don't like to venture to drive him in or the harness, as if he made off on the way

home 'twouldn't look well."
"An' he says I can ride the coult," Mat added, 'an' as the mare was idle 'tis I put id into his head to ax the lend up her. He was goin' to hire a car, but I tould him be needn't, an' 'twould be decenter not, as people 'd say he hadn't a horse uv of

his own to bring home the wife ' Met Dieovan was quite cincere in re e mmending this arrangement to Ned Brophy. But he might not have been a positive in urging it if the opportunity of figuring in the blue body-coat on the coll were out of the question. Yet Mat Deno ven had no th night of captivating some farmer's daughter with a good fortune, as Honor Lahy prophesied he would be sure

'Oh! very well," said Mr. Koarney "you can get the mare, Ncd."
"Thank'se, sir. You needn't fear but
I'll be careful uv her."

I'll be careful uv her."
"Dou't stir," continued Mr. Kearney,
as they were rising to. "Walt till the
mere is ready. Go out to Wattletoes," he added, turning to his youngest son, and tell him to get the mare for Ned Beophy."
"And will you tell him to show me my

thru-h's post ? "You were a fool," repiled his father,
"to give him the cake till he showed you the nest. That was buying a pig in a

bag."
"He says now," returned Willie, "that "He says now," returned Willie, "that the old one was in the ivy and was listenting when he promised to show me the nest, and that she took the young ones all off to Ballydaheen wood; but that he'll go after them the next day he has time; and if he can't find them he says hall rull a grand stick for mana holis. he li pull a grand stick for me—a holiy oak atick with blackthorn knobs on it, he

"A holly oak stick with blackthorn knobs on it!" repeated his father. "Would I doubt Wattletoes?"

There was a silence of some minutes after Willie had gone to order the mare, which Mat the Thrasher felt a little embarrassing, particularly as he saw Grace pulling Mary by the sleeve and calling her attention to himself. "I never see this girl yet, Ned is gettin',

sir," seld Mat.
"Well, maybe Ned would describe her for ne now."

for us now."
"Wisha, begor I couldn't, sir," replied
Ned. scratching his poll and looking
puzzled. "I never see her but twice, an'
I was dhrunk the two turns."

All eyes were turned with lugging surprise on the speaker, who, at the moment,
was anything but a picture of happiness.
"I'm tould, sir," said Mat indignantly,
"she's wan uv the ficest girls in the parish
H.w d—n well you wor able to see the
two hundhred sovereigns."
"And the old saucepan," said Mr.
K-arney, "Did you get the money,
Ned?"

"Who sin!" he replied colored to the

Ned?"
"No, sir," he replied solomnly, "but it was counted out on the table the first day was at the house, an' put back again "
"Au' you wouldn't miss it out of it?"

said Mr Kesrney, who seemed to erjoy the matter immensely "Hardly," replied Ned. "I never see such a show uv money together before. It reminded me uv California or the Bank of Ireland."

"You'd betther not lose any more time," (at observed. "Tie gettin' late." Mat observed. Mat observed. "'Tie gettin' late."
"That's a fice new out you have, Mat,"
said Mr Kearney, looking at him admiringly as the Tarasher drew himself up to
his fall height.
"The in compliment to Ned I got it,
sir," reterned Mat.
"You ought to de comething for yoursaif Make your haryest at the wedding

Taim times is gone, sir," replied Mat. "No chance now of farmers' daughters an' five hundred pounds in goold,' as the And Mat glanced at Miss Keerney in

manner that quits annoyed Mr. Lowe.
"He's an impertinent fellow, after all," be thought.
But so far from being offended, Mary

returned Mat's smile in a menner that made the young gentleman quite angry.

"I don't know that," returned Mr. Kearney. "Try your luck with one of the other elaters, an' Ned will put in a good word for you."
"Well, I b'lieve he would, sir," replied

"Well, I b'lieve he would, sir," replied.
Mat, "if there was any use."

"I hope you'll be over wud us to-night, sir," said Ned, as he was going. "And if Miss Keasney or Miss Kiely would like to have a desce they'd be heartily we some."

"I'm getting old now, Ned," Maurice Kearney replied. "But Hugh will go I must take care of myself or this woman might be on the look-out one of those days."

days" "Indeed," said Mrs. Kearney, indignantly, taking the matter in downright earnest, "that's what one of the name never did. No one could ever say that one of the Ballydunmore family ever

married a record time."
"If sy be 'twasn't their fault," exclaimed ber busbaud, who was evidently enjoying

the fun,
"You're quite mistaken," returned Mrs. "You're quite mistaken," returned Mrs.
Kearney. "My Aunt Judith had more
proposals than all the young girls of the
county, and she never accepted one of
them—though my nucle Dan said she
ought to marry. But she never did."
And Mrs. Kearney left the room quite

"Met looks much more like the happy man than Ned," Grace observed, when they had left. "And, indeed, it would not surprise me if it was he got the two handred pounds out of the old saucepan, "If poverty enters the door," said

Mary; "you know what you said to M'Mahon." Fether M'Mahon."
"Well, that's true," replied Grace, with a shake of the head. "Twould be all very well if that view of the case could be

kept out of eight."
"I fear, Mr. Lowe," said Mary, as she took up her work at a little table near one of the windows, "I fear this will be a wet day.' "Yes, I fear it will continue wet," be

realised, after walking to the window, and looking up to the drifting clouds. Mr. Lowe said "feared" but he meant "hoped." "A wet day in the country in an awful bore," said the doctor, who was just then thinking how certain chums of his in Dublin would spend the day, and won

Mr Lowe, on the centrary, thought s wet day in the country snything but a bore under certain circumstances, though

To the surprise of all present the door opened, and Mat Donovan advanced a top or two into the room, and stood rub bing his chin as if he had something to

may, but did not know how to begin.

Mary looked round the room, suppose ing that he had forgotten something, and needing a walfing stick standing in one of specing a waising sales associated in one or the corners, she took it in her hand, and sale: "Perkeps this is your stick, Mat."
"No. Miss," replied Mat, whose eyes were fixed on Grace. "But I'm comin' to ax a favour of Miss Grace, if she'd have no objection."

have no objection.

have no objection."
"Oh, what is it?" Grace asked with quite a coquettish air.
"Well, miss, there's a little delay about the harness, an' I said to myself I'd run in an' ax you to play that tune for me you were playin' th' other evening for the masther. 'Tien't but that I know it uv ould," Mat added, "but someway I'm running into another tune in the middle running into another tune in the middle training into another tune in the middle ny the succend part, an' I have a raison for wishin' to hear id agin."

"What's the name of it?" she asked.

"It gives by the name of 'Nach m-bain-

"What's the name of it?" she asked.

"It goes by the name of 'Nach m-baincaus sin do, miss," replied Mat, "but 'tis
many's the name id it called."

"It must be one of the Melodies,"
Grace observed, turning to Mary. "But
the question is, which of them is it?"

"I can't ramember," Mary replied,
"but I suppose it must be one of those
you always play for my father."

Grace pressed her finger on her lip, and

Graso pressed her finger on her lip, and seemed to be seeking the solution of a mystery.

"Is the tune you want," she asked, "ever called 'Langolee' ?" "No, miss, I know that; an' you played

it beautiful, too. But 'twas in the same book-the large wan wud the goold harp on the cover." "Come and we'll look for it,"

claimed Grace, jumping from her seat, and running out of the room. TO BE CONTINUED

Indirection.

Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtile suggestion is fairor; Rare is the ruse-burst of dawn, but the secret that classes its rarer; Sweit the exultance of song, but the strain the precedes it is sweeter; And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guident het growing; Never a river that flows but a mystery such that the meaning outmastered the metre.

And never a prophet for their source that a stronger than he did enfold him; And never a prophet for foils but a mightler seen hath forested him.

Back of the cauvas that throbs the painter is hinten and hidden. Into the statue that throbs the soul of the soulptor is bidden; Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;

Crowning the glo y revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of bing, but that which is symboled is greater;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;

Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the sound that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdoney the coing;

The heart of the wooer it warm, but warmer the heart of the wooting;

And up from the heights where these abine,

Twin shoows and voices swim, and the exsence of life is divine.

RICHARD REALE.

RICHARD REALF.

NEW PROTESTANT LIFE OF ST. THERESA.

The latest publication in the Famous Women Series is an interesting sketch of St. Theresa of Avila, the foundress of the reform of the discalced Carmelites. Mrs. Giman, the appreciative biogra-pher, though a non-Oatholis, has not failed to catch the admirable traits of St. falled to cetch the admirable traits of St. Theresa's character viewed in a merely netural light, and she portrays the saint's courage and strength, as well as her sweetness and gentleness, in no unworthy manner. That a Protestant should appreciate St. Theresa's sublime supernatural virtues, and enter into that mystic world from which the saint draw the inspiration that guided and sustained her whole remarkable life, could not, of course, be expected. St Theresa, however, was so eminently practical with all of her ecstactes and her mysticism, that there is a world of beauty and strength in her character which no one can fail to adcharacter which no one can fall to ad-mire, and which Mrs Gilman presents to ber readers in a sympathetic and attrac

tive etyle.

The appearance of this little *ketch in a The appearance of this introduced in popular series obtrudes it on public notice, and it is no ordinary revelation to the Protestant world of letters that the life of a Catholic saint should be anything but an insluid piece of superstition. One a Catcolic saint should be anything but an instylid piece of superstition. One reviewer seriou-ly assures his readers that hirs. Gilman 'finds in her heroine, not the bloodless esectic of history, but a woman sli strength and softness, courage and humility." Mrs. Gilman has no doubt made a remarkable discovery in finding that St. Theress were actually a made a remarkable discovery in finding that St. Therese was actually a woman, with an impressionable heart and a loving soul like any other woman! If the reviewer in question had known something about the subject of his sage research. marke, he would have understood that the "bloodless ascette of history" never had any more roal extense than one be found in the scant brains of an owniscient critic.

Frotestants, however, are unfortunately not the only readers who fail to realise that the scints of the Church were men and women of real flesh and blood, and that the stories of their life-struggles and their glorious triumphs can furnish the most support of the contractions of the co their glorious triumphs can furnish the most entertaining as well as the most edifying reading Not a few Catholics, in fact, are put to the blush by the conduct of some Protestants in this matter. Mr Charles Kingeley, a writer well known for his exquisite taste in literary matters, presented his wife on her birthday with a charming sketch of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, written by his own tand and pub-lished for the occasion. Every husband and father cannot, of course, sit down and write the life of a exint for his wife or children, but at the recurrence of Christmas or of a long expected birthday, when mas or of a long expected outloney, when the practical question 'what shall I get for my wife," or "what shall I give my boys and girls" must be answered, the Catholic book-atore and the beautiful lives of the saints should not be forgetten.

It strikes us as a very remarkable thing, says the Baitimore Mirror, that Catholic journels which are sold at a price that is alcase equivalent to giving them away are compelled to dun their patrons from one year's end to another for the payment of subscriptions. Why is it? One or two of these papers that are really excellent and worth more than they cost seem to fore no better in this respect then the indifferent once. They are constantly "rounding" their subscribers that it costs money to publish papers, and explaining what ought to be patent to anybody with ordinary intelligence, that unless these who take papers pay for them the publishers are are to get into hot water about their own bills. It is very strange that Catholies who have aponed religion to make lies who have enough religion to make them feel an interest in religious papers them rest an interest in religious papers should menifest so great an indifference about paying for them promptly. In most instances, no doubt, carolesaness is the cause of the neglect But people ought to be considerate enough to avoid suck carelessness after they have been rominded a few scores of times of the inconvenience that it causes.

Avoid Appearances - A worthy gentleman, having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfiguroment was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Saraspartile.

six Years' Suffering

I was troubled with dysyepsia for six years. Four years ago I got a bottle of B. B B. from your agent, Mr. John Pearce, of Parry Harbor, which I considered completely oured me A return of the symptoms about five weeks ago, however, was promptly removed by using only part of another bottle, and I feel as well as ever I did in my life.

Many E. Dowling,
Parry Harbor, Ont.

Scotland Vat.

Scotland Yet.

"I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been troubled with ever since she was little. She is now 12 years old."

MRS. M. FAIRGHLD,
Scattand, Ont.

Scotland, Ont.