FRIDAY, OCT. 22.]

The Legend of the Rose. BY W. T. PETERS Oh, say not that a single flower Is born but to decay, Or that a deed of mercy done Shall ever fade away!

A white rose glittering with dew, Uncared-for by the wayside grew, And o'er the plains of Juda threw Her perfume rare, The zephyrs of the distant sea Swept gently down from Galliee, And whispered, "We are seeking thee, O flower fair!"

"When yonder lingering daylight breaks, And veiled in cloud the sun awakes, A Saviour suffers for the sakes Of wicked men." The white rose raised her snowy head, And from her heart a tear-drop shed, "Oh, would my perfume faint," she said, "Might reach Him, then!"

'This noon, and 'round the city's gate
A crowd of curious Jews await.
To see the Master meet His fate
Upon the cross;
And, like the river's widing flow,
The troop of loving Marys go,
Some chanting hymns, some sobbing low,
So great their loss.

While faint and sick, and grieving sore. All earthly troubles well-night o'er,
His heavy cross the Saviour bore
His heavy cross the Saviour bore
But lo 1 performe, rich and rare,
Distilled upon the heated air,
Comes faintly floating everywhere
With sweetest breath.

The Man of sorrows, friend of friends,
His face unto the white rose bends,
A blood-drop from His brow descends
Upon the flower.
'O rose-bud," low he said,
"From purest white, be turned to red,
In token that My Blood was shed
In this dark hour."

-Churchman

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Mina's simplicity was too perfect to be easily understood. Some of Madame d'Orgeville's visitors, who belonged to the school which influenced through its different phases the tone of French literature, from Rosseau to Ber nardin de St. tierre and Chateaubriand, enchanted with the beauty and naivete of Mina d'Auban, extrolled her sensibility, and raised her to the rank of a heroine of and raised her to the rank of a heroine of romance. The prudent governess, and the sentimental ladies, were both mistaken in the estimate of her character. She was neither bold nor romantic. She had been brought up under peculiar circumstances, amidst peculiar scenes, in a remote country. She had strong feelings, and what she strongly felt she expressed without disguise. Her figurative imaginative manner of speaking was just as natural to her ner of speaking was just as natural to her as the conventional language of a French drawing-room was to her companions. The wish to attract notice or to excite admiration had never crossed her mind.

Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue, Though clear as a flower which the light And the glance of her dark, deep, azure eye, For the aspect of girlhood at times too high.

On the following morning, M. Maret called on Madame d'Orgeville to inform her that Madame de Senae greatly desired to induce her—instead of receiving the Natches prince at her own house—to accept an invitation to the soirce she was to

and yielded with a good grace her prior right to the visit of the Indian chief. Though a little disappointed at having to put off the party she had intended to assemble on this occasion, she was pleased at being invited to the Hotel de Senac, the society of which was more decidedly aristocratic than her own.

Madame de Senac was a widow, rich, amiable, and accomplished; her morals as unexceptionable as her character was unable. Having married a man of high rank, she had the entrees at court; but her own family belonging to the parliamentary noblesse, she was also conn with the financial world of that day, and her salon was a neutral territory, in which persons of various ranks and various parties met oftener than at any other nouse in Paris. Pious and learned ecclesiastics sometimes attended her receptions, as well as literary and worldly abbes. Courtiers and men of letters, bankers and princes, honored her with their company. There were certain lingering traditions of the Hotel de Rambouilet in the tone of her more intimate society—a refinment which was beginning to be lost sight of since the days of the regency. But if some of her habitues maintained the noble dignity of language and of manners which revailed in Madame de Maintenon's soudoir, others were beginning to indulge in the false sentimentality and pedantic free-thinking of the eighteenth century.

Madame d'Orgeville's satisfaction at the prospect of her first appearance in this

prospect of her first appearance in this new scene of fashion, was greatly increased by Madame de Senac's pressing request that she would bring with her Colonel d'Auban's daughter. She foresaw that Mina's beauty, and the tie between her and the young prince, who would have been called in our days the lion of the evening, would attract considerable notice; and she spared no pains to dress her in the most becoming manner, which she had taste enough to peculiarity as served to

taste enough to peculiarity as served to recall that, notwithstanding her height, she was almost a child, and that she had been born under a transatlantic sky.

The apartments of the Hotel de Senac were brilliantly lighted that evening, and colored lamps hung amidst the foliage of its spacious garden. At an early hour, numbers of persons arrived, all anxious to witness the introduction of a patity of to witness the introduction of a native of a new—and, to them, utterly unknown—world, into a Parisian drawing-room.

The Indian chief was an object of curiosity to men of science of letters. to men of science, of letters, and of piety; European civilized society would have on the young Natches

present at the first fearful scenes of the present at the first fearful scenes of the insurrection, and owed her life to the protection of the Indian youth now in Paris, the wish to see and to speak to her became general. As much of her story as was briefly related by the mistress of the house flew from mouth to mouth, quite a rush was made to the part of the room where she was sitting, quite precussions of the she was sitting, quite unconscious of the attention she excited, and only longing for a moment of Ontara's arrival.

Did you ever see so lovely a creature?" said the Duc d'Epernon to the Comte de Courtray. Better worth notice, I should say, than

the red Indian we are come to see," answered the Count. "Can you believe she is not yet thirteen years old?"

a tribe of savages."
"Exactly so; and this girl is his daugh-

"She will not be long on his hands, if beauty achieves fortune. What eyes! What a smile! The world will be at her feet some day.

mina.

"Mademoiselle, do you speak the Natches language?" he asked. "If so, will you have the kindness to instruct me how to pronounce this sentence?" Others crowding around her, begged to hear from says that his father and his brethren are no more, and their palaces destroyed. He crowding around her, begged to hear from her own lips the story of her captivity and her escape." Madame d'Orgeville, en-chantel et della madame de l'Orgeville, enchanted at finding herself, by her young companion, a centre of attrac-tion, desired Mina to comply with the re-quest, and relate all she had witnessed of the Natches insurrection. She colored. the Natches insurrection. She colored, and her voice trembled a little, as, turning to her protectress, she said, "Where shall

"With your arrival at the Indian city,

on the eve of the massacre, my love."
The first words the child spoke in her sweet, musical, and slightly tremulous voice, arrested every one's attention. She ceased to feel shy when once she had begun. It would make everybody love that as the thought to hear how good he Ontara, she thought, to hear how good he had been to the white captives; and to speak of the scenes so indelibly impressed on her mind, but which she never men-tioned in her home, was a relief to her pent-up feelings. And so she told her pent-up reenings. And so she told her simple, thrilling tale with such pathos and such natural eloquence, and her counten-ance lighted up with such a wonderful animation, that soon every sound was hushed in the crowded room, and every eye was fixed upon her speaking face. She described the death of the priest at the altar; the massacre which ensued; her father's escape; her mother's anguish; Ontara's generous friendship; his adoption of her as | er sister: their affection for each other; their flight through the forest where the captives were doomed to death; her made man—they were in the minority, and did not venture openly to sneer. father's return at the head of the Choktaws; the rescue of the French prisoners; the struggle between Pearl Feather and Oseo; Ontara's arrival; Pearl Feather's cept an invitation to the soirce she was to give that evening, and to meet him there instead. Several distirguished personages of the court and the town, as well as some of the most eminent members of the Pavis of the court and the town, as well as some of the Paris of the most eminent members of the Paris clergy, had intimated their intention of honoring her with their company.

"It would be a most brilliant reunion," M. Maret observed, with evident satisfaction.

If this excellent man had a weakness, it was the love of a little innocent display. Madame d'Orgeville was very gracious, and yielded with a good grace her prior right to the visit of the Indian chief.

Though a little disappointed at having to

of an unwonted emotion.

Soon after Mina had ended her recital, whilst she was answering the many questions which were addressed to her, a servant came up to Madame de Senac, and told her M. Maret and the Indian prince words are good."

Mina exchanged a few words with Ontara, and then, turning to the bishop, said, "Monseigneur, I have told him you are one of the chief shepherds of the flock, and he says that it is well, and that your words are good." f an unwonted emotion. had arrived. She went to meet them, and when they entered the room, all eyes now turned on the stranger. The greatest curosity was felt as to the way in which

two young creatures would meet, who were bound to one another by so singular were bound to one another by so singular a tie; who had parted in a primæval forest midst danger and death, and now stood face to face in a Paris drawing-room, under the eyes of a worldly set of men and women. Well, the refined, well-bred society was taken by surprise. They were prepared to wine society with the refined of the world was taken by surprise. prepared to witness an interestir scene; they did not expect to be touched to the bottom of their hearts. The moto the bottom of their ment Ontara appeared, Mina ran to him. ment Ontara appeared, Mina ran to him, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek. He started, his frame quivered, his eyes, which had been bent on the ground, were suddenly raised. Stepping back, he seized Mina, held her at arm's length, and gazed on her face with an intensity which seemed to pierce through her features to her very soul. In that long fixed gaze there was reminis-

that long fixed gaze there was reminiscence, and joy, and eager questioning. At last, in his own tongue, he said, "Sister of my adoption, have you forgotten our language?" my adoption, have you torgotten the land language? Have you forgotten the land that was a garden of delight before the white man had set his foot upon it?" "I have forgotten nothing, my brother; nothing," cried Mina, her eyes filling

"Not your promise?" he eagerly exclaimed.

claimed.
"No; nothing," she repeated. "I remember every word we have spoken together."
"And I, too, have not forgotten my

promise," said the Indian, and he drew

By this time a crowd had gathered round them, and Madame d'Orgeville, tepping forward, took Mina by the hand stepping forward, took again by her side.

The little hand was cold and trembling, and the child's heart—for it was, after all, still a child's heart—was beating too fast for its strength. When Ontara had asked her if she remembered her promise, she had unhesitatingly replied that she did, to watch the effects which a first sight of been in France, and had become acquainted of the effects which a first sight of a civilized society would have on ag Natches.

M. and Madame d'Orgeville arand almost angry with her for having and almost angry with her for having consistent outcomes. parents would not be as glad as herself to see him, and this sorely troubled her.

Meanwhile several persons were endeavoring to converse with Ontara, partly by means of sizes eathly her means of size

by means of signs, partly by means of the few French words he had learnt. Every-body was attracted by his appearance. He had grown very much during the last few years. His regular features; his fine melancholy eyes; the rich olive of his complexion, had all the beauty of which his race are sometimes possessed; and Mina, perfectly accustomed to the color of the red men, and who saw in his dress, changed in many respects, but not alto-gether altered since his arrival in Europe, a reminiscence of the happy days of her childhood, though there could not be on ears old?"

"She looks sixteen if not seventeen."

"What is her name?"

"d'Orban or d'Auban."

"There was a colonel of that name who escued a number of French captives from tribe of savages."

"Exactly so; and this girl is his daugher."

"Evactly so; and this girl is his daugher."

"Your words are good." or "It is well."

"Your words are good," or, "It is well." or "Ontara thanks you;" that was almost all he could say in French.

"My sweet love," said Madame de Senac to Mina, "some of these gentlemen feet some day."

A celebrated linguist, who had been studying a vocabulary of Indian words compiled by a missionary, in order to frame a compliment to the Natches prince, requested the favor of an introduction to Mina.

Senac to Mina, "some of these gentuemen wish you to ask your Indian brother what he most wishes to see in Paris. They would gladly act as his guides, and conduct him to the king's palace, or the picture galleries, or the shops, or the public gardens. Find out, my dear, what

no more, and their palaces destroyed. He cares not to see the palaces of the French chief. The beautiful gardens of his native village are uprooted, and he does not wish to look on the gardens of the great village. His kingsmen are bondsmen; chains are on their hands, and the iron of those chains has entered into his soul. He has nothing to buy in the white man's cabins. He says there is only one place for the slave, the exile, the sad in heart, and it is there he wishes to go. To the home of the Great Spirit: to the Temple of Christ-

ian Prayer. Mina's eyes overflowed as she translated

She did so, and again rendered his nswer into French. "The Christian's her God was once sold as a slave. He had no cabin of his own. He was an exi e from his home in the skies. The sun is a bright and beautiful god, far away above our beads, but I do not care for him now. This God (and be touched the crucifix his bosom) is the God of the mourner; the

The pathos of this speech struck the ten and women of the world who heard t. If there were present philosophers of the new school, inclined to scoff the homage paid to the God sufferer—the God to give?"

shoulder, and said, "My child, tell the young chief that I will myself take him ance." to-morrow to our great Christian temple, the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and that

Mina exchanged a few words with

words are good."

M. de Caylus smiled, and said to M. Maret, "I will call in my carriage tomorrow, and take your young friend to Notre Dame. It is becoming that his wish should be fulfilled, and that the time-honored walls of our old cathedral should witness his first act of homage at the foot of a Christian altar." Then, turning to Madame d'Orgeville, he added, "Madame, I understand that this young lady remains under your care during her parents' absence. Will you permit her to act as interpreter between my neoyhyte

and me?" A courteous reply was given, and M. Maret proposed that his wife should call every day for Mina, and take her to M.

The bishop thanked him, and said to Mina, "You will go through a course of theology, Mademoiselle: and whilst teaching your deliverer you will yourself ac-

g your denvered aire knowledge."

Mina answered by a request which she
Mina answered by a request which she
Monseigneur, made in a low voice. "Monseigneur may Ontara and I make our first com

munion together ?" "I hope so, my child," the bishop kindly replied; and then he went to pay

his compliments to some of the great people in the room. Madame de Senac had conducted Ontara was education with liberty of conscience. In the condition of this country it was following them with her eyes, when her attention was arrested by a tall man in uniform, whom she felt sure she had seen converted by the sure she had seen to could possibly be just. Let him say, omewhere before, and the next moment she remembered it was the gentleman who had spoken to her mother in Tuileries

She whispered to Madame d'Orgeville:
"Madame, what is the name of that tall officer in the doorway?"

"He is a general, my dear, and one of bravest in the French army-the

gardens.

Count Maurice de Saxe."

"Ah!" thought Mina, "he said to mamma, 'Where can you find a truer friend than Maurice de Saxony?" and then other things he had said came back to her mind: "Have we not wept over the death of another Wilhelmina?" and, "Dear componion of my early days!" and she mused over these sentences, and wondered if the count would know her again, and perhaps speak to her. She could hardly fancy that he had been her mother's play-fellow—that they had gathered flowers other things he had said came back to her When M. and Madame d'Orgeville arrived, the principal room was almost full.

When it became known that the young girl who accompanied them had been less than the same that the young that the young that here is the same known that the young that here is the same known that they had gathered flowers and built reed huts, or ran races together, in their childhood. She wished he would the same that they had gathered flowers and built reed huts, or ran races together, in their childhood. She wished he would the same that they had gathered flowers and built reed huts, or ran races together, in their childhood.

might see it.

"Have you seen the wonder of the evening, M. le Comte?" said a pretty woman, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, to M. de Saxe.

"Not the red Indian, madame, if you mean him. "No; I mean something infinitely more

attractive. A lovely Creole—a mere child, but a perfect beauty. Your eyes will be much better employed in looking at her than at the savage."
"I am quite satisfied with their present employment," answered the count, with a

"Oh, but I really wish you to see this paragon. Her meeting with the Indian was the prettiest thing imaginable. I would not have missed it for all the world.

Such vivacity; such charming sensibility; and then such eyes! But there she is, on the sofa near the window "That girl," exclaimed the count, "that young girl in white, with a single rose in her hail?" Who is she? Who is she

with ?" With Madame d'Orgeville, the wife of

the President des Comptes."

"That lady in green, do you know her, madame? May I ask you to introduce me?"
While the count was speaking he did

not take his eyes off Mina.

"Ah! M. le Comte! Have you fallen in love already?" exclaimed the lady. "Is she not charming? But how old those Creoles look? I hope they have gray hairs at thirty, or it would not be fair upon us who were frights at that young lady's age."

So raying the lady led the way across the room, and introduced M. de Saxe to Madame d'Orgeville. He bowed, and looked towards Mina, said:—

"Mademoiselle is your daughter, madame ?"

madame ?" "O! no, M. le Comte. My daughters

are too young to go into society."

"Aye, indeed! I thought you were too young, madame, to be that young lady's mother."

" l'ardon! M. le Comte. My daughters are both older than Mademoiselle d'Auban; but she was invited here to night to meet the Indian chief, whose enly acquaintance she is in what we must henceforward call Mina's eyes overflowed as she translated Ontara's words.

The Bishop of Auxerre stepped forward and s. id to Mina, "Ask him if he wishes to be made a Christian."

she is in what we must henceforward call the old world. It is a curious history, M. de Saxe. This young Natches saved her and her father at the time of the insurrection." You don't say so!" exclaimed the

count, seating himself by the side of Mina.

"O, Mademoiselle, do tell me all about it. I like of all things exciting stories; next to fighting a battle, the best thing is to hear of one."

"Is it true, M. de Saxe," said a lady who was sitting on the other side of the count, "that a troupe of actors always accompany you in your campaigns, and that, on a recent occasion, notice was given in the playbills that there would be no performance the next day on account of the battle M. le Comte de Saxe intended

"Perfectly true, madame," answered ade man—they were in the minority, ad did not venture openly to sneer.

M. de Caylus laid his hand on Mina's oulder, and said, "My child, tell the sometimes to escape a theatrical performance."

the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and that I shall be happy to instruct him, and to prepare him for baptism."

Mina conveyed the bi-hop's message to Mina conveyed something that the reputation of being a consummate actress. M. de Saxe drew Mina into consummate the consummate of the consummate to him the

nis acquaintance?

"Mina colored with pleasure. "My father and mother are in Brittany," she

"Ah! and when they do come back?" "I don't know," she answered, rather The expression of her face put him so powerfully in mind of her mother at her age, that he could scarcely help saying so.

"You have been already a great traveller, Mademoiselle Wilhelmina. Should

you like to see some of the great cities of Europe? "I should like very much to see Rome, and Venice, and Madrid," she answered.
"And St. Petersburg, would you not like the thous."

like to go there?" "I'll try again," thought the count. "Have Have you heard of the death of the Mademoiselle Mina?"

'I heard he was dead a moment ago. said so just before you came Was he not very young ?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CARDINAL MANNING. HIS VIEWS ON THE COMMON SCHOOL SYS-

At a meeting recently held in Notting-ham, Cardinal Manning expressed himself in the following terms regarding non-de-nominational schools:— If he were asked what denominational education was he should answer that it was education with liberty of conscience.

minational, and no other form of educa-tion could possibly be just. Let him say, at the outset, that Catholics were not re-DOING. sponsible for the name of denominational lucation. No denominational Christianeducation. No denominational Unristianity could exist where there was absolute unity of faith. It was the misery of a shattered religion, of a christianity broken up piecemeal, that compelled the use of various names and had created what statesmen were pleased to call the religious difficulty. We had entered into a ous difficulty. We had entered into a period in which the ancient unity of Christianity was broken up, in which religion period in which the ancient which religion that become fragmentary; but, nevertheless, the children of England must be taught. How, then, were they to solve this problem? There were only two ways of issuing from the difficulty, and they were both intolerable; the one was a secular system, an education in which THE NAME OF GOD SHOULD NEVER BE THE NAME OF GOD SHOULD NEVER BE

were anti-Christian. It has been said that if Catholics were in a majority they would coerce their fellow-countrymen in matters of religion and education. To that proposition, both as a Catholic and a Christian he said absolutely "No," and for this reason-by coercion they might make hypocrities, but they would not make believers. (Cheers.) If any man were to say that by acts of the supreme power of and for this reason-by coercion they might make hypocrites, but they would not make believers. (Cheers.) If any man were to say that by acts of the supreme power of legislation the Catholic majority might coerce the people of England into Catho-lic schools and churches, he (the cardinal) would say that by so doing they would violate some of the most vital principles of the Catholic faith. How, then, were the people to be educated? It must be done by the voluntary efforts of parents, by the supreme effort and quidance of the by the supreme effort and guidance of the Church, and certainly by the co-operation of the state; for the state was deeply con-cerned that its citizens should all be trained so as properly to discharge their public duties. It was clear, then, that what was called the religious difficulty public dutie must be left to the consciences of the par-ents and pastors of all the various divis-ions which unhappily existed, and, therefore, that which was called denomina-tional education was a dire necessity.

A DROLL PARODY ON MOORE.

One of the most beautiful of the Irish Melodies is that entitled "Twas one of those dreams." It was written by Moore on the occasion of his visit to the Lakes of Killarney, and is descriptive of the poet's feelings on hearing the music which he had "wedded to immortal verse" played by the celebrated Spillane, the bugler, well-known to a former generation of Munster tourists. The concluding stanzas of the melody in question run as fol-lows:

Oh, forgive, if while listening to music whose

Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
Twill be caught up again in some happier day.
And the harp and the voices of Erin prolong To the answering future thy name and thy

Just about the time that this exquisite yric was published, an English gentleman happened to visit the Lakes. "Did ye lytic was published, an English gentleman happened to visit the Lakes. "Did ye niver hear the illigant song Mr. Moore made about Killarney, sir?" asked his guide. "Sure whin Tom was here last ummer I was wid him every day, and summer I was win nim every day, and heard every word of his pome, and can repate the whole of it." "Indeed," replied the Englishman; "perhaps you will favor me, then, by reciting it." "Av coorse I will," answered Pat; "I'll give you the very words-

in the midst of the currents that agitate numan thought-in the midst of t stant rising and disappearance of human religion—in the midst of the tumult that rages around on every side, the children of the Church rejoice in being citizens of the Church rejoice in being cauzens of that city built upon the mountain heights —the New Jerusalem whose foundations never shall be shaken. Standing upon the deck of the bark of Christ as she pursues her way through the ocean of time, we gaze forth upon the shipwrecks that strew gaze forth upon the sinpwrecks that strew the waters on every side, and rejoice in our own security, feeling confident in the permanent durability of that grand old bark of which Christ Himself is pilot. From the very beginning, the Catholic Church possessed a perfect consciousness of her Divine stability—of her lasting perpetuity-of her immortality. She onscious in the very beginning that she ould never die as the angels of God are conscious of their immortality. She knew that hers was the kingdom which Daniel said that God should raise up and which should never be destroyed. She knew that her immortality. should never be destroyed. She knew that her immortality was prophesied by Gabriel when he said: "And He shall reign in the House of David forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end." She had full confidence in the promise made to her by her Divine Founder when He spoke of her as a Church huilt, upon a rock, against by her Divine Founder when He spoke of her as a Church built upon a rock, against which the gates of hell should never prevail. She was perfectly certain that our Divine Lord would keep the promise He made her when He said that He would send her the Paraclete to teach her all truth and to abide with her forever. Not truth and to abide with her forever. Not for a moment did she falter in the conviction of her own immortality; even in her darkest hour there was no hesitation, no misgiving, no apprehension.—N. Y. Cath-olic Herald.

WHAT ENGLISH CATHOLICS ARE

A club, which is to be known as "The Newman," was opened by the Catholics of Liverpool on Tuesday, September 21, its primary object being to bring together the middle-class Catholics residing at the South-end. The chairman, Mr. Digby Smith, observing that it was understood that polities should be excluded, said that members might be Conservatives or whatmemoers might be Conservatives or what-ever they pleased in politics, but there were objects in which, as Catholics, they would almost of necessity join, and it was in this respect that they felt their want of

ncere contrition.
To obtain forgiveness from God for violations of His laws a sinner must be sorry. Without contrition he labors in vain for pardon. He may pray till he wears out his knees, he may fast till he beats Dr. Tanner, he may give alms until beats Dr. Tanner, he fand he may give alms until he has not a cent left, and he may confess

So excellent and efficacious is perfect ontrition that it reconciles a to his Lord before he actually receives the to his Lord before he actually receives the Sacrament of Penance, provided that he has the desire to acknowledge his sins to a priest and to receive absolution from him. So that in case a dying man has not time to confess, or cannot obtain the presence of a clergyman, he may be saved without the Sacrament of Penance, provided he has perfect contrition and the wish to confess his trespasses. But with-

From this statement of truths it is clear what a mistake those persons make who spend the most of the time of their preparation for confession in endeavoring to

The children of the Church may well glory in her stability. In the midst of the tossings to and fro of the human mind—in the midst of the currents that only the midst of the

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures so erysipelas, salt rheum, piles, and all humors of the blood. Cures dyspepsia, liver complaint, biliousness, constipation, dropsy, kidney complaints, headache, nervousness, female weakness, and general

Is an Indian vegetable compound, com-posed of the juices of a variety of remark-able medicinal plants and herbs; the var-ious properties of these different ingre-dients, when combined, is so constituted as dients, when combined, is so constituted as to act simultaneously upon the Blood, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive Organs, Nervous System, &c., restoring their functions to healthy action, and, being purely vegteable, is as harmless as nature's own beverage. This medicine is a decided benefit in all, and a permanent care in a large majority of diseases of the enre in a large majority of diseases of the blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Pimples, &c. In prescribing this medicine we do not claim that it always performs cures; but this we do say, it purifies and enriches the blood, permanently curing a large majority of diseases arising from its impurities. It stands far ahead and unequalled among the hundreds of competing medicines of the day. It has stood the test for ten years, and is tooley more repulse, they cars, it has stood the test for ten years, and is to-day more popular than ever. summer restorative it stands unrivaled; it guards the system against the constant draw to which it is subjected by a high temperature. Persons who

Danger! Beware! As you value your life, beware of opiates in diarrhoa mix-tures. They quell pain, checking too suddedly, the result is inflammation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, made from the Wild Strawberry plant and other healing yearstalles is nature's own cure healing vegetables, is nature's own cure for all forms of bowel complaint.

The public are often very unjust but never consciously so. What they see clearly to be justice they always approve. It often takes a long time to bring them to see things as they really are, but in the end things as they really are, but in the end their verdict is always right. It was faith in this idea which induced the manufac-turers of the "Myrtle Nayy" tobacco to stand by their superior brand under every discouragement at the outset. The public verdict has been rendered at last, and it is

emphatically in their favor. An infallible remedy for Fever and

DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Straw-The Name of God Should Never be Cathone representative, for that object. There was now no Catholic representative one form of religion chosen by the state should be laid down and enforced. Both this arose in a considerable degree from the state of fluxes.

Cathone representative, for that object. There was now no Catholic representative dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sour stomach, colic, nauses, vomiting, canker, piles, leucorrhea, and all manner of fluxes.

CONTRITION.

Some persons, when they go to Confession, slight the most important and necessary part of their preparation for the sacrament. They examine their conscience scrupulously on all possible sins; they worry over trifles and fret themselves into a state of nervousness for fear they should miss some peccadille, they should miss some peccadillo; they read long prayers from a book asking for every conceivable grace, and they make acts of faith, hope and charity without number. But they do not take so much pains as they should to excite themselves to a

to every priest in the diocese, but unless he is contrite his soul remains dead.

Seemed to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
Even so shall thou live in the echoes of fame.

call to mind their sins, instead of in considering the motives which should excite them to contrition.—Catholic Mirror.

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.

We sometimes meet with men who We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in the affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than any one of these families without a heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth "Oh, to hear Spillane play on his bugle so nate
To the soul of a bard is a wonderful thrate, But when his own sthrains bid the aicheos awake.

"Oh, to hear Spillane play on his bugle so friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than to be robbed of the hidden awake.

Sure wid pride thin his heart was quite ready to break.

The action of the alched the action of the action 'And surely those sthrains will be heard entomb his parental affection? Cherish then, your heart's best affection. Inon the stone,
And by sthrangers be read when the bard's
dead and gone,
And Alcho, when axed by the sthrangers
Will answer—Tom Moore, for Spillane only
played it.'"

THE STABILITY OF THE CHURCH.

then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions
of tilial, parental and fraternal love.
Think it not a weakness. Love everybody and everything that is lovely.
Teach your children to love—to love the
rose, the robin; to love their parents; to
ove their God. Let it be the studied
over their demestic culture to give

The Great Shoshonees Remedy

temperature. Persons who are subject to bilious Colic, Dysentery, Indigestion, &c., should take the Shoshonees Remedy. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, \$1; Pills, 25 ets. a box. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Ague is Ayer's Ague Cure. Wholly vege-table and containing no quinine, it is harmless and sure.

BY BROTHER PAUL, O. S. F Through years of anxious of prayer
He studies, seeks the preciou of knowledge, dettly hid be breast,

Where, oft-times, wearied

rest. Even in the hours when natural His spirit sips where wisdom Or scanning o'er again the el His boylood ripened now to With philosophic eye his vie From faithful homes, to day lands, As theologic love his mind in The spark of love enkindles J. His first, his greatest joy is not he way to please the Lord kind.

From earth, from passions

From earth, from passions From earth, from passions
Before the God of Love he bet
And, from his inmost soul,
claims
That these, and these alone, sl
And now a brighter glow illu
Lit up with heavenly joy an
Anon, a cloud across his brow
Portending evils in the comin
A constant will his purpose k
The cloud is gone, again he's
Though sorrow of affliction st
or famine stalk without the c
Though pestilential horror sh
And seatters wide the fruitful
Though bellowing canons fr

Though bellowing canons from the property of t

KNOCK MIRACL

MORE CURES-LETTERS TO CAVANAGH. REMARKABLE CURES IN NEWFOUND

Mrs. Maurice Hogan, of N

about three years ago a "tr made its appearance on the l

eye; grew slowly, suffered slight pain. Last January i to increase rapidly, so that at the application of the water i the extent of about closing the eye altogether. the most excruciating pain the most excruciating pain mere entrance of any person where she was. To touch it death to her. The moment the water all this pain and ceased, and she could touch the move it about without the sli venience. From that moment menced to heal, and when she us (after three weeks) it we us (after three weeks) it w than a quarter of an inch, hav appearance, and fast scaling could see perfectly with the e been deprived of sight for years. Mrs. Patrick Hogan, Northern

ing for twenty years from pair was worn to a skeleton; look as inevitable; her brother d disease; lost use of lower jav eat for three days. On first a the water she felt a perfect c from bed, joined the family even ate a hard biscuit, havin perfect use of her jaw.

Joanna Collins, of Job's Covold, had from infancy a pearl which had given great tre spring a violent pain set in, a became very much inflamed. It the water was applied pain pearl commenced to disappear each application of the water

days it was gone altogather, an now sees with that eye as well Martin Colbert, of Job's twenty-three, born blind, one sockets is empty. In the othe and pupil are about a quarter an ordinary eye, much sunken towards the nose, so that any phim would immediately problind. He crayed to be browned. He craved to be brot priest's house, where he rece water. The following is his Could never see any object. were brought slowly across 1 were brought slowly across he would have a dim perception of being before him. Applied the the priest's house, and on his received sight in the eye. Cour discern the objects around him trees, cattle, etc.—and asked what they were. He was especished by sight of a waterfall. (Derson twenty vards off, On fi person twenty yards off. On fi ing the light he was in ecstas claimed, "Oh! what a pretty th

That same night he could see and stars in the heavens. We him he had walked from his hon (his sister following him) to t house, three miles, without bein CAPPOQUIN, COUNTY WAT August 2 REVEREND SIR: I have been su two years from a cancer in my l a little of the cement and a sma the Easter water and washed with it. I thank the great God and his Holy Mother, that ha

and his froly Mother, that he such interest in a poor sinner am perfectly cured. I am, sir, humble servant, John Ferns, County Wexford, Au REV. ARCHDEACON CAVANAGE
Knock church. I went there be
ground, laboring under rheum
unable to do work for two years
By praying to the Blessed Vir
holy St. Joseph. and St. John ti elist, I received great benefit bet and by using the cement which with me I have received my heal God. Please, Rev. Father Cavar may insert my name in the paper I am, your humble ser DANIEL DON

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE DIXON FOLD STATION, Aug.
THE REV. ARCHDEACON CAVANAC DEAR REV. FATHER: On July DEAR REV. FATHER: On July the happiness of receiving a little cement from you, which cured I the last two or three years I was the right ear, and I am glad to say day after I tried the cement I coas well as if nothing had ever be with me. I would feel greatly or with me. I would feel greatly of you could send me a little me friend who is very subject to fit main your obedient child in Chri

E. Gr THE ALLEGED APPARITION AT KNO The belief in the strange appar the little chapel of Knockmore is ing daily more general, and the nr willing witnesses are rapidly in Knockmore is a village whose inl