

Published by Request. Father Pat.

There was one confession vacant— There were kind words left unsaid Telling the sinner to cling to God— Saturday's Mass was not read Kind looks were lost to the children And grief on the people sat; For the people had lost their father, And that father was—'Father Pat.' So poor homes stay'd unbrightened By the father's cheery voice: They were those who felt as they saw him dead. 'We will never more rejoice.' And all the little children— Such as pressed without fear or dread To their father's knee—full sadly knew That a Mass had been left unread! There were sorrows and burnings and troubles That only the Father could brush right away with his worthy hand, And they are numbered! Sorrows and troubles and angers, And spleens and woes, and what? But the father did not work himself, And the father was—'Father Pat.' They took him away to the temple And laid him within the nave, For he loved 'the beauty of God's House' And 'was right the place they gave! And the men and mothers and maidens, And the children, all were woe In one long wail for 'Father Pat.' Who had left the Mass unread! They buried him 'neath the altar From whence the Holy Spirit comes Into the hearts of the holy nuns God's anointed ones! And the trees round the convent rustle, The winds tap the windows at, And the children, all the morning times And sorrow for 'Father Pat.' But the Choirs in the Heavenly Mansions Have never a discord thrown Into their praise, for the Throne's blaze, And love is in every tone And in 'Perpetual Adoration' And which he loves his Mass, Makes 'Father Pat' forget, I trow, The Saturday's Mass unread, Clonakilly, April 8, 1884.

BISHOP IRELAND ON PROGRESS.

On the occasion of St. John's Church Jubilee, at Chicago, on the 20th of June last, Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, delivered a discourse on progress through religion that deserves our earnest scrutiny, and invites the serious reflection of all men, Catholics and non-Catholics, to questions of vital interest to human society. The discourse covers a very wide range, but those acquainted with the vigor of Bishop Ireland's mind and his far-reaching range of thought, need not be told that his power of condensation is of a very high order. Few preachers enjoy that gift to the same extent, and in none of Dr. Ireland's productions that it has been our pleasure to peruse, has he made a better or more profitable use of that remarkable gift.

For his text the learned prelate chose: "Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed by the devil; for God was with him" (Acts xi 35). He began by stating that even those who have superficially observed the drift of thought and action in the present age are aware that its characteristic ambition—the pretense of its labors and undertakings—is the progress of the human race in the road to excellence and happiness. This ambition is the ruling idea of modern schools of philosophy and of that class of thinkers who profess to represent in a special manner the aspirations and convictions of the nineteenth century. The Bishop declared that while not in accord with the means and methods by which the age seeks improvement and progress, he gladly applauded its ambition in so much as it may be a sincere desire for progress. He could not, however, accept the measure the age meters out to progress and to happiness, for it confines its views of things to man's life on earth. In this it is short-sighted and wrong. Man's life endures beyond the darkness of the grave, and no estimate of his career is exact or complete which does not embrace his future as well as his present life. The speaker, however, willingly conceded to the age that a fair test of the power of a system to induce man's happiness hereafter and of its intrinsic merit, is its power to benefit him here on earth. As human nature does not change its essentials by a transfer to a higher sphere, that which secures for man blessedness in that sphere ought to go no small distance in securing it to him in a lower sphere. As members of the great human family, all should think and labor for its improvement, and, as Christian men having certain knowledge of the true means leading to excellence and to happiness, the children of the Church should put this knowledge before the world. His lordship then proceeded to lay down his argument in the clearest and most succinct terms:

"The means to human progress are the teaching and the precepts of the Church; our loyalty to her compels us to profit of the opportunity which the ambition of the age opens up to us, so as to bring the world to love and to esteem the Church as the great and sole hope of the human race on earth, and because of her present benefits to believe in her promises for the future life. The power of the Christian Church to bless and to elevate the race is to-day among the most potent and most important arguments which we may make in her behalf. Upon its own chosen ground, then, will I, in the name of Christ's Church, meet the modern world. The progress of the race by my theme. This progress, I will agree with the world, is seen in men becoming better, nobler, happier beings, and to the nineteenth century, thirsting for progress, weary from its repeated failures to find it, ready, it tells us, to fall down and bend knee before it whenever found, I say: Your unknown God, to whom you have prepared shrines in which to do Him fit honor, is He whom Paul announced to the Areopagus of Athens: it is Christ Jesus. 'I am the way, and the life, and

the truth.' He said when speaking in Palestine of His mission and of His power, and His work has proven the truth of His words. Only under Christ's touch has the world ever progressed; the Christian religion is the home and the source of progress; Christianity is progress."

When the history of the past is questioned, maintained Bishop Ireland, there is but one reply, through Christ alone has the world ever progressed, outside of Christ there has been at all times retrogression. So low were the depths from which Christ raised the world, and so high the excellence to which he raised it, that the feat bespeaks power divine. Christ Bishop Ireland proves to be in possession of the field of history as the Saviour and Regenerator of the human race—no other being or power can dispute his title. What was the condition of the world when Christ preached His saving doctrines? Let the learned speaker himself answer:

"Sore and heavy-laden with woe and suffering, was the human race when Jesus spoke the words: 'I am the way, and the life, and the truth.' It wore, it is true, the eternal appearances of health and vigor; a superficial observer could easily have been deceived. Lenses invisible upon a hundred battle-fields inspired distrust to the enemies of the public peace. Vessels freighted with most precious merchandise ploughed the waters of sea and ocean. Philosophers talked eloquently in Athens. Rome, by the splendid architecture of her palaces, and the majesty of her imperial court, might have challenged competition from past and from future generations. These the external appearances. But were I to remove this mantle of rich pomp and dazzling beauty in which the pagan world had draped itself, what would be revealed? The world would be a mass of woe and suffering, and all that is noble in man, the heart, remains untouched, nothing has been accomplished for true progress, and if they are attendants upon a corrupt heart, they foster the sore and deepen the degradation. Well, what was the moral condition of the old pagan world? At the period of which we are speaking, while the material condition was in its highest degree, the moral condition was in its lowest. We see the riches of a thrice centennial empire ministering to the fierce passions of the few; more than one-half of the population reduced to abject slavery; the dependent for very life upon the caprice of cruel and despotic masters; woman a toy to passion in the hands of depraved men; the poor and the maimed sent out to die upon barren islands; the civil power under the unrestricted control of despots so tyrannical and so corrupt that their crimes surpass our fancying, and those despots adored as gods; virtue, a name, a figure of rhetoric; vice boldly enthroned upon the altar; man, in a word, a brute, with appetites outliving in daring violence the appetites of the beasts of the field. Now and then there appeared through it, as if fitting stars over a dark firmament, some high-born souls who pitifully groaned beneath the weight of fearful misery that had settled around the human race. But if they attempted a remedy, they soon fell back into despair before the impossible task. A God alone can save us, exclaimed in the bitter anguish of hopelessness a Socrates and a Plato."

Thus, subject, thus pitiable was the world into which Christ entered—to redeem and regenerate it. Into it He breathed His own spirit. Soon it vibrated in all its parts—feeling that a new life had entered into it. A God had come to save it, and to save it He launched it forth with a might all His own, into avenues of truth and virtue. Impelled by a power divine, illumined by a light from above, the world progressed, Christianity assumed a controlling power in the human family. What were the consequences of this great moral revolution? "Behold the world a few centuries from the time Christ began his work of saving and regenerating it. The idols of polytheism are broken on the parent, the most sublime notions on God, on the soul, on religion, fill all minds, those of child and parent as well as those of philosopher and nobleman. Virtue has reasserted her dominion over hearts; what had been but a name has become a reality. New virtues are born, for which a man had hitherto before existed, now exacted by the high estate which man had reached, sprung into being and form. The family was reconstructed; the wife lifted up to the level of the husband, and husband and wife taught to respect the child as God's chosen heir. Society at large was purified. Man learned to love and honor man. Slavery was abolished. The poor and the suffering received from their more fortunate brothers care most tender. The despotism of the Roman Caesars was no longer a possibility. There was still evil in the world, for man remained human and retained his free will, and evil now broke out despite the protests of private and public conscience, and reparation to God and man followed quickly upon the footsteps of crime. The Christian conscience, the rule and life of all moral progress, was never inactive, never voiceless in Christendom. This is the transformation, intellectual, moral and social, which the Christian religion effected in the world. The transformation of the world through Christ from darkness to light, from death to life, from error and vice to truth and virtue, is the one grand majestic fact on the page of history which stands there without a parallel, however remote, which all men must see and confess, as all men must see and confess the sun amid the splendor of its noontide fires."

But although nineteen hundred years had elapsed since Christ began his victorious progress in this world, and though triumph after triumph had perched on His standard, the same elements of moral

death, which in pagan days had swept in overwhelming power on the earth, were still present, still powerful, still combative. Even like unto the waves of an angry ocean, they again and again break violently upon the beach of the moral world in attempts to force inroads upon its demesne and regain their lost ascendancy. From their ever menacing fury none can save us but Christ Jesus, for through His religion only is progress possible for the human race. And it is just here, as Bishop Ireland so well indicates, that this age of ours makes its fatal mistake. Intent, desirous and ambitious as it professes to be to save and improve the race, to uplift it to superior life and civilization, it professes to attain its object by methods independent of Christ and of His Church. The leaders of modern progress, without at all showing that the Christian religion has lost the power it once manifestly possessed, or that the nature of man has radically changed from what it was in earlier days, asks us to reject the well-tried and trusty remedial measures of the past for theories new, untried and dangerous. Instead of Christ and His Church they would have us attain progress, excellence and happiness (1) by liberal legislation, (2) by industry, and (3) the development of science and diffusion of general knowledge.

No Christian man has any notion of undervaluing laws, science, industry, and general instruction, but it is the sheerest folly to constitute these the first means of man's real progress. Such means are outside man. When speaking of saving or improving the race it is important to know, and that we should never forget, it is the individual man that demands all care. Society is composed of an aggregate of families, and families of an aggregate of individuals, and as the individuals are, so is the family, so is society, progressing or receding. Now it is the heart that moves man to and fro, and controls his whole destiny; the whole powers and faculties of the soul being as so many instruments upon which the heart plays. The more acute and more fully developed those powers may be, the more serviceable will they prove under the guidance and control of the heart, but upon this management it rests whether they will count for progress or retrogression. The numberless evils that have from time to time afflicted the social body are to be traced directly to the passions nestling in the human heart. The very gods of polytheism were the suggestive outcome of the corruptions of the heart. To check the passions of the heart is then the best way, the only means of securing that happiness and excellence which modern progress promises but cannot give. Legislation cannot make men virtuous, nor uproot vice. Besides, legislation is very often an expression of the corruption of that society whose creatures the lawmakers are. The Roman senate, for instance, enacted laws defying human passion, and American legislatures have given sanction to adulterous love through divorce laws.

But then there is science, universal instruction. Knowledge indeed adds to the power of the human mind; it is the very sharpening of the sword. But does the increase of knowledge diminish crime? The prison statistics of America answer loudly and emphatically in the negative. Our prison walls are widening beyond all proportion to the increase of population, and the great majority of their inmates report themselves as able to read and write. Knowledge unfortunately renders easier and more frequent the most deadly, complex and far-reaching crimes.

"The diffusion of knowledge! Are our young men and young women," asks Bishop Ireland, "purer and better than those of a century ago, before palatial charity schools became a mania in the land? Of what use for true progress are so many of our newspapers with their sensational reports of crime and their horrid advertisements, which would bring the blush of shame upon the cheek of pagan, Greek, or Roman? Of what use, our numberless books of sultry, poisonous fiction? We are taxed for public libraries: the reports of those libraries inform us that eighty-five per cent. of readers never touch a book of serious instruction. We are daily made more conversant with the laws of physical nature. Folly! Did physiology or chemistry ever dispel from the imagination one impure thought? Did they ever arrest one single vibration of the heart? Familiarity with the laws of nature teaches men how far they may go towards satiating their passions without shattering to pieces their physical frames. This is the purpose of knowledge in an irreligious age."

Lastly, the leaders of so-called modern progress offer us industry as the sure road to happiness. This is indeed an age of industry, discovery and invention. Of this age is industry the mistress and the sovereign. But what are the results? Religion would have assigned to it the highest and noblest purposes. But used, as it is most frequently for its own sake, it materializes man, makes him cold and hard and unfeeling as the earth and iron which he moulds and fashions. Men now think and speak and dream of mines, markets, public budgets, factories, roads and land-grants. And the life, the true life, moral and intellectual, is effaced from their souls. They become rich, but their riches are made to minister to their own pleasures, the masses of the people become their footstools. The few have too much,

the many little or nothing. Hence, industry, discontent and insecurity.

The world at the present time seeks progress away from religion, through laws, knowledge and industry and fails to find it. What indeed is the condition of the world to-day? That there is much progress in the material order no one can deny. But what of progress in the moral order? What of real human happiness? How much of it exists among men? Religion has been excluded from the school room, and the school room gives us men not only without creed but without moral perception. The individual man may have all the outward polish and brilliancy of civilization, but these only cover the passions of the most abject barbarism. Self-willed is he—sensual, walking according to his own desires in selfish godlessness, puffed up with pride and an abject worshipper of mammon and lust; he is swayed by every changing wave of public opinion and by every wind of doctrine. Again, marriage has been withdrawn from the sacramental grace of the sanctuary to be degraded to the level of a mere civil contract—with the consequence that terrific evils threaten the very existence of the human race (1) the conjugal tie is broken at the bidding of passion, and (2) the presence of childhood at the family hearth is dreared as an omen of evil. How true the picture Bishop Ireland gives us of to-day:

"Society is shaken to its very basis. Governments took religion from the people; they have sown the wind, and they are reaping the whirlwind. Socialism, nihilism, internationalism, permeates the masses; the hope of princes is in an iron rule. The millions, poor and greedy, gnash their teeth in their furious hatred of the millionaires. Society is a deep volcano, the explosion of whose slumbering fires may in a moment darken the heavens with ruin. Honesty in dealings, where prison and exposure are not feared, is a vain scruple. Money is the aim of life, for money purchases pleasure. Poverty is a disgrace. In the struggle for wealth all the charms of life sink away. Hearts are hardened; men grow often human beings and swine in the same dark cellar, and the swine seem the more decent animal."

Away from religion there is not, and cannot be any happiness, for pleasures of earth cannot satisfy the soul, which is greater than all creation can pour into it. Then pleasures are of but brief duration. The millionaire of to-day may be penniless to-morrow, beauty is as fading as the short-lived rose, and fame is as the rustling of the passing breeze. Earth, mid all its wealth and wisdom and industry, has no voice of sympathy for suffering humanity. It is Christ who says: "Blessed are they who mourn for they shall be comforted." The Christian religion alone can check human passions, and therefore alone can bring man to happiness. The Christian religion is a law clear, strong and positive. Christ was the author of a legislation enlightening, informing, strengthening natural religion. The Christian religion presents motives that induce the will to follow the law—motives potent, motives appealing to all men, motives as certain as eternity itself—a God deserving supreme love, but when justice He must deal, a future judge whose eyes penetrate every recess of the soul, of heaven, earth and hell.

The Christian religion has its Sacraments instituted by its Founder—so many sources of grace flowing on the soul their refreshing, life-giving waters, strengthening the mind to see, and the will to do, instilling the soul with heavenly fortitude and healing its wounds, if wounds it have received. Well indeed does the learned bishop ask:

"Is not Christianity progress? Is not the social work of Christianity the proof of a power above all that earth could furnish? Is not the Christianity our hope and our salvation? 'If God were not we should invent Him,' said Mirabeau, as the eagle eye of his genius surveyed the fearful ruins which an atheistic revolution had heaped upon France, and the words of Mirabeau proved God by establishing the absolute need which man and the world have of Him. We may extend Mirabeau's argument, and say, if the Christian religion did not exist we should beseege heaven with our tears and our prayers that it might send to us the Just, who would preach it to us."

When he spoke of Christianity Bishop Ireland desired to be understood as speaking of the Catholic Church. The sects, in cutting away from the Church, carried off fragments of Christian truth, and in so far as they still hold to these fragments they do good and contribute to the progress and happiness of the race. They are useful as breakwaters against the death-bearing billows of irreligion and unbelief. They are, however, only partial and fragmentary Christianity:

"The unbroken current of Christ's life does not flow through them; they have lost their connection with the great organ to which He confided his treasures and with which he promised to dwell until the end of time. That organism is the contin-

nuous historical Christian body, the Catholic Church. The sects lack the attributes of power which are so marked in the Church, and which are proofs of her historic continuity with the Church of the Apostles. They have no doctrinal power; they do not teach as having authority; they submit principles to the judgment of their hearers, who will interpret and admit those principles to suit their own tastes. This fact weakens beyond expression the regenerating force of the sects. The Catholic Church teaches; she demands in Christ's name submission. She announces in season and out of season her truths, however unwelcome they may be. People may conspire, kings may threaten; it is all indifferent to her, she speaks; her Pontiffs are never timid; her teachings never change. So long as the Church lasts—and Christ has promised her duration until the end of time—truth shall not be without a testimony on earth. The sects have not the organization that would fit them for battle. Their chief aims fight as guerrilla warriors. The Church is the great army worthy of Christ's own conception equipped in all its parts, covering with its battalions the earth, meeting error and vice at every point and always retaining its unity of form and its unity of power. She alone, too, retains her well-springs of grace and supernatural strength—the sacraments."

In the awful struggle between infidelity and immorality, on the one hand, and Christianity, on the other, the Catholic Church alone can bear off victory. She alone to-day holds out to the world the true principles of civil government—boldly condemning tyranny in rulers while commanding obedience on the part of subjects.

The pronouncements of her Pontiffs are the embodiments of the saving and vitalizing principles of human society. The Church is also the guardian of the family. Few of her children swell the throng of visitors in courts of human justice asking man to undo that which God has forbidden to be undone, the marriage tie. Antinatal murder does not pollute Catholic homes. The Church holds sway over the human conscience, arraiging each individual at her tribunal even for the most secret acts, and compelling him to make reparation for wrong done to God and man. Restitution of ill-gotten goods is a Catholic practice, and the Church never fails to keep alive the spirit of heroic fortitude and of exalted self-sacrifice. Not one evil is there, physical or moral, to remedy which she has not established some religious community. Under her inspiration the timid virgin becomes the heroine of the past house, and rushes in amid cannon shot to succor the wounded. Among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands her priests take up their abode, and no disease however dreadful, frightens them from the pallet of the sorrow-stricken and dying. These are the glories of the Church, envied by the sects and which irreligion scoffs at as impossibilities.

Bishop Ireland concluded his magnificent discourse in these terms—soul-stirring and sublime:

"O nineteenth century, see and know what is thy salvation! Look beyond thy palaces and thy railroads, and bow down in homage before the mighty physician which God has placed on earth for the salvation of the race. To all thy achievements and glories add love and obedience for the Church of Christ, and I will assuredly salute thee as the greatest of all centuries. Republic of America, thy thy special need—God's Church. Precious are thy liberties. Turn a deaf ear to the foes of truth who tell thee the Church is unfriendly to those liberties. She is the inspiration and the guardian of liberty. Liberty lives through the Christian consciences of the people of a land, and the Church Catholic is the sole power on earth reaching into and directing the consciences of man."

Catholic France and the Cholera.

The sudden outbreak of cholera at Toulon and Marseilles has aroused Catholic France. The spread of the spiritual plague of atheism has not blinded her to the fact that there are other preventative measures to be taken to stay the visitation beside the principle of wholesome hygiene and the wholesale distribution of disinfectants. Monsignor Robert has ordered his clergy not to be absent even for a short time from the parishes to which they are attached. The Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul have been sent to the Pharo Hospital, which has been hastily transformed into a hospital, and an Oblate of Mary has been commissioned to say Mass daily for the Sisters of Charity and look after the spiritual needs of the patients. The Bishop of Frejus, which includes Toulon, has issued a pastoral circular, in which he warns his flock against undue alarm and exaggeration. After stating that "the vigilance of our rulers and the theories of scientific men will be insufficient and vain unless God preserve our cities and dwellings," the venerable Bishop prescribes certain devotions, including the celebration of a *Triduum*. The priests are empowered to grant dispensations from fasting and abstinence at discretion.

Because a German theological student in Paris spat on the French flag, during the celebration of the national *fete*, on the 14th inst., a crowd of enraged Frenchmen tore down and trampled on a German flag which hung out of a hotel window. Such an episode in this country would be considered the business of nobody but a grave police, but in Europe it became a serious international question. M. Ferry made a profound apology to Bismarck, who at first looked very grave and then graciously accepted it. The peace of Europe hangs by a slender hair when the act of an irresponsible rioter, or mob of rioters, may break it.

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A CRYING EVIL.

HOW THE DEVIL GETS IN HIS WORK.

Our magnificent secular press, which is the professed guardian of public morals, liberties and rights, is at last waking up to the fact that there are such things in existence as immoral publications, that the circulation of these publications is very extensive and peculiarly profitable, and that their tendency from first to last is in the direction of debauching the morals of all who read them. We congratulate our friends on at last having their eyes opened to what has been a glaring public scandal and danger for at least a whole generation. Possibly a fellow-feeling may have made them kind; for certainly the secular press is itself far from spotless in a moral point of view. But the scandal and the danger to public morals from the stream of vile publications that is constantly pouring out from the presses of our great centres of population has at last become so patent as to cause a general shock to the people of the country and a universal demand for some means of repressing the evil.

The public here is very rightly chary of interfering with what is called liberty of speech and of thought, and the utterances of a free press. And yet the great evil, clearly marked in the consciences of all intelligent men of good-will which divides liberty from the license that is simply another word for licentiousness. What father of a family in all the land would admit into his household the wretches who attempted to carry out for money in act or word or suggestion, what they depict in their vile sheets?

And yet the public and the legislators of the States permit without protest this moral poison to be disseminated wholesale from day to day, and week to week, and year to year, through the great national family to which we are all members.

A glance at most of the new-stands tells the story of depraved public taste and a leaning to immoral tendencies among large classes of the community. The most conspicuous places are occupied by illustrations of open sin and crime and wickedness. And there are grades of such illustrated journals for all persons of all ages and of both sexes. The youngsters have their stories of "the wild West," of robberies, of scalping of the reds, or are initiated into "the mysteries of crime" that prevail in the dark dens of the great cities. Young girls are drenched with narratives that invariably have vice for their main current. They carry them in their satchels to the shops or to the schools, and occupy their leisure moments in studying the phrases of wickedness. For the grown up there is a rich rivalry in the pictorial villainy, and the fancy of the artists is exerted to make the narrative as spicy as possible by every evil suggestion.

Now, where in the name of common sense is all this to end, and why should it be permitted to go on? A constant study of vice by the young and by adults can only end in easy familiarity with vice and in a callousness of conscience akin to actual vice. Catholics have some safeguard in the guardianship of their religion. They are taught that the reading of such books and publications is a sin which they must confess, repent of and relinquish, if they would receive the pardon of God in the confessional. In their schools, too, they have constant safeguards, as well as the Catholic lending libraries that ought to be multiplied a hundred fold. But for the great mass outside the Catholic pale there is little or no safeguard against immoral reading beyond individual taste or the probable influence of the moral circle. But let it be the rapid, safe-guard or no safe-guard, publications that are distinctly immoral, whether pictorially or in the text, should be made to pay so heavy a penalty both by publisher and agent as to make their sale a source of loss instead of profit. The press just now is crying out against the rapid declarations of dynamic editors and wondering whether they cannot be made indelible. Those declarations, evil as they are intended to be, will do little else than the addresses of madmen to madmen, or of knaves to knaves. The harm which has been going on so safely and undisturbedly under the public eye all these years is the periodic corruption, the issue of which public neglect has allowed to become a great power for evil through the land and a source of rich profit to the human fiends who make a traffic in the destruction of souls. Let it be repressed! —Catholic Review.

A Grand Duke's "Divorce."

In Germany divorces are admitted even in those States in which the majority of the people are Catholics; and while the members of the Catholic Church take no advantage of an existing law, the Protestants do so all the more. The most curious case of this kind is that of the Grand Duke of Hesse, to which we referred some little time ago. This small potentate, whose wife, the lamented Princess Alice, died some five years ago, had recently induced Madame de Kelenine, a Catholic by birth, to get a divorce from her husband, and bestow her hand and her heart, whatever they may be worth, upon himself. He soon found out, however, that in doing so he had incurred the obloquy of society at large, even of his own subjects, who as heartily ashamed of him as their sovereign as ever the English were of George IV., as theirs. So he tried his utmost to undo what he had done, and that was difficult enough; for, although the Protestant clergy of Hesse had shown sufficient self-respect to refuse their concurrence, his marriage was yet perfectly valid according to the laws of the empire. At last, however, he has succeeded; his new wife agrees to resign all claims to that title in consideration of a pension of £1,000 a year. The Grand Duke's Protestant liegees are pleased with this demerit, but his Catholic subjects consider it beneath their dignity to take any cognizance whatever of the whole dirty transaction. —London Universe.

From Kingston.

N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, write that Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry has long been the best remedy for Summer Complaints in the market.

Hopes Earthly.

Translated for Record. There was a garden, in which I planted, And, in that garden, Some day, fresh flowers, I saw. And, day by day, I saw them grow. But, ere their tender, The hour frost for, I saw them die. And, though I wept, I saw them grow. For never tower blow.

Long years ago, ere I hoped my name to be, With eager spirit, I sought to be. All things I saw, And to the skies I flew. But, chill misfortune, My spirit's home, I saw in the first night. I backward fell to night. Lo! in the midst of the dawn upon a fair, As who would say, I lay upon a length of grass, as soon it must, my head. And in a land of dreams, I saw. When she I loved with And distresses fell on me, I was alone, a stranger.

TOO.

The New York Tribune has published a pathetic and thrilling story of a young girl who had been orphaned many years before her mother died. Her grave was marked by a simple stone, but she had no power. He did not pray for her, but he built a monument. Was it all? Had she died? Might have tried to overflow in his heart that had loved other mere human had died longing use, then, the Holy window! Of what might bring her back. The Catholic who to one who loved ated from that one consolation of practice for him that can offer up to Mass, and in death the one that has died, by all the pain sink down in sickness that he a grief—this imp a great loss—is every day a faithful things are forgotten such a certainty. crowd all things of kind word will be is no time to-day; will be shared; to will be made for careless from. It is too late. flowers, and all the long days of the tender care of the matters of court gratitude, form a fill the sorrow-sore, that is aching through nature soon heal the wounds in tenderness.

Who that has dealt with a rush neglected in his that moment over carelessly, service due, words mist of by the living in make deep and leave scars. O'nyson has it, "In Memoriam." "one writes this." "That loss is common and common is it. And we must share it."

"That loss is common and common is it. And we must share it." Too common! To evening, but so. The common notion for the blow time do men or alone as at a death. But the mother regret. She has suffered as no suffered. Remorseful down in the shroud. Most Blessed and be consoled in her sorrow. women, had no undone, no last. Her sorrow gnawing pain that comes of it. And the soul, seem cries out: "Thy the grave, and word to life, to would be spent not fall.

How many he divided by car ranking word gives! A word pride and pro shame that offer of affection, but of these dead hearts, there were