

To a Friend.

True friendship, dear friend, is a tree of affection. That always, when planted in genial climate, should flourish and blossom, bear fruit to perfection. Well savored by favors, if seasoned by time, but, alas! its bright foliage too often decays. When shaded by the cloud of sorrow, and the cup that is sweetened by friendship, too often tastes bitter to-morrow. Too often the light of love's lamp ceases burning. When merged 'neath the shadows of coldness and gloom, while the glare of the torch of sad discord returns, exultingly glitters above its fair tomb. One drop of the gall of ingratitude may tinge the pure stream of kindness while flowing. And the hand is, alas! often spurned away, that has just been rich in favors bestowing. It is not while health, youth and beauty are smiling, but, yet untouched by the fingers of care; 'Tis not while the sun of prosperity's shining, that you ever discover true friendship so rare. No! false friends, like bees 'neath the summer's bright ray, that round each sweet flower fly humming, but when adversity's dark clouds are coming, when thus my dear friend, have we darkened life's morning. Not thus shall we over its golden noon with flowers of friendship life's pathway adorn. From bright morn till dark evening, yes, oft as we journey through life shall we meet. On the green banks of kindness with pleasure, and of its pure waters from our verdant seat. Drink of Friendship's bright goblet full measure. No dark clouds and sunshine shall chase one another. O'er our bright horizon, so calm now and clear: For our lamp I have lit with the love of a brother. And constantly brilliant its light will appear. O may it illumine that pathway of gloom, which as mortals we'll tread, at life's close. When of living being weary we seek in the tomb a neat, narrow bed for reposing. And, oh! when the sun of my hour is declining, and life seems a day dream I scarce can recall. If all—'tis to my pillow with fond lips reclining. Thou'lt whisper hope, comfort, joy, friendship and love to my tomb, when my spirit has flown. From the fountain whence life was imparted, come to join with the evening wild mournful wail, and pray for the soul that's departed. —M. C. O'Donnell.

FRANCE IS A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.

THE MAGNIFICENT "CHURCH OF THE NATIONAL VOW" AT PARIS.

Despite the strange circumstance that the Government of France is in the hands of infidels—a fact due to the blamable indifference of the Catholics to politics, and the foolish clinging of the old nobility to the dream of a restored monarchy—religion flourishes. We quote from a recent letter of Helen Stanley's in the New York Commercial Advertiser. Paris, July 2.—People have a way of saying that religious faith is dead in France, and, looking at the question superficially, it does seem indisputable. But, if one considers things religious from their practice, it is easily seen that irreligion resides far less in the popular mind than in official tendency. God is driven out of schools, the Sisters from the hospitals and monks from their convents, but souls are not less faithful to religious faith. Not only are the churches full at the hours of Mass, but even Vespers and other services, which are not obligatory, are celebrated amid great crowds belonging to all classes of society. On last Sunday, the Festival of the Sacred Heart, I was present at Vespers at St. Stupice in the organ loft. The organist of this great parish is M. Charles M. Widor, one of the most elegant composers of the young school, and the first French virtuoso on this instrument, as he is also one of the most fashionable and most petted of Parisian musicians.

On going up to the organ loft last Sunday, it was to witness, on the contrary, the touching spectacle of the enormous crowd of worshippers prostrated along the passage of the Holy Sacrament, which the clergy carried in process on through the three large naves, escorted by three hundred young Levites belonging to the seminary attached to the church, who were clad in surplices, bearing candles in their hands and walking in a double file, while others swinging the censers or scattering rose leaves in front of the sacred dais. Behind them walked a crowd of laymen, dressed in full evening dress, black coats and white cravats, merchants, men of property, soldiers and officers, engineers, lawyers, etc., belonging to the parish. They also carried lighted candles; and people say that faith is dead in France!

A few days before Monsignor, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, had inaugurated and consecrated, amid an immense gathering of the clergy and people, the latter reckoned at ten thousand—the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, erected on the heights of Montmartre. This is a striking proof of the persistent force of Catholic feeling in France. It was during the anguish of the war of 1870 that the thought of dedicating France to the Sacred Heart and of constructing to this end, by private subscription, a monumental church at Paris, was vaguely harbored in the minds of some patriotic Christians. When, in 1879, the subscription was opened by a decree of Cardinal Guibert, then Archbishop of Paris, "the Work of the National Vow" had already gathered in three months nearly a million of francs. This same year the first stone was laid, and to-day, freed from its shell of scaffolding, the imposing building rises high, and is visible from all parts of Paris, which it overlooks from a height of 300 feet above the level of the Seine. In four or five years the ornamental work will be finished by the erection of two platform flanking and jutting out from the basilica with two gigantic equestrian statues of St. Louis and St. Martin, of another statue of the Archangel Michael, which will crown the top of the choir, and, finally, of a central dome and a tower which will rise above all the rest, and will be copied from the Campanile

of San Marco at Venice. The whole will have taken twenty-two years to build, and will cost 30,000,000 francs, which has been given, cent by cent, by the faithful, without the work ever having been stopped one day for want of funds. Of course this river of pious liberality which has never ceased running with a steady current has been enlarged by important donations, such as that of the Pope Pius IX., who, when the subscription was opened, gave 20,000 francs placed in a rich gold chalice, and by offerings of many generous Christians, who could be named if they did not wish to have their names kept silent, for it is a notable fact that this pious undertaking has for twenty years advanced in a silent, peaceful manner, without ostentation or show, and the subscribers do not give in order to be talked about. It is only by the colossal work itself that the progress of the vow is shown. But it is especially the stream of small gifts which has made this enormous total; sums given to God by humble souls and collected by the monastic order, still so powerful in France.

In this "The Work of the National Vow," is purely of the Christian democracy, and if one examines it, it is a most curious spectacle, carrying one back to the fervent era of the Middle Ages and the Crusades. With such wealth of gifts—offerings from the rich and widows' mites—the architects of the basilica have not been obliged to economize. Everything in it is of extreme luxury, which will be still more apparent with the interior decorations; sculpture, mosaics and colored glass. The stone employed in its construction comes from the quarries which furnished that of the Arch of Triumph, Place de l'Etoile, as hard as granite, with the polish of marble. For fifteen years two hundred and fifteen workmen have been employed at the quarries cutting out the blocks which are brought to Paris by the canal of Loing, numbered and ready to be put into place. At the work-shops at the church an equal number of workmen are employed, and the amount of the salaries paid since the beginning of the construction exceeds to-day 12,000,000 francs.

A kind and firm discipline reigns over them; strikes are unknown, and there are many who have worked there steadily for ten and fifteen years, without any stoppage, except on Sundays and on feast days, scrupulously observed, as in Belgium for a religious work. Although the Parisian workman is considered impious—and it is true he often is—those who, by the way, have not been especially selected are glad "to work for the cure," according to the popular expression, and this can be understood when it is known that one of them, for instance, a carpenter, has earned as much as 500 francs a month, an enormous salary in France.

As to the source of fortune the erection of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart is to the poor quarter of Montmartre, it can be appreciated by the fact that the Archbishop of Paris, paid 15 francs a yard for his ground in 1879, and to-day the land adjoining it sells for 180 to 200 francs. Great blocks of houses are being built on the heights, shops are being opened, and hotels abound for the pilgrims. The entire quarter is transformed. No site in Paris could be better chosen for the erection of a protecting temple, which seems to cover the whole city with its shadow. Napoleon I., once conceived the idea of erecting a Temple to Peace on the same spot, only he never made peace, and it is curious that it is reserved for our time to see this dreamed of monument spring forth from a war, and consecrated not to the heathen god Janus, but to Christ.

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

THEY MAY STILL BE WITHIN REACH OF OUR LOVE FOR THEM AND NEED OUR PRAYERS. Catholic Columbian.

It is a wonderful thing to be a Christian. It is a more wonderful thing to be a Catholic Christian, so happily free from the doubts and anxieties that beset the protesting brethren. The world of the saints in heaven is ours. We are thought of there, not indeed by God only, that is out of the question, but by those blessed spirits and souls that have already passed the ordeal of probation. They love there, and love is active and communicative. They are anxious to have their own bills shared by their friends on earth. So also, though in another sense, is the world of the dead in purgatory ours. They are all in close communion with us. And they are all one day to be saints, with new glories, new delights, new jubilees in heaven.

Apart from this general interest we feel for all souls, because of our spiritual relationship, we each of us have special interests. Each of us have our own treasures among the dead. There are those who have shared the joys of our past years, and some who have shared our sorrows. It is but natural to keep their memory alive in our minds. That is the case with those particularly who helped to bear our burdens.

Then there are some we have not loved as we now wish we had loved them. We might have done much more, at least, for their spiritual welfare. Our want of usefulness here may have deprived them of many graces which otherwise would have been theirs. And loss of grace, ever so small, is a serious and irreparable loss. Again, there are those we have loved too much. We have allowed the thought of them to crowd out of our mind the thought of God, much, perhaps, to our damage as well as theirs. We grow blind to their faults and unobservant of our own. Others there are in this world of the dead whom we have injured by example, scandal, harshness and hasty criticism. Oh! these bring sad remembrance to our souls. We have been towards them something like the devil's agents. What he was not permitted to do, or did not see fit to do himself, he found in us willing servants to carry out. In God's mercy we trust that these injuries may not have driven them further down than Purgatory.

There is, however, a brighter side also to this world of the dead. In looking it over we find some whom we have done good to, and perhaps converted. Happy we if there are many!

their gratitude throughout eternity, and will be most urgent on God to spare us and to reward us everlastingly. All have passed away now. We see them no more. Some have gone too soon, some at mature age, yet even then too soon for us. What we know of some whose deaths have been sudden, overlooked or distressingly uncertain. But God is good. He is more kind than we. When they all went we begrudged them to Him; we do so no more. We would have them back to be, have differently to them; but, on second thought, for their own sake, we would not have them back for worlds. They are sure of their salvation. Yet we pity them because of the extremity of their sufferings. Our pity increases as we remember that some, perhaps, died in such a state that we may fear their sufferings would be unusually severe, and their absence from the Beatific Vision unusually long.

For all that we have one consolation: God loves them with an unspesakable love. We will may judge so after contemplating all that He has done for them.

Yet Almighty God, in the case of the dead, made His love depend on ours. We are to the souls in Purgatory somewhat like the saints in heaven are to us on earth. We can alleviate their sufferings, and not only that but we may shorten the term of their imprisonment. Let us then do as we would be done by. Their state is one of incomparable unimaginable pain and helplessness. And our hands are full of the most wonderful and most powerful means to help them. What cruelty, then, to forget them! What greater cruelty to refuse the poor souls the consolation in our power? And there is the probability that we shall at some time suffer the same penalties. "What thou wilt have others do to thee thou shalt do to them."

What, then, must be our devotion for the dead? A little or a passing thing? Does not our heart prompt us to give the proper answer?

On friends! only think of all your past years, and all your past loves, and all those old faces, all those forgotten eyes, and all those well-remembered voices that are silent now. Need we say more? Well, then, hear the voice of each of them sounding up to you from the depths of the prison of God's mercy: "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord has touched me."

A BISHOP IN THE STEERAGE.

A benevolent-looking little man in a clerical garb landed at the Barge Office last Sunday with the steerage passengers from the steamship La Bretagne. He was registered by one of the inspectors merely as Louis Marie Petit. He was recognized by Gen. O'Belme's secretary, Col. Barquet, as a French missionary Bishop. He had letters of introduction to Archbishop Corrigan and several other prelates of this country. He said that his object in travelling in the steerage was to observe human nature, study nationalities, and incidentally do some missionary work. He had no complaint to make of steerage fare. As a retired chaplain of the navy he receives a small salary from his Government.

He belongs in the Government of France. He says that although he has been retired from active service he will not cease to do what he can to help teach the people how to be good and happy Christians. He is going to take a tour through the United States, mingling with the plain folks of the work-day world, and do what mission work he can among them. He has visited Asia, Persia and Central America, where he has established missions. After journeying over this country he will sail for South America, where he expects to accomplish something among the French speaking inhabitants. He wants it understood, however, that the chief object of his travelling is to see the world, extract a little joy from it, and study the many-natured people. While doing this he expects to help along in their religious faith all folks who want to be helped.—N. Y. Sun.

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Is there another word worth naming in the same breath with love? There is a better word—kindness. Love is the word that hoards up treasures of human kindness that were meant to gladden the world. Kindness is a beautiful princess, born to bless and be blessed by millions. Love is an acre that carries her off to his enchanted castle and devours her bones at an unwholy feast of his own. There might be so much happiness in the world, and there is so little. There are so many tender hearts hungering and thirsting for affection, and love flashes by in his gay chariot and bruises them under his wheels.—William O'Brien, "When We Were Boys."

The young men of Cork are engaged in carrying out the project of erecting a memorial church to honor the memory of Father Mathew. It will be built by abiling subscriptions, so that every admirer of the great Apostle of Temperance may have an opportunity to contribute towards it.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. That distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

A STIRKING SENSATION IN THERMOT AND PALATE called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach after eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkaline salts like carbonate of soda may relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Those associate organs, the liver and bowels, benefit in common with their ally, the stomach, by the use of this benign and blood-purifying remedy.

Rev. J. McLaurin, Canadian Baptist Missionary to India, writes: During our stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with very great satisfaction. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us, for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

CONSUMPTION.

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine. "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eldson, M. D., Middletown, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, \$5.

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Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS.

Thousands testify to their being the best Family Pill in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood. For Females of all ages these pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humors and bring about all that is required.

No Female Should be without Them.

Bushville, Fairfield Co., Ohio. W. H. COMSTOCK, Esq. Sir—For the past 25 years I have been suffering from a disease which the doctors said would result in dropsy. I tried doctor after doctor, but to no purpose. The disease seemed to still make headway and they all gave their opinion that it was simply a matter of time with me. About this time I got one of your boxes of Morse's Pills and have taken three boxes of them up to the present writing. I can again do my own work and feel twenty years younger. Yours truly, HANNAH E. DICKSON.

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(FROM THE MONTH OF JULY) July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all RHEUMATISM. It has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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And are sold at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 36s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world.

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Which prove so fatal to CHILDREN at this time of the year, have to be fought mainly by supplying HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS FOOD. Give them

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

IT IS EASILY PREPARED, PALATABLE, HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS, AND EASILY DIGESTED.

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