

The industry is still small, though a number of girls now make excellent lace. One of these girls will be at work in the Irish village.

The story of the lace industries of Ireland illustrates in a striking manner what valuable services women can render who care for the poor, and who are anxious to serve others. Women have been in Ireland the very mothers of industry. What has been begun by them out of Christian love for a suffering people has been taken up by traders, and has been made by them a great commercial success. A competition, which was as unwise as it was cruel, has too often subsequently degraded and ruined an industrial art which had both life and beauty. But the lace industries of Ireland have now passed through the period of decadence, and in the convent schools, and in the classes of Mrs. Vere O'Brien, Mrs. Hall Dare, and Miss Keane, it is being demonstrated again that the human sympathy and quick intelligence of women can give new life to an old art.

NOTE ADDED IN CHICAGO.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who is now in Chicago, contributed the above interesting account of the Irish lace industry to the *The Girl's Own Paper*, and added the following in a note to the *Inter Ocean* of Chicago:

Lady Aberdeen is now bringing Irish laces before the notice of the American people. It is hoped that the exhibit which she has been able to get together in the woman's building and in the village of the Irish Industries association, as well as that sent by the Duchess of Abercorn, and the exhibit of Irish lace-makers in my Irish village, will result in stimulating an industry which is one of great importance to some of the agricultural districts of Ireland. Something more, however, is required than the demonstration of the patent fact that the Irish can make beautiful lace; an organization by means of which resources of our peat museums, the talent of clever designers, and the needs of an ever varying fashion, can be communicated to the lace workers in remote country villages in Ireland, is what is still required. To ascertain how this is done in Austria, I paid some years ago a visit of inquiry into the lace districts of Erzgebirge and to Prague, and as a result adopted and carried out in Donegal the system of village and itinerant technical teaching, which has been so prolific in beneficial results in Bohemia. In the organization of the lace industry in Ireland we have still much more to learn from Belgium, France and Saxony.

The Soldier and the Nun.

The following incident was related by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia in the course of an eloquent discourse which he delivered at the celebration of the Centenary of New Orleans as an Episcopal See: "During our Civil War two Sisters of Charity, walking together through the streets of Boston, were insulted by a wretched man through hatred of the religious garb they wore. Subsequently this man went into the army as a substitute for some one who had been drafted. He was wounded in one of the battles in Missouri and brought to a temporary hospital in charge of Sisters of Charity, and, of course, was most kindly treated. When about to die the Sister in attendance on him begged him to ask pardon of God for the sins of his life and to prepare to meet his Judge. 'Sister,' replied the dying soldier, 'I have been a bad man, but there is one act of my life that weighs more heavily upon me than any other. I once insulted a member of the Order which has treated me so kindly, and sick as I am were able here I could fall at her feet, beg her pardon and die in peace.' 'You have her pardon,' replied the Sister of

Charity. 'I know by that mark on your forehead the moment you were brought here, and I pardoned you from my heart long before then.' 'And why,' rejoined the soldier, 'have you been more kind to me than to the others?' 'Because you insulted me, and for His sake,' she said, kissing her crucifix. 'Send for your priest,' said the dying man. 'The religion that teaches this fortitude must be from God.' And the priest and the Sister knelt together as the soul of the dying soldier passed to the God of Christianity—glorious Christianity! The Sister's sweet forgiveness caused the soldier's conversion, but what caused the Sister's forgiveness? It was expressed by the words, 'For His sake,' as she kissed her crucifix."

A Bird Story.

Will you allow me to add a touching instance of courage to your pleasant bird stories? Early one morning last summer I was called to the window by a great noise among the bird people of the garden, and saw the following scene: A young blackbird was standing fascinated by a cat, who was crouched under a bush ready to spring on him. An old blackbird, on an ilex close by, was uttering loud and agitated cries, and there was a general cackle of anger and sympathy from other birds all around. After a few seconds the cat sprang on the young bird and held him down. At that instant the old bird came down on them. There was a moment's struggle, the bird beating her wings violently in the cat's face, and, I think, pecking at his eyes; then the cat jumped back to her bush, the young bird made off with long hops, and the old one flew up to the ilex, amid a jubilant chorus of commendation which lasted quite some minutes. I never saw this before, though I have seen a robin come quite close to a cat stalking another bird and scold and flap his wings in her face.

The ways of birds are delightful, and in a small garden you can have many by keeping earthenware saucers full of water for them to bathe in.—*London Spectator*.

Make a strong solution of alum in boiling water and apply with a brush to all cracks and places where insect pests are apt to congregate.

Senator Miller, who is now at Paris, writing to an Ottawa friend, says that the Bohring sea tribunal will likely conclude its labors by the 20th inst. The impression in the French capital is that the British have the best side of the case.

On Sunday, May 14th, after last Mass, a meeting was held at Ballycastle, to express sympathy with Mrs. McLoughlin, a victim of landgrabbing, who was evicted from her farm several years ago. The farm was grabbed by a man named McLoughlin, of Townsmoyle, who still retains possession of the holding despite the repeated condemnation and disapproval of his neighbors. At the meeting Rev. Father Stephen McTieran, F.P., occupied the chair. He said he was glad to see such a large and representative gathering of the people of North Leitrim assembled to express their sympathy with the unfortunate victim of landlord oppression and injustice. They also desired to put on record, not for the first time their detestation of the vile system of landgrabbing which had wrought such evil in the past. He pointed out that in a practical way without infringing on any law human or Divine, they could show their opposition and detestation of landgrabbing and its aiders and abettors. Resolutions were proposed and carried, expressing the determination of the people to support Mrs. McLoughlin in the unequal fight she had to sustain against the grabber and the landlord.

Life and Physical Strength.

Young women, who have overtaxed their strength. Men of mature years who have drawn too heavily on the resources of youth, persons whose occupation strain their mental powers, and of business men having a sedentary life, should use constantly Almoxia Wine, the only wine that contains natural Salts of Iron. See analysis. (Harcourt & Co., 16 King Street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

AN ARCHITECT.

The following extracts, taken from *An Architect in Exile*, are interesting on account of the subjects treated as well as the manner in which the writer, Mr. Bernard Whelan, artistically touches them. Looking at the prospects of architects he indicates with rueful humor the advice grounded upon close observation:

"Yet let not the anxious father determine in a hurry to make his son an architect. Careful observation of the signs of the times would suggest that he had much better make him a *clerk*. The architect finishes his building; he may not get another. The *clerk* goes on forever. The possibilities of his career are great; his position is always dignified and autocratic; he may, if he be really ambitious, unite in his own person the science of the chemist, the inspiration of the artist, and the salary of a Junior Lord. His fame may even cover continents. His opportunities are great and are increasing; the race of Hebrew millionaires will not cease; America, as a field for operations, is but slightly developed compared what it must be. It is to be hoped that parents in difficulties about a career for their sons will carefully weigh these considerations."

On the age which preceded Pugin, the great English architect, he casts this scornful look:

"Throughout Europe the exhaustion produced by the great wars was followed by a period of material recuperation. England, as the least injured and the most successful of the European nations, increased in wealth and ugliness in a manner unparalleled. Whole districts were blasted in the pursuit of wealth; whole constitutions were stunted or begrimed by the grinding god of gold. Then came inevitable, though partial, reaction in many things. We have only to deal with the reaction in matters connected with art. The necessity and the needed one generally come together. While literature, which is fundamental, had burst its gyves, art was still throttled almost to death. Thought repressed flies to its nearest safety-valve, which is language; but literature is only one mode of expression; there are a thousand, less obvious, but equally inevitable ones. Humanity is many-tongued in another sense than that of Babel. Artists, in words, prospect the company of humanity, but they do not take up all the shares. Ideas need other realizations than those of even inspired diction. Literature, to a choice people, may be the pillar of fire by night and the cloud throughout the day, but the Israelites will still be murmuring. The writers had spoken, but non-articulate longings followed up their speech. Words, subtle and swift though they be, had not completely satisfied them; they had rather only awakened them; passionate and dumb, art sought manifestation. A man was needed and he came. The man was Pugin."

Pugin's characteristics come in for the following paragraph:

"His letters from abroad are full of characteristic remarks; he writes to Lord Shrewsbury, who was one of his clients: 'Rome is certainly a miserable place, quite disgusting and depressing; still Italy is yet the richest country for true Christian art, and I do not despair of St. Peter's being built in a better style.' It is recorded that he was seen praying in that vast centre of 'debased' grandeur; on leaving the church he told a friend, in confidence, that he had found out a crack in the dome, and had gone down on his knees immediately to return thanks. In another letter he says: 'St. Peter's is far more ugly than I anticipated—vilely constructed—a mass of imposition—bad taste of every kind seems to have run riot in this place. The Sistine Chapel is a melancholy room; the "Last Judgment"

"is a painfully muscular delineation of a glorious subject; the Scala Regia, a humberg; the Vatican, a hideous mass; and St. Peter's is the greatest failure of all."

Mr. Whelan closes an eloquent description of Mont St. Michel with an artistic finish and comparison between our own times and the Middle Ages:

"We moderns flatter ourselves that we have discovered the intimate, and, as it were, personal charm of nature; certainly our best landscape painters and our poets seem to have found and grasped the subtle bonds which unite the moods of man and of nature. We understand the language of our painters and our poets, but do we quite understand the voice (mute, yet eloquent) which discourses passionate love in the tendrils of hard stone, and thrills us with echoes of romance from mountains building-crowned and set gems of art? The men of the Middle Ages loved nature with a love as intimate, though differing in form of expression, as any modern; but intense as was their love, it was practical and energetic; to them a lovely knoll existed that it might be perfected by a still more lovely tower, which should gather to itself all the force and beauty of the surrounding landscape; to them a fertile plain with its level lines was a foil for the rocket-like up-springing of many feet of stone work; to them a river-brightened valley was made to be the haunt of monasteries, whose carved capitals and spandrels should repeat the herbage and flowers, even as the translucent stream did in its own sweet but different way. And when Nature, as in Mont St. Michel, put on a more daring mood than usual, the poet-builders caught her spirit and out-dared her own audacity."

A Rival for Magna Charta.

An historical find of the highest interest is announced by Mr. J. H. Round in *The English Historical Review*. It is nothing less than another charter of liberties granted by King John to the Barons, evidently at some time antecedent to the date of the Great Charter, from which, though the two documents bear considerable resemblance to each other, it is evidently quite distinct. The charter—which is of course in Latin—is found in the "Rymer Transcripts," taken from the "Archives de France." It commences by reciting the well-known Charter of Henry I.; but it comprises some clauses which are not to be found elsewhere, and which are of considerable historical interest and importance. One of these has reference to the grievance of scutage, another to that of foreign service, regarding which it is conceded that no one shall be compelled to serve in the army beyond the limits of England, save in Normandy and Britain, and this in a becoming manner. (Nisi in Normanniam et in Britanniam et hoc decenter.) Mr. Round, for reasons given, places the date subsequently to August, 1213. This brings us very close to the period of the great Charter which was sealed by John at Runnymede on the 15th June, 1215.

Clean your mirrors with soft paper instead of cloth.

A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.

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A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. F. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.