But never a song sing I. Letting with folded hands

And I see the sunlight fade,
And I see the night come on,
And then in the gloom and shade,
I weep for the day that is gone—
Weep and wail in pain,
For the misspent day that has flown away,
And will not come again.

Another morning beams, But I forget the last, And sit in my idle dreams

For I dare not look behind, No golden shining sheaves Can I ever hope to find; Nothing but withered leaves. Ah! dreams are very sweet, But will it piease, if only these I lay at the Master's feet? Ah! what will the Master say
To dreams and nothing more?
Oh! idler all the day!
Think, ere thy life is o'er,
And when the day grows late,
soul of sin! will He let you in
There, at the pearly gate?

Oh, idle heart beware! On to the field of strife! On to the valley there.

And live a useful life.
Up!do not wait a day,
the old brown clock, with its tick, tick,

ls ticking your life away.

## A CHURCH MOUSE.

"I must trust to your instinct," muttered the traveller, letting the bridle fall upon his horse's neck. "The eyes of an owl would be at fault on such a night as Be quiet, you brute. Do you mean to re-pay my confidence by breaking my neck for me."

The animal had shied so violently as nearly to throw his rider, and stood tremb-ling in every muscle. His master peered ling in every muscle. His master peer through the darkness in the endeavor make out the cause of his terror. He could perceive before him the dim outline of a dismantled church, with its b of gravestones clustered about it. road, so close that he could have touched it with his whip, he discovered an indistinct white object crouching upon one of the graves.

Resolved upon knowing what it was, he dismounted and approached it. As he did so it arose, and fled rapidly away. With his curiosity now fully aroused he followed it. it. As it neared the church it turned sud denly and confronted him. At this mo ment a broad glare of lightning flashed along the sky, and he saw before him a young girl dressed in a thin, water soaked garment, her hair falling in drenched coils upon her shoulders. For an instant her white, scared face was turned towards him, and her large sorrowful eyes met his with an appealing look; then she seemed to melt into the solid body of the church.

As well as the darkness permitted, he As well as the darkness permitted, he examined the spot where she had disappeared, but could find no opening through which she could have disappeared. He called aloud that he was a friend, and that was the wail of the tempest through the broken arches. With a feeling akin to superstitious terror, he hastily remoun-ted his horse, and did not draw rein until he

reached the village inn.
"Who occupies the old church yonder ?"
he inquired of the landlord.
"Ah! you too have seen it," exclaimed
the landlord mysteriously.
"It," echoed the traveller, "I saw what

knows the story. When she was alive her name was Ada Morton. Her father died a year back, leaving her heiress to his ill treated her. One night, just such a night as this, she disappeared. Her hat and cloak were found on the river-bank next morning. It was plain that the poor next morning. It was plain that the poor creature had sought deliverance from her persecutor by suicide. That was three months ago. Her body was never found but her spirit has been often seen in the churchyard where her father lies. Meanwhile, the man who drove her to her death lives at his ease in her father's house on the hill.'

The traveller was evidently deeply interested in the story, but made no com-ment upon it. Merely informing the land-lord that he should remain a week or two,

lord that he should remain the retired to his room.

Like many another young man of fortune, Charles Barclay was afflicted with too much leisure. His sole object in this part of the country was merely a languid parch after amusement. The landlord warch after amusement. search after amusement. The landlord's story had strongly aroused his curiosity. Moreover, the young girl's sad face and beseeching glance in the churchyard had something in her impression upon him. Something in her improbable history had led him to form a vague suspicion of a truth nearly as improbable. Eagerly accepting the possible chance of an exciting

experience, he determined to sift the mat-ter to the bottom.

Without dropping a hint as to his in-tentions, he left the inn on the next night shortly after eleven o'clock, and proceeded to the old church. The place was silen and deserted; not even a stray dog was to An ineffably dreary air hung about the place, depressing his spirits and almost resolving him to abandon his object. But a sentiment of pride urged him on, and he cautiously made his way into the church and sat down in one of the pews.

For more than an hour nothing occurred to attract his attention. He was becoming dreamy and was on the point of falling asleep where he sat, when a low, weird peal from the organ moaned through the church. He sat erect, and listened with suspended breath. The sound rose higher and clearer, and presently the sweet but mournful tones of a woman's voice joined it. He could make out the words of a prayer for the wretched.

After a moment the music ceased, and day.

he could hear the singer sobbing in a low, heart-broken way, that brought tears to his eyes. He strained his eyes through the darkness, but could make out nothing. Arising he called out—
"Whosoever you are, you are in sorrow and affliction. I cannot see. I will not pursue you. All I desire is to be your friend. Will you answer me?"
There was no reply, and the weeping

There was no reply, and the weeping suddenly ceased. After a moment's hesitation he made his way to the organ-loft and struck a match. No one was visible nor was there the smallest trace of the recent presence of any living being. Considerably startled he left the church, determined to repeat his experience the fol-

lowing night.

—Providing himself with a dark lantern, he went to the church the next night, and secreted himself near the organ. As before, it was nearly midnight before he became conscious of the presence of another person in the building. On this procession, the organ was not played, but the organ was not played, but there was a slight rustle, as of a woman's dress, and presently he heard the same low

itter weeping. Quickly arising he shot the rays of the lantern in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. Not more than three yards from him, in the broad glare of the light, he beheld the girl whom he had met in the churchyard. She was looking at him with an expression of intense terror in her white face and tear-wet eyes. As she stood cowering before him, she reminded him of some innocent animal crouched at the hunter's feet. With an

accent of pity he addressed her—
"I saw you in the churchyard the night
before last; I spoke to you last night. I am not an enemy, nor an idle curiosity seeker. I earnestly want to aid you. Will you not trust me ?"

Keeping her eyes fixed upon him with the same distrustful look, she answered in a faint, far-off voice—
"Your friendship or your enmity can

be nothing to me. The world you live in, by wickedness and cruelty drove me to my death. I am doomed to this place my death. I am doomed to this place until justice is done upon my destroyer."
"You are trying to mislead me," exclaimed Barclay. "You are no spirit, but a poor, starving, homeless young girl. You have suffered miserably, and I have resolved to restore you to your rights, as well as exact reparation from the man who have wround you."

has wronged you."

He advanced towards her as he spoke, and stretched out his arms to seize her. For an instant she seemed uncertain how to act, then, even as his hand seemed to pass bodily through her shape, she melted into the shadows of the place. This time he did not pursue her. Her mysterious escape, which seemed to confirm her own words, began to impress him with the belief that he had indeed confronted a

visitant of the other world. Next morning, however, cool reflection taught him that he might easily have deceived himself in his excitement. He, therefore, resolved all the more obstinately pursue the investigation.

For three nights following he secreted himself in the church, and awaited her appearance, but his watch was fruitless. The caution on her part fully convinced him that he was dealing with a human eing, and not with an impalpable phan-

Meantime, in pursuance of the suspicion which the landlord's story had im-parted to him, he found a pretense on which to make the acquaintance of Sam-uel Eastham. The man impressed him un-favorably at the first sight. Tall and gaunt of figure, with small, restless grey eyes, and a false smile, he seemed to Bar-ciay to be capable of any villainy. The young man was careful to avoid mentioning the supposed ghost, and departed with

an invitation to call again.
On the fourth night Barclay again secreted himself in the church. It was cold took to be a poor demented girl."

"You saw the spirit of one," answered the landlord spiemply. "Every one here knows the story. When she was alive her name was Ada Morton. Her father again prove fruitless, when a faint light died a year back, leaving her heiress to his property. As she was yet a minor, he appointed his friend Samuel Eastham her guardian, who, in case of her death unmarried, was to inherit the property. It is said that he beat, starved, and cruelly ill-treated her. One night, just such a view for the stone of the church as your friend is impossible. I must go as your f young girl. Evidently overcome with the cold she had ventured to indulge in this small comfort in the hope that it

might escape notice.
Pulling off his shoes Barclay crept up behind her, and, before she was aware of his presence, seized her in his strong

I knew you were no ghost,' he said smiling, 'though if you continue this life much longer you will soon be one.' She uttered a faint cry of terror and

sunk upon her knees.
'Spare me,' she sobbed. 'I am only a poor, homeless, friendless girl, who never wronged anyone. Why do you pursue

conjecture was true then. He decoyed you to the river, and, after believing you safely out of the way, left your cloak and hat upon the bank to give the impression that you had committed suicide.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'but the river was

nore merciful than he, for it cast me shore alive. Sick with horror, and madly afraid of the whole world, I came here where my father lay to die on his grave. But it is hard for one so young to die. I have lived here these three months, sufferng, freezing, dying. That I was taken my own ghost was fortunate for me, for it kept everyone away from me and aided me to get what little would keep me alive, after nightfall. And I encouraged the superstition. Now, you know all. If you are that man's emissary, may God

forgive you, and help me.'
'I am the emissary of mercy,' returned Barclay. I am here to do justice to a villain, and restore you to your rights. Will you trust and help me.

She looked up at him. 'You have a good, kind face,' she said,' offering him her hand. 'I will trust you. 'Then,' said Barclay, 'keep up the character you have assumed for one more and internally for cold day. To-morrow night I shall bring it is equally infallible.

Eastham here with witnesses. Do you play on that organ when you hear him enter. When I turn the dark lantern upon you arise and denounce him as your nurderer. We can safely leave him to accuse himself.'

'I will do as you wish,' she answered brokenly. 'How can I thank you.'

brokenly. 'How can I thank you?'
'By following my directions,' replied Barclay, brusquely, to hide his own emo-With a few words more of advice he

left her. His next move was to go directly to the landlord of the inn, relate the whole story and secure his support and services.

At ten o'clock on the next night, in company with the landlord, he called the samuel Eastham. Cutting short his

upon Samuel Eastham. Cutting short his smooth salutation Barclay said— 'Mr. Eastham, the obscure manner of your ward's death has given rise to strange rumors in the village. Her spirit is said to wander in the old church. We desire you to accompany us there to night, in order to set these stories at

Eastham's jaw dropped, his face grew livid and he was barely able to reply in a quivering voice—
'Ghost! Absurd! Do you mean to make

'dhost! Absurd! Do you mean to make a fool of me? I will not go to the church at this hour of the night.'
'Allow me to observe,' said Barclay, sternly, 'that the rumors, unless you aid in dissipating them, may culminate in a charge of murder.'

Something stories and in the stories of the st

Something significant in his tone seem-ed to render Eastham suddenly submis-

sive.

'Of course I will go, out of politeness, if you insist. We shall probably bag a church mouse. They are proverbially so starved as to be incapable of flight.

No reply was made to this lame attempt a thumor, and in a very monometrials.

at humor, and in a very uncomfortable frame of mind he went with them to the church, and was shown into a pew in the dark between them. After a moment of ilence the low tones of the organ spread through the church, accompanied by a woman's voice.
'What is this?' cried Eastham, starting

up hastily. 'What voice was that?'
'Be silent,' said Barclay, sternly. 'Good reason have you, scoundrel, to hear that voice with guilty horror.'

At the same instant the glass from his Standing before it, looking down at them, was the figure of Ada Morton.

'Oh, God!' groaned Eastham, chokingly, 'my sins have found me out. She has come back from the other world to accuse me of her death. 'Yes,' said the girl solemnly, 'Samuel Eastham, you are my murderer?'
I confess it,' shrieked the terror-maddened wretch, 'I ask no mercy from men

for the grave has condemned me. Take me away—hide me from this awful sight! The light was turned out, and the girl's figure disappeared. The horror-smitten Eastham, shricking mingled prayers and curses, was taken to the village and imprisoned on the double charge of fraud

and attempted murder. In course of time be was convicted and punished. On the same day he was sentenced, Barclay called upon Ada Morton, now in-stalled in her father's house. With her restoration to her rights she had recovered her health and beauty, and it was with a strange feeling of mingled hope and fear that the young man took her hand and

'I have called to say good-bye, Miss Morton.' The bright smile faded from her face,

and a look of pain came in its place.

'You are going away? I had hoped you would stay with us.' 'My work here is done,' he answered.
'I have restored you to your home, and to-day your enemy receives the punishment of his crimes. What more is there

'Nothing,' she returned brokenly, to forget the poor girl whom you have befriended. That will be easy.' 'No,' he replied earnestly, 'so difficult that I shall never accomplish it. To stay

which must I do?'
She looked at him shyly, and came nearer to his side, as she whispered— 'Stay.'—C. L. Hildreth, in Waverly.

## A Safe Investment

Investing twenty-five cents for a bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer Known. Cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints.

that of the Sulpician Saint, Abbe Sire. It is a well-proven fact that every year some great grace is accorded during The Mass of This SAINTLY PRIEST and for this reason many of the poor sick of Lourdes try to be present at this Mass,

Few are the remedies whose beneficial pualities and real merits have made them so popular with the public, and increased from year to year their consumption, which, whilst possessing the most raluable remedial properties, are yet so wronged anyone. Why do you pursue me?

'For your own good, my poor girl,' he said kindly. 'Why will you not believe in my good intentions?'

'Why should I,' she cried passionately. 'Did not my father's trusted friend, the man who had sworn to be my second father, seek my life?'

'Ah!' said Barclay with a start, 'my conjecture was true then. He decoyed conjecture was true then. He decoyed conjecture was true then. He decoyed conjecture was true then the decoyed conjecture was true the true the true the true to take, as the Quinine with the totake, and do conjecture was true the true to take, as the Quinine of Toronto. This said by to take, as the Quinine d of the nervous system, and thus, by the general vigor which it imparts, creates an appetite, which gives to the stomach tone and energy, and fortifies the system against all infectious diseases. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine. Sold

PEOPLE WHO READ AND REFLECT after reading, upon the many published testimonials regarding Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, can scarcely fail to perceive that evidence so positive and concurrent could not be adduced in behalf of a remedy of doubtful efficacy. The facts proven by such evidence are that it roots ont impurities of the blood, restores digestion, enriches the circulation, and regulates the bowels and liver. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

A Decided Hit.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil touches the right spot every time when applied for rheuma-tism, neuralgia, pain, soreness or lameness, and internally for colds, sore throat, etc.,

## FROM LOURDES.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE LATEST MIR-

Baltimore Mirror.

Lourdes, September 20, 1884. In our annual sojourn at the hallowed shrine of our Immaculate Mother of Lourdes, we have frequently desired to speak to you of some of the graces which are daily, hourly, poured down from heaven on the poor suffering souls who come to seek their cure or resignation at the feet of their Immaculate Mother when all human science has a second or seek their cure or resignation at the feet of their Immaculate Mother when all human science has proved unavailing. But time flies at Lourdes as it does no where else on earth, especially for those privileged ladies who form part of the Hespital of Notre Dame de Lourdes, whose duty calls them to the side of the sick, the suffering, and often the dying. The subject before us this year being one of

MORE THAN USUAL INTEREST to our compatriots, we will make no apology for our hurried lines, hoping only that they will draw some suffering heart to her who is the "health of the sick," and we ask that many grateful hearts may sing a hymn of thanksgiving—a Magnificat in union with that glorious one which seemed to unite heaven and earth on the 15th of August, in the Crotto of Lourdes. Those who have had the pleasure of reading Monsieur Lasserre's beautiful book of episodes, entitled the "Mir." MORE THAN USUAL INTEREST tiful book of episodes, entitled the "Mir-acle de Lourdes," know already that our Immaculate Mother seems to have chosen the Feast of the Assumption as the day of wonders and graces at Lourdes-every 15th of August is marked by some miracle. Who does not know of the cure of the saintly paralyzed priest-the Abbe Musy, whose name is so venerated in France—of that of Mile. de Fontenoy, and of the locksmith, Saveur?
This year Mary smiled on a fair young daughter of America,

MISS JOANNA MARY DORNEY, the youngest sister of Rev. Maurice Dotney, the pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago. Father Dorney is not unknown to the Rev. clergy of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; he having made his studies in the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice, in that city. On the 2nd of August there arrived at Lourdes, three pilgrims from the Western World, Father Dorney and his two sisters. They came as thousands before them have done, to obtain from Mary what science could not give—the cure of a loved sister. Miss Dorney had been sick for eight years. From the age of fifteen her health had been very delicate, and for the last five years she had been a perfect invalid. Loving parents had called to the aid of this poor, afflicted had called to the aid of this poor, allieted child all that science and wealth could give, but without relief. Five eminent physicians had carefully examined her case, and no relief could be afforded the sufferer. Miss Dorney, for five years had

UNABLE TO WALK. Her brother's pastoral residence was only a few steps from the parental home, and the invalid had not been able during all that time to enter his roof. Miss Dorney' case bafiled the experience of her physicians, and in a consultation which they held precisely on the 15th of August, last year, they pronounced her incurable. A full diagnosis of this interesting case will be given to the public with the testimony of her physicians in America, and of those of Lourdes who examined her after her cure. Besides her complicated internal diseases, Miss Dorney's eyesight and her voice were nearly extinct. She could not see without glasses of extraordinary strength nor could she speak above a whisper. From the day she arrived at Lourdes her condition seemed to grow worse and continued so up to the day

HAPPY AND MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE. The night of the 14th of August was one of terrible sufferings. She arose on the morning of the 15th, was too ill to have great difficulty she made her confession, and the father who confessed her said, he considered her a subject for Extreme Unction. Carried to the Crypt, she assisted at the Mass of our good Abbe de Musy and received Holy Communion at that of the Sulpician Saint, Abbe Sire. It

great grace is accorded during
THE MASS OF THIS SAINTLY PRIEST
and for this reason many of the poor sick
of Lourdes try to be present at this Mass,
each one hoping to be the favored one.
The Abbe made a special memeato in his
Mass for Miss Dorney, and had a presentiment that she was to be the favored child
of this great feast day. Immediately after
Mass, we conducted Miss Dorney to the
bath, her weakness and suffering being xtreme. Her devoted brother ascend the altar to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for his poor little saffering sister at the same moment that we took her to

the miraculous bath.

We cannot resist a digression, which may our readers pardon, but we must say a word of the angelic piety of this good brother and of the fervor with which he brother and of the fervor with which he had for nine days prepared himself to offer this Holy Sacrifice which was to draw such a blessing from heaven. Father Dorney made a retreat of nine days in the form of a novem and prepared himself in a special manner to offer this great act of Catholic worship. We

nessed it felt that something extraordinary was about to take place. "O! Mary, Inwas about to take place. "O! Mary, Immaculate Mother of Lourdes, cure her for the honor and glory of God, and the conversion of sinners." The sufferer repeated the words after us, the directress of the Piscini announcing the prayer in French, and your correspondent repeating it in Euglish for the benefit of the sick one. She pressed the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes to her almost lifeless lips, her lifely and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

Destroy the worms or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

head reposed on my arm, her body extended in the bath; she clasped the dear image of Mary, kissed and kissed it re peatedly. Again, went up the prayer:
"th! dear Mother, cure her for the honor
and glory of God and the conversion of
sinners." What had happened? The
divine had visited us! We did not need divine had visited us!

"I AM CURED! I AM CURED!" Oh! no, all had been revealed in that heavenly smile that had chased away the look of anguish. Joy was there, health was there, grace was there. Mary had visited the poor child who had braved the dangers of the ocean in the state of bodily suffering to seek relief from her hands. The moment was sublime! Could it be a scene of earth that we have witnessed? No! heaven had come down to earth, or earth had become heaven for the moment.

As near as we could judge, this miracle took place between the Consecration and the Communion of Father Dorney's Mass. After Father Dorney had made his thanksgiving he descended quickly to the Grotto, where his sister awaited him. "She is cured," we said to him, "she is radically cured."

"I WAS SURE OF IT," he replied, and, without yielding to those impulses of nature which lead one to embrace and congratulate the object of Mary's favors, full of faith, he turned his steps from the spot where his sister sat, and went to kneel before the Grotto, to and went to kneel before the Grotto, to pour out his heart in acts of loving thanksgiving. Oh, what a thanksgiving! Miss Dorney, who had not been able to take a step alone, walked three or four times that day to and from her hotel, a distance of a mile from the Grotto, and, more than that, she followed the torchlight procession on foot, which was at least an hour on march. A few days afterwards we made a pilgrimage to Betheram, which is an ancient Calvary, situated on the summit of the Pyrenees. Our Miraculee

Miraculee
ASCENDED THIS MOUNTAIN ON FOOT,
whilst my strength giving out I was aided
in this ascent by this little friend, whose
tottering steps I had so often aided during the past two weeks. Again we made an excursion to Gavanna, one of the highest peaks of the Pyrenees, where eternal snow and ice crown the mountain. The ascent was made on mules; of all the party of ten, Miss Dorney seemed to be the least fatigued. Our little American Miraculee attracted universal attention; all Lourdes looked at her; all solicited the pleasure of touching her hand, of receiving her autotouching ner hand, of receiving her auto-graph, of hearing a detailed account of her illness and cure. Miss Dorney had not only been cured of her internal mala-dies, which had deprived her of the use of her limbs, but eyesight and voice were likewise restored. In fine, the three happy ones left their beloved Lourdes it the first of September, two weeks after the cure, to accept an invitation ex-tended them by M. Henri Lasserre, to visit him at his beautiful country residence, near Storac, in Dordogne. Regrets and prayers followed this little American band who, by their piety and excellent qualities of mind and heart, had endeared themselves to many warm friends of Lourdes, who will never forget them. We unite in wishing them a happy and safe return to their beloved old parents and many friends who await them from afar, while we entertain the hope of another reunion next year at the feet of our Immaculate Mother, to sing together the anniversary Magnificat. We terminate in begging one Magnificat in thanksgiving to

Mary for the
FAVOR SHE HAS GRANTED THE UNITED

in having so propitiously smiled on one of its daughters; and we dare ask one little prayer for her who has made so poor an attempt to speak to you of one grace out of the hundred and fifty which Mary has deigned to accord us at Lourdes, during the months of August and September,
A DAUGHTER OF MARYLAND.

An Aid to Caring Alcoholism.

We believe the best authorities are gen-

erally skeptical as to there being any sure cure for confirmed habits of inebriety un-less the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfor-tunate subject of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting, or in a minor degree satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man :" I was one of thos fortunates given to drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work or sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half-ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put a teaspoonful of it in a little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on me violent. I found it the cravings, and it suffused a feeling of stitutes and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whiskey, but I have no tempta-tion to take it. I give this for the considaration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require.

KEEP THIS IN MIND .-- In the Diapared himself in a special manner to offer this great act of Catholic worship. We could say more on this subject, but we refrain for fear of wounding the modesty of the humble priest.

frain for fear of wounding the modesty of the humble priest.

It was about 9 o'clock when we plunged Miss Dorney into the water of the fountain; her sufferings on entering the bath were intense. We were alarmed at the expression of agony on her usually serene countenance; there was something in THAT LOOK OF ANGUISH which was not natural; those who withnessed it felt that something extraordinary and extertion, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, in about one of the most popular writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Veg. The work of the principle of the principle of the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used for nally, taking it in small dezes before mally, taking it in small dezes before the policy of the short time it has a during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Veg. The principle of the policy of the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used for nally, taking it in small dezes before the four hard provided in the short time it has a during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used for nally, taking it in small dezes before the four hard provided in small because and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

No Matter.

No matter where pain, lameness or sorted in the provided in t

## THE DOWN-TRODDEN SAXON.

Says a London correspondent of the Detroit Free Press:

I saw Trevelyan in London a few weeks since and he is looking very ill. The Irish troubles seem to have broken his health completely, and I would not be at all surprised, although no such thing has been accomplished. been even whispered, to see him replaced by some one else before long. I don't

by some one else before long. I don't know that it is possible to do anything for the conciliation of Ireland, except letting the country go entirely. But if anything can be done I think the British Government have made a mistake in not putting Lord Dufferin at the head of affairs there. If he could not succeed, there is then nothing for it but a tyrannical government on the one hand, or absolute freedom on the other. It seems to me that the future great trouble of Britain is not in the enmity of all Europe, nor the mix of effairs in Egypt, nor any of the foreign complications, but the state of affairs in Parliament after the next election. Just as a sore thumb is more trouble to a man than somebody else's broken leg, so will Irish affairs be to the British nation as compared with their Afri-can or European bother. Here is the situacan or European bother. Here is the situation concisely. Next year the Crimes Act will expire. Next year there will be eighty Parnellites in Parliament instead of thirty. It will not only be impossible for any government to renew the Crimes Act, but it will be impossible for them to do any legislation at all without the consent of the Irish party. Just think of the consequences of such an unprecedented state of affairs. It will not be downtrodden Ireland, but down-trodden England.

It will be the hated Saxon governed It will be the hated Saxon governed by the Celt. I wouldn't be at all sur-prised if in after years we will see agita-tion in England to get rid of the Irish yoke. They will demand separation, and Ireland will not let them go. We will then have Englishmen in the United States subscribing large sums of money to free their beloved country from the rule of Parnell. We will see a cowed English party in the House of Parliament trying to obstruct the legislation of Premier Parnell, while Home Secretary Healey and Minister of the Navy Sexton will denounce such tactics, and the Irish Speaker will ignominiously expel poor old Gladstone, Hartington, Harcourt and the rest of them for using unparliament-

ary language.

There is no question but Parnell is the greatest leader the Irish party has ever had and he has made up his mind to bring the English to his own terms, and it is the very general belief that he will do it. If Mr. Gladstone were to do the sensible thing and come up to 325 Strand and ask my advice I would say to him like a father, "William, my boy, things are much more serious than even you believe them to be. Put Lord Dufferin in Earl Spencer's place. Put Mr. Parnell in Trevel-yan's place. Clear out the Castle com-pletely, or let them do it, and see what the effect will be. Things can't be any worse than they are now." Earl Spencer a few days ago said that the Irish ought to be content with the concession. be content with the concessions already

made to them. To this Mr. O'Connor answered in the following words:

"The Irish people, I tell him and every other Englishman who uses such insulting and offensive language, are a nation of sensible and intelligent men, fully alive to their national rights, and determined to have these rights to the last uttermost farthing. I tell the Irish farmers—and I am as deliberately using words as I ever used them in my life—that they ought not to be, that they must not be, and that they need not be content with the present settlement of the Irish land question, but settlement of the Irish land question, but that that question is still open—that of twenty shillings in the pound, not ten have yet been paid—and that as far as the party to which we belong can be trusted to do its duty, that question will never be sed one solitary second before we have the last farthing of the last shilling of the

last twenty shillings in the pound." It is estimated that Irish landlords have already lost ten shillings on the pound and the prospect of losing has so lowered the prices of estates in Ireland that some can be picked up for a very little money.

It you would have appetite, flesh, color, strength and vigor, take Ayer's Sarsa-parilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes D. Sunivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes:
"I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I ave ever sold. I consider it the only atent medicine that cures more than is recommended to cure." Unprincipled persons are selling imitations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Do not be de-

Prompt Measures.

Prompt means should be used to break Prompt means should us used to break to sudden colds and cure coughs in their arly stages. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loes this most speedily and effectually.

An Agreeable Surprise.

Those who try Burdock Blood Bitters as a regulator of the towels, or to purify the blood, aid digestion, regulate the liver and kidneys, or strengthen tired nature, are agreeably surprised at the prompt benefit derived.

Mr. Parpetus Boileau, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I used it both internally and exter-

lief, and a positive cure quickly follows its

National Pills purifies the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. A Successful Results

Mr. Bloomer, of Hamilton, Ont., suf-fered for many years with a plainful running sore upon one of his legs, which baf-fled all attempts to heal until he used Burdock Blood Bitters, which speedily OCT. 25, 1884.

Stabat Mater TRANSLATION BY RE Stood the Virgin Moth Near the Cross, sad vigi O'er her Son there cr Through her soul in sor Sore distressed, with an Pierced the small

Ah! how doleful and d Was that woman, the el Mother of the Holy Of Who, with weeping and stood there trembling, How they smoth her.

Who could see without Christ's dear Mother's t As she gazed with stre Who would not by symp Share that Mother's ag O'er her Son's sharp a For His wicked nation
She saw Jesus scourged,
'Neath the smitings of
Saw her Son's meek resi
As He med in desolution
Yielding up His soul t

Mother, fount of love's d I, thy weight of woe disc Partner in thy tears w May my heart with ard And with love to Christ Sympathize with Him Hear, pure Mother, this Print the wounds of cru-Deeply on my inmost i With thy Son, the woun For me stooping, interce Let me feel the scourge

Let me join thy lamenta Share thy sweet commise And through life a mou Near the Cross, with the There I would stand, wit All the woes afflicting

Virgin, virgins all excel Make my heart, like thi Let thy tortures rend n Let me share Christ's cri Let me feel His pangs of Let His sorrows o'er m May I know His bruising Fully drink the blood pr From the wounds of th Inflaned with love, like May I be by thee protect When the judgment is

Let me by the Cross be go By Christ's death from de By His grace be fortifie When my earthly life is May my soul, from death Enter Eden glorified.

THE EARLY SCOTT

Dublin Rev An ancient tradition Church derived from P first introduction of Ch country. According to Donald, who reigned ov tribal kingdoms at the c century, received the fe ing of two apostolic in Dionysius, who were sen ple who acknowledged tradition was expresse which, if the versificati has at least, says Bishop

Christi transactis tribus

Scotia Catholiciam copit An early Christianity yond controversy. The shadowy that would conof the great Apostles, that St. Peter, when the expelled all Jews from nto the western provinc and passing into Britain, St. Paul was heard in the Transit et oceanum vel qu

Quasque Britannus habet ma Thuie. But it is unquestions those whom choice or ne track of the Roman le some who had embrac Christ. The first recor tory of a conversion to C of Pomponia Græcina, v consul Plantius, whose c tain were the first permit in the identity. in the island. She was Apostles, and under Nerguilty of a foreign super the wife of Pudens, was a both lived in the first certificate to believe that the tians, introduced into 3 Roman arms, kept the G of the Roman province, to transmit its influence Celts beyond the walls o ing every allowance for of hostile races to receiv of their enemies, it is still that even while the conte lasted, the faith made north; and among the off by the Caledonians in roads, there may well have would convey the truth ous captors. In whatever ity was first carried inte have the testimony of Te

multiplied—would retire province, and seek safety of its civilization, and the sion would be made to t in northern Britain. With the slender ev vague and ambiguous ex the complete absence proof, it is impossible what extent the evange land had been carried bef St. Ninian from Rome man, the first apostle Scots, our earliest author Describing the arr umbia, he says that his m inhabitants of the norther

a contemporary of Pope existence in the island

of the Roman domination in Britain escaped the fir

cution, and it was not Dioclesian and Maximis

their churches levelled

obliged to take refuge in

forests. Many fugitive long security the Chris

country, who were separal ofty mountain ranges fro neighbors of the Picush ranges because it is side of those mounts fore, as they relate, forest idelates, and enhylorest idelates. idolatry, and embraced t the preaching of Nynias, Bishop and holy man of t Britons, who at Rome had instructed in the faith and truth (qui erat Romæ reg mysteria veritatis edoctus pal see, famous for its Martin, and for its churc