

tion: and again his eyes fell upon the river, where the shadows were more shadow than ever, since the moon had sunk far down behind Sulpicius, leaving the city to the ineffable stars. Shall we say it, reader? He was touched by a twinge of jealousy. If she should really love the young master! Oh no! That could not be; she was too young. But the idea had fast grip, and directly held him still and cold. She was sixteen. He knew it well. On the last natal day he had gone with her to the shipyard where there was a launch, and the yellow flag which the galley bore to its bridal with the waves had on it "Esther;" so they celebrated the day together. Yet the fact struck him now with the force of a surprise. There are realizations which come to us all painfully, mostly, however, such as pertain to ourselves; that we are growing old, for instance; and, more terrible, that we must die. Such a one crept into his heart, shadowy as the shadows, yet substantial enough to wring from him a sigh which was almost a groan. It was not sufficient that she should enter upon her young womanhood a servant, but she must carry to her master her affections, the truth and tenderness and delicacy of which he the father so well knew, because to this time they had all been his own undividedly. The fiend whose task it is to torture us with fears and bitter thoughts seldom does his work by halves. In the pang of the moment, the brave old man lost sight of his new scheme, and of the miraculous king its subject. By a mighty effort, however, he controlled himself, and asked calmly, "Not go into the Circus, Esther? Why, child?"

"It is not a place for a son of Israel, father."

"Rabbinical, rabbinical, Esther! Is that all?"

The tone of the inquiry was searching, and went to her heart, which began to beat loudly—so loudly she could not answer. A confusion new and strangely pleasant fell upon her.

"The young man is to have the fortune," he said, taking her hand, and speaking more tenderly; "he is to have the ships and the shekels—all, Esther, all. Yet I did not feel poor, for thou wert left me, and thy love so like the dead Rachel's. Tell me, is he to have that too?"

She bent over him, and laid her cheek against his head.

"Speak, Esther. I will be the stronger of the knowledge. In warning there is strength."

She sat up then, and spoke as if she were Truth's holy self.

"Comfort thee, father. I will never leave thee; though he take my love, I will be thy handmaid ever as now."

And, stooping, she kissed him.

"And more," she said, continuing; "he is comely in my sight, and the pleading of his voice drew me to him, and I shudder to think of him in danger. Yes, father, I would be more than glad to see him again. Still, the love that is unrequited cannot be perfect love, wherefore I will wait a time, remembering I am thy daughter and my mother's."

"A very blessing of the Lord art thou, Esther! A blessing to keep me rich, though all else be lost. And by His holy name and everlasting life, I swear thou shalt not suffer."

At his request, a little later, the servant came and rolled the chair into the room, where he sat for a time thinking of the coming of the king, while she went off and slept the sleep of the innocent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HOLY GRAYLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Here on the rushes will I sleep, And perchance there may come a vision true, Ere day create the world anew. Slowly Sir Launcelot's eyes grew dim, Slumber fell like a cloud on him, And into his soul the vision flew." —Lowell.

Sir Launcelot du Lac, without his peer of earthly, sinful man—had taken the Quest of the Holy Grail. One deadly sin gnawed at the heart of the flower of chivalry; but a mighty sorrow struggled with and subdued his remorse, and a holy hermit assuaged him of his sin. With purified and strengthened heart, he won his way to a sight of that wondrous vessel, the object of so many knightly vows.

It stood on a table of silver veiled with red samite. A throng of angels stood about it.

One held a wax light, and another the holy cross.

A light like that of a thousand torches filled the house.

Sir Launcelot heard a voice cry, "Approach not!" but for very wonder and thankfulness he forgot the command. He pressed towards the Holy Grail with outstretched hands, and cried, "O most fair and sweet Lord! which are here within this holy vessel, for Thy pity show me something of that, I seek."

A breath, as from a fiery furnace, smote him sorely in the face. He fell to the ground, and lay for the space of four and twenty days seemingly dead to the eyes of all the people. But in that swoon marvels that no tongue can tell and no heart conceive, passed before his face.

The history of the wondrous vessel was, in a measure, made known to him. His purified eyes saw in the dim past a long line of patriarchs and prophets, who had been entrusted with this sacred charge almost from the beginning of time. The San Greal was revealed to his ardent gaze.

First, in the hands of white robed men, who met Noah as he went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives, with him into the ark, bearing with him the bones of Adam, great, great Progenitor. Its origin and history were revealed to Noah, and that it was destined to be used in the most mysterious of rites.

Next, Abraham was standing before an altar on a hillock in the valley of Jehosaphat. His flocks were grazing around or drinking from the brook cedron; his camels and beasts of burden and servants in the distance. The patriarch, flushed with ecstasy, stood as it in awe and expectation. Majestic, white-winged Melchizedek came from Salem. His tall, slender frame was full of tempered majesty. He wore a garment of dazzling whiteness, confined by a girdle on which were embroidered characters of mystic import. His long hair was fair and glossy as silk, his beard white, short and pointed. His face shone with divine splendor. A holy calm seemed diffused in the air around him. He bore in his hands the holy vessel handed down from Noah. He placed it upon the altar, behind which rose three clouds of smoke, the one in the midst rose higher than the other two. On the altar lay the bones of Adam—long after buried beneath the great altar of Calvary—and both prayed God to fulfil the promise he had made to Adam of one day sending the great Deliverer who would bruise the serpent's head. The priest of the most high God then took bread and wine—emblems of the great Eucharistic Sacrifice—raised them toward Heaven, and blessed them, and gave thereof to Abraham and his servants, but tasted not thereof himself. They who ate of this bread and drank of this wine seemed strengthened and devoutly inspired thereby. And Melchizedek blessed Abraham, and said; "Blessed be Abraham by the most high God, who created heaven and earth."

And he renewed to him the promise that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed.

The San Greal seemed, in the vision, left with Abraham, as a pledge of that promise, and afterwards was carried down into Egypt by the children of Israel. Moses took it with him when he fled to the land of Midian, and was using it for mysterious oblation on Mount Horeb, when the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of a burning bush. Sir Launcelot saw the vessel long after in the temple of Jerusalem among other precious objects of antiquity; its use and origin nearly forgotten. Only a few remembered its strange history, and felt, rather than knew, that it yet awaited its most glorious use. Its holy guardians had always watched over its safety with jealous care, until the abomination of desolation entered the holy place. But a divine eye seemed to watch over it. At the institution of the Mass, it was in the possession of a holy woman, since known as Veronica—her who took off her veil to wipe the dust and sweat and blood from the divine face of suffering Jesus, which was left thereon so miraculously imprinted. Veronica brought the vessel to the disciples of Jesus to be used at the Last Supper.

The Holy Grail, revealed to the astonished eyes of Sir Launcelot, was composed of two parts, the cup and the foot. The cup alone had been handed down from the time of the holy patriarchs. Its very form was wonderful and significant, and its composition mysterious. Jesus alone knew what it was. It was dark, compact, and, perhaps, of vegetable origin. It was covered and lined with gold, and on it were two handles. The foot of the chalice, added at a later period, was of virgin gold, wrought with the skill of a cunning workman. It was ornamented with a serpent and a bunch of grapes, and gleamed with precious stone.

The whole chalice rested on a silver tablet, surrounded by six smaller ones. These six cups had belonged to different patriarchs, who drank therefrom a strange liquor on certain solemn occasions. They were used by the holy apostles at the Last Supper, each cup serving for two persons. (These cups Sir Launcelot saw belonging afterward to different Christian churches, where they were held in great reverence.) The Holy Grail stood before our blessed Lord. . . . Let not sinful hand depict the vision of that unbloody sacrifice, so clearly revealed to the adorning eyes of Sir Launcelot, and so affectingly told in Holy Writ. . . .

The San Greal, fashioned with mysterious care for the most mysterious of

obligations, and handed down from remote antiquity by righteous men, to whom it was the pledge of a solemn covenant, was henceforth to be the object of the veneration of the Christian world.

Only the pure in heart could guard it. Angels with loving reverence folded their wings around that contained most precious Blood. Its presence conferred a benediction on the land in which it was presented. Sir Launcelot saw afterward the hand that came from heaven right to the Holy Grail and bore it away. But a comforting voice told him that it should re-appear on the earth, though for him the quest was ended. At the end of four and twenty days Sir Launcelot awoke. The vision had passed away, but the place was filled with the sweetest odors, as if of Paradise. Wondering thereat he cried: "I thank God of His infinite mercy for that I have seen, for it comforteth me." And he rose up and went to Camelot, where he found King Arthur and many of the Knights of the Round Table, to whom he related all that had befallen him.—*Catholic World*, Oct. 1868.

A TRUE PRIEST'S VIEW.

A LESSON FROM FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.—WHAT THE GREAT IRISH PATRIOT THOUGHT THE DUTY OF AN ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK WHEN FALSE DOCTRINES WOULD BE TAUGHT IN HIS DIOCESE.

From Father Burke's Lectures in the New York Academy of Music.

"Now, my friends, I ask you to consider with me one or two serious thoughts, with which I shall conclude. What is taught us by all this? First of all, I ask you to reflect upon the singular historical fact that the victory of Ireland—this great victory—was not the triumph of the sword. Ireland did not strike a blow to demolish the Protestant Church in Ireland. She held her hands in peace, and the people maintained a quiet, modest, dignified silence. But, under that silence there was a determination to wipe away that old and blood-stained grievance; even though they were to work for a thousand years, it had to be done. The determination of principle was there. That principle was a divine one—the principle of Catholic faith—coming from heaven, not from the earth. God has said in heaven: 'The victory that conquers the world, and shall conquer it, is faith.' How dear, then, to us should be the preservation of that principle! What strength it is to every man to have some high and glorious principle by which to regulate his social life, his civil life, and his political life! What more glorious record can be put upon any man's tomb than that, when it is with truth said: 'Here lies one that never denied or played false to his principle.' Secondly, my friends, reflect upon the significant fact of which this history of Ireland tells us and me, namely, that, in order to succeed in any enterprise, rational or otherwise, the people must be united.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

Where union is, there is the element of success, because there is the presence of might and strength. God is omnipotent—God is essentially One; therefore He is omnipotent. The Catholic Church has fought the world for nearly two thousand years, and she has always come out victorious; and why? Because the Catholic Church is one—one in faith.

ONE IN OBEDIENCE, ONE IN JURISDICTION, and one in devotion to God. One, because He who created her prayed to the Father, and said: 'Oh, Father, let them be one, even as Thou and I are One.' To preserve that unity, the Catholic Church has been obliged to cut off individuals and nations. One day a powerful king contradicted her teaching; she excommunicated him and tells him to go his way—to find his own way to heaven if he can. Another day it is a whole nation, as is the case of England, that says:

"WE WILL DEPART AND LEAVE YOU; we don't believe this that you call your doctrine." She says, "You are excommunicated. Go out from me. You have no communion with me. Go and find your own way to your doom." To-day it is Bismarck telling a bishop that he must not excommunicate a priest for this or that heresy. A priest in Germany denies the Catholic faith in a public church, and a bishop excommunicates him—tells him to go about his business. He says: 'I will not lay a wet finger upon you; but you must go. I won't keep you.' Tell me, my friends, if I, here to-night (God between us and harm!)—if I denied any one of the Catholic truths; if I denied the Divinity, or the Real Presence of Christ; if I denied that the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Mother of God; if I denied that the Church of God, or the head of the Church, was infallible—would't you be very greatly surprised to see me upon the altar next Sunday, or in the pulpit preaching? The first thing you would say would be:

"OH, THE POOR ARCHBISHOP! he must have lost his head; for here is that fellow—that heretic here again. What is the matter? Of course, if I were to speak thus here now, I would not be two hours in my convent to-night until I would get a letter from the Archbishop of New York saying: 'My friend you are no longer a Catholic, nor a teacher of Catholic doctrine, I suspect you. Go your way, my man!' This is precisely what the German Bishop did. What did Bismarck do? He said: 'My Lord Bishop, you have no business to suspend or excommunicate a priest without my leave!' BISMARCK IS CERTAINLY NOT A CATHOLIC."

Nobody knows of what religion the fellow is. Now, imagine for a moment to yourself Governor Hoffman or President Grant writing to the Archbishop of New York, and saying to him: 'My Lord Bishop, I will put you in jail for suspending or excommunicating Father Tom Burke because he denies the Infallibility of the Pope.' That is the state of affairs now in Germany. This has been going on for two years. And the Catholic Church has just cut them off, the same as Horace Greeley would lop a rotten branch at Chappaqua. Right and left off they go. And why? because all things must be sacrificed in order that the great Church of the Living God may preserve the unity of her faith, and the unity of her doctrine and her strength. She is one, therefore she is strong. We are two hundred millions of Catholics all

the world over. Whenever a question of faith arises touching the Catholic doctrine of the Church, that moment the minds of all the two hundred millions, that feel, see, and think after their own fashion upon every other subject—upon that there is but one thought—and that one thought the faith of the Church. That is the secret of her strength and unity. So it is with nations. Ireland was divided on the great question—on the great test of her nationality, Ireland failed. Ireland united on the glorious question of her religious freedom; and Ireland triumphed with the magnificent triumph which is the wonder of our age. What was the secret that united her? It was her Catholic faith—the Catholic faith that told her that faith is the substance of things to be hoped for. Why did the nation—in the deepest midnight hour of sorrow and persecution—why did she never despair? Why does she not despair to-day? Because she has the faith that is the substance of things to be hoped for. Because, where the true faith is—where the Catholic faith binds the people together—there is the breath, the living breath of the undying God. And until God abandons those who are faithful to Him—which He will never do—that nation may go on through centuries of suffering and sorrow, but, eventually, the sun of divine favor will burst upon her gloriously—coming from God, resting upon her faithful brows—and will surround her with its light; for God, who is never outdone by His creatures in generosity, will remember her, will crown her with all honor and glory, and will set yet upon the brows of this native land—this motherland of mine—the crown of religious and civil freedom, of honor and glory, which will be in the time to come, what the diadem of ancient Ireland was in ages past—the wonder of the world, and the glory of mankind."

TEN DINNERS FOR FRIDAY.

- BILL OF FARE (FRIDAY).
- Soup Margre.
- Omelette.
- Codfish, with Oyster Sauce.
- Spinach, White Potatoes, Boiled Celery, Apple Custard, Black Coffee.
- RECEIPTS.
- SOUP MARGRE.
- Four carrots, two leeks, one turnip, two large potatoes, and a handful of dried peas. Put together in a soup pot with four quarts of cold water; boil four hours, pass through a sieve; add a piece of butter, pepper and salt, and a little more water. Boil for half an hour, and serve, adding a little boiled rice or sliced potato.
- OMELETTE.
- Break three eggs—increase the number as needed—into a basin, add a spoonful of cream, and a little piece of butter, pepper and salt. Take two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, and, while it is melting, whip the eggs thoroughly; when the butter begins to splutter, pour the eggs in and stir. As it becomes firm, roll the omelette, let it brown on one side, and serve.
- CODFISH.
- In boiling codfish it should simmer rather than boil. Ten minutes is allowed to every pound of fish, and it must be taken out immediately when done.
- OYSTER SAUCE.
- One pint oysters; half a lemon; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one teaspoonful of flour; one teaspoonful of cream or milk; cayenne and nutmeg. Stew the oysters in their own liquor five minutes and add milk. When this boils, strain the liquor, and return to the saucepan. Thicken with the flour when you have wet it with cold water, stir well in; put in the butter, next the cayenne (if you like it), boil one minute; squeeze in the lemon juice, shake it around well, and pour out.
- SPINACH.
- Cook spinach in its own juices; it requires little water, it must be washed thoroughly and have the stalks picked off. Put a half-peck into a dry saucepan, sprinkle with a dessert spoonful of salt. This will draw out the juices. Let it boil for ten minutes, after it has begun to cook. Then put it in a colander to drain, and chop it very finely or press it through a coarse sieve. For the sauce, put a tablespoonful of cream and an ounce of butter into a saucepan; as it boils, stir the spinach into it. After this, keep it hot without boiling, sprinkle with cayenne pepper, garnish with points of lemon or hard-boiled eggs cut in rings. If you prefer poached eggs on spinach, fill a small pan with boiling water, pour into this a tablespoonful of lemon juice; break four eggs on a plate, one at a time, and slip it into the boiling water. The lemon juice sets the egg in shape. Wait till one egg is quite set before you put in another. Cook each about three minutes.
- CELERY (BOILED).
- Wash one bunch of celery thoroughly, and let it lie in cold water for half an hour. Cut in small pieces and boil in salted water for thirty minutes. Drain through a colander. After this, put back into the saucepan, add a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of milk in which a table spoonful of flour has been dissolved. Let it boil five minutes. Before serving, sprinkle with black pepper.
- BOILED POTATOES.
- Wash thoroughly and put them into boiling water, with a little salt. Boil thirty minutes. Afterwards drain and send to table in their jackets.
- APPLE CUSTARD.
- Take a pint of grated apple-tart, three eggs and a half-pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of milk, the juice and grated rind of a small lemon. Mix the sugar and butter together, beat in the eggs and the milk. Then put in the lemon. This makes two pies. Bake in a single crust.
- BLACK COFFEE.
- Java and Mocha. Pour boiling water on the coffee. Cover the coffee-pot at once and set aside for a few minutes. Do not let the coffee boil. Serve in small cups.
- Children Starving to Death
- On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COHEN of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

DR. NEWMAN.

The Independent gives the following outline of the life of England's great cardinal:

Dr. Newman is a familiar figure. The largeness of his mind and the elevation of his character have so impressed Protestant Christendom that his conversion to Rome was almost forgiven. However great the loss to the English Church—and not a few consider it that of the greatest man who has been within her fold during the present century—it was felt that he had parted with neither his ability nor his high-minded honesty in making the change; and those who ventured upon controversy with him (as Canon Kingsley) did not fare well.

He was born in London, February 21, 1801, and religiously trained in a school from which his father reaction in one direction was not more marked than that of his brother Francis W. in another. Educated at Ealing and at Trinity College, Oxford, he graduated 1820, and became Fellow of Oriel 1822, and tutor there 1826-8. Ordained deacon 1824 and priest 1825, he was from 1828 to 1843 vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, where his preaching mightily attracted and influenced the students. During these years his intimacy with Pusey, Keble, R. H. Froude had the weightiest effect on religious thought and life in England. Here began the "Oxford movement," which so largely revolutionized the British Church, and the results of which are still so widely seen and felt. Its positions were set forth in the famous "Tracts for the Times," of which Newman wrote twenty-four, including No. 90, February, 1841. The outcry over this put an end to the series, and cleared the author's way to his destined spiritual home. He retired to Littlemore, where he held a chaplaincy; in 1843 he resigned his preferments, and on October 8, 1845, submitted to the Church of Rome, not leaving Oxford finally till February 28, 1846. Here was no rash haste, but all due deliberation. The haven had been working in his mind for many years. In June, 1853, he had written:

"O that thy creed were sound! For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome."

These earlier mental movements may be traced in "Lyra Apostolica," and the history of his struggles is given not only in "Apologia pro Vita sua," 1864, but with some emotional fullness in a work professedly fictitious rather than autobiographic, "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert," 1848.

After visiting Rome in the flesh, he became, in 1848, Father Superior in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in Birmingham, which he founded at the order of Pius IX.; in 1854, rector of the new university in Dublin; and in May, 1859, he started a school at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, where he has ever since remained. See a sketch in the *Century Magazine* for June, 1882. He was made cardinal in 1879.

THE FARCE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

A writer in the *North American Review*, enlarging on Cardinal Newman's famous saying, summing up the controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism, and embodied in the phrase—Rome or Reason—writes thus of Protestantism:

"When a great system of theology arrives at that stage of decadence where it feels called upon to apologize for its crudities and explain away its inconsistencies, it is far past the meridian line, and it does not require a prophet to foretell its future. That the Protestant Church has arrived at this stage, no careful observer can doubt. The intellect of this church has embarked on a sea of apologies, while the body of the faithful have re-embarked for Rome. It has been well said that for the Christian religion there can be no permanent abiding place between Rome and reason, and the history of the past century, as well as the present attitude of the churches, renders this pregnant alliteration luminous. The farce of private judgment, which may judge only far enough to become protest, has been played to its last act."

Of the present drift of Protestantism this same writer says:

"That a number of Protestant clergymen have of late years deeded their congregations bodily to Rome, is plainly indigestible, candles, confession, the establishment of sisterhoods, the creation of monks, and other similar manifestations that have ceased to arouse even comment in the Protestant churches, so common have they become. Even the Presbyterians go into retreat for a part of Lent, while second, or even full mourning, is not uncommonly worn during that interesting season, by many of the more seriously mentally afflicted Protestants whose pastors have presented them at Rome. All this would have cost pastor and people dear some years ago, and their expulsion from any and all Protestant communion would have been a question of days only. But since the development of the theory of evolution, the fight has become so real and constant that, to prevent a panic, Westminster has surrendered fully to Rome, and she has taken a large number of her adopted and step children with her. It is true that a few of them are still coquetting with science and flirting with progress before their engagement with the Pope is finally announced; but it is only a question of time, and the next alarming scientific discovery or agnostic revival, then apologies will cease, and Rome will receive her own."

No doubt there has been a great change going on, but we question whether Westminster will surrender to Rome as early as this writer in the *North American Review* imagines.

We hope the writer's last prognostication will prove true, that finally "Rome will receive her own;" that the erring children will come back to the one fold of the one shepherd, the ark of safety, without which there is danger of eternal shipwreck.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

A GOOD TONIC.

Dr. R. WILLIAMS, Le Roy, N. Y., says: "It is a good general tonic and worthy of trial."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

If I am weak and you are strong,  
Why then, why then,  
To you the braver deeds belong,  
And so, again,  
If you have gifts and I have none,  
If I have shade and you have sun,  
This yours with freer hand to give,  
Thine yours with truer grace to live,  
Than I, who giftsless, sunless, stand,  
With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook  
To turn the wheel;  
Unto the larger stream we look,  
The strength of steel.  
We do not ask from sliken bands,  
Nor heart of oak in willow wand;  
We do not ask the wren to go  
Up to the heights the eagles know;  
Nor yet expect the lark's clear note  
From out the dove's dumb throat.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,  
By love inspired;  
Of him on whom much is bestowed  
Is much required.  
The tuncful throat is bid to sing,  
The oak must reign the forest's king;  
The rushing stream the wheel must move,  
The beaten steel its strength must prove.  
'Tis given unto the eagle's eyes  
To face the midday skies.

MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot covered with vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years old Fredericka could play well on a harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat; but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said, "Let us take a walk around the woods. How sweetly the birds sing! and the sound of the river as it flows is like music." So they went.

As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said, thoughtfully: "Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray!"

Fredericka asked, wonderfully: "What should we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," replied her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not bread enough for us. Let us pray God to help us."

"Yes," said Fredericka, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents, and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Fredericka.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music; and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy who did not know any one was near them. Turning he saw a fine gentleman who had just came from the woods.

The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him, "Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Fredericka answered: "He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the little boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard, and on opening the door the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening. Thus God answered the children's prayer.

Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata, which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterwards the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the Royal family by his wonderful powers. From that time the father and his children gave concerts in many cities of Germany and France.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Catholic as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servant. By the fulfillment of His will, mine is satisfied."

—Catholic Telegraph.

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Patnam's," and no other.

A TRINITY OF EVILS. Bilelessness, Constipation and Dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Care will do it. Try it and be convinced.