CHAPTER X.

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It is the custom of the Irish peasantry to visit every house in their immediate neighborhood almost every night during the winter. The shadow of darkness scarcely reaches the earth before knots of men can be seen, through all parts of Ireland, wending their way along many a dangerous land, wending their way along many a rugged road and over many a dangerous bog. Though all houses, in general, are visited, still there are some in particular—those whose inmates are first-class story-tellers or good ballad-singers—where the greater part of the night is spent, than in others.

In the neighborhood of Ballading, where most assemble and sales.

where most peasants assemble, and make the longest stay, is the cabin of old Tom Bohan. Tom's cabin is the centre of the neighborhood and near three cross-roads which make it the most convenient meet ing house in the whole place. Yet it was not the situation of Tom's humble dwell ing that was considered its most attractive point; no, but Tom and his wife were a kind and as jolly a pair as could be found in the three largest parishes in Ireland. There was always a good turf on Tom's hearth, and the blackest stranger was ever welcome to a seat before its cheering

On a certain night, when some of hi visitors had to sit on the long deal table for want of seats—though Tom had a re-spectable number of chairs and stools— little Mick Nolan asked Tom to give an account of his meeting with the "Jolly account of his meeting with the

Ghost."
"Now, Mick," said Tom, "you're always calling on me for a story, and you know well enough that I can't tell one. There's Larry—he never told us a story yet, and the boys tell me he can't be beat at it."

at it."
"Never mind Larry," responded Mick;
"you tell your story, and we'll come at
him for his another time."
"Well, as the company calls on me for
a story, I'll do the best I can to please
them. Here, Mick, my boy, keep this pipe
red until I get through," and he handed

red until I get through," and he handed Nolan the pipe.

Tom, after setting himself comfortably in his seat, and folding his arms, commenced the story of

THE JOLLY GHOST.

"You must all know, boys, that in my early days I was a wild sort of a fellow. The fair and the pattern, the wedding and the wake, were the principal places I spent my time and, as a matter of course, the bottle and the black-thorn stick were my greatest companions. Day after day, and greatest companions. Day after day, and night after night, for three or four years, spent in the most disorderly way. Well, onight as I was going home, half drunk, course, a storm overtook me. The rain fel down as if through a sieve, and the light-ning spit fire all around me. Drunk as I was, faith, I had sense enough to look for shelter. So, rememberin: that I was near the old Court of Coolnamuck, I made my way for it. After a little time I got in through a broken window in its back. The first thing I did as soon as I found myself inside was to take out my bottle and take a good blast of the creature. And, in truth, I wanted it badly the same And, in truth, I wanted it badly the same time. And so I thought then, too, for the second and the third things I did was to take two more blasts, which emptied my fine quart bottle for me. After that I lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. I don't know how long I was sleeping, but it can't be long anyhow, when I was awoke by a note no stair.

by a noise upstairs.

"What on earth is that?, says I to myself, rubbing my eyes very hard with my knuckles. I knew very well that no one

lived there for years.
"'Faith,' says I, when the noise was growing louder, 'I must go see what's the

matter.'

"The liquor, you know, boys, was in my head, so nothing was too bad for me to do. Upstairs I went, the best way I could, until I came to the door of the great hall. There, sure I'll never forget it, I saw such light that I thought the whole room There, sure I'll never lorger it, I saw such a light that I thought the whole room was on fire. At first I was awfully frightened; but on peeping in I saw such a lot of bottles of whiskey arranged like soldiers upon a big table, that I came to myself again.

diers upon a big table, that I came to myself again.

"'Arrah, sure enough,' says I, 'this is the great dining hall of the ghosts. 'Tis often I heard that it was.'

"Well, boys, I often heard that when the ghosts held their feast-night they'd do no harm to any one. This belief and the whiskey I had in me, gave wild Tom Bohan, as people then called me, more than his usual amount of courage. So I made up my mind to walk boldly in. But just as I was about stepping in, I was startled by hearing a ghost inside commence a song. Yes, boys, I was startled, and, in truth, I was delighted too. For though I attended many a fine wedding, and sat in every tap-room for many miles around, regard to that piece of song. I must say every tap-room for many miles around, and heard plenty of good sirgers then, of course, in all my born days I never heard anything equal to it—I mean his song Darby McGrath, that sings at Ned Costel lo's house, is no more to him than my old ass, abroad in the stable, is to a gray linnet. So placing my back against the door, I thrust my head in and listened. The first few minutes I was as silent as Jack Daly's deaf and dumb dog; but when I saw the ghost lift a glass to his mouth and heard him sing out:

'Strong whiskey punch is my delight, Is my delight, is my delight, I drink by day, I drink by night.'

I could no longer control the spirit of song, but added, in my deepest tones, as I pushed the door wide open and entered: Arrah, faith, arrah faith, you are right; And, indeed, Mister Ghost,

And, indeed, Mister Guard,
You well suit your post,
So together we'll drink this night, this
night.'

"But bless your poor souls, I was quickly stopped in my 'poetic flight,' as I once heard a learned friend of mine say. when I saw the ghost seize a pistol, and present it at my head."

present it at my head."
"A ghost seize a pistol," here chimed in Mick Nolan who, it seems, belonged to that large portion of the human race who style themselves critics. "Did any of you

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headaches, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

the black pit.
"'Stand back,' again cried the ghost, "'Stand back,' again cried the gnost, with a voice like big Jack Murphy's.

"'Arrah, sure, says I, 'you wouldn't send a poor fellow like me, covered and all as I am, with my sins, into eternity?"

"The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when the ghost laid down the pistel said saked me in the most friendly."

tol and asked me in the most friendly way in the world;
"'Wish'ee, is that my old friend Tom Bohan ?

Troth and it's the same man," says I.

"'You are not afraid of ghosts?' he "You are not arraid of ghosts "he asked again.
"Yo, nor of spirits, says I, growing bold, looking at the same time mighty hard at the bottles that decked the table.
"Troth, Tom, I always found you a good fellow; so sit down

"At that time I need never be asked twice to sit before any kind of a table that was covered with bottles of the crea-

ture; so down I sat, right opposite the ghost—a pretty good looking fellow he was, too, thought he was a ghost.

"Help yourself, Tom,' says he to me.
"I took the bottle that was nearest to me and filled a large glass to the brim.
"'That's what I call good stuff,' says I,

'no matter what's in them other bottles. as I laid my empty glass upon the table.
"Oh, says he, 'try them all, and I'll hold
my old stocking against your old hat that
your grandfather's still, down in Kelley's

your grandfather's still, down in Kelley's bog, never sent out better.'
"Though, as I told you before, boys, I was a wild sort of a fellow, still I had my own pride about me. Well, now, the ghost offended me here twice—first, by calling my hat an old one, and, secondly, by comparing anything in the world to my grandfather's drop. But you see it didn't answer me to dispute about what I was drinking, so I merely said 'd don't was drinking, so I merely said: 'I don't know, Mister Ghost, if my hat is so far gone that you should call it an old one.'
'Well, troth, Tom, you're a queer man

Well, I would mind it,' says I; 'and, besides, I'd wish you to understand that a better hat than that couldn't be found at the day before the pattern of Mothell.'

"Well,' says he, 'never mind about hat or stocking, but fill yourself another glass,

and then sing us a song.'
A song!' says I, swearing by the wool of a cat, "troth, I can no more sing a song than Paddy Querke, the piper, can play a tune.

"Now, boys, if the truth was known, at the same time I felt mighty proud to be called upon for a song. But, like most all singers, I wished to seem unwilling to sing. After asking me several times, I said at last that I would sing in order to please my friend. I then coughed, though I had no cough, and took a drink to clear the cobwebs out of my throat. 'Hear, then,' says I, and I sang out in my best voice:

'Oh, meet me by moonlight alone, And I'll give you a lick of a fiail, Or a rap of a lump of a stone, That will soften your head, I go ball.'

pledge."

"Faith," here chimed in Mick Nolan again, "If your memory is as good in everything you told us to night as it is in regard to that piece of song, I must say that your story, Tom, achree, is no more than half true."

"Half true, did you say, Mick Nolan?

Arrah, you're a nice fellow, sure enough, to doubt what I told you. I'll hold every man here, but yourself, believes it. Don't you, boys?"

"Troth, I don't," said one rude fellow

"Troth, I don't," said one rude fellow that sat upon the table.
"Nor I," said another.
"Do you, Larry?" asked Nolan.
"Well, I do and I don't, that's the way," replied Larry. "But I'll tell you what I believe. I believe that Tom fell in with no ghost at all, but some robber or sheep-stealer."

"Me fall in with a robber or sheep stealer."

"Me fall in with a robber or sheep-stealer "Me fail in with a robber or sneed-steater and sit in company with him all night, and drink his best regards! No, Larry, you're greatly mistaken in Tom Bohan, if you take him for such a man as that," and Tom shook his head with honest pride.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters, of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. McClure.
The above is from a very reliable far-

mer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could get no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they country. We have a large saw, are making remarkable cures.

W. H. Bishop & Co.

ever hear of a ghost using a pistol, boys?"
And Nolan erected his head, smoked hard, and, like many gentlemen of his profession, folded his arms "in majestic gloom."
But Tom, as himself often said, would give in to no man; so he asked Mick, with a comical smile: "Did he ever hear of an angel using a sword? Well, if he did, he heard of a ghost; for an angel is a spirit, and a spirit is a ghost."
This completely silenced little Mick. Tom then continued his story:
"Well, boys, as I was saying when Mister Nolan interrupted me, the ghost presented a pistol at my head.
"Hold on, if you please,' I cried. 'until I say a few prayers.'
"That was the first time I thought of them for years. Like all sinners, I forgot all about my salvation until the time of danger. And 'tis well, like many of them, God help us, I didn't lament that very same thing during the life of my soul in the black pit.
"Stand back,' again cried the ghost."
"Stand back,' again cried the ghost."
"Stand back,' again cried the ghost."
"Go on, Tom, avick, with the eary," and Tom's wife, in her sindst voles.
"What's the use in telling a story when not a word of it is believed it's getting late, and we had better prepare for bed by saying our prayers."
This was as much as to say it was time for all to return to their homes. But it must not be supposed that Mrs. Bohan said this through any bad feeling. No; she had made it a rule for her family to say their night prayers at a certain hour, and that rule she kept, no matter how thronged her house was. Though all left the house soon afterwards, not one of them bore for Tom and his little wife anything but feelings of friendship and respect.

Larry and Mick Nolan, as they crossed the bog, sang the following verse, in tones deep and loud, if not sweet: "On, come for awhile among us, and give us a friendly hand; and gladsome land; "On, come for awhile among us, and gladsome land;" on upper to Lower Ormond bright well-

And you'll see that old Tipperary is a roving And you'll see that old Tipperary is a roving from Upper to Lower Ormond bright welform Upper to Lower Ormond bright welforms upper to Lower Ormond bright welforms and smiles will spring; On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king."

Notan had crossed the After Larry and Nolan had crossed the

bog, they came to a young grove of ash-

bog, they came to a young grove of ashtrees.

"Let us go and cut two fishing-poles, Mick," said Larry.

"Just the thing, Larry," said Nolan.
They were not long cutting a pair of nice, strong fishing poles. They already began to think of all the fun they would have bobbing for eels, when they were startled by the appearance of two dark figures on the road before them.

"Let us run, Mick," whispered Larry.

"Why should we run, Larry? We have done nothing against law or justice.

"Come and see for yourself," said the dark figures, as they seized Nolan and pulled him towards the spot where the

pulled him towards the spot where the cry was heard.
"Upon my honor, Smooth Luke, you have shot a girl in place of that flying rascal you intended to shoot,"
"It's all the same, Talbot," said a pleasant voice, "I missed one rebel and hit another. What right had she to be out at this hour of the night?"
"That's very true. Smooth Luke," re-"That's very true, Smooth Luke," re-

plied Talbot.
"Mother of God pray for me! Sweet Jesus have mercy on me!" prayed the wounded girl; for it was a girl Smooth Luke had shot.

Luke had shot.

"I know that voice," said Nolan in a deep, sad tone; "the poor thing must be very faint. She must be dying."

"Bring me home! Bring me home, to see my dying mother," said the poor bleeding maiden; "and please call for her and me Father O'Donohue. I was going for him when you shot me. My mother, my dear, dear mother was taken suddenly sick, and I was going to call the priest to her when you shot me. May the Lord forgive you, and have mercy on my soul. Mary, help me. St. Patrick and St. Bridget, pray for me. My dear Lord,

have mercy on me."

These were the last words the poor girl spoke. She had received a deadly wound in the heart. in the heart.

Nolan tremblingly stooped down and lit a match, and placed it near the face of

the dead.

"Oh, my child, my child. You have killed Diocesan Education Fund, may be of intermy child. My brave child. My sweet child. My lovely child is dead, dead, dead! Oh, instruction and Sunday religion are sufficient or the annual meeting in benair of the Diocesan Education Fund, may be of intermy child. My lovely child is dead, dead! Oh, instruction and Sunday religion are sufficient to the sum of the control of the I finished ing I heard lead, cold, cold;" and the broken-hearted faith. Apropos of this the Cardinal said

arms of her father.

"Leave hold of my child," said Nolan with determination; "if you throw her into the ditch I will kill one of you."

Nolan lifted his stout ash pole over the eads of the slayers of his child. Talbot screwed his bayonet on, and ran it through the body of poor Mick Nolan. In a short time the bodies of the father

and daughter were flung together in the The next morning the Clonmel papers The next morning the Clonmel papers had a notice to the effect that a father and his child, on coming home from a wake, late at night, were killed by some unknown parties. The next week all the London papers had a notice to the effect that "a good loyal subject and his fair and innocent daughter were cruelly butchered by the savage Irish." The people of Carrick never found out who were the murderers of Mick Nolan and his darling child; but God knew them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages) Address World's Medical Association Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not attempt to remain over night without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry near at hand. This is the season for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera Morbus, etc., and the remedy above named is the unfailing specific.

THE CRADLE OF CHRIST.

During a recent Novena held in Rome by the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches, an exhibi-tion of sacred vestments and vessels was given by the lady members of the associa-tion. These articles were prepared for the u-ual halt-yearly distribution among the poorer churches. A writer in the London Tablet comments on the event, and his-remarks on the subject are as pertinent to

Tablet comments on the event, and his remarks on the subject are as pertinent to our readers as to those to whom they were addressed. He says:

"The general meeting held in connection with this exhibition on the 29th of April was presided over by his Eminence Cardinal Alimonda, Protector of the association. When the report of the work accomplished by the association in the year 1882 had been read by Canon Raffaele Forchieri, his Eminence was pleased to encourage the ladies who had assembled in large numbers. His eloquent words were listened to with profound emotion. We deeply regret our inability to reproduce the entire discourse, which enlarged upon the maxim, 'Let us not deny to God that which we do for man.' "When it is a question of receiving a personage distinguished by his face. that which we do for man." "When it is a question of receiving a personage distinguished by his fame, his merit, his authority, his social rank, how much honor and praise are lavished upon him. How much of festivity, of applause, of ceremony to grace his reception amongst us. God comes into His mystic city, into the Church which He has chosen for His dwelling, and shall we allow it to remain in the wretchedness and squalor of a

have bobbing for eels, when they were startled by the appearance of two dark figures on the road before them.

"Let us run, Mick," whispered Larry.

"Why should we run, Larry? We have done nothing against law or justice. Besides, these fellows have guns, and they might be tempted to fire on us."

"Let us run, Mick," cried Larry, and away went Larry through the darkness.

Two shots were fired after the fugitive. There was a pitiful cry—the cry as of a wounded human being.

"Larry is killed," muttered Mick Nolan; "may the Lord have mercy on his soul. These are awful times, praise be to our Maker in all things."

"The dog has come down," laughed the two dark figures.

"I wish in my heart that it was a dog you shot," sighed Nolan; "but it must be poor, innocent Larry. That was a human cry we heard."

"Come and see for yourself," said the "Church heas chosen for His to remain in the wretchedness and squalor of a tomb? His Eminence pointed out some useful suggestions offered by events which take place in the family life. How the bride adorns herself on her wedding day; how the bridegroom is attired in his best when he comes to plight her his troth. But in the Catholic Church are celebrated the most sublime espousals. Our Lord, the mos

the vestments of the priest who ministers to the spouse. Let not the Church be neglected. Let it be like not to a cavern, but to the house where, together with the angels, the soul basks in the light and love of the heavenly spouse.

"Again in the family, a child is born. How all rejoice, and lavish loving attentions on the infant. What care bestowed on the cradla that it may have all that is

tions on the infant. What care bestowed on the cradle, that it may have all that is beautiful, and be comfortably and softly laid. But in the Church also there takes place a birth—the daily birth of Christ upon the altar in the hands of the priest. And where is the cradle for the Divine Infant? His cradle is the Ciborium. Is it all that is beautiful and worthy of so great a Lord? Yes, in the towns we do not deny that it may be; but in the poor churches of the country villages the cradle

churches of the country villages the cradle of the Heavenly Child is often far less ornate than those in which are laid the children of the people. Let us give our labor and our means to make the altar not only the cradle, but the throne from which Jesus so lovingly dispenses His favors. Gather around you, ladies, new members, so that we may redouble our work, and so be able to grant the petitions of the nu-merous rectors of the churches, who often seek from us what we have not the means

Religion Seven Days of the Week.

The following extract from an address of his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Arch-bishop of Westminster, delivered recently in St. James' Hall, London, on the occasion of the annual meeting in behalf of the

dead, cold, cold," and the broken-hearted father lifted up in his arms the bloody corpse of his child and kissed her cheeks and forehead a hundred times.

"Let us pitch this thing into the ditch," said Smooth Luke, calmly. We can send for it to morrow and have it brought home."

"My child, my child, my darling child, I can't live without you! What, a black hight this is for me and mine! Oh, my child, my darling child," began again the distracted father.

The poor child was dragged out of the arms of her father.

"Leave hold of my child," said Nolan with determination; "if you throw her with a will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because some people who think that secular are some peo gathered together in the church is one of the most powerful means whereby the knowledge of the Catholic faith is to be maintained and spread, and I know that great efforts are made by the clergy to collect their children on the Sunday. But collect their children on the Sunday. But they tell me what I know to be true, and that is that it is enormously difficult, difficult beyond the knowledge of those who are not, like themselves, in the midst of this experience, enormously difficult to obtain anything like a regular attendance of the children upon the Sunday afternoon. And here I may say the parents are in fault. I know that children play truant when they can, but I know that careful parents will not, as a rule, have truant ful parents will not, as a rule, have truant children,and if they looked after the regular attendance of their children on the Sunday afternoon we should not have, as we have now, I am sorry to say, teachers coming regularly in large numbers and children coming irregularly in small numbers. I am happy to announce to you that the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul have promised me that they will work together with the clergy of our parishes, and will be happy to receive from the clergy the names of the children who are irregular,

names of the children who are irregular, and of the dwellings where they live, so that they may on Sunday afternoon go round, as it were, with the Cross carried before them and the bell in their hands, as I have seen in Rome, gathering the The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the spe cious aid of any exaggerated or fictition

Witnesses of its marvellor

cures are to day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write for names if hamlet of the land. Writ you want home evidence, BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete, cures, all annoying Kidney-Diseases. \$1.

ertificate.

REASON AND FAITH.

of placing reason where faith should be? One only—nonsense! A man who would act thus in matters of the world, would be considered a lunatic. Everything even here is not a matter of evidence. We here is not a matter of evidence. We are bound to believe, for instance, that there are such cities as London, and Paris, and Rome, such countries as England, and France, and Italy, such mountains as the Alps, although we have never been there. We would be considered as fools if we refused to believe in their existence, because they were not produced before our eyes in evidence. And we may, in fact, never see them: but

produced before our eyes in evidence. And we may, in fact, rever see them; but we believe in their existence nevertheless. Why? Because we read in books and papers, and see and hear men speak about them; and those who speak and write about them have authority, for they have been there.

been there.

Now apply this simple illustration to Now apply this simple illustration to the subject-matter of religion. Unbelievers profess not to know or understand the doctrines of the Church, and it is precisely because of this that they reject our creed. It is beyond reason, they say, and therefore they bring forward reason to deny it. This Paris, this London, this Rome, are not like New York or Baltimore; their sizes and shapes are different their bourse. sizes and shapes are different, their houses are not built as houses ought to be, there are strange people in them; therefore they do not exist. Very plainly, our friend has had a bad dream, and his fancy has played him false.

It is not necessary to pursue the simile

Catholics fix the principles of faith and reason in their minds. They, as well as others, are liable to be carried away by some sudden gust of rebellion, if they be not careful and guarded. Reason has a legitimate domain of its own, but when it steps beyond it, it only produces mischief. A man beginning on the natural basis would argue out for himself the existence of God, of good and evil, and hence of future reward and punishment. Then he would come to revelation. The first question then would be: Would it not be reasonable if there were a God, that He would reveal Himself? Yes. Where, then, is the body that professes to be the guardian of that revelation? "Shocking!" exclaims the Protestant; "the Bible alone is the basis of faith," But the reasoner would smile. He would say. "I see I is the basis of fatth," But the reasoner would smile. He would say, "I see I need not trouble my head about your sects." One body only, under such circumstances, claims his attention; and one tep of reason remains for him to take: He must investigate her testimonies. As soon, however, as he is satisfied on this

point, reason ceases.

If the Church is a divine institution, nothing she teaches can be wrong, unless God is a liar. All that the Catholic has to master is what the Church teaches; when he knows that, childlike faith displays reason; the heart dethrones the head.—Baltimore Mirror.

Good By Degrees.

Do you think you can be very good all in a minute, even though you have asked God to forgive you your sins, and to send you help to do better? There is such a thing as growth in good-

ess as in plants; and if you really want o be a strong young tree in the garden of the Lord, you must be content to pass through many sections, and wait for many suns and showers, and even then

you have not reached your full size.

Do you understand me? For you can be a little good directly, for you can try to be good. But do not be disappointed if you fail, or sit down to say rebelliously. have tried, and I was good for a little while, and now I am naughty again so it is of no use praying or trying any more.

Such thoughts are sent by the wicked one to discourage you. He wants you to give up goodness altogether. He hates to

Rather lift up your head after a fit of naughtiness and say: "I am still a little plant in God's garden, and although my eaves are soiled with sin and earthlin He can wash them with His showers, and brighten them with His sun, if I only look up to Him and do not despair and sink

to the earth.
"But I want to be a very good, very

strong young tree in God's garden," says some bright hopeful child.

Well, it is a good wish, only remember, no hurry! The best truit takes the longest time to ripen; and remember you are nappier than the fruit, in that you can elp on your own growth by meekly ending your head under the showers of Hod's correction and thanking Him for he sun of His love.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discov-ery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it ery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspep-sia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring man-hood to full vigor. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

One of the primary errors of the day is to substitute reason for faith. It is so among unbelievers, of course; it is so among Protestants, and worst of all it is so among large classes of Catholics. Deplorable, we say it is, because the inevitable result, if followed out, leads to atheism. Lack of a logical head prevents such parties from going to an extreme. But it is lack of a logical head that makes a man who professes to have faith fall into an error like this.

We are no contemners of reason. Reason is a divine gift. Reason, as well as faith, is given us by God. But what is reason, and what is faith? Reason is that faculty of the mind which enables us to know, to understand, to comprehend; faith is that faculty of the soul which enables us to believe, and in the act of believing to understand things beyond reason, beyond thought, beyond words.

Now, if this is true—and none will dispute it—what result can follow from theact of placing reason where faith should be? One only—nonsense! A man who would act thus in matters of the world, would be armore in the faith is grant of the soul which the soul which as the soul which as the soul which as the soul which as the soul which are son, beyond thought, beyond words.

Now, if this is true—and none will dispute it—what result can follow from theact of placing reason where faith should be? One only—nonsense! A man who would act thus in matters of the world, would be act thus in matters of the world, would be a man of the same house, named Joseph. They were dwell-ing in a town of Galilee called Nazareth, and lived in holy continence. This was about the year of the world 4000. The angel Gabriel was deputed by God unto Mary, to announce to her that she was to become the Mother of the Saviour of men. Mary was troubled, bearing in mind the vow she had made to remain ever a virgin. The angel reassured her on this head, telling her that her divine some would have no father but God. Mary answering said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to time of March the memory of this grand event, under the name of "the Feast of the

MORAL REFLECTION .- Three great virthe most delicate chastity, the deepest humility, and perfect submission. Let us aim especially at initating the latter, while repeating with Blessed Mary, "Behold the servant of the Lord, let it be done unto me according to His word."—(Luke i, 38).

Saint Irenaus.

Saint Irenews.

The Obligation of Good Example.—
St. Irenews was bishop of Sirmich, in Pannonia, when the edict of Dioclesian's persecution overwhelmed the Church and spread terror abroad. The bishop having been conducted before Probus, governor of the province, gave proof of a courage unequalled, not only in resisting the threats launched against him, but still more in contemning the flattering promises made to him if he would consent to sacrifice to idols. He was beaten with rods, and afterwards sentenced to be thrown into the river after being beheaded. The holy martyr joyfully stripped off his clothing, and uttered this prayer: "I thank Thee, my God, for having deigned to let me suffer death for the glory of Thy name and for the safeguarding of the Christian people of Sirvel." to let me suffer death for the glory of Thy name and for the safeguarding of the Christian people of Sirmich. Vouchsafe to receive me in Thy mercy, and by my example fortify Thy people in the faith."

MORAL REFLECTION.—Good example is one of the main duties of every one invested with a dignity, or exercising any spiritual authority whatever. Every one is responsible towards his inferiors for the is responsible towards his inferiors for the bad example he gives, and the good ex-ample which he should have afforded: "For a most searching judgment shall be for them that bear rule."—(Wisd. vi. 6).

Saint John the Solitary. OBEDIENCE.—There are in the lives of the Saints certain traits that are more the Saints certain traits that are more worthy of admiration than of imitating: let us seek out what we are capable of imitating. St. John the Solitary had withdrawn to a mountain in the environs of the town of Lycopolis, in the Thebaid. There three grottos, hollowed in the rock, protected by a slight enclosure and encompassed by a high rampart, served him as a place of retreat. In this rampart there was a small window, which he opened twice in the week to receive the food brought for his sustenance. He conversed awhile with his visitors, discoursing upon matters concerning their salvaversed awhile with his visitors, discoursing upon matters concerning their salvation, especially on the necessity of doing penance, and then withdrawing, gave himself anew to prayer. He thus hved on to the age of ninety, and died towards the year 395. God had favored him with the gift of miracles and of prophecy. He announced to Theodosius his victories over the enemies of the Church. Many solitaries imitated his mode of life. ries imitated his mode of life. writers agree that the signal graces be-stowed upon him were the reward of his absolute obedience during the first twelve years of his retirement to the bidding of the Solitary whom he had taken as his

master. Moral Reflection .- Nothing is better calculated to procure favors from Heaven, than obedience towards those in authority. "An obedient man," says the Wise Man, "shall advance by victory,"—(Prov. xxi.

The American branch of the "League of the Cross" at Chicago is making favor-able progress. It was started in England by Cardinal Manning, and Father Hays, of the Jesuits of Chicago is the leader of it there.

Consumption is a disease contracted by a neglected cold—how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure that we should at once get the best cure fer Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all discases of the Throat and Lungs,—one of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly." Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. Unequalled for brilliancy. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS. -A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

J. H. Earl, West Shefford, P. Q., writes:

"I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, &c., and I think it equally as good for horse as for man.

"When all other remedies foll!"

as good for norse as for man.

"When all other remedies fail," for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crooker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

"MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, tion, tasteless, 25c

An able Review

THE EXTER

AUG. 3, 1

In the issue of Century for Ju Sullivan publish Why Send Mor an able critique o extermination an also, he replies Goldwin Smith's illogical attack on give the article in a portion of the our race. Mr. Su

The question w propounds in the Review, touches terest at the prese 'Ireland' we also premises—"but leadings." provinces alone. testant and thri
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> counties: it has he and is one of the farms, sheep-run and anti-English to it, the most the thirty-two fine, one needs t matters to dist mere coincidence is really cause creeds stand in U in the same proj days of Henry J Province-or r that provincethe insurrection of 1848 its Pro the most daring 1874 it sent a trant and thriving Parnell's side, in Gillis Biggar, m "Irish," there people of Irelandiand," meaning

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