

The Beasts.

Over the hands that are shining... With the brightest of jeweled eyes...

Over the hands that are hardened... And rough with the tolling of years... Hands that have done a stout battle...

Over the hands of the statesman... Grown weary with guiding the pen... In the framing of laws and commandments...

Over the hands of the beggar... As his crutches shake by the way... Drawing his rags in a trembling hand...

With love in her heart from the Saviour... With peace in each line of her face... The meek, in her humble aspect...

O Mother of God, who hast given... Thy children this chaplet so fair... Take to me each and all of the prayers...

OBLAGES OF MARY.

IN THE BEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

The bishop made arrangements to leave for Fort Good Hope on the 8th of January... The fathers divided their little stock of flour with his lordship...

The bishop's highway in traveling from Fort Good Hope to Fort Norman, was to be the frozen bed of the Mackenzie... The frozen beds of the Mackenzie are almost the only roadway practicable...

During the struggle between frost and current, the surface of the river takes the appearance, which it retains, of a hilly country... Great hummocks or hills of ice will sometimes be found extending from bank to bank blocking up the way...

The bishop and his little party set out from Fort Good Hope in the following order... An Indian advanced at the head of the party, with an axe in hand...

On the 8th of March the bishop and his little party were covered with blisters, which were caused by the fine snow penetrating his shoes...

In the centre of the river, where greater resistance was offered by the current to the front... The bishop at a certain distance followed on foot... His lordship's task was to trample the snow and break such rough pieces of ice as lay on the tracks of the dogs...

Such an appeal could not be resisted... Father Eynard set out on a journey which was to last ten or twelve days to visit the tribe in whose behalf Baptist had written to him...

Early in December 1863, Monsiegnur Grandin, accompanied by his little sacristan, young Beauvais, set out upon a journey across the frozen surface of the Great Slave Lake... The expedition was the result of the mission of Providence, which the bishop had inaugurated in the manner which we have already described...

On the 23rd of May some families arrived... I opened a mission the following morning, the Feast of Pentecost... made at first slow progress... The other Indians whom I expected had not arrived...

When I arrived at their encampment they greeted me with great demonstrations of joy... I assembled them together and commenced to sing with them one of our most stirring and devotional hymns... I then delivered a discourse to them...

I have come hither to dwell in your country... Ten years since I left my aged father, whose hair was as white as snow... I left him, although my leaving him nearly broke his heart...

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A LEGEND OF THE "MAGNIFICAT."

In days long ago, in the "Ages of Faith," there stood in a wooded valley an old gray monastery... Here for many long years had the brethren dwelt, praying much and laboring hard...

"We must, my brethren," he said, "always sing the Magnificat. We must do our best; for we cannot content ourselves with only saying our Lady's song..."

And this lasted for years. But one Christmas Eve a young man came to the monastery door and offered himself as a postulante... It turned out that among his qualifications was that of a good voice...

"I am sent hither," he said, "by my Lord and my King to know why no Magnificat has been sung today... For many a long year a sweet melody hath floated up to heaven from this choir..."

TEMPLES OF THE LIVING GOD.

It is a tradition, and estimable by its age, and proudly cherished by the Catholics, that the church may become a suitable temple of the living God...

Since the beginning of the new dispensation, humility has become more deprecative... It has labored to extend its goodness in more beneficial forms...

In earlier centuries, wealth was by no means so difficult to get as it is now... It is now only through our art that it has assumed enormous proportions...

From the ages that were Catholic, comes to us the tradition of building up temples to God with generous gifts and noble sacrifices...

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine... My customer says they never used anything so effectual..."

Invariable Indications. If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Rises and heaving of food, wind in the stomach, a choking or gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach...

Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

My Own Shall Come.

Serve I hold my hands and wait... My own shall come, my own shall come...

I stay my hands, I make delay... For what avails this eager haste... I stand and wait the eternal way...

What matter if I stand alone... I wait with joy the coming year... My heart shall rest where it has dwelt...

The stars know their own and draw... The brook that springs on yonder height... Sows down the good with equal tear...

The flower nodding in the wind... Is ready plighted to the bee... The water, wayward, hither and thither...

The stars come nightly to the sky... The tidal wave unto the sea... Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor light...

On September 15th, 1871, Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, commissioned Father Drumgoole, who for many years had entertained the desire of laboring for the salvation of the heathen...

On the occasion of his first Christmas at St. Vincent's Lodging House, Father Drumgoole gave a retreat to all the boys... and extended an invitation to other poor boys in the neighborhood...

On the first evening of the retreat approached for confessions, I told the boys that I would meet them in the lecture room after supper...

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