## Bereaved.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye, Let me, who have not any child to die, Weep with you for the little one whose love I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed Their pressure round your neck—the hands To liss such arms, such hands I never knew, May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing Between the tears that would be comforting. But ah! so sadder than yourselves an I, Who have no child to die. -Jas Whitcomb Reilly in November Century

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

"Moneignor" Bouland, not unknown in this section of the country, bobs up now as pastor of a Galifean chapel in Paris, having cast his fortunes for the time being with "Pere" Hyacinthe and his crowd. Unless this chapel is rich in revenue, the "monsignor" will not remain attached to it long, however, and, industry from Haschuther, experience. judging from Hyacinthe's experience, Galicanism is not exactly an ecclesiastical gold mine.

THREE OF A KIND.

Horace Greely once refused an increase of salary upon the ground that he did not think his paper could afford to pay it.

Mr. Bliss, President of the Boston and Albany Rathroad, has just declined as increase of his salary from \$12 000 to \$20 000 with the singular explanation that

do not believe my services are worth any more than I am now receiving."

Mr. Powderly, on Monday, succeeded, with difficulty, in persuading the Knights of Labor to reduce his salary from \$5,000

There are a great many peculiar men in this world.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A BIBLE NARRATIVE VERIFIED. A SIBLE NARRATIVE VESIFIED.

A singular experiment has just been made in Palestine for the purpose of testing the accuracy of Dr. Colenso's statement that the people of Israel, after they had crossed the Jordan and were assembled in the valley between Mt. Etal and Mt. Gerizim in obedience to the command Moses had given them, could not possibly have heard the curses and blessings from the heights as told in the twenty seventh the course of Dantaronomy.

Cuapter of Dauteronomy.

Several friends who were on the spot determined to put themselves into the positions occupied by the children of Israel, and, accordingly, providing themselves with Bibles. Two Scotchmen as cended Mt. Edal and two Welshmen as cended Mt. Geriz'm, which are each about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, while the rest of the party remained in the fertile valley below, which is about

fine hundred feet deep.

Then one of the Scotchmen, taking upon himself the part of the Levites of old, proceeded to read the curses, while his Welsh friends from Mt. Gerizim replied with the blessings. Both of them were distinctly heard in the vailey, and the party standing there reverently responded with the amens.

## A RECEIPT FOR ST. PETER.

A Canadian Indian of one of the Cana. dian tribes, in making his confession to the black gown on one occasion, accused himself of having stolen two dollars from a Protestant minister. He was told, of course, that he must make restitution. Accordingly the red man, who in baptism had received the name of John Baptist, set out at once to give back the stoler money. Presenting himself at the minis-ter's house, he said:

Me rob you. Black gown said to me John Baptist, give back money."
"What money?" asked the minister,

ting."
"What else do you want."

die first, me die after. Do you see?

'No, what do you mean?' Listen more. Dat mean much, dat nean all. Me knock at door of heaven; great chief St. Peter open, and say: Dat you, John Baptist? What you want? Me answer: Me want to go in house of Great Spirit. And he tell me: But your Me say : Black gown forgive And St. Peter he say: And what you stole from minister you pay back?—Show receep. Poor John Baptist bad fix; no receep. Have to go galiop all over the black pit below to find you. No true religion, no heaven."

A PLACE OF SILENCE AND DESOLA-

Little is known and rarely told of the Death Valley, in many respects the most remarkable of the natural wonders of

Imagine a trackless waste of sand and rock, shimmering under the rays of a more than tropical sun, hemmed in on all sides by gigantic rocks and mountains whose very impress is that of eternal desolation, and you have a fair idea of Death Valley. Geographically it is the Death Valley. Geographically it is the sink of the Amargoea River, which is quite a marvel itself. It rises in the Western Slorras about two miles from Western Slerras about two miles from the California line, and flows southward for ninery miles when it disappears from sight in the bed of an ancient lake at the foot of the Resting Spring Mountains. A little further south it reappears and continues another sixty miles when it sgain returns to its subterrangan channel. Still returns to its subterranean channel. Still again it resppears and flows nearly one hundred miles, when it finally disappears in the sink of the Death Valley, quite a

remarkable river.

Death Valley is about eight miles broad
by thirty five long, and comprises some
three hundred square miles of the most God-forsaken country in the world. looks as if suffering from some terrible curse, such as we read in the Scriptures. It lies far below the sealevel, in some places one hundred and sixty feet. No

to cool the burning sanl. Bright steel
may be left out night after night and
never be tarnished. Nothing will decay;
a dead animal will simply dry up like
parchment and remain so seemly forever.
No sound is ever heard; the silence of
etermal decolation returns autoreme. It is a eternal desolation reigns supreme. It is curious geological formation, only paral-leled in one other instance—that of the Dead Sea The rocks, lava, bacait, and Dead S.a. The rocks, lava, baralt, and granite show the volcarie formation, which probably accounts for the poisonous quality of the air. It is said that noxious gases are emitted from the numerous fisres in the rocks.

Reclamation of vast tracks of land will be accomplished, but Death Valley will never see a plough. It is forever destined to remain in its state of primitive barrenness By the workings of some mysterious cause the place is hostile to life. It is avoided alike by man and beast. Geologists tell us it is a striking illustration of the condition of the whole world at an early geological epoch.

A ROMANTIC ORGAN GRINDER. Tae old woman who plays the hand organ at the corner of Ninth and Vine

treets, Philadelphia, has a history.

The old woman is a Swede and cannot speak a word of English. To a reporter who speaks her language she told the story of her strange and romantically eventful

"I was born." she said "on the 4 h day of August, 1817, in Werinland, Sweden, and am now, you see, seventy three years of age. My name is Anna Suenson. That is not my full name, but it is enough and will do. Our family was well known in Sweden and also in Russia; in fact, our family is Russian.
"In the time of Catharine our family

estates were the largest held by the nobil of the Vasa dynasty. I never knew her, as she died when I was born. You see that on my mother's side I am of royal linesge, and on my father's side I decended from the proudest of Russian anistocracy. My father was a proud man, morose and stern in the extreme. The soldiers in their summer camp at Visby, whom he commanded, would often be flogged by

his orders for some trifling offense.
"I remember little of Werinland, for as a child my time was passed in the school at Stockholm, and as a young lady I was at court more than anywhere else. When I was twenty years old we were at our Stockholm home and daily in attendance

at the palace or at Dottingholm.
"I was the especial favorite of the Princess Eugenie. I was constantly her companior. She loved me and spoke to me as I think my mother would have

done.
"There was at that time a nobleman named Baron Phegren, of high rank, but as poor as a beggar. He had a son Carl, a captain in the navy, whom I had met at the Court balls and receptions. Carl and I during that summer met very often. We walked and talked and rowed together until I found that I loved him.

"Princess Eugenie said to me one day, Ab, my dear, this love of Carl's will give you trouble some day.' I smiled at her, but thought nothing of it. But one day at Dottingholm, Carl told me he would at once speak to my father. I hated that, but I said, 'Yes do so,' and he went away happy. Poor Carl! I don't know what passed between him and my father, but on the next evening my father sent for me

to come into the library.

"I went there. He was tall, cold, and stern, a man of iron. 'So, so, my little counters,' he laughed, 'you love Carl, do you? Well, well, I'll soon stop that,' and then he began to tell how poor Ca I was, that he wanted simply my money, that he was a bad man. On! how that night comes

"Two dollar me stole you, me bad savage; but now me good Indian, me heap corry. Here you money."
"All right, do not steal any more. Good day, John Baptist"
"Good day no nuff; me want odder the stop of the stop our room; you shall never marry Carl Phegren—never."
"Carl met me the next day in the gar

"Carl met me the next day in the gar "What else do you want."
"Me want—what you call, yes receep."
"A receipt! What do you want of a receipt? Did the priest tell you to ask for it? You stole from me, you have restored the money. Isn't that enough?"
"Listen: "You old, me young; you die first, me die after. Do you see?"
"To all met me the next day in the gar den. He was haggard and pale. 'You know all,' he said, and then, without waiting for an answer, he urged me to leave Sweeden, to go with him to America, to build a little home here in the land of the free. I would not. I could not I respected my father. I did not want him

o curse me. "Then Carl left me, and I never saw him again. A few days afterwards they found him on the beach at Waxholm dead, with a buliet in his heart. They never knew whether he killed himself of

was murdered. "I lived on. I was alone, that was all. One day father told me I was to marry. He had a husband for me. I refused to obey him. Then in his passion he struck me, and as I lay on the ground he told me he would kill me as he did Carl. He stopped as he said that, and then quietly with a white drawn face he left

me alone.
"My father was a murderer! "I left the house that night. I left Sweden shortly afterward. First I went to London, then I came to this country I saw notices about my strange disay pearance in the papers, but I wanted only to die.

"I went through your rebellion as nurse in the south. Then I wandered from one place to another, and I descended still lower and lower in the social scale,

until now I am what you see me.
"Little do the people who give me cent for my poor organ music think that once I was a belie of the old world's noblity—that I denced with kings, and that the blood of the Vasa is running in my veins."

Catarrh In the head Is a constitutional Disease, and requires A constitutional remedy Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, Which purifies the blood, Makes the weak strong, Restores health.

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 It lies far below the sea-level, in some places one hundred and sixty feet. No friendly clouds appear to intercept the scorching heat. The thermometer registers one hundred and twenty-five degrees week after week. No moisture even falls good for horses as for man."

Catholics will patiently bear with many calumnious denunciations of their relig

ion. They hear the foulest falsehoods retailed about the Sovereign Pontiffs of the Church, and about priests and prel ates who have led boly lives and have been bright and shining examples of Christian virtue. They hear outrageous and blasphemous misrepresentations of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Cauren, and only pity the ignorance or the malice to which these misrepresentations owe their origin.

But there is one thing that no Catholic

But there is one thing that no Catholic heart can endure. It is contempt for the Blessed Virgin. All dise a Catholic can bear. But a word of disrespect, an epithet of contempt applied to the Holy Mother of God he cannot bear.

We read occasionally of some ranting Protestant "missionary" in Maxico, or some other Catholic country, getting his head broken or being otherwise rudely treated. Our Protestant newspapers take

treated. Our Protestant newspapers tak the matter up and characterize the injured person as a "martyr." Frequently our secular newspapers refer to such incidents as proof that there is not liberty of opin-lon or freedom of speech in Catholic countries. Yet each of these ways of countries. Yet each of these wave of looking at the subject is a mistake. When ever these occurrences are thoroughly investigated, it is found that the Protes ant so-called messionary brought his punishment upon himself, and, in platin Eaglish "got no more than he deserved ;" that instead of confining himself to what even according to Protestant ideas, legitimate missionary work, he resorted to calnumbous misrepresentations of the Catho-ic religion, and ridiculed and cast con-

tempt on the love and veneration of Catholics for the Blessed Virgin.

In this, and especially in the contempt shown to the Blessed Virgin, is to be found the true explanation for these out. bursts of Catholic indignation, whenever they occur.

Nor is this strange. On the contrary, it is in perfect accord with the warmest, deepest, strongest impulses of our common human nature; with the purest, holiest promptings of our hearts. Who is so dear to us as our mother? What man, who is a man, that will not resent an insult to her? We may be the lowest

of the low, the most abject and deepicable and craven of all despicable, craven human beings. We may, from salf cou scious unworthiness, from conscious degradation, from conscious cowardice, bear without attempt to resent or retaliate, all manner of reproach and contempt, but who is there that retains even a vestige of manliness who will endure without swif indignation an expression of repreach against his mother?

Now, what belongs to our nature as we were created, what is inherent in it, is pure, and true, and good, as having been given to us by Him who is the perfection of purity, and goodness, and truth. And what thus by virtue of our creation is a part of our nature, that true religion develops, strengthens, and sanctifies. The love, the reverence that naturally we have for our mother, religion recognizes and sancties as a duty. Honor thy father and thy mother; love thy father and thy nother, is a divine commandment which stands next, in the order of obligation, to that what which enjoins upon us to honor and to love God.

Catholics understand this, feel it, recog-

nize it. Their religion teaches it to them the deepest instincts of their hearts prompt them to accept it. And who, emphatically, is their Mother, but Mary? The mothers who conceived and brought them forth, in the due course of nature, are their natural mothers, and the instincts of human nature unite with the teachings of their religion to impel, oblige them to

been religion to imper, collectem to love and reverence their mothers. But Mary is our mother in a higher, deeper sense. She is the mother of the Word Made Flesh, the Incarnate Son of God, our Divine Lord and Redeemer. As He is our "Eider Brother," and we are His we now understand the word misery. brothers by adoption, not in figure of speech, but in actual reality and truth, so is Mary really and truly our Mother. As a mother, she loves us, and to her, as being our mother, our devout love and reverence go forth.

Our earthly mothers we love. They, like ourselves, are fallen, imperfect, human beings. Taey, like ourselves, have faults and imperfections, great or small. Yet, despite all these, we love them, be cause they are our mothers. But our mother Mary, though a human creature, ike ourselves, was, by the abounding grace of God, kept and preserved in and from the moment of her conception, free from every fault and imperfection, from every taint of them and of sin, innocent every tant of them and of sin, innocent, pure, immaculate. She loves us with more than a mother's love, and we, there fore, correspondingly love her.

The Sacred Scriptures declare that in

Jesus Christ our Divine Lord and Redeemer, we have "an advocate with the Father" Therefore, in Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ, our Dvine Lord and Radeamer, we may well believe and do believe we have "an advocate" with the Son of God, and, through Him, with the Father Nay, we cannot stop here Was not Mary the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed and Undivided Trinity? Is she not still His Spouse? Has that relation, that holy union, ever ended? How could or can it

Thus Mary, our Mother, stands in the nearest closest; most intimate, most lov-ing relation to each and every Person of the Blessed and Undivided Trinity, possible to any being created by the omni-potent power and infinite goodness of

Thus, as at once most close and dear to God, and, in virtue of this, most powerful with Him of all created beings, even beyond angels and archangels, and yet a human being—our Mother—how can we fall to give to her our warmest love, our highest reverence

Tois is the Catholic faith. This is the belief which in the innocence of infantile childhood, the purest, deepest instincts of their hearts, united with the teaching of their religion, indelibly impress on Catho lics-love, warm, fervent love ; reverence, profound reverence, reverence for Mary all other treatment.
surpassing that which we have for any Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

ONE THING THAT CATHOLICS OTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

other of God's created beings, be they angelic spirits or buman beings.

This is the Catholic faith. What can angelic spirits or human beings.
This is the Catholic faith. What can be more reasonable, more just, more true?

FRENCH INFIDELS.

CALLING BACK THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

"I am an Athelst and a Materialist. I When a man openly makes this declaration he will scarcely be suspected of elericalism—even in Paris. The person who has just proclaimed his creed (or non-creed) in these terms is no other than the eminent surgeon of the Paris hospitals. eminent surgeon of the Paris hospitals. Dr. Despres, who is also a member of the Chamber of Deputies. The reader the Chamber of Deputies. The reader will be surprised to learn that, in this latter capacity, Dr. Despres is about to make an interpellation in favor of the restoration of the Sisters of Charity in the now laidsed bospitals of the French capital. And this is what the A-heist sargeon had to say on the subject to the interviewer from the staff of the Evenement: "I owe it to myself to demand the re installation of the Sisters, and I am convinced that all honorable and I am convinced that all honorable men will approve me. When I was elected Deputy for this arrondissement, of which I have been an inhabitant for thirty years, the question of the Sisters formed the electoral platform. I have never changed my opinion on the subject, and I could not fail to make the intended suterpellation when the Chamber meets. Besides it is nothing more than the renewal of the question which I addressed to the Minister of the Interior at the end of the last session. The 'previous question' was moved, and my question was shelved on account of the absence of the deputies who have voted with me. The battle is won in pubvoted with me. The battle is won in public opinion. It only remains to persuade the Chamber of the necessity of restoring the Sisters in the hosoitals. Idon't think I shall have much difficulty in doing so. I shall be believed readily, when I, the surgeon of the Charite, declare the absolute necessity of the care of the nuns. I have an Attait and Markelshit. am an Atheist and a Materialist. I be lieve neither in God nor in the devil. Nevertheless, I still hope to see the Sisters of Charity once more at the bedside of the sufferers."

In reply to further questions Dr. Des-pressaid, among other things: "Under the present management, our hospitals are the present management, our nospitals are refuges for employes and no care is taken of the sick. The women who are willing to become sick nurses are incapable of anything else. I am, therefore, interested in the question from the social, humanitarian, and professional point of view, since I am a hospital doctor. More over, I repeat, public opinion is so decidedly with me that my nolitical adversaries edly with me that my political adversaries who in 1887 inscribed the laidsation of of the Paris hospitals on their electoral programme, had not a word to sav about it in 1890. Why? Because they felt that

It in 1890. Why? Because they felt that the electors were not with them.

In my opinion everybedy would gain by seeing the Sisters of Charlty once more in care of the sick. These poor girls are legion. They have devoted themselves, and will continue to devote themselves, to the sick. Do what you will, and say what you will, they alone have the real vocation to self-sacrifice and charity. charity.

WHO MADE ENGLAND GREAT AND FREE ?

A religious controversy of no little interest is at present going on in the pages of the Hallfax Courier The Ray. pages of the Hallax Confer in the News, Father Lynch, of Manchester, is tek ing part in the controversy. The following powerful passage, in which he deals with a common accusation made by Protestants, is well worthy of reproduc-

Mr. Wentworth asserts that "England is indebted to 'Romanism' for the misery and dark ignorance of the Middle Ages.' Yes, misery forsooth, when in our large towns at this moment every sixth death takes place in the workhouse. There was no misery in the Middle Ages—such as downents, which studded the face of broad England, were simply the inheritance of the poor. There were no Poor Laws then, nor was there any need for them. The poor were everywhere helped by the monks, and it was only when Henry VIII, whom Dickens calls a blotch of blood and grease on the history of England, robbed the poor by taking their endowments from them and giving them to his greedy nobles that a necessity arose for the Poor Law.

for the Poor Law.

Ignorance and misery, forsooth! Yes the ignorance which founded Oxford and Cambridge, the two great centres of Eugland's learning. The ignorance which established the Parliament of England under a great Catholic statesman and laid the foundation of English liberty. Yes, the ignorance which covered Eagland with those glorious cathedrals, which, for their architectural grandeur, made England the eavy of Europe.

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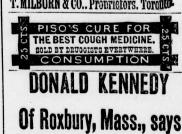
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