

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S LITTLE GIRL.

(Adapted from the French by Aunt Ellen.)

Nearly a hundred years ago, in the sunny land of France, in fair Provence, there lived a dear little girl called Marie Rose. Her mother had vowed her to the Blessed Virgin and dressed her in blue and white until she was seven years old. One day her mother was taken very ill, and was sick only three days when she died, leaving her child to the care of the Blessed Virgin. When Marie Rose was four years old she had a severe fall which injured her spine, and in a few years her back became curved. Aside from this she was a pretty child, with dark blue eyes and the loveliest black hair in the world, which fell about her like a cloak as though to hide the ugly hump upon her back.

At the time of her mother's death she was ten years old and preparing for her first Communion. After the first dreadful grief had passed away she settled down to help in the household duties in her own childish way.

Scarcely a year had passed when her father, who was always very busy at his work in the fields, felt that he could not take care of the child any longer, so he married again. He hoped the new wife would be kind to his little girl, but in this he was mistaken, for she was hard hearted and selfish, always seeking her own comfort, while Marie was pushed aside and neglected. Marie lived on a small farm, and it was Marie Rose's duty to tend the geese, so every morning she drove her flock to the side of the hill and remained there.

On her journey in the morning she often met the happy children going to the village school. She had many friends among them, and they would bow and smile, and some of them would say, "Why, there goes the Blessed Virgin's little girl," for they believed in their simplicity that all the little ones who had no earthly mother's care are especially watched by the Blessed Mother.

The girl grew up amidst the woods, and fields; she learned from no books; her only book was nature, and a beautiful shrine of Our Lady near the turn on the roadside as she went up the hill with the geese, and there day by day the child knelt before the statue of Our Lady and at her feet would say her Rosary.

One afternoon it chanced that she was very tired, and the poor bent back ached sadly. "I will lie here in the shade for a little while," said she to herself, and forgetting all about her Rosary, fell into a deep sleep. But she was soon aroused by a sweet perfume as from the blossoms of numberless roses. Just then she happened to glance up and a lady stood close by her, so fair and beautiful that she felt sure she did not belong to earth, and by the twelve bright stars with which she was crowned, and by her blue mantle, she thought it must be her Mother Mary.

Then the child knelt before her with folded hands and devout eyes. She had seen that upon Our Lady's robe there were wreaths of roses in a beautiful pattern, but in one place it was not perfect—just a single rose was wanting!

The Blessed Mother addressed the girl in a very sweet voice: "My child," she said, "this rose wreath so fair and fragrant, is what your love has twined for me from day to day; but how is it that once your work of love has been undone; how is it that you have forgotten to say my Rosary to-day? Surely you will not be ungrateful! There are so many in this wide world that forget me and forget my Son that I cannot spare your love."

The child bowed her head with shame, and large, sorrowful tears trickled down her cheeks. Marie Rose stood up, rubbed her eyes, then she looked around to assure herself that she was still alive.

The dream was gone, but never again was the Rosary forgotten by the child. Day after day she said it, no matter how sorrowful or weary; but from that time she seemed drooping slowly, like a flower that fades in the garden. It was as if the vision of her gentle Mother had been a glimpse of heaven and she could linger in the world no more.

One day, though the sun had been shining a long time and the geese were cackling loudly in the barn yard, Marie Rose did not come out to take them to the hillside. Her father called, but no response. Then he went to her little room off the kitchen, and found the dear child lying quietly, with a peaceful look upon her face, and her Rosary between her fingers; her lips half open as if she had scarcely finished her prayer.

Marie Rose was dead. Very soon after that there was a small grave which pilgrims to the shrine of Our Lady visit, and they are always told that the child was the Blessed Virgin's little girl.

RETURNING TO THE CONFESIONAL.

The Catholic Times of London reports that the Dissenters all over England are introducing confessionals, which they call "inquiry rooms" or "compartments," and the Reichstote of Berlin has publicly come out for the reintroduction of confession among Lutherans. This sterling Protestant paper says: "What our Church has need of, as its daily bread, is the restoration of confession. Whoever has behind him a long pastoral career knows that our Church is full of people who desire, with sigh to make their confessions.

There are thousands of people whom the past pursues like a dark phantom. They would like to blot out with their tears and their blood the stain which sullies the book of their lives. To heal their suffering souls they require the divine pardon imparted personally to the sinner through human lips."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The purest and best pleasures of affection and of social intercourse come to us without being sought. The truly happy man, in his relations with his family, his friends, and his fellow citizens, is he who is thinking very much of their well-being. But, while he is planning and striving for the happiness of his wife, the education of his children, the comfort of his friends, the prosperity of his city, and still more when he is witnessing the consummation of his efforts, his own heart is filled with a joy which is far higher, purer and more permanent than any for which he could have striven.

Mr. Schwab's Advice.

Young men who work for a living, should take to heart the secret of success in life as given by Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the president of the "billion dollar steel combine."

"A man should always stand on his own feet, take advantage of opportunities, and be honest and diligent. To succeed you must make yourself indispensable to your employer and not set a limit to the time of your working hours, but do your work to the best of your ability and let pleasure be of secondary importance. The right type of man finds pleasure in his work, and employers are looking for such. Men who cannot be restrained from forging ahead. It is not always the man who is smartest who makes the greatest advancement; it is he of bulldog tenacity, he who cannot be discouraged and never gives up."

Gave Carnegie His Start.

James D. Reed the veteran telegrapher, who had the distinction of giving Andrew Carnegie his first job as a messenger boy, is still living. He recalls to recall the incident, which occurred fifty years ago in the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph office in Pittsburgh, as follows:

"He was so determined that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have determination written on his face. His eagerness to work and learn was very noticeable. Before he had been with me a month he asked to be taught telegraphy. When I consented he spent all his spare time in practice, transmitting and receiving by sound and not by tape. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound."

This is Mr. Carnegie's mind, was his best move. After long and successful years Mr. Carnegie wrote of this change:

"My entrance into the telegraph office was a transition from darkness to light, from firing a small engine in a dirty cellar to a clean office where there were books and papers. That was paradise to me, and I bless the stars that sent me to be a messenger in a telegraph office."

Success: What it is. These are questions which all the past have asked, and which all the future will continue to inquire. None ever acknowledge its full attainment. To most the shadow of its approach is never visible. What is it that every individual desires—in some measure, at least; strives for, yet never finds? Is it a reality or a fancy?—the cob of corn fastened by a pole before the donkey, which advances as he advances; just before but never reaches, but to attain which he toils and strives?—or is it an ignis fatuus, which deludes by false glare and brightness, and vanishes just when reached?

Man is so constituted that fatigue and disgust come with the object sought. This world conquered, it is therefore for. What was once supposed to be success, is found to be a disappointment. The astronomer enlarges his instruments by his endeavor to examine an indistinct planet; but his double telescope reveals to his new stars and opens to him new systems of which he had not before imagined. There is always something beyond, and discontent in consequence will always be the lot of man.

At times and in certain cases, it is hard to say what is success. Did Mill obtain it? One of the greatest works of man was the result of his labors. Posterity and futurity acknowledged his claims, and the present gave him poverty and neglect, and his fate has been that of many since. Ned Buntline's trash and vulgarity in yellow covers thrives. Is that success? He Marvel's high-toned morality and elegant refinement, with fine type and paper, is neglected. How is the question answered?

One very important requisite at the present day is to gain the public attention. All seem aware of this, although some will not descend to forcing it. Still it is indispensable that there be real merit at the bottom, to satisfy real merit at the bottom. Genius must after having attracted. Genius must not be content with turning the corners by signs and paintings toward his warehouse, or by putting his name and business into the mouths of an entire people. He knows that now that he is universally spoken of, it is of the utmost importance that he be commendably, that his merchandise be of good kind, and his character unimpeached.

they lack substance and a true organization; and subsequent analysis reveals that the thin froth raised up by a rapid yeast contains no substance, is mere air, no better than a soap-bubble which glittered in the light, till the beams of a sun rapidly evaporated it, showed the emptiness within.

Lock at the visions of the past, the theories of great thinkers and the systems of philosophers, once the revered opinions of entire nations, and we now wonder how they could have ever been for a moment credited. Was this success? And it does not require centuries to effect these changes. During the few years that have elapsed since the first part of this, till now forgotten, article was written, the production of Buntline have returned to the vile dust from which they sprang, while those of Marvel have emerged from their obscurity, and now glitter with a diamond's resplendence in the lap of beauty.

Success is the peace of mind which springs from right impulses and which promises a serene future. Peter Cooper was considered successful when he had accumulated his hundreds of thousands; and when he afterward received the grateful esteem of a city and a nation. But higher than all, his success must be found in his internal sense. Fire, war, and revolution may destroy every trace of his charitable magnificence, but the growth of soul, heightened and stimulated by acts like his, cannot be arrested. This internal conviction is the first snadow of true success which can only have a profound realization in the Master's words: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

GOLDWIN SMITH IS ANSWERED.

Brought to Book for Reckless and Injurious Assertions Regarding the Catholic Church.

New York Sun. To the Editor of the Sun.—Sir: The famous dictum of the Comte de Maistre: "History, and especially church history, for the last three centuries has been a grand conspiracy against the truth," seems to find a new application in the case of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who ventures to give a "summing up" of the "Progress of Rationalism Thought" during the last century in the columns of your paper for April 14.

I do not propose to go over the entire field covered by so distinguished a savant. That were a needless and fruitless task, as he does not attempt to substantiate any of his statements. We are supposed to take the will for the deed in any matter, treated by so great an authority. My task in the present paper is to call the attention of your readers to one or two of the many reckless assertions made in the course of his article, and, in a dispassionate way, to state a few facts as we find them in history.

The first assertion is as follows: "The Church of Rome, to meet the storm of the Reformation, reorganized herself at the Council of Trent on lines practically traced for her by the Jesuits. A comparison of Suarez with Aquinas shows the change which took place in spirit as plainly as a comparison of the Jesuits' meretricious fane with the Gothic churches shows the change in religious taste."

Now Mr. Editor, I presume Mr. Smith knows something about the history of that famous council, even if his knowledge has been derived from the infamous apostate, Sarpi. The question is merely a matter of dates. The first session of the Council of Trent was held on December 13, 1545. The Jesuit Order was officially confirmed, for the first time, by a decree of Paul III., dated September 27, 1540. Hence within five years a band of a few men, until then scarcely known to the ecclesiastical world, "practically traced" for the Church of Rome the methods of reorganization which she adopted at Trent. Is this history?

It is true that there were two Jesuits at the Council when it was first convoked, acting in the capacity of Papal theologians. But they were not, by any manner of means, the only ones who acted in that capacity. A special prominence was given to one of them, Father James Laynez, because of his extraordinary intellectual gifts. But does that mean that all the Bishops, Archbishops, Cardinals and others present were so hypnotized, mesmerized, or so thoroughly influenced by him and his companion, Father Salmeron, that the decrees were framed and passed at their dictation?

The Council of Trent was held between the years 1545-1563, with two intervals, on account of difficulties known, I presume, to Goldwin Smith. The first interval was between September 14, 1547, and May 1, 1551, the second between April 28, 1552, and January 18, 1552. The decrees of the Council were confirmed by the Pope on January 26, 1564.

Two Jesuits at its inception, and two others during its long continued progress, "practically laid down for her" (the Church of Rome) the methods by which she "reorganized herself at the Council of Trent." Marvelous power for four simple priests!

The second part of Mr. Smith's assertion baffles me so completely that I am at a loss to know if it has a meaning. What had Suarez to do with the Council of Trent? The council was confirmed on January 26, 1564. Father Francis Suarez, at the age of sixteen years and five months, entered the Jesuit Order on June 1, 1564. What does the "change"

mean? As to the comparison of trials when the evidence for a particular miracle is searched into and closely examined, he would have quite a different tale to tell with regard to the credibility of Catholics. The committee of fifteen who are endeavoring to purify our city could learn points on sitting evidence at one of these inquiries. Mr. Smith is very much given to quoting works which are destructive to faith; why did he not refer, for instance, to the great work of Henry Parry Liddon, Canon of Westminster, on the Divinity of Christ? My special reason for noticing this work is that he refers to certain of the Bampton Lectures, and never refers to those which were given in 1866, and have reached the eighteenth edition already.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me say that I have never read so many gratuitous assertions in so small a compass as in the article of Goldwin Smith. It is nothing but a gross and unwarranted insult to all Catholics who know and love their faith. The man who calmly asserts that the Roman Catholic Church "seemed resolutely to bid defiance to reason by her syllabus, her declaration of Papal Infallibility, her proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of Mary" could not, I venture to say it, give an honest, straightforward and candid explanation of what the Catholic means by these tenets of faith. Impeccability and infallibility are, I feel confident, synonymous to the mind of such an individual. At best, it means nothing more than the lying travesty of a former New York professor: "Infallibility means omniscience." Forsyth, Mr. Editor, 250,000,000 of the human race have abandoned the dictates of reason and conscience, and Mr. Smith and his followers are the only obedient followers of these God-given gifts!

A CATHOLIC STUDENT. New York, April 18.

A LAME BACK.

Causes Mr. C. H. Wilcox Years of Great Suffering.

INJURED HIS SPINE WHILE LIFTING, AND THE DOCTORS TOLD HIM HE WOULD NEVER FULLY RECOVER—BUT HE IS NOW FREE FROM THE TROUBLE.

From the Brockville Recorder. In the western section of Leeds county there is no man better known than Mr. Chas. H. Wilcox. He has resided in the vicinity of McIntosh Mills for years, and during much of the time has conducted a very successful sawmilling business. All of Mr. Wilcox's neighbors know that he was a great sufferer for years from a lame back, and most of them know that this affliction has now happily passed away. Mr. Wilcox says he owes this happy release from pain to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who know him will not for an instant question the sincerity of his statement. He gives the story of his suffering and subsequent cure in the following subsequent cure in the following statement: "One day while working in the mill, and engaged in lifting lumber I had the misfortune to sever my wrench my back. I was so badly injured that I had to be carried home, and for six months I was practically unable to move, and suffered great torture. The doctor told me that I had injured my spine and that I would never fully recover from its effects. At last I was able to go about again, but was far from being the man I had been before. For years I suffered almost continually from pains in the back, and was unable to lift and heavy weight. At times the pain was so bad that I was unable to work at all, and I was often confined to the house for days at a time. During this time I was treated by four different doctors, but their treatment did not seem to do me any good. They told me that owing to the injury to my spine my back would always be weak. Seeing that the doctors were unable to help me, and having read of the many cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a trial, and procured a supply. Very soon I could see that they were relieving me a little, and this encouraged me to continue their use. In all I took about ten boxes, and when they were finished my back was as strong as ever. The pains that had racked my body for so many years had entirely disappeared, and my back felt as strong as before the injury. It is now two years since I discontinued the use of the pills and in all that time I have not had an ache or pain, so that I may safely say that my cure is permanent. I would advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for know by what they have done for me, I am confident that they cannot be less successful in other cases."

These pills may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not take any substitute or any other remedy alleged to be "just as good."

Keep the Balance Up.

It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. Nobody can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least imprudence brings on sickness, weakness, or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it; and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping healthy people healthy, in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Take Hood's for appetite, strength and endurance.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

I feel certain that if Mr. Smith were present at some of the ecclesiastical



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