Columbia's Flower. Upon a day in merry May, Among the buds of spring,

Among the buds of spring, bur bonny lass, Columbia, Went lightly wandering, and first she plucked a wind-flower, And gravely shook her head: 'Too pale you are, too frail you are, For what I want," she said.

And next she found a shady nook
Where purple violets grew.
"I never spied a flower," she cried,
"That could compare with you.
Mow neat you are! how sweet you are,
You modest little dear!
But, oh, so diffident! I guess
I'd better leave you here."

And so she roamed from flower to flower, But carried none away; One was too grave to suit her taste, Another was too gay. The daisy and the buttercup Smiled in her face in vain; Too trim you are, too prim you are,' She laughed in her disdain.

Nor would she heed one lovely weed That through the summer grows; She tossed aside the purple flag, She flouted the wild rose; And was so hard to suit indeed, It seemed she'd never find— This little lass, Columbia— A blossom to her mind.

But one day through the autumn fields With nimble feet she trod. And dale and height were all bedight With splendid golden-rod. Then merrily she clapped her hands: "This is the thing for me; Type of the gold my broad lands hold, "To which the world is free!

"Oh! mine you are, for fine you are, And beautiful and strong:
You are the flower that shall be set
To sermon and to song!"
And through the land Columbia,
The fairest child of God,
Went smiling, with her golden hair
All crowned with golden-rod. -Mary Bradley, in Harper's Weekly.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Hid in the Christmas Mist.

It was a narrow yard with rows holly-hocks down each side of a grass plot and at the foot a little sand pile with a toy spade and bucket beside it. The holly-hocks had crumbly little brown buttons where the gorgeous crimson rosettes had once been, and the grass was dull and faded; the only bright spot in the garden was baby's

Baby had stopped digging a well in the sand and thrown down her spade to watch something which was crawl ing about in the grass. It was only an ugly brown caterpillar, and it was wiggling its way awkwardly along, but to baby it was a thing of interest She poked it with her fat fingers, and it rolled itself into a queer, round ball, and baby laughed. She pushed it a little, and the furry ball rolled away quite out of sight between two boards. Then baby cried.

Why two great tears on a baby's face and a sobbing "Gone!" should mean that a caterpillar had just fallen down a crack I cannot tell: yet baby's mother led her in—all smiles now; carrying the caterpillar on a green

When baby's papa came home he was shown the new treasure. Baby's papa disliked creeping things, they nade him shiver; but baby loved them; that was enough; so he let the caterpillar crawl over his hands.

Soon a wonderful thing happened. Mr. Caterpillar spun a nest about the twig and hid himself away from baby. Mamma explained how some day would come, all beautiful and gay, out of the dark shell into the bright sunshine, and baby laughed and clapped her hands. Then mamma stuck the twig over a picture frame and forgot all about it.

It was Christmas. The yard was covered with snow and it looked narrower than ever, and the sandpile at the foot was a little white mound. The hollyhock stalks were quite bare, garden now—baby was dead.

A tiny casket stood in the parlor,

and in that white mist baby was hidden Her father and mother kneeled while friends whispered of hope and comfort, but their words fell upon dull

Then there fluttered, from some where above a great golden butterfly with sunshine in his wings. Slowly he circled down and settled upon the coffin-baby's coffin. The father sobbed and hid his face

in his hands, but the mother's counten ance was bright with hope, and she murmured, "Thy will be done.

What Does it Mean.

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so, too!" Had a bomb-shell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one could have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all ; but Kate nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question, and it was answered: "A man who drinks liquor and makes a beast of himself."—"Is that what you do father?"—"It is what I have done sometimes," he replied, in a choked voice. "It's bad, ain't it?" "Yes, child; the very worst thing a man can do!" "And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old

Only one word in reply to this-

"Yes "Then I shouldn't think you'd do so any more ; 'cause mother's good, an' I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more will you?"-" No, darling, I won't;" and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. "God helping me," he added reverently. "God bless you,

darling, you have saved me !" Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Kate, whether her shoes were old or not, but when, a few days latter, she became the possessor of some

long boots with red lacings and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place. Since then she has often received beautiful gifts, and always she remembers, with grateful heart, that her father is not

ABOUT ALTAR BOYS.

An Open Letter from One Who Know

It is my lot-perhaps I ought to say my happy lot—to be quite well acquainted, and in fact to have a good deal to do with a certain set of altarboys. Yet I grieve to say that it is not always a happy lot There are less than two dozen of them, from nine years of age to seventeen, and I have Yet I grieve to say that it is reason to think they are tolerably good altar-boys; but - they might be so

Sometimes I get them together-the process resembling that of getting so many little rolling balls of mercury together-and try to tell them what a real earnest altar-boy ought to be. tell them of St. Tarcicius, acolyte and server of the Blessed Sacrament, patron of servers at the holy altar; and of St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans, who loved so dearly to serve Mass, and who were se quiet and recollected in church, and so devout at prayer. I tell them how the angels feel a holy envy of them at their sacred duty, and how the sanctuary is full of angels, pressing reverently around the altar, and how a priest, whom some of them perhaps have seen, told his little server one day, that they two were the happiest people in the church, because they came nearest to our Lord But at first the boys think it hard to

listen, and though sometimes, when hey do listen, their faces grow very serious, and you can see they are touched by what they hear, -alas! as we all know, a boy's memory is very short, and presently saints and angels seem quite forgotten for the sake of some silly whisper to a comrade, some idle laugh or wandering gaze, some oolish bit of fun.

Now if I may be permitted to speak from some ten years' experience the race of altar-boys, the truth comes very greatly from two things. First, the boys do not recognize

sufficiently the dignity of their position. Give any one of those seventeen boys, whom, Sunday after Sunday, it is my privilege, but also my trial, to meet—give any one of them an important errand to do. Each one, I am confident, would be likely to fulfil it in a satisfactory and manly fashion. what I claim is that each one could do the same in his holy calling, could we bring him to understand how important that calling is.

But second, they need systematic training in this.

An altar-boy is something more than a machine to speak Latin, and carry ruets, and light candles; he is some thing more than an ordinary Sunday chool scholar. He stands apart from all other boys in the parish; he is brought out in view of everybody's eve; he needs a special grace, this altar boy, who, whether he seventeen, is just the age his Lord was once, and who ought to remembe that, and also how very near to our Lord's body and blood he comes.

We owe our own debt of respect and thanks to these faithful little fellows coming sturdily through all weather in the early morning, at 6 o'clock or 6:30 or 7 or 8, to serve Mass. We ought to pray for them, and not be too and there was no bright spot in the garden now—baby was dead.

naid of them it so Nevertheless, they might be and they ought to be a good deal harder on themselves. Let them think over this fact carefully, that they need a great grace to do such work as theirs. - Sacred Heart Re

Catholicity in Mexico.

The following view of the position of the Church in Mexico is that of Mr. F. R. Guernsey of the Boston Herald, a Protestant correspondent intelligently bent upon writing the truth. As evi dence, it outweighs columns of stuff written by missionaries intent on justifying their claim to a salary from the A. B. C. F. M.:

"Catholicity is not dying out; there is, rather, something like a Catholic revival here Old abandoned churches are being redecorated, and the rural clergy find large audiences when they What the policy of the new Archbishop will be is not yet disclosed, but it is rumored that he will try to bring about a better feeling between the rulers of the land and its historic Church. The Church has its faults. but is is part of the bone and tissue of the Mexican people. It has profoundly influenced the character of the people, and it his taught a race of women - the ever - charming, homeloving mothers of Mexico. The Catholic Church is their spiritual home; they adhere to it without fanaticism, and it gives them solace in their daily One would like to be as sure of many things as of the permanency of the ancient Church.

Mrs. John McLean writes, from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "1 have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacob's Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; \$7d, \$3; \$4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 29th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

THE GREATEST OF PETITIONS.

The Essence of all Prayers Contained in the "Our Father."

Catholic Columbian

St. Thomas says: "It is manifest that the first object of our desires is our last end; then, the means to arrive at Our chief end is to desire God's glory and enjoy it. The first petition asks for God's glory, and the econd for the enjoyment of it.

In the third petition we ask for obedience to God's commandments. In the fourth we ask for all things necessary. In the fifth we beg God to remove from our paths of life sin, beginning the single state of Coldinary to the single state of the single sta cause it destroys the love of God in us. We indirectly ask this favor in the fifth petition. We pray in it for the grace to observe the second command of God, which He Himself tells us is like to the first. The love of our neighbor is so necessary that God teaches us to ask forgiveness for the injury we have done to Him before we ask forgiveness for our offences against Himself

We cannot be friends of God and hate our neighbor; hence God said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and; with thy whole strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like to it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than these." (St. Mark, xii, 30–31.) When at peace with our neighbor, God hears us. In the sixth petition,

having used the charity God gives to us in the foregoing five petitions, we humbly ask Him directly to shield us from sin by giving us the grace to withstand temptation. Sin brings with the commission of it innumerable evils, and in the seventh and last petition of the Our Father we ask to be delivered from these evils. have, dear reader, thus briefly sketched the scope of the "Lord's and consequently its influ-Prayer, ence on the life of one who desires to put in practice the love of God and his neighbor, so that the explanations which will follow this in regular order may be better understood.

Now, we also say that there is, and must be of a necessity, the most per-fect harmony in the "Our Father," as a whole prayer and in each and every one of these seven petitions of which this prayer is composed, with all the Revelations of God, and, as a consequence, with all the truths, and the practice of them, in Knowledge, Adoration, Prayer and Sacrifice. this prayer alone contain Faith, Hope It certainly does, and that, too, in

the most simple form. No one may say the "Our Father" without expressing his Faith, stating his Hope, and affirming his Charity.

His want of sincerity cannot change the spirit or the meaning of the words which make up the petitions of the "Lord's Prayer." His Seal is upon it. Times may change, but God's Word knows no change. St. Augustine says: "The Lord's Prayer' is given to the Faithful by the Heavenly Law Maker Himself that they may be able to obtain the accomplishment of all their desires.

The Council of Rome says: "Unles one knows the 'Our Father' and Apostles' Creed, retains them in his emory, believes them with his whole heart, and frequently uses these prayers he cannot remain a Catholic.

St. Augustine says in another place: "Since we live in the midst o hard on them if sometimes they do not world, where no one can live without sin, the forgiveness of our faults is found not only in the Sacred waters of Baptism, but also in the daily repetition of the Lord's Prayer. It is like our daily Baptism."

My dear reader, you may say:
Why, Father, you make the Lord's
Prayer like to a sacrament? Our
Lord has made the "Our Father" what it is, and it is like a sacrament, with this exception: A sacrament produces its effect when the work is done, but the effect of the "Our Father" comes through the correspondence with grace of the person reciting it; hence we call it—and properly, too—a Sacramental. It is because of this likeness in its effects to a sacrament that it is named a Sacramental. Sacramentals dispose us for the reception of the sacraments, and therefore cleanse from

Every one must therefore know this prayer. Think over it, study it. You need not fear that its simplicity will There is in it food for disgust. thought for the grandest minds which God, almighty as He is, may ever

create Our Lord is God and man, and when He gave the world this prayer, it was to serve for every purpose for which God's favor could be asked, for every individual that would come into world and for as long as this

world of ours may last. The only thing that may possibly excuse ignorance of the Lord's Prayer, or "Our Father," is want of mental capacity to know and retain it .- S. S.

Never permit the system to become run down, as then it is almost impossible to withstand the ravages of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand at the head of all medicines as a blood builder and nerve tome, correcting irregularities, restoring lost energies, and building up the system. Good for men and women, young and old. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price—50 cents—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co. Brockville, Ont.

When King James, the first ways be in the contraction of the contra

Brockville, Ont.

When King James the first wrote his "counterblast to tobacco" the royal pedant knew nothing of the "Myrtle Navy." If he had, instead of wasting his brains over his curious production, he would have filled his royal pipe with it, and would have taken a royal smoke, he would then have been prepared to admit that with regard to the injurious effects of tobacco, it all depended on what tobacco you smoked.

A PRIEST WITHOUT HORNS.

An Amusing Incident in the Early Days of Kentucky History.

The following anecdote is authentic, and the young priest who was the principal actor in the episode was Rev. Stephen Hyacinth Montgomery, who fifty years ago, was president of the Athenalum, on Sycamore street, Cincinnati, and who afterwards retired to home at the first chapel erected in

a nome at the Covington, Ky.

In olden times there was much simple credulity manifested by the billionted pioneers of the West. uncultivated pioneers of the W They were an honest race, and lieved implicitly all they heard. had been circulated amongst them in the Kentucky backwoods that ministers of the Catholic faith had veritable horns, and worn like those of the Indian braves, as appendant orna-ments, but growing like those of the rhinoceros, from substantial flesh and Vast indeed was the curiosity bone. which this report, originating probably in some rhetorical declamation of their clerical opponents, excited throughout the country. The probable length of these horns-whether they were graceful and branching like those of the deer, coupled like those of the cow, or short and "chunky" like those of the goat, were absorbing questions. shrewd Yankee would have made a fortune could be have procured a live priest, with the proper certificates, and him around the country shown '

It luckily chanced that a Catholic priest, a pleasant man, and withal, something of a wag, journeyed in that direction. He had been informed of the locality of the place in which this humorous opinion which we have alluded to, was most prevalvent. As he approached it, he determined to have ome amusement.

It was a summer's evening, and a light shower having just fallen, the tavern of the respectable village of P. was more than usually blessed with visitors. P. was a place worthy of particular observation. On the map it had at least a dozen streets-we speak, of course, of the town-plan, hung on steamboats and in taverns. In reality it had two streets, mutually intersecting each other: at one of the corners thus formed, stood the above-mentioned tavern, the most imposing of the houses of P. It had its grocery, its tavern, its meeting-house, its black-smith shop—et preterea nihil. As the stranger drove up, every inmate of the tavern either came forth upon the porch to meet him, or else "poked" heir heads out of the windows.

Various and sage were the remarks passed upon the newcomer. parson, and no mistake, that's sartin, said one. "Them coats as he wears was made for parsons," said another. The different remarks were perfectly audible to the subject of them, who with the most easy unconcern, walked immediately into the house. Scarcely had he seated himself, retaining his hat tightly on his head, before Jim Saunders, one of the tallest, gawky amongst them, sauntered up to

"I reckon you are a stranger in these parts?" was the preparatory in-

"Reckon I am." was the laconic re joinder. "From the cut of your phiz. I opin

ion you're a buckeye," continued the inquisitor, nothing daunted. I calculate you are mistaken.

"You belong to Virginny?

Not exactly.

"Pennsylvany?"

"New York?"

"New Jersey?" " No.

"South?"

"No.

"Far West?"

"Well, stranger, where on earth do you come from?" "Why, I am an out-and-out Ken-

"Hem!" said the interrogator Having satisfactorily disposed of this

part of his questions, he now opened the attack in a new quarter. "You follow preachin', I calculate, stranger?"

"I imagine I do."

"You are a Methodist then, strang-" No. sir."

"Ax your pardon, sir; I mean Presbyterian?"
"No, sir." "Congregationalist, mayhap?"

"I am a Catholic priest, sir!"
"Now stranger! Well, I do de-clare! But, you aint in earnest, no how. You don't come that load over

And the astonished learner of this fact looked anxiously under the rim of the hat of the minister to see the much spoken-of horns; but the wished-for

sight was not to be seen. This some what re-assured him, and he broke forth again-'Taint possible! you're only joking, sir.

priest.

"I am serious, sir. I am a Catholic

Again did the inquisitor scrutinize the stranger's head closely, but it was as much like other persons' heads as one bullet is to another. He gathered no information from his scrutiny Giving a long and dubious whistle, he then thrust his hands in his pockets and disappeared, to communicate to his friends the knowledge of the wonderful thing that was in their They were soon gathered tomidst. gether in anxious and curious knots of four and five each. Often would they cast furtive glances at the stranger; but his hat remained immovable on his head. It was really

One thing was clear, provoking. however, they were not very long, or else how could he keep on a hat of

One thing more such ordinary size. One thing more was certain, he would have to take off his hat at supper, and they would then see his horns. The object of all these see his horns. The object of all these remarks and surmises remained immovably quiet.

Supper was ready; and now, at last, they would see the desired wonder. They were all astir with irrepressible curiosity. Shameful disappointment!
—the little African who had been commissioned to inform the "strange gentleman" that supper was ready, re-turned with his ebony face shining with astonishment, and his mouth wide open, and declared, in a mysterious tone of voice, that "the strange gentle man didn't want no supper. face was blank with surprise.

Many were the offers to treat "if the "parson would liquor. These offers were civilly declined, in a form of phrase as rude and charactertheir own. There were no means of cultivating any acquaintance with this strange being. He finally intimated his intention to retire for the night. There was a look of There was a look despair in the company, which the landlord comforted by hinting that they would certainly be completely satisfied at breakfast next morning.

Morning came, and the hero stalked down stairs with his hat as firm on his Every man, woman and child in P. had met to fill up the public room of mine host. Every eye was on the ever-covered stranger. Breakfast was perfectly unconcerned. announced. There was a death-like silence as the landlord politely invited him to walk in and give blessing over the meal. The reply of the stranger broke like a thunder-clap upon them
Fasting was good for body and soul
and he believed he would not eat. Was he mortal-were they never to see his The stranger asked the horns? favor of a small "mouthful," for a snack on the road, and called for his horse. Not a man stirred toward the breakfast table. Biscuits and beefsteak grew cold. They were all unheeded. The horse was brought, and the crowd gathered around it in a fever of convulsive excitement. The stranger mounted. His former tormentor, Jim Saunders, approached, bowed, elevating his hat at least forty degrees, and wished him a pleasant journey ;-but still, that wonderful hat moved not. The head merely nodded. Already the stranger's horse had begun to move, and the disappointment of the crowd was at its eight, when he stopped, raised his hat, made a polite bow-and, there were no horns! There was a roar of merriment from

the crowd; and in an irrepressible burst of surprise and disappointment, Jim Saunders exclaimed at the top of his lungs: "By golly! he hain't got

With Hands Well Filled.

That was a beautiful thought which sprang from the heart to the lips of a ospital nun. She was attending a young woman, a trifle worldly in her ways, whom the doctors had given up and who ceased not weeping day and right.
"Why are you weeping, my child?

said a nun.

"Because I have to die," the other answered, "and die with empty hands. The nun at once undid the crucifix from around her own neck, and place ing it between the clasped hands o

"Cry no more now. Hold this Cross firmly, and when our Blessed Lord calls you, you will die with your hand well filled.

the dving woman, said sweetly:

So many have been cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla that we urge all wh suffer from the disease to try this medicine suffer from the disease to try this medicine.

Mrs. Harry Pearson, Hawtrey, writes: For about three months I was troubled with fainting spells and dizziness which was growing worse, and would attack me three or four times a day. At last my husband purchased a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, from which I derived considerable benefit. I then procured another, and before it was used my affliction was completely gone, and I have not had an attack of it since."

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A Throat man Syrup for some and Lung severe and chronic Specialty. trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hard-

y appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorr-hage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swal lowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

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