

## ALL YOUR CARE.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."

Wearry, careworn child of sorrow,  
Why that hopeless, long drawn sigh?  
Why that slow and languid footstep,  
Why that tearful, downcast eye?  
Does the world press hard upon thee?  
Vex and trouble with its care?  
Are its burdens great and heavy,  
Heavier than thou well canst bear?

Art thou bearing all thy burdens?  
Carrying every weight alone?  
Round thy ever darkening pathway  
Has the light of God ne'er shone?  
Hast thou in thy grief forgotten  
Him who bids thee, "Turn to Me?"  
Dost thou slight the precious promise,  
"I will bear it all for thee?"

Turn then from thy dark forebodings,  
Turn then from thy doubts and tears;  
Flee to Christ, the "burden bearer,"  
Cast on Him thy cares and fears,  
"All your care," He bids you bring Him;  
Do not strive to bear a part;  
Take this kind and loving offer:  
Bring an undivided heart.  
"For He careth," it is written,  
Careth for thy every care;  
And if thou wilt only let Him,  
He will every burden bear.  
Learn to thank Him for thy sorrows,  
Since thou may'st with Him abide;  
Learn to call the trials blessings—  
That would draw thee to His side.—Ex.

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

When Killiers, Duke of Buckingham, was sick King James II sent a Jesuit priest to convert him to popery. The duke, apprised of this, and its object very courteously received the priest and expressed a willingness to be instructed. But before they entered upon religious discussion, it was agreed that they should drink a glass of wine together. After they had drunk awhile the duke took the cork out of the bottle, and stroking it with great gravity, asked the priest, "How do you like this horse?" The priest was confounded and silent. The duke continued all the time to stroke the cork and praise his beautiful horse. "Your Grace," at length said the priest, "has chosen an unseasonable time to be merry." "Merry!" says the duke, "merry! I was never more serious in my life." "Say not so your Grace," replied the father; "you should compose yourself and consider." "Consider! Consider!" answered the duke smartly, "What must I consider? Don't you see how fine a horse it is?" "Oh," said the priest, "don't be foolish; it is surely a poor joke to call a cork a horse!" "What! would you persuade me that so fine a courser is nothing but a cork?" "Nothing but a cork," says the father. "Well," replied the duke calmly, as if recovering from a dream, "I will not be too positive; my illness may have discomposed my mind; but how do you prove that it is not a horse?" And saying this he looked as if insane. The priest by the way of settling the question replied: "My dear lord duke, you must see that the thing is nonsense. You took what you call your horse out of the bottle a few minutes ago; and if you are not out of your senses you must know that it is simply a cork." "Oh," well, well," said the duke, "Your reverence may be right. I

am subject to whims; let us talk no more of the cork, but proceed to the holy business which brought you hither." The priest then entered upon the points controverted between the Papists and Protestants, and continued until the duke said: "If your reverence can prove to me the doctrine of transubstantiation, I can easily believe all the rest." This the priest commenced to do in the best way he could, and concluded by asking the duke if he did not think the transubstantiation believed in by the Roman church both possible and true. The duke listened very attentively to all he had to say, and answered the question thus: "You thought me foolish; perhaps suspected me of being insane, when I spoke of a cork as a horse. Your assertion of bread and wine being the actual body and blood of Christ is every way as absurd, and a little more profane. Out of your own mouth you are condemned. You take a piece of bread out of a box, pronounce a few words over it, and then declare it changed into flesh and blood. You must see the thing is nonsense if not worse. If you are not out of your senses, it cannot but be evident to you that it is bread still, and nothing else. Remember the cork, father; remember the cork."—Bagley's Family Biblical Instructor.

## FLOWERS DON'T COUNT IN PURGATORY.

Instead of sending flowers to the funeral of a friend, why not have a mass offered for the benefit of the soul departed?

The above we clip from the Catholic Review, June 9.

Occasionally the truth will out. We have from time to time read and heard of the Romish clergy being averse to floral displays at funerals, etc.

The reason for this aversion on their part, was to discountenance the effort of the poor to emulate the pomp and display of the more wealthy. Thus contracting debts, which in order to meet, they are obliged to subject themselves to many privations.

Therefore, the church showing her maternal care over her children, especially those who were not blessed with over much of this world's goods, put her seal of disapprobation upon floral displays on such occasions. But Rome always has an eye to business, therefore, she jealously guards her poor dupes. After all the motive was purely in her own interest, as the money lavished on flowers and coaches should have been converted into mass-money to help the poor souls out of purgatory.

This bottomless purgatory, that has swallowed millions as well as the sustenance of the widows and orphans, will be ready to swallow all the flowers, coaches and other unnecessary funeral paraphernalia.

Let the reader carefully scan any reform-movement advocated or agreed to by Rome in this or any other country, and he will always find a personal and selfish motive underlying her advocacy of the same. Rome is built that way and will be that way until she makes her exit from the domain of civilization.

## PIETY AND PIETY.

The priest of an uptown Catholic Church gave notice to his people on Sunday that the celebration of the forenoon high mass would be suspended at his altar for the rest of the summer, and that there will be a low mass in its place. "I doubt," he said, "if one can maintain a pious frame of mind for an hour and a half under such weather as we are having." It was an honest