

Two Loves.
Two loves came up a long wide aisle,
And knelt at the low white gate,
One—tender and true, with the shyest smile,
One—strong, true, with the bravest heart.

Two lips spoke in a firm, true way,
And two lips answered soft and low,
In one true hand a little hand lay
Whispering, frail as a flake of snow.

One stately hand held humbly there,
Smiled over the throbbings of human love,
One hand dropped down like a lily fair,
Two prayers went wing to wing above.

God bless them both in the holy place,
A long, brief moment the rite was done;
O the human love, the heavenly grace,
Making two hearts forever one.

Between two lengthening rows of smiles,
One sweetly shy, one proud, elite,
Two loves passed down the long, white aisle,
Will they ever forget the low, white gate.

SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
Origin and Object.

Rejoice with me because I have found My sheep that were lost.—St. Luke, X. 6.

The life of man, says Holy Job, is filled with many miseries. This is a truth reached by the testimony of all ages and which cannot be gainsayed. These miseries and sufferings, though they are manifold, may, however, be classed under a few heads: they can all or nearly all be included under the loss of friends, loss of property, loss of health, loss of reputation, Christian charity comes gladly to the relief of those who suffer from one or more of those misfortunes. There are asylums for the orphan, for the poor, aged or infirm, there are hospitals for the sick. Yet apart from these asylums and hospitals, private charity can do and does much for their relief. Christian families often adopt the child left without father or mother, the poor sick man or woman is frequently the object of the care and attention of a number of charitable neighbors. But there is suffering greater than that of the orphan or the sick patient—it is the agony of the bruised, though sinful heart, that in some hardy of vice, is sighing for its deliverance from sin and misery.

It is alas! finds no charitable hand to raise it up, while it finds those to deride its regrets and agony, and false friends and its own passions who try to keep it where it is. To the relief of that poor heart no one can come; even the most charitable persons dare not approach—the more pious and charitable they are, the further they will keep away, partly from that disgust which virtue feels for vice, partly through fear, lest by contact with persons so degraded, their own fair name may be tarnished and their good intentions misconstrued by foul minds or unenlightened by malicious tongues.

Where then can that poor degraded being find relief from a life of sin, filth and misery? No family however poor, if respectable, can run the risk of harbouring her. What will the neighbours say if that father and mother allow such a person to cross their door, may even if they are not noticed speaking to her? Perhaps her bad notions are only a disguise and she seeks the ruin of some of their own children? They have daughters of their own to be protected. Yet is there no relief for her misery? Must she perforce stay in sin? Christ pardoned the woman found in adultery—He forgave the penitent Magdalen and even said "many sins are forgiven her because she has loved much." Has that merciful Saviour no followers who will walk in His footsteps and endeavour to bring to Him these poor sinful creatures who are disowned even by the father and mother who weep over them, and scorned and rejected by the very persons who have compassed their ruin? Yes, Christian charity knows no sorrow or distress that it may not relieve, and the highest embodiment of Christian charity is to be found in those different communities, those religious orders established in the bosom of the Catholic Church, whose members have left all to follow Christ—parents, wealth and pleasure, and have devoted their lives to the support and solace of the suffering and miserable.

Apart from those religious orders that devote themselves to teaching, there are Sisters who relieve the poor in their homes and in asylums, who take care of the orphan, who attend the sick and dying; there are others who receive that wandering sheep, of whom Christ said "Rejoice with Me because I have found the sheep that was lost," the poor outcast of Society—to her they give a shelter, that is *home* and the means of earning pure daily bread, thereby keeping her from the contagion of the world and from that poisoned cup of vice of which alas! she has drunk so deeply, and teaching her to take all her affections from the world and fix them on Jesus Christ, and hence forward to lead a life of penance in atonement for the past.

Who will say there is a charity greater than this? No doubt, it is a repulsive work of charity; for a pure maiden grown up in the bosom of a pious family, innocent of sin, not knowing even what vice means, to have to approach the degraded creature who has lived in wickedness and shame for years, to hear the foul words she utters almost unconsciously, they have been her language for so long a time, words which sound like an unknown tongue in the ears of that innocent spouse of Christ—to calm by her kind words and deeds, those passionate longings for liberty, that terrible disguised temptation, which haunts the penitent for years. What more revolting to a pure and innocent heart? But the love of Christ overcomes these natural feelings of aversion and the difficulty of the work is compensated for by the floods of heavenly joy with which Christ inundates the hearts of those who have consecrated themselves to this great work of charity.

Such a work of heroic devotedness is the sole end of the Institute of Our Lady of Charity, better known as the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

This religious congregation was founded by the Venerable Father John Eudes, the Apostle of Normandy, in 1641.

A few words will not be out of place with regard to that wonderful man, who was the eldest of three brothers remarkable for their talents and virtue. He was born November 14th, 1601, of pious parents, in answer to a vow made to God if He would bless them with offspring, and was baptised by the name of John. In his pure childhood, as in that of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Chantal, who lived in his time, were seen the germs of those

virtues which were afterwards to make him so glorious in the sight of God and men.

He had but one desire, one steadfast purpose, to devote himself to honor His Blessed Mother. At twelve years of age John Eudes was allowed to make his First Communion: up to this time he was of a delicate constitution, and was under the care of a private tutor, but now day by day his health became stronger, and when he had completed his fourteenth year, his parents no longer having any reason to fear the effects of study, sent him to the Jesuit College at Caen. There he was a model of virtue to all the students and was distinguished for his fervor, his piety, his docile obedience to his Superiors and his great attraction for purity, prayer and charity, the virtues which were to shine so brightly in his after-life. He was remarkable for his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, of whose Sodality he was a fervent member.

John Eudes went through his rhetoric and philosophy with the greatest success. By the advice of a prudent director he resolved on embracing the ecclesiastical state, and having received tonsure entered the Congregation of the Oratory, a pious community of ecclesiastics in which never no religious vows were taken.

He received subdiaconship, Dec. 21st, 1624. He was ordained deacon in the Lent of 1625, and in Dec. of the same year he received the holy unction of priesthood from Mgr. Bovin, Bishop of Tarsus and coadjutor of the Bishop of Avranches.

John Eudes had then completed his 24th year. At his first mass which was said on Christmas night in a Chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, he seemed to be quite filled with God and with the holiness of the Sacrifice he was offering.

He was afterwards accustomed to say—"We should need three eternities to say mass right—the first to prepare for it, the second to say it, and the third to make our thanksgiving for it."

Such was the instrument that God in His mercy and goodness chose as the founder of a pious congregation, whose sole object was to be, the reformation of fallen women—the most necessary, the most noble, and the most difficult work of charity that exists. This was in 1641 and is thus beautifully described by his biographer.

In his various wanderings, Father Eudes had often met with unfortunate beings, fallen angels whom want or passion had cast into the depths of depravity.

"Many of them when they heard the priest's words, longed to return from the paths of sin, for the greater their fault, the greater tenderness and compassion had he shown them, and he had never failed to stretch out a helping hand to them. But he knew that the world is merciless, and casts aside those who have given up domestic joys to become its playthings; he felt that he had little power to save these young women, whom his departure would leave destitute of shelter, support, and counsel; he saw that want and misery would again seize upon them, and plunge them more hopelessly into the abyss. Waifs and strays from the wreck the surges seemed to play with them for a while, and then dash them against the cruel rocks."

"At his request some pious persons had received several of these unhappy beings into their houses, but such an experiment was attended with many practical objections. Father Eudes was anxious to place them together under the same roof, and to keep them under the special direction of those who would undertake to bring them back to a better life. The idea was good but difficult of execution, however God provided the means.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUE.

It is, indeed, a fashion in virtues! Gratitude is said to be an old-fashioned virtue. So is modesty. So, too, is filial piety—the prompt, sweet submission of childhood and youth to the parental sway, the life-long love, respect, and consideration which children owe their parents under all possible circumstances, by reason both of the bonds of nature and the behests of grace.

Unfortunately, too often, long before children outgrow daily dependence on their parents, they outgrow their obedience, they learn to be ashamed of the personal or intellectual defects, and disdainful of the advice of those to whom under God, they owe life, sustenance and education. This is sadly true even among well-instructed Catholic children. For these there is no excuse. Once the age of childish forwardness and unreason has gone by, our bright, quick-witted young people can scarcely plead ignorance or misunderstanding of their duties in this regard.

Nor is unthankfulness justified by the fact that parents are so often unworthy of the devotion claimed for them. The wrongs never yet made a right. Unfilial behavior is not the remedy for parental negligence or sin. As fathers and mothers are bound to love their children, and rear them well, providing for them according to their means, correcting their faults and bearing with their infirmities; so are children bound to love and honor their parents, cheerfully obeying their commands save when these conflict with God's commands, rendering them in sickness, old age, or other exigency, that material assistance they may need, being patient also with their defects of health or temper, praying for them, and charitably concealing or palliating their faults.

These obligations do not cease when children grow to nature age, and leave their father's house for homes of their own. They do not cease when parents are spent, thrift, vicious, criminal—a scandal to those to whom they owe good example. The suns of holy living are starred with the record of dutiful children whose prayers and forbearance have won eternal salvation for their parents. The heart of the Heavenly Father cannot refuse the fervent prayers of children for their earthly father; and the tender Mother of God strengthens with her intercession the entreaties of all who ask the soul of a loved, though sinful, mother.

God singularly, and not seldom visibly, revenges wrong done to parents. Oftentimes the offender is punished through his own offspring, who afflict his heart even

as he erst-while afflicted the hearts of his father and mother. Who that has lived to maturity can not verify our statement of his own observation, and experience?

First among those commandments of God regulating our duties to our neighbor, is that which determines our duties to our parents and it is the only one of all the commandments to which a specific promise is attached. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God, hath given thee."

Several penalties were meted out, under the Old Law to unthankful children; and death itself amid the execrations of the people, was the doom of the unnatural child who dared to curse the authors of his being. Filial piety was very faithfully practised among the Israelites. Their greatest kings, warriors, and legislators were models of piety. Hisselt most perfectly exemplified it, all the way from Bethlehem to Calvary. The commonest lot of mankind—laurable, toilsome, family life—was that in which most of His days were spent. To Mary and Joseph He rendered a son's love and service. Eighteen years of His most holy life are thus tersely told in the gospel—"He was subject to them." He comforted Joseph's death-bed with tenderness, care, and all through the vicissitudes of His public life, was mindful of the needs of His Mother Mary. Nay, as He hung upon the cross for our redemption, He had thought of her earthly future, and bade the beloved disciple, John, take her and care for her as his very own.

A true follower of Christ will excel in this virtue so dear to the divine Heart. While abiding under his father's roof, he will model his conduct on that of Jesus in Nazareth. In his after years, if Heaven send him wealth, he will share it with his parents, and not like too many ungrateful children, mothers, and even in old age, while a poor old father or mother is painfully eking out a scanty subsistence, or is, perhaps dependent on the cold charity of the world. He will never willfully grieve them by sarcasm or railing, nor reproach them with their faults, nor put any manner of slight upon them. And when they are old, he will be near, he will not leave them to strangers or servants, but will himself provide them with the last consolations of religion, see to their honorable Christian burial, and all his life long, prayerfully remember their souls.

So shall he be blessed in his own fatherland, and all else that makes life happy, and death but the gate of everlasting peace.

THE COMMON NEED OF ALL MEN.

The "liberal" spirit of the age is leading many to adopt the popular notion that different natures require different kinds of religion. And in this view it is coming to be quite freely granted that there are persons who require an ornate ritual—an elaborate worship, and even an absolute, authoritative teaching such as are found only in the Catholic Church; while others require a simpler worship and greater freedom of opinion in their doctrinal systems. Hence, you will sometimes hear the remark in reference to some new convert to the Catholic Church, "Oh! well, it was to be expected of him; his disposition required an absolute faith and an unquestioning authority; and he could not feel at home in the Catholic Church; while others, and longer for certainty of belief; and this, of course, he could only find in a church, which claims, whether rightfully or wrongfully, infallibility in teaching divine truths. But, as far as we prefer a simpler faith and more freedom of opinion, we never could feel at home in the Catholic Church; it is too strait-laced, too stiff and unbending in its doctrinal teaching, and there is too much pomp and ceremony in its worship." As if religion were a matter of taste, or feeling, or personal preference, and every man was left to follow the dictates of his own private judgment or the impulse of feeling or fancy as to what he should believe and do in order to accomplish the great end of his existence.

Now, what strikes the thoughtful mind, on the very face of this kind of reasoning, or, rather, of assertion, is the entire ignorance of the great end of his existence, and there is such a thing as truth, and that truth is imperative binding on every human being. The fact is, our Protestant friends are so accustomed to an atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty in religion, and so conscious of the impossibility of unity of faith on their principle of the unlimited rights of private judgment, that it is as impossible for them to conceive of a condition of absolute certainty resulting in complete unity of faith, as it is for the blind man to judge of the colors which he has never seen. It is really amusing sometimes to hear comparatively able and talented men discussing this important subject, with an air of self-confident confidence, as if there really could be different systems of truth, and a great variety of fundamental principles corresponding with the multiplicity of sects into which the so-called Christian world is divided. True, these zealous advocates of liberality in religion are generally just as zealous to make converts to their peculiar views as if they were absolutely certain that they were right, and all the rest of the world wrong. Even our Unitarian friends, whose acknowledged respectability entitles them to a more frequent recognition at our hands than some of their less pretentious neighbors, with all their professions of liberality and their denunciation of dogma, whether in the "Orthodox" or Catholic, have their system of teaching and propagation, and are as zealous in trying to make converts as if they were perfectly certain that they were right—that their system—or no system—was founded in the principles of eternal truth and essential to the happiness of man for time and eternity.

Now, it may seem a very simple truism, and we may be thought unduly pertinacious in so often insisting upon it, but we conceive that the condition of the religious mind among Protestants generally, renders it extremely important that the changes should be rung continually upon the great fact, that there is such a thing as truth; that truth is necessarily one; that religious truth is ascertainable, and that every human being is bound to accept

that truth in its unity and simplicity, and that the result of such an acceptance would be unity of organization as well as of principle and a corresponding unity of effort in propagating that truth throughout the world. We do not overlook the fact, now that the various denominations which go under the Christian name do all embody some elements of Christian truth in their systems. Without such elements of truth they could not exist—certainly they could not commend themselves to the acceptance of reasonable men. It has often been remarked, and with perfect truth, that what is true in the various systems of Protestantism is Catholic—the error is Protestant and peculiar to themselves. It is strictly true, too, that if you take the elements of truth from all the various systems and combine them, you will find that you have Catholic system in perfection, with the single exception, perhaps, of Divine authority and infallibility of the Papacy. Of course, it would not do for any one to acknowledge that principle without submitting to the authority of the Pope, and that would involve the necessity of a change of spiritual relations, perhaps at the cost of great personal sacrifice. And that, no doubt, explains the reason why our Ritualistic friends are ready to adopt the whole Catholic system with that single exception. They are not ready to abandon their present position, anomalous as it is, and go on their knees to the Pope, whom they have always been taught to condemn and despise as the very embodiment of spiritual pride and tyrannical assumption. So they content themselves with paying lip to Catholicism, and confessing they do play Catholic with a vengeance; for they not only adopt all Roman doctrine, but they actually ape all Roman practice, even to the awful assumption of hearing confessions. They are even willing to concede a primacy to the Pope. They have come to comprehend the necessity of unity in the Church, and that unity is impossible without a visible head and centre of the whole body of the Church—a mouthpiece, through which the authoritative decisions of the Church shall be communicated to the body. But, unfortunately, they fail to see, as yet, that a mere primacy of the Bishop of Rome would not accomplish the end desired. So far as the great purposes of unity of teaching and organization are concerned, a mere presidency of councils, a *primus inter pares*, with no higher inherent prerogative than an ordinary bishop, would be of no avail. He would, in fact, be no better than an Archbishop of Canterbury, who presides over a body with a thousand tongues, or the moderator of a Presbyterian General Assembly, where great truths of revelation affecting the eternal destinies of souls, are decided by an accidental majority. In fact, for that matter you might just as well leave it to the changes of Congregationalism, where each separate association of Christians has plenty of power and independent right to decide, for itself, what God has and what He has not revealed; of which we have a striking, if not edifying, example in the case of Plymouth Church, of which "Brother" Beecher is the virtual Pope and autocrat.

No, what we want and what we must have, if Christianity is anything but a human invention, is a single head—a single mouthpiece—endowed with the prerogative of speaking the truth—not of revealing new truth, but of declaring the old; not of exalting human opinion into the position of arbitrary authority, but of interpreting the law given by God, eighteen hundred years ago, that law which exists in its integrity, to day, in the authorized symbols and teaching of the old historic church which, spite of the predictions of interested prophets, and the machinations of wicked men and devils, never has failed and never will fail so long as the world is.

And Death of a Bishop in Peru.

A tragic occurrence took place at the city of Ayacucho about a fortnight since. Bishop Polo, of that diocese, one of the most distinguished prelates of Peru, had been called upon by the authorities to employ his great influence towards pacifying the Indian population of the district, naturally indignant against some military requisitions that would deprive them of their few remaining beasts of burden—llamas and mules. The attitude assumed by the Indians was threatening in the extreme, and when the passion of these people are thoroughly aroused, they look on every one as an enemy, and proceed accordingly. The Bishop, however, managed to pacify them by obtaining a suspension of the requisition, and then, followed by his suite, took his departure for the little town near by, where he was temporarily residing. Unfortunately, some of the Indians, mistaking the party for a body of the cattle-lifters, made a determined attack, and before the error was discovered, the Bishop was killed, with several of his followers. The repentance and grief of the murderers is said to have been of extraordinary intensity, and whilst they were indulging in lamentations, we are sorry to say that the authorities took advantage of the confusion, and drove off all the beasts they could lay their hands on.

A Cause of Protestant Decline.

A non-Catholic correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing of religious training in schools, says that children educated under the religious orders are generally noted for their modesty, intelligence and good behavior; while those wholly taught in the public schools are distinguished, as a body, for the contrary traits. "When I say that my opinions on this subject have been formed after a careful comparison of the effect of the respective systems on children of foreign parentage in different cities, I think your readers will say I have subjected them to a critical test. . . . I confidently appeal to all having a similar experience to attest the truth of my assertion."

Honest and Liberal.

When the Hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, \$1.25 per lb.) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honest and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain, or buy or use worthless stuff, or cheating bogus imitations because the price is less.

"Rogon or Rava." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin chipmunks. 12c.

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

An Absolute Necessity in Every Family that Means to Remain Catholic.

There was once a great painter, who to get the sense of the public, exposed one of his masterpieces in the public highway, and left brushes and colors for the convenience of anyone who might think the work needed improvement. Most of the wayfarers passed on in admiration of the artist's genius, but there were not wanting those who assumed to criticize. The first found fault with the azure tint of the sky, and proceeded to "re-touch" in the line of his taste. The next disapproved of the shade, and boldly sought to heighten it. The third disliked the general effect, and applied the brush to his heart's content. The fourth rebuked the correction of the first and so on. When the great artist went to reclaim his masterpiece in the evening, he found in place of the beautiful landscape which looked out from the canvas in the morning an indistinguishable conglomeration of daubs and dashes.

Newspapers are by no means masterpieces, nor are editors artists, but the kind of criticism they receive is very often as ridiculous and ignorant as that which destroyed the great painter's landscape. A saw-mill employee will not ordinarily assume to lecture a farmer on the management of his farm, nor will an agriculturist "monkey" with a buzz-saw, but every man seems to know something about a newspaper that the editor does not. This criticism seems to increase with the general ignorance of the critic. Catholic journals are not exempt from this kind of "assistance," not that the criticism comes from their real patrons and readers, but it comes from a class of persons who seem to have a certain impatient contempt for everything emanating from a Catholic source, whether of method, doctrine or literature.

These persons "don't read a Catholic paper," but take a certain vulgar pride in letting you know that they read some metropolitan daily, so far as spelling out the criminal columns may be called reading. Without the slightest idea of what a Catholic paper ought to be, they exhibit the volubility of most ignorant people in finding fault with what they know nothing about. For them there "is no news in the Catholic paper" because it is devoid of lusts and murders, or has crowded out some horrible railroad casualty to give room for a "dry" Papal Encyclical. The young man who is troubled with affection of the spinal column whenever he has an opportunity to assert his Catholicity "don't find anything interesting in the Catholic paper, you know," nor does the rising young slyster who will someday, when he thinks it profitable, assume to represent the "Catholic element." The stories in the Catholic paper are not hot enough for the young woman who has her tastes debauched by the sensational flash story paper, and so on.

Reverting again to the fearful daub of the painter's masterpiece, we might adopt the story to the case of the Catholic journal. One critic would fill its columns with country news, so that the readers down in Nebraska, or away out in Montana, might have weekly instalments of the doings at Mud Flats, or at Muggins' Cross Roads, and other places of whose geographical location he is as ignorant as he is of the political divisions of the moon, and about which he cares even less. Another critic would devote more space to Irish matters, so that the Catholic journal would have as little reference to American events as if they were published at Ball-y-nagloggy. So, to satisfy all notions of the right kind of a paper, there would be as little left of a newspaper in the thing published as there was of a landscape in the daub which the critics left on the painter's canvas.

Almost any Catholic paper, however inferior, is worth the price asked for it. As an influence for good in the family it would pay to take it, even if in terms of subscription were ten times what they usually are. In view of the innumerable non-Catholic and anti-religious publications which are thrust upon the rising generation of Catholics at all points, a Catholic journal is becoming an absolute necessity in every family that intends to remain truly Catholic. And yet there are Catholics who will take some loosely-edited secular weekly, because "it contains more news," or because it is a little cheaper, and thus deprive their children of the religious culture which the Catholic journal, no matter how small or backward, invariably carries with it. Of course, the Catholic journal should be as necessary and as commodious as possible. Of course its terms of subscription should be as reasonable as possible. But the right way to procure these desired ends is not by fault-finding criticism and cold neglect, but by a better support of the Catholic press, a more practical encouragement of direct and generous efforts to widen its circulation.—Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

Saint Theodosius.

THE MINDFUL OF DEATH.—Theodosius was born in Cappadocia towards the year 423, and was brought up in sentiments of tender piety. He first devoted himself to the priestly state; but feeling afterwards called to contemplation and retirement, he adopted the life of a hermit. His humility failed to hide from the eyes of the world at large the splendour of his sanctity; and a great throng of persons of every age having assembled round his cell, he withdrew into a solitary more retired still, with the intent to remain unknown to men. A few companions went to join him, and subsequently numerous disciples followed; so that he saw himself obliged to found a new monastery; for his charity exceeded all bounds. He never refused to receive any one, nor denied anything to any one. He often expended the last resources of the monastery in favour of strangers, pilgrims, and the poor. The thought ever present to his mind was that of death; the first advice which he offered to his disciples was to prepare to die. Despite his great austerities and labours, his life was prolonged to the age of 106.

MORAL REFLECTION.—The Holy Spirit has told us by the lips of the Wise Man, "Have ever before thy eyes the remembrance of thy last end, and thou shalt never sin."—(Eccles. vii. 40.)

Saint Arcadius.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.—At the time of Valerian's persecution, about the year 277, a Christian of Caesarea, named Arcadius, illustrious for his birth and riches, had betaken himself to flight, so as to avoid the risk of suffering; but on learning that one of his relatives had offered himself in his stead, he was deeply touched by such unworldly generosity, reproached himself as a coward, and returned to surrender himself to the judge who was to consign him to death. Unable to induce him by the most enticing promises or the most terrible threats to apostatize from the Christian religion, the judge condemned him to have his limbs amputated one after the other until death should put a term to his sufferings. Arcadius endured this protracted martyrdom with a constancy so marvellous, that the judge, tired out at last, ordered the executioners to end their cruelty by disembowelling the victim. Arcadius continued to pray for his tormentors: "My God, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

MORAL REFLECTION.—This is the example given by Jesus Christ upon the cross, and by St. Stephen while he was being stoned. Let us not lose sight of this injunction of the Divine Master: "Pray for those that hate you and persecute you."—(Matt. v. 44. Luke vi. 37.)

The 40 Martyrs of Rome.

DEATH RATHER THAN SIN.—The emperor Valerian and Gallianus raised against the Church a persecution so violent that the Christians for a time deemed that the reign of Anti-Christ had come. The persecution began in the year 259, and lasted three years and a half; it is reckoned as the eighth persecution. The number of persons of every age and condition who preferred death to apostasy cannot be computed; the East, the West, Africa, and the world at large, were deluged with Christian blood; there was isolated slaughtering, as well as general massacres. The Martyrology mentions, on the 12th of January, the forty soldiers who suffered death on the same day, in these terms:—"At Rom., the triumph of the forty blessed soldiers who deserved to bear off the crown of martyrdom for their profession of faith in the Lyvinian Way, under the reign of Gallianus."

MORAL REFLECTION.—The abject spirits that have apostatized in order to save their lives are sighing away in utter darkness. The generous Christian souls that preferred death are dwelling with God in His glory. "For he that will save his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it."—(Matt. xvi. 25.)

Immortality.

Louis Blanc, the French historian and statesman, who recently died, once said: "Blessed are they who believe in immortality; without it the universe is a grim and fearful riddle." When he heard that Harriet Martineau said she took pleasure in thinking her identity would not be continued, he said, "I must say to her what St. Theresa said of the devil—'Unfortunate being, he has never loved.' It made him desperate when his faith in immortality broke down, and he thought that he should never see his wife and friends again."

No smoker who has ever used the Myrtle Navy tobacco for, say a month, ever relinquishes it for any other brand. Its flavor is rich and full, and it never burns the tongue or parches the palate. It is, in fact, the *no plus ultra* of smoking tobacco.

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To neglect a cough or cold, is but to invite Consumption, the destroyer of the human race. Huggard's Peppermint Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and effectually remedy all pulmonary complaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, &c.

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The Bilious.

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