

As Jacob Merved for Rachel.

'Twas the love that lightened service! The old, old story sweet, That yearning and waiting hearts In melody repeat.

Chill fell the dew on 'er hair, Her eyes were dim with tears, Her face was pale as death, Her hand was cold as steel.

Dear Rachel, with the secret, Her name was on her lips, Her face was pale as death, Her hand was cold as steel.

As Jacob served for Rachel, Beneath the Syrian sky, The golden sands of Egypt's coast, The golden sands of Egypt's coast.

What shall we give? For offer Our small returns, to thee, What we have seen the Saviour, And are in to serve Him well?

As Jacob served for Rachel, Beneath the Syrian sky, The golden sands of Egypt's coast, The golden sands of Egypt's coast.

Old age brings with it the consciousness of physical frailty and decay, which no art can conceal and no medicine remove.

It is said of the stork, that having most tenderly fed its young, it will sail under them when they first attempt to fly, and if they begin to fall will bear them up and support them; and that when one stork is wounded by the sportsman, the able ones gather about it, pat their wings under it, and try to carry it away.

One of the greatest mistakes of life is to save our smiles and pleasant words and sympathy for other souls than those now with us, and other times than the present.

A girl should be ambitious. She should work for herself. Do not be content with your present condition. Try and improve your present opportunities.

M. Thiers, the eminent French statesman, in conversation with Bishop Dupanloup, gave utterance to the following remarkable language: "I have not the

facilities talks of the incidents of his forty years of missionary life. He attends Mass daily, being wheeled to the church in a bath chair.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

For the Catholic Record. The proud and haughty nineteenth century, the battle field of Science vs. Religion, is stamped with designs called by men materialists and positivists, who, by their strange words and sweet running phlegm and passionately complete to annihilate it, together with its precious prerogatives and adjuncts. War has been declared against God in the name of science. The gigantic strokes of irrefragable intelligence, who claim the monopoly of thought, converge to abolish religion and its divine attributes. Secularism aims at severing the world from God and tries to drive Him into the haze and remote regions of metaphysics, shadows with which reason refuses to hold converse.

A FARM WORKED BY LUNATICS. Long Island, New York, can boast of a farm which is operated entirely by the labor of insane people. It is known as the "Idiot Farm," and was founded by lunatics or employed upon it. It was brought to a high state of cultivation. Grain, fruits and flowers are grown upon it, and the men engaged in its production are said to take a deep interest in their work.

A PICTURE BY RUBENS. A discovery of considerable importance was made a few days ago in the chapel attached to Chiddock Manor, in England. A well known sculptor, who was staying with Sir Frederick Weld, directed his attention to a large picture of the Adoration of the Magi, which was almost entirely hidden by an accumulation of dirt and strongly advised its being cleaned. No sooner had this been done than the extraordinary beauty of the painting became apparent, and the jewelled belt worn by one of the principal figures, Peter Paul Rubens, was plainly discernible.

TWO OF THE "IGNORANT FORGIVENERS." A young Austrian and his young wife arrived at Castle Garden last week and they had not a cent to begin their American career. The gaarden police hesitated to permit them to become portion of the American population, and questioned them to find out what they would do, or could, do if permitted to remain. The man said he would work at his trade, "but," questioned the commissioner, "what if you cannot find work?" The husband looked confusedly at his little wife, and she answered for him, saying, "Oh, he will get work, but if he should not, I will help him, I can sew, I am a seamstress." The commissioner, who they were a portion of "the horde of ignorant foreigners" against whom the Methodist bishop, Mr. Newman, recently roared in Chicago.—Michigan Catholic.

TO LOCATE IN NEW YORK.

The following extracts from the Albany papers will be read with interest: "We are sorry to learn of the contemplated removal of the Cleveland Baking Powder business from this city. We understand that its rapidly increasing business will shortly render enlarged facilities desirable, so that the proprietors have determined to remove to New York, where their export trade can be more conveniently handled.

"The condition of Rev. Arnold Damen S. J. is reported as unchanged. Since his stroke of paralysis the reverend gentleman has been under the care of Dr. C. L. G. O'Brien, O. S. A., who is fully conversant with the case and is confident that he will soon be called to the good hereafter; but is, nevertheless, contented and cheerful, and with unimpaired

MISSIONARY WORK.

Cleveland Catholic Universe. Graton, Ohio, Sept. 20th, 1899. Mr. Editor—In making the liberty to send you an account of the First Communion of forty children, that took place yesterday in the church of Graton—an event that was less remarkable for the number of the young communicants than for the circumstances of the parish.

These are the men who cry out "No Popery," the "confessional is immoral," etc. Here is called to action the "ague ad huc vobis," which displays to the thinking world a striking evidence that the Church is impregnable. Hamana modesty and modesty, however, which reason refuses to hold converse. Irrefragable argument which, if applied to every day life, will make existence a continual nightmare; it sounds the battle cry for a twofold intent, to awaken alarm and blindfold the weak. This century, full of arrogance, overbearing conceit, fathers nations of men, the boldness of its boasts, and leaves no stone unturned to strangle the Church of God and trample her under foot.

What a grand institution is the Confessional! What a formidable foe is the Church who fathers the confessionals! During eighteen centuries she carried the banner of victory, the flash, the devil and the world have sworn her downfall, but she outlived them all. This divinely instituted organ of truth, mouth-piece of peace and consolation, has never comprehended a particle of the truth committed to her charge. She looks the light of the world for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and in the discharge of her duties she hurls the cross, hoping to be nailed thereon side by side with her divine Founder and Saviour.

At the dawn of the Reformation Luther and subtle appealed to political feelings, and a blind and unfeeling adherence to the stammering principles of the day, with the poisonous breath of indignant intellects, kindled a fire which threatened to destroy Catholicity. He heralded at the top of his stentorian lungs that Germany was walking after the manner of the Hebrews of old into Babylonian captivity. "Shake the dust from off your feet, break under the chains that weigh you down, emancipation is our right." Such was Luther's blasphemous outbreak. Those whom he could not lure to his standard by the impetuous cry of liberty, he wooed by the soft but yet more insubstantial appeals to their avarice and sensuality. The confessional and the altar, he would be sure, were to be retained, but he would be sure to repudiate them, as he repudiated the hour of chastisement so as to spare his ungrateful children. European pulpits all agreed themselves by lauding in details, until at last society was effaced in the ocean of impurity, and swallowed up with verily the poison of obscene imposture. Preservers poured over the virgin heads of Europe as this foul torrent of impurity. Germany, France, England and Switzerland received in their respective breasts the poison which so polluted society that her members became pests and totally unfit to sustain the family relation. What was the consequence of this impious, blind and gross assault on the confessional and of God's holy Church? Look back on the fact that God said to Adam after his fall: "Adam, where art thou?" He is obliged

to come forward from his place of concealment and confess his sins. Likewise Cain, to tell where his brother, whom he had murdered, was, and on his refusal to confess his crime God cursed him in his blood. The royal penitent, David, who was forgiven for his sins by the prophet Nathan, made an humble avowal of them: "I have sinned, O Lord, I have done evil in Thy sight."

Read the psalm "Miserere" for a convincing proof of the necessity of both confession and contrition. The Books of Deuteronomy, Numbers and Proverbs, are replete with authoritative revelations to establish the duty of confession. Quotations of the New Testament might be brought to play on the point; but the universal practice of millions of centuries recorded in history goes to prove that confession, preserved from Adam among all wandering races and in the darkness of idolatry, up to our very times, is an institution, not the out-growth of passions, but one bearing the seal of the Uncreated Wisdom. A. S.

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Indigestion. It is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.: "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, and in a few weeks I was able to resume my ordinary duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

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Kendall's Sarsaparilla. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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