

The Three Roses.
 Three roses grew beside the road,
 Three roses very sweet,
 One brushed her lips, one touched her hood,
 And one lay at her feet.
 And one was passionate Desire—
 She left it where it grew,
 And one was love as red as fire,
 She paused to note its hue.
 And one was Trust—she stepped aside,
 It fell beneath her tread,
 She thought the tender flower had died,
 But Trust is never dead.
 Three roses grew on bush and brier
 When next she passed that way:
 She gathered Love, and lo! Desire
 And Trust was hers for aye.—
 Boston Journal.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIV.
AN EVENING RECEPTION.
 During the month of February McDonnell's convalescence was slow but assured. The muscles of the arms and legs gradually resumed their old tension, and he could drag himself about feebly and make pretence of attending again to his business, going at long intervals to the office, consulting with partners, business men, and customers, directing a little, resting much, and persuading himself that by degrees he would become able to resume all the old duties, with the provision that younger and healthier men be permitted to do the greater part of the labor attached to them. It was necessary that he should employ a secretary, a confidential clerk. Wisdom and prudence counselled that he should select from the many deserving men in his employ. Some had already been recommended for the position by influential friends, and he had promised to consider the application. He never intended to keep the promise, for his mind was already made up on the matter. A new idea, born of his earlier crime and his recent illness had seized upon him. The ideas that visited him during and since his illness were of a stubborn, crochety, and often foolish nature. They might be reasonable or unreasonable, practical or poetical, distasteful to those interested or hurtful to himself, and he would still persist in retaining, fostering, and developing them. As Killany said, paralysis had not affected his muscles alone. He had become feeble-minded. Prefillness and peevishness were now his distinguishing qualities, though with the memory of what he had once been still strong in his recollection, he strove bitterly and eagerly to maintain the dignity and calmness of his perfect physical health. The business blunders which he had already begun to make were of higher significance to the outer world and to his associates than he dreamed, and aspiring clerks smiled knowingly, and experienced partners and friends shook their heads gravely and doubtfully, when the leader's latest mishaps were mentioned. The new idea was as fanciful as could be imagined. He determined to hunt up the heirs whom he had defrauded, make the young man his secretary, and prepare him gradually for the sudden descent of good fortune. It was probable that he was good-looking and intelligent, if he at all resembled his parents; and it was possible, too, that a marriage between him and Nano might take place. The minor obstacles in the way of his design never intruded themselves on his meditations. The young man might be in the other world, or engaged in a profession which he was decidedly unwilling to leave, or a not very good character, or already married. Mr. McDonnell never gave these difficulties the slightest thought, but proceeded straight to the accomplishment of his end. The result was too glorious, too rosy with the promise of settling all his present troubles to permit him for one moment to descend into the regions of plain, prosaic fact.

Nano, in the meantime, had passed through every stage of mental agony that a woman so gifted, unfortunate, and exquisitely sensitive could suffer. A kind of repose—the repose of exhaustion—had been given to her from the fatal day on which her resolution to hold the property at almost any cost had been taken. Her conscience seemed at rest, but it was only the torpor of an opiate. Under it lay hidden the pain of the dumb beast, so bitter from his want of expression—a deadly ache that never ceased day or night, in pleasure or pain. The sight of Olivia, the sound of her voice, the glance of her eye, the touch of her hand—avoided when possible—the mere resemblance of the fairy innocent, tore her heart with anguish. That that she had been poor, and herself so vile in her wealth! The appearance of her father, his mournful helplessness and senility, his need of the gentle and unceasing care of a daughter, smote her with grief. Every hour she compared her own actions and dispositions with those which Olivia would surely have displayed in the same circumstances, and every hour derived fresh humiliation from the comparison. Yet her resolution was never recalled. She went on in quiet and unexpressed misery, wondering if still greater agony were in store for her. Her fair outside told nothing of the inner pain. Her pallor was greater, but was attributed to the close confinement of the sick-room, and the deeper melancholy and strange hardness prevailing in the expression of her eyes added too much to the beauty of her face to be commented upon unfavorably.

Her father having recovered sufficiently to render the sick-room superfluous, her thoughts turned once more to that society which she so scorned for its shallowness, so loved and respected for the honor and deference it paid her, and from whose pleasures she had been separated for more than a month. The McDonnell mansion was the centre of the winter indoor festivities, and was besides the Mecca of the Canadian transcendentalists, whither they turned their faces wearily to worship at the shrine, to pour out libations of tea or Burgundy, to read and comment on the Koran, the *Notum Opusculum*, or the Bible, and to exchange the latest sweets discovered in the literary bosoms of the high-priest, Emerson. Miss McDonnell was the priestess. Her beauty and her wealth were the chief text upon which the cultured disciples dilated. Their cry was, "Great is the religion of humanity, and Miss McDonnell is its Canadian prophet," and they went on their knees to the prophet, offered their incense, drank her tea and her Burgundy, and went away only to have the pleasure of

coming again to sacrifice. The sudden illness of the master of the house put an end to the festive transcendentalism languished while the shrine remained closed. Society's stream found a temporary channel, and flowed on less smoothly, perhaps, but none the less surely and indifferently. Culture, however, stood at the gates disconsolate. It writhed a little at sight of a priest entering where it was forbidden to go, and raged when that familiarity which was denied it was offered freely to the upholders of the old supervision of modern times. Its principles forced it to be silent.

There was a general waking of all parties when the cards for the first reception at McDonnell House began to circulate in their plain, sober envelopes among the privileged of the city. Mrs. Strachan, happening to call on Olivia the morning after the invitations had been issued, gave expression to the public sentiment in her vigorous style.

"Are you going, Miss Olivia?" said she.
 "Of course," the sprightly young lady answered. "How could I stay away? Her receptions are so delightful!"
 "It takes but a short time to find that out," said the general. "I have attended receptions and receptions, and have been jammed, crushed, heated, flattered, and slandered to my heart's content; but the model for such an entertainment is at Miss McDonnell's. It is like a poem, the harmony and smoothness of everything. After all, I believe very much in culture, so far as it does not conflict with settled doctrines."
 "And I believe in it so far as it does not conflict with common sense, which it offends against quite as often as against religion. But do you know, Mrs. Strachan, I am in a nervous state over my dress, and I want you to look at it. I submitted it to Harry—"
 "And to Sir Stanley," interrupted the general slyly.
 "Certainly," said Miss Fullerton with serene confidence. "But these awkward men never know the nice points of a costume. If you ask them to look at your train, and tell how it hangs, they will look at your eyes and answer, 'Like stars, to be sure.'"
 "They couldn't say much else," said the general good-humoredly; "and you will admit that the gentlemen have great taste in those matters."
 "But not always correct, Mrs. Strachan."
 "So says Mr. Strachan when he comments on his taste in marrying me. But come, you are going to show me the dress."

They went off into the wardrobe. The evening of the reception found Olivia paying her respects to Nano in a costume as faultless in taste as the cultured could desire—so faultless, indeed, that in spite of the unpretending material and the counter-acting of the pretty face above, female eyes grew envious or admiring as they took in every detail of the dress and distinct impressions of the young man's gatherings were, but the house was roomy and the usual crowding was avoided.

"Bright lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
 English faces predominated, and English uniforms—for it was the time of the military occupation—gave a tone and a brilliancy to the affair which the same gatherings do not now enjoy. Music and singing floated from one room, the clinking of glasses from another, the shrill but subdued tones of waltz, polite argument from a third. In the drawing-room where Nano held state transcendentalism reigned supreme. Its disciples wore a fine-looking body, but it was easy to see from their manner towards the mistress whence their inspiration was derived. In the alcoves and curtained windows love made itself known by its soft laughter and its whispering. These points of vantage Capt and his modern other self, irritation, had seized upon early in the evening, and, with considerate delicacy, no one ventured to intrude.

"You will come back to me, dear," said Nano, after Olivia and she had exchanged the customary greetings. "There will be some conversation on our favorite topics, and I am in the humor for conversation this evening, and you may take my place. Besides, my little firebrand, it will be to the advantage of every one to hear your vigorous attacks on culture."
 "I do not like it," answered the firebrand promptly. "There is no interest for me in listening to the sometimes blasphemous platitudes which your true pantheist can roll off by the yard. I am weary of ridiculing and laughing at them. I am sick, too, with seeing what fools people can make of themselves when they have put down God and put themselves up in his place—little calves of clay, not having even the merit of being gold."
 "Now you may go," said Nano severely, yet detaining her with her hand. "You are more than ill-humored, and it would not do to have you heard by my friends. Calves of clay! To think we should receive such a title!"
 "If I am going, do let me go," said Olivia, "and pray that I may not return. Should that happen I shall throw into your camp bombshells aimed, not at your doctrines, but at yourselves. I shall strike at your conceit, the Achilles' heel of your moral nature, and the elect will fall—by tens," she added, looking around in rapid calculation; "for I see that you must have here over twenty of the school. I did not suppose one city could muster so many."
 "Indeed! We are increasing every day."
 "I can believe it—among the rich! You need receptions, and brica-brac collections, and expensive editions of Carlyle, Kant, and all the other apostles of every shade of pantheism to keep your poor souls together. If it were to tramp to Mass of mornings at six o'clock, and confess your numerous peccadilloes three times a year—ah! but I must preserve the discussion for your friends. I see that Sir Stanley is making desperate efforts to reach me, so that I must fly."

She fluttered away by an opposite door. Nano followed her with her eyes, sighing. Had she but a heart like that, so content, so cheerful, so loving, so pure! She pressed back her vain regrets and turned to the company, next to herself, the idol which she most honored and worshipped. For their good opinion, their esteem and adulation, she had sacrificed her soul, and

she would exact her price to the last farthing.
 Meantime Olivia, having led to avoid Sir Stanley, found him waiting for her at the door of the music-room, and walked straight into his arms. He tried to inquire into an alcove.

"No, sir," was the decisive reply. "I am a rover to-night, a freebooter, bound to go where I list, and I shall be tied to no one. Nano was refused a similar favor, and are you bold enough to imagine that I will give to you what I refused to her?"
 "I am bold enough to think I can persuade you to it," he said, with one of his dangerous glances "if you will but give me time. I am a diplomatist, you know, having served three months on an embassy; and if I never exercised my powers much, still I remember how to make the disagreeable agreeable, and to put you under the impression that you were mistaken before."
 "You are too confident, Sir Stanley, and too conceited, as most of our young men are, and I shall do a praiseworthy thing in snubbing your conceit."
 Then the baronet, forgetting his assumption of indifference, became serious and angry.

"I am going to lose my temper," he said, "if you are to put me off in this way, Olivia. You know—"
 "Sir Stanley, good-night. You are forgetting yourself. This is a public hall, just now, and really the music is charming. Excuse me."
 She slipped through the door, leaving the baronet mortified and enraged at his own stupidity.

"Your diplomacy was nearly overdoing the thing that time," said Dr. Fullerton's voice in his ear. He was laughing. "The general and I were behind the curtains yonder and heard every word. 'Conjunctive,' said L. 'Stupid,' said she; and you may infer to whom those words were applied. However, since she is determined Olivia and use her influence in your behalf."
 "She is kind," said the baronet briefly and mournfully.
 "I fancy," the doctor remarked condescendingly, "that there was no necessity for that move. Olivia will return of herself."
 "Thank you for your encouraging words. But I am doomed to play disconsolate for the rest of the evening."
 "Olive, in the interval, with a distinct sense of injury radiating in her breast and almost betraying itself in her lips and eyes, fled through the music-room without giving any thought to the players and vocalists, and endeavored to take refuge in a room beyond. She rushed tumultuously into the midst of a party of gentlemen so deeply engaged in a political dispute, that her intrusion was unnoticed. Killany sat near the window, talking in his slow, dulcet tones, and around were McDonnell, pale and peevish, the priest with his perennial smile and Disraelian nose, and two other gentlemen of no appearance whatever. Sir John, who was evidently, by a chance to withdraw from the circle or to change the conversation, was the first to catch sight of the young lady, and he rose gallantly and somewhat eagerly to bring her forward.

"Bright lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men," English faces predominated, and English uniforms—for it was the time of the military occupation—gave a tone and a brilliancy to the affair which the same gatherings do not now enjoy. Music and singing floated from one room, the clinking of glasses from another, the shrill but subdued tones of waltz, polite argument from a third. In the drawing-room where Nano held state transcendentalism reigned supreme. Its disciples wore a fine-looking body, but it was easy to see from their manner towards the mistress whence their inspiration was derived. In the alcoves and curtained windows love made itself known by its soft laughter and its whispering. These points of vantage Capt and his modern other self, irritation, had seized upon early in the evening, and, with considerate delicacy, no one ventured to intrude.

"You will come back to me, dear," said Nano, after Olivia and she had exchanged the customary greetings. "There will be some conversation on our favorite topics, and I am in the humor for conversation this evening, and you may take my place. Besides, my little firebrand, it will be to the advantage of every one to hear your vigorous attacks on culture."
 "I do not like it," answered the firebrand promptly. "There is no interest for me in listening to the sometimes blasphemous platitudes which your true pantheist can roll off by the yard. I am weary of ridiculing and laughing at them. I am sick, too, with seeing what fools people can make of themselves when they have put down God and put themselves up in his place—little calves of clay, not having even the merit of being gold."
 "Now you may go," said Nano severely, yet detaining her with her hand. "You are more than ill-humored, and it would not do to have you heard by my friends. Calves of clay! To think we should receive such a title!"
 "If I am going, do let me go," said Olivia, "and pray that I may not return. Should that happen I shall throw into your camp bombshells aimed, not at your doctrines, but at yourselves. I shall strike at your conceit, the Achilles' heel of your moral nature, and the elect will fall—by tens," she added, looking around in rapid calculation; "for I see that you must have here over twenty of the school. I did not suppose one city could muster so many."
 "Indeed! We are increasing every day."
 "I can believe it—among the rich! You need receptions, and brica-brac collections, and expensive editions of Carlyle, Kant, and all the other apostles of every shade of pantheism to keep your poor souls together. If it were to tramp to Mass of mornings at six o'clock, and confess your numerous peccadilloes three times a year—ah! but I must preserve the discussion for your friends. I see that Sir Stanley is making desperate efforts to reach me, so that I must fly."

She fluttered away by an opposite door. Nano followed her with her eyes, sighing. Had she but a heart like that, so content, so cheerful, so loving, so pure! She pressed back her vain regrets and turned to the company, next to herself, the idol which she most honored and worshipped. For their good opinion, their esteem and adulation, she had sacrificed her soul, and

she would exact her price to the last farthing.
 Meantime Olivia, having led to avoid Sir Stanley, found him waiting for her at the door of the music-room, and walked straight into his arms. He tried to inquire into an alcove.

"No, sir," was the decisive reply. "I am a rover to-night, a freebooter, bound to go where I list, and I shall be tied to no one. Nano was refused a similar favor, and are you bold enough to imagine that I will give to you what I refused to her?"
 "I am bold enough to think I can persuade you to it," he said, with one of his dangerous glances "if you will but give me time. I am a diplomatist, you know, having served three months on an embassy; and if I never exercised my powers much, still I remember how to make the disagreeable agreeable, and to put you under the impression that you were mistaken before."
 "You are too confident, Sir Stanley, and too conceited, as most of our young men are, and I shall do a praiseworthy thing in snubbing your conceit."
 Then the baronet, forgetting his assumption of indifference, became serious and angry.

"I am going to lose my temper," he said, "if you are to put me off in this way, Olivia. You know—"
 "Sir Stanley, good-night. You are forgetting yourself. This is a public hall, just now, and really the music is charming. Excuse me."
 She slipped through the door, leaving the baronet mortified and enraged at his own stupidity.

seemed to be suffering from some concealed emotion. Sir John alone was serene as a summer sky, although a conical glint in his eyes as he looked at the priest argued the existence of a predicament.
 "Miss Fullerton," said he persuasively, "please do not regard the utterances of the gentleman, or attach to them the importance they would have if our friend were in perfect health. In appointing me as your spokesman, you have become a public necessity and will go on increasing, instead of diminishing. But what we deprecate is the large amount of time wasted on them. As a rule ten minutes is quite enough to extract all that is worth extracting from a newspaper. People simply read on and on in the vain hope of finding some intellectual oasis in the dreary desert. Now if half the time devoted to the newspapers were given to a work with something in it; a work of history or science, or general literature, a book of essays or reviews, how much and how easily should we increase the scope and stores of our knowledge. There is nothing more delightful than to meet well-bred and well-informed persons. The scarcity of these is to a greater extent than we imagine, to be attributed to the general fondness for newspaper literature, where the information for the most part is crude when it is not absolutely false and degrading, and where good breeding must give place to brazen vulgarity. The effect of such daily reading on the mind is exhausting and to no purpose, while the effect of it on the moral sense is one of nausea and disgust where it is not absolutely corrupting.—Catholic Review.

That was evidently fair and emphatic. So unequivocal a declaration from the attorney-general seemed to create considerable interest among the gentlemen, and they closed around in various attitudes of respect and deep attention.

"Yet before I venture to be so bold," said Olivia, "I should like to hear what has been said by each of the disputants on the subject."
 The priest was about to take upon himself the reply when McDonnell sharply interrupted:
 "To do that would take some hours, Miss Fullerton, for all of them, with the exception of Killany, perhaps, were as verbose as you could desire. Sir John managed to say nothing in a great many words. His opinion amounts to this; if the weather is people swing one way, so will he; if they swing another, so will he."
 "Mr. McDonnell!" said the knight reproachfully.

"His reverence," continued the invalid, "who has spent most of his life in the United States, and was born in Ireland, attempted with the genius of a cosmopolitan, to take the question from me, an Irishman, an American, a Canadian, and a partial point of view; but they so flatly contradicted one another that he ended by leaving the solution to the future. A pretty hole to crawl out of, upon my word!"
 TO BE CONTINUED.

A WEARY WASTE.

Sidney Smith asked sneeringly, "who reads an American book?" Were he alive to-day, and a visitor among us, he might ask, who reads a book at all? Books there are in abundance of every kind and quality, but who reads them? The author possibly read their own productions. Students are compelled to read their class-books at least. Girls chew what they call romances as much as they chew gum, and with about the same beneficial result. And then there is always the cob-web section of humanity that lives away up in remote literary garrets and does nothing else but read.

But the every day, healthy, average, pushing, common-sense men and women, what do they read; on an average, eight men out of ten will tell you they have no time for reading; the cares of business are too pressing, and when they get through the race of the day's work they are too exhausted to take up a book. They need rest and recreation, and the idea of a book serving as rest and recreation never occurs to them. A game of billiards, or a party of cards, or a dancing party lasting to two or three o'clock in the morning is rest and recreation, but the companionship of an author of worth and interest, never.

Yet seven or eight of these men who find neither time nor inclination to read a book, actually read a goodly sized volume every day of their lives; and on Sundays perhaps two or three volumes. The volume is the newspaper; but that never counts in their category. "A man is obliged to read the papers you know. His business necessitates this. Besides he must keep abreast of the times and know what is going on." The newspaper is the only thing that satisfies this universal demand; so all the authors that ever wrote must yield place to the daily newspaper, which is of necessity the most slap-dash kind of publication that was ever invented or issued.

Now, in all honesty it must be said to be derived from the studious benefit that most people give to the daily press? The Bible itself is not read more devoutly or with more cheerful attention. Is there much instruction to be found in the average editorial article, or much amusement, or much benefit of any description? We are far from underrating the ability employed on the daily press of this city, but that ability is purposely turned away from higher objects and pursuits in order to hunt after sick and straws with which to hunt or tickle that most stupid of all animals—the public. No class of men more thoroughly despises the press and its ways than the very men who make it what it is in obedience to public taste and public demand. It is the most brutal and cruel engine of evil information that the world ever knew. It mixes into every secret, particularly those that are of the greatest importance to the public and morality holds them up to public view. It caters to every morbid and vicious demand. It is bound to supply something startling every day; something that will make people talk; something spicy and sensational. To be sure it does a great many good things; but its special tendency is in the direction of unfolding the sores and ulcers that eat into human society and rot and corrupt it. Some people will urge it is better to have those things exposed, if they do exist. Perhaps so; but much depends on the manner and the matter of the exposure.

So that the daily book that man reads year in and year out, from his first reading days to his last. This is the handy volume carefully combed over day in and day out by the men who have no time to read. At the hours of going to or from business, enter any car or public conveyance and note the men and women there. All or nearly all are reading eagerly, intently. They are utterly absorbed in their occupation. How many of them are reading books? Not one in five hundred. All are devouring the newspaper. The shop-girl and the shop-boy have their penny-dreadfuls that are absolute cesspools of vice. The staid and sober merchant and leacon is plodding over the tannark with the crippled walkers and glancing over the details of the latest divorce case or social scandal. There never was such a reading public as exists to-day. As far as quantity goes, Shakespeare never have begun to read as we read, and St. Thomas himself would probably be

appalled at the great mass of words through which we wade. But the question is, what does it profit?

Has any one seen a man rise up from the perusal of a newspaper, without a yawn and without the invariable reply on being asked, What is it?—"Nothing at all." Yet in this careful reading of nothing at all, a very valuable portion of our daily lives is spent. We are not setting our faces against newspapers. They have become a public necessity and will go on increasing, instead of diminishing. But what we deprecate is the large amount of time wasted on them. As a rule ten minutes is quite enough to extract all that is worth extracting from a newspaper. People simply read on and on in the vain hope of finding some intellectual oasis in the dreary desert. Now if half the time devoted to the newspapers were given to a work with something in it; a work of history or science, or general literature, a book of essays or reviews, how much and how easily should we increase the scope and stores of our knowledge. There is nothing more delightful than to meet well-bred and well-informed persons. The scarcity of these is to a greater extent than we imagine, to be attributed to the general fondness for newspaper literature, where the information for the most part is crude when it is not absolutely false and degrading, and where good breeding must give place to brazen vulgarity. The effect of such daily reading on the mind is exhausting and to no purpose, while the effect of it on the moral sense is one of nausea and disgust where it is not absolutely corrupting.—Catholic Review.

A SINGULAR GRACE.

BY J. A. B.

In a certain town on the Rhine, where I spent some time, I became acquainted with a painter whom I had frequent reason to see on business matters. I had first taken notice of him in a church, where his rapt devotion to the Blessed Sacrament had caught my attention, and my admiration of this was not diminished when I learned that he had been raised a Protestant. I begged him one day to relate to me the history of his conversion, which he did as follows:

"My father was a civil officer in Dresden, in moderate circumstances. Unfortunately, I lost both my parents at an early age. I inherited from them a small estate, which my brother, who was many years my senior, and who had married a rich wife, managed for me as my guardian. He put me as apprentice under a lithographer, secured for me a room in an attic, and whenever I needed money he gave me what I wanted; further than this, he did not trouble himself about me. In this abandonment I often passed many sad hours. Whenever my heart was heavier than usual I went to the Catholic church, and knelt on the altar-steps; for although I had never spoken to any one on the subject, I felt that God was present there in quite a different manner from what He was in the Protestant churches, which I regularly attended for the sermon on Sundays, but there was nothing to retain me when the sermon was over and the music ceased.

One day my guardian declared to me, as he handed me a few dollars, that my capital was used up, his guardianship was at an end, and that for the future I should provide for myself. I was thunderstruck, but kept back my tears, and went away dejected and silent to my attic. Henceforth I lived on bread and water, but still my cash rapidly dwindled away, and so one morning I awoke to find that I had barely the price of a couple of rolls left. It was impossible for me to ask anything from my brother, who had shown himself so heartless to me. With a heavy heart I visited my favorite resorts for the last time, and bade farewell to them. Then I hastened to the Catholic church, where I found nobody; I knelt down near the altar, and poured out my sorrows before a merciful Lord, who, I felt, was there. On a sudden I became tranquilized; I went to the workshop and resumed my work. Hardly had I begun when the master sent for me, and told me that he was so well satisfied with my work that for the future he would pay me wages by the week. Strange to say, the idea of becoming a Catholic had never entered my mind, although I continued to practice the devotion of which I have told you.

By the time that I had reached the age of eighteen I had laid up enough money to enable me to attend the Academy at Munich. I was one cold November evening seated at the window of a public house when I heard the ringing of a little bell, and saw the Blessed Sacrament carried to a sick patient, accompanied by two servers, bearing lanterns. On other occasions I had always observed a number of persons following the priest in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; but now I saw no one; the cold rain, mixed with snow, seemed to have kept everybody within doors. Then I thought, "If there is no Catholic, I myself must show honor to the Lord." I left my place and followed the priest, bareheaded, to the narrow street, where, as is usual before entering the house of the sick, he turned to give the benediction. Surprised probably at seeing me alone before him, he stood for a little while holding the Blessed Sacrament before me. I suddenly felt in the depths of my soul that I stood there in the presence of my God, I fell on my knees, and when I arose again and was alone, my determination had been taken to become a Catholic. Next day I sought out a priest to instruct me, and soon, thank God! was received into the Church, of which I have tried to be a worthy member."

Dr. Pierce's "Pelllets," or sugar-coated granules—an original "little liver pills" (be aware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

Sure but not Slow.—People who have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to get rid of pain, find that it is sure but not slow. A cough even, of long standing, is speedily controlled and cured by it. Rheumatism, neuralgia, corns, lame back, and swelled neck rapidly disappear when it is used.

CARDINAL HOWARD.

His Promotion to the Papal.

His Eminence Edward Howard, cardinal priest of the Holy Catholic Church, was born at Nottingham, February 13, 1829, being the only son of the late Edward Giles Howard, Esq., who was the son of Edward Charles Howard, youngest brother of Bernard Edward, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk. In his youth he served her Majesty Queen Victoria as an officer in the Second Life-Guards, and when twenty-six years old he was a priest at Rome, and he attached himself entirely to the service of Pius IX. For about a year he was employed in India in the matter of the Goa schism, and the rest of his ecclesiastical career was spent in Italy.

On the demise of Cardinal Altieri, who died of cholera in Albano, in 1867, the office of archpriest of St. Peter's became vacant, and was conferred upon Cardinal Mattei, who appointed Monsignor Howard to be his vicar. He continued to hold this post until he was created a cardinal. In 1872 he was appointed suffragan or Auxiliary to Cardinal Claret, bishop of Frascati, and was consecrated Archbishop of Neo-Cesaria in *partibus infidelium* on the 30th of June, 1872. As spiritual director or confessor, St. Peter's students of the English College, as Archpriest's Vicar in St. Peter's, and as "Consultor" of the Special Congregation of the Propaganda for the affairs of the Oriental Rite, Monsignor Howard had many and laborious duties, all of which he performed earnestly and conscientiously. He had devoted himself with remarkable success to the study of languages, especially the Oriental, and for this reason probably had been chosen by Pius IX. for the mission to India, the chief labor of that mission falling upon him as the secretary; and in the Oriental Department of the Propaganda, where he had as fellow "consultors" Monsignors Franchi, Simeoni and Bartolini, with Ludovico Suardi, secretary to the congregation, he had full opportunity of exercising his special talents. All of those Monsignors just mentioned became cardinals, and three of them became secretaries of state. To the labors of that Oriental Congregation, which was instituted by Pius IX. for the special direction of Oriental ecclesiastical affairs, may be attributed the remarkable success of the church affairs of the East, which marked the later years of the Pontificate of Pius IX., and which has been more fully developed under Leo XIII.

Even before 1872 Monsignor Howard had been considered a likely person for early, and a certain one for eventual promotion to the purple. In the Consistory of March 12, 1877, Pius IX. fulfilled the general expectation, and created and published Edward Henry Howard a cardinal of the order of priests, assigning him for his title the Church of St. John and Paul, on the Colian Hill.

Cardinal Howard, as a Roman cardinal, has his full share of work in the "Congregations," to five of which, including the very important Congregation of the Propaganda, the Propaganda Sacra, and the Oriental Rite, and the Index, he was appointed. Among the highest posts which can be conferred on distinguished cardinals are the three offices of arch-priests in the three great basilicas—namely, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major. When the most honorable and the most lucrative of the three offices became vacant by the unexpected death of Cardinal Borromeo it was given to Cardinal Howard. The selector was most acceptable to the Vatican chapter and clergy as well as to the public. The canon receive back their former colleague as their official head, and those who frequent the Vatican services and the ecclesiastical functions know that the ecclesiastical ceremonies will lose nothing of their proper dignity and splendor in consequence of the presence and supervision of Cardinal Howard.

The present archpriest is not the first Englishman nor the first Howard who has been connected with the chapter of St. Peter's. Henry Stuart, the Cardinal of York, presided over the chapter as archpriest from 1751 to 1807. And the Rev. Richard Howard, brother of Thomas, the eighth Duke of Norfolk, and to Edward, the ninth duke, was a canon of St. Peter's, and, dying in Rome in 1722, was buried in the customary burial-place of the canon. He was but thirty-five years old at his death, and his brother Henry, the bishop-elect of Utica in *partibus*, and designated Vicar Apostolic in London, died, aged thirty-six years, in 1720.

Why he Wanted a Christian Wife.

A well known judge in one of the Southern States, speaking of his younger days, says that years ago he had become skeptical; and that Mr. H.—, a man illustrious for his natural virtues, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was a confirmed deist, though he had a Christian wife, seemed to have kept everybody within doors. Then I thought, "If there is no Catholic, I myself must show honor to the Lord." I left my place and followed the priest, bareheaded, to the narrow street, where, as is usual before entering the house of the sick, he turned to give the benediction. Surprised probably at seeing me alone before him, he stood for a little while holding the Blessed Sacrament before me. I suddenly felt in the depths of my soul that I stood there in the presence of my God, I fell on my knees, and when I arose again and was alone, my determination had been taken to become a Catholic. Next day I sought out a priest to instruct me, and soon, thank God! was received into the Church, of which I have tried to be a worthy member."

Day-Light

has been thrown on the cure of disease of the kidneys and urinary organs by the Day Kidney Pad. \$2. Druggists, or by mail post-free. Children's Pad (cures "bed wetting") \$1.50. DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo, N. Y.