For The Pilot.

For "The Last Time."

BY J. E. U. NEALIS.

It is all over, and the lights are out,
The Missal closed—the Mass is done,
And the dear Nuns, like shadows one by one,
Have left the chapel, and we are alone,
My God and I; my God, whose will is done.

Whose will is done. So be it evermore,
But we, my soul, must pile the sods up high
Upon this corpse, that was so dear to you and me,
This last poor "human consolation" that doth lie,
With white dumb lips sealed for eternity!

Fill in the grave, and heap the stones up high,
It must not "rise again." It is dead for aye,—
We have done with it, my soul and I, to-day!
We have sinned, we have trusted in earth and clay,
And it has failed us. Let us kneel and pray.

Pray in the silence, by this new-made grave,
Pray that God only from henceforth may be
Our refuge in the storm, that none but He
May ever comfort us, And O, my soul, that we
May kiss the Hand that wounds us so remorselessly.

Yet we may weep, poor soul—that is no sin,
We cannot help it—God will not deny
Us this, our last poor solace. Like a Litany
Each salt tear pleads, "Be merciful to me,"
It is the last, "last time!" *"Beati mortui!"*

It is all over, and the lights are out,
The Missal closed—the Mass is said,
And we go out into the empty world to tread
New paths, and learn new lessons, and be led
Another way! *"Beati mortui!"*

St. John, N. B., Dec. 2, 1882.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

By Father Abram J. Ryan.

Religion, of itself, is never the sole creative cause of any nation's greatness in the secular order, nor is religion alone the cause of any people's political decline. To national creeds there cannot be attributed the varying degrees of power or feebleness in worldly influences, of the peoples who profess them. We have instanced as the causes of national greatness—age, climate, geographical position and temperament of race. This latter cause especially attracts argument, perhaps for the reason of the mysterious obscurity that surrounds it; and yet, for the very same reason, it is difficult to discuss. And dangerous too, for when reason moves in shadows in which there is but little light, and that little only dimly seen, imagination is apt to dream. Dreams are unreal. Clear argument is averse to wearing the glamour of imagination.

In regard to temperaments of race there is much that baffles reason in her keenest researches. But much is known and plainly proven by facts. Like individuals, races differ from one another in temperament. Who cannot distinguish a Celt from a Saxon? And nations, like races, are differently endowed. Some are more nervous; some are more muscular: some are quick and sensitive; some are slow and cold. In some imagination rules; in others cool reason. Some have swift, clear perception; some are dull of penetration. Some are proud, courageous, full of audacity, iron-wrought, destined to rule; while others are meek, timid, easy-going, fonder of pleasure, and disinclined to toil, frail as reeds, and doomed to serve the stronger. Some are slow to plan, but obstinate and persevering in purpose; while others are quick to design, but weak and inconstant in execution. Some are ruled by the generosities of rich impulse; others by the calculations of self-interest. It is certain and sure that the better endowed race or nation will gain precedence over the less-gifted. It is unnecessary to enumerate in detail all Protestant and Catholic nations in this matter of race temperament.

Two races as opposite in temper of blood as in tenets of belief—the Anglo-Saxon and the French—will be sufficient to illustrate our thought. The Anglo-Saxon is tenacious and positive. By his tenacity there is sequence and constancy in his designs. Nothing disconcerts him; nothing discourages him. He breaks down obstacles, counts his cost and gives it; and never, or seldom, yields in his purposes. By the positive character of his mind he looks to some useful end, and employs the most practical means in reaching it. He is no dreamer. He indulges in no purposeless reveries. He is matter-of-fact and earnest. Justice, honor, philanthropy; find a response from him to their calls, but in these things he is cool, self-collected and self-interested.

To this temperament England owes the greater part of her past successes and present power.

The very reverse of all this is the French temperament. Quick, nervous, generous, impetuous, hot-blooded, are adjectives that qualify the son of France. But he is also light and inconstant. He begins but does not finish. His success is less and his action lacks persistency.

In the long run, forces being equal, owing her wordly success to her temperament, England takes the lead of France.

The political constitution of a nation is the principle of its secular life. From it spring unity, security, internal peace, and the regular out-working of all the various forces possessed by its people.

We do not mean paper constitutions, those ephemeral compacts created yesterday, changed to-day and destroyed to-morrow. To many of such constitutions, as perishable as the paper they are written on, have lived their little day and died their sudden death in this century. We mean those true, strong, real constitutions which are to a nation what his physical constitution is to the individual; having its roots in the very hearts and minds and temperaments of peoples. Constitutions like that of England and our United States.

Since more than a century ago Catholic nations had labored under the disadvantages and political disasters of changed and changeful constitutions. Catholic monarchies became real despositisms absorbing the franchises possessed by the people by presciptive right in the past. The arbitrariness of favoritism, and we must say it, of royal depravities, ruled, or rather misruled discontented subjects. And all the while these Catholic governments were sullenly definant of religion, though they made pretence of protecting it, and practically regarded the Church as a religious wheel to help to keep in motion the political machinery of the State. The defects of those constitutions and the dangers in them, and the disasters that rose out of them are not to be charged to the account of the Church of those nations, but to their own governments, which, though claiming Catholic name, were false to Catholic practice.

And matters became worse when revolutions (the wild work of men; but were they divine vengeances?) trampled down in blood-stained dust Catholic monarchies faithful in name, but faithless in life. Then came constitutions improvised in tumult—constitutions conceived by the heart, and written by the pen, of wild passion. Like passion, unlike reason, they flash and pass, sudden, away.

There are only two nations in the world to-day that possess political constitutions worthy of the name, Protestant nations at that—England and the United States. Strong constitutions make strong governments. The English constitutions reaches back into Catholic ages. Our constitution is in many points a reflex of the constitution which has made England what she is to-day in the political order.

The political constitution of England, which is the honor, the merit and the strength of the Anglo-Saxon—which gives security and solidity to the nation which it protects— is a safeguard against revolutions, and has preserved their ship of state from shipwreck in storms in which many another government has gone down. The constitution of the United States is the product of circumstances and causes consecrated by the principles of right revolting against wrong.

Creed had and has nothing to do with it. Protestantism was, by its intolerance towards the Church, an obstacle to its formation. The people of a virgin continent, divine Providence overruling seemed to have the true instincts of right, when they framed the laws and proclaimed the principles that were to govern this new world.

It was more than human instinct. It was a grace from God. And strange to say it is to Protestant England, which latterly has tolerated, and to the United States, Protestant by numbers and sentiments and religious prejudices, that protect the rights of Catholics, that Protestantism itself, as a religion (or a diversified multiplicity of contradictory sects) owes its strongest numerical and political influence in our age. God has hidden designs in such exceptional facts. The hand of the future holds the veil that conceals them. No one may predict when the veil shall be lifted, and the argument of to-day will be the vision of some near or far-off to-morrow.

Besides these ordinary causes which greaten or lessen nations in their secular influences, there are extraordinary causes, because perhaps unforeseen, which lift or lower people, in and by a concurrence of exceptional circumstances which are as mysterious to reason as they are mighty in results. Sometimes it is the appearance on or disappearance from the stage of history and in the human drama, of a particular man. Sometimes it is the calculation of an adroit policy that overreaches itself and fails. Sometimes it is the expectation of a foolish policy that happens to succeed. Sometimes a battle lost when it should have been won, or won when every chance and cause predicted its loss. These things, and similar, more than once changed the course of history and the calculations of reason. They look like freaks of fortune; but they are signs of Providential purposes that are hidden from human reason. Their results are afar-off.

Now, in modern days Protestant nations have been singularly favored by these happy chances. They look like hazard. But hazard has no place in history written and read by reason.

The sudden triumphant rise of Prussia in the political order and her preponderance in Europe are illustrations of what seems luck, but is the sign of some mysterious law, before which reason stands in the humility of awe. This can be safely said. It is not her Lutheranism that lifted Prussia to the height of Empire. The logic of lead did it, and the argument of armies.

THE "THUNDERER" ON THE UNCHANGING CHURCH.

Vast and elaborate machinery confers stability on its possessors. While it is costly and difficult to change, its complexity obliges its guardians to efforts which keep it and them well before the eyes of men. The necessity of providing fuel and the care of oiling the engines secure the owners against rusting themselves. No more subtle and comprehensive apparatus was ever constructed than that of which the Court of the Vatican has charge. Infuriated as may be the adversaries of the Church, apathetic as may be her children, the Papacy has to perform its stately functions and bless the world, though in its own despite. Although despair were at its heart, and it felt the approach of death, it is subject by the laws of its being to the discharge of duties which hold it ready for empire when powers less artistically constituted would have abandoned the struggle altogether. A pageant like that of Monday is more significant and marvellous than the coronation of a Czar. Yet it is only part of the periodical routine of the Vatican. Two ecclesiastical princes were added in the Consistory to the magnificent hierarchy. Twenty-one archbishops and bishops were at a stroke invested with spiritual sovereignty. Ten sees were created to spread, with the perpetuity of Apostolic succession, the awe and influence of Rome. By the ordinary acts of its existence the Church of Rome proclaims its universality. The world is cold to its appeals. It knows that it dare not provoke a contest. But it issues its edicts, and appoints its officers to accomplish them, with as haughty an assumption of supremacy as if the days of Pope Leo XIII. were those of Pope Gregory VII. The reigning Pope must be awarded the praise of having devised an attitude of defence which has left scarcely a vulnerable point exposed. He has surrendered not a foot of ground. He has given not a single opportunity of offence. French ecclesiastical legislation appeared certain to end in an abrupt breach of relations between the Republic and the Vatican. Recrimination and wrath would not have saved one monastery or changed one clause in the Education act. French opinion would only have resented foreign interference with internal policy. A large body of French opinion now is disposed to compassionate the Church as the victim of oppression. In Italy the Vatican has been elevated by the rage of the bigots of infidelity to the sanctity of a martyr. Mob violence borne with dignity has pledged the Italian monarchy before Europe to a demeanor of a shamed respect for the Papacy which all the threats and reproaches of Pio Nono could never obtain. Germany regrets the strife precipitated by the violence of Pope Pius and the fears, real or pretended, of Prince Bismarck. Pope Leo has succeeded in taking up a post in which his part appears confined to the reception of overtures for peace. England is the historical antagonist of the Papacy. The antipathy is slumbering now. Not only is there no country in which Catholics are more obedient to their chiefs; the flame of Protestant hatred of the Church of Rome has itself ceased to be aggressive. Non-conformist ministers and Roman Cardinals meet on the same platform to advocate the same causes, and overwhelm one another with expressions of mutual admiration.—London Times.

A BAPTIST VIEW OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Catholic Review.

Here is another convert, though still a little weak-kneed. It is our cheery contemporary, the Baptist Weekly, that discovers at last that all is not as well as might be with the public school system. "There still lingers," says the Weekly, "with many people an idea that education is a preventive of crime; but common schools are by no means certain to produce good citizens." Why, this is flat heresy. It is flying in the face of so great a Gospel light and good a citizen as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It is flying in the face of public opinion, at least of the public opinion that obtained five or six years ago, when it was common doctrine that Catholics alone were opposed to the system of public schools as it exists here, and had one sole desire, namely, to hand over the Republic of the United States body and soul to the Pope. But public opinion, like the Baptist Weekly, and many another non-Catholic journal, has also grown a bit weak-kneed over this matter. It no longer holds that our public schools, as at present conducted, are altogether faultless or beyond improvement. The conviction gains ground every day that after all there should be some sort of positive moral instruction in the public schools. They call it moral instruction this year. Next year or the year after they will be a little more honest and open, and demand as a right that their children receive religious as well as secular education in the schools supported by and for the public, where the rising race is supposed to receive the elemental training needed to make them competent for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

"We judge the Roman Catholics in the wrong" says the Baptist Weekly, "in their opposition to the system, but that far more ought to be attempted to promote the moral training of the young must be conceded." It is hard to see from our contemporary's standpoint in what it differs from the Catholic position. Free schools and free education with all our heart; but do not shut out the most essential part of all education. And what is the result of shutting out moral training from the public schools? "In this country," says the Weekly, "deeds of blood are generally the work of ignorant and besotted men, but the forgeries, great robberies and defalcations of the times, it is well known, only men of good education could commit. These have been appalling in their number and in the terrible evils they have worked. There is no safeguard from crime in the ability to read and write, or even in the culture which a college can give, if there is not an education of the conscience in righteousness."

But how is this education and righteousness to come unless it be given? And why not advocate it openly, instead of beating about the bush forever? The Weekly believes it possible "to preach the Gospel in such a narrow way that the morals it inculcates shall not be enforced on the conscience of hearers." No; this will never do. Let us have it wholly or not at all. If we are ashamed or afraid to teach and preach the Gospel as openly as we teach arithmetic and writing to our children, what is the natural inference to be drawn from such a course of public action? That Almighty God and His teachings and revelations to men are to be shelved or only opened on the sly and behind the door. Mr. Smith's grammer and Mr. Robinson's geography may be shouted from the house-tops; but shut the children's ears and stifle your own voice when it comes to the matter of the Ten Commandments and the whole history and scheme of the Christian religion. The outcome of it all is that our public school instructed children speedily disregard the Ten Commandments, if they have ever heard of them in actual life. Not having been taught to fear God, to love Him, to keep His commandments, not to steal, not to lie, they, as they grow up, turn their education to account by discovering that two and two make five or ten, when it serves their own interest, and that the proper rule of life is, in the words of a celebrated statesman, "Addition," division and silence."

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From the beginning of its manufacture until now not a single ounce of any but pure Virginia leaf of the finest quality has been used in the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. The manufacturers of it have a settled belief that the public cannot be misled on this point, and that any tampering with the quality of the brand would be monetary loss to them. Thousands of dollars a year saved by mixing with an inferior leaf, would not repay them for a doubt on the part of the public as to the quality of their tobacco.

HON. A. M. SULLIVAN'S LECTURE.

No lecturer, with the single exception of Father Burke, ever faced from the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music an audience so large as that which gathered on the evening of November 6th to hear from the lips of A. M. Sullivan the history of the birth and development of the Irish land movement. The lecture, which occupied two hours in its delivery, was a masterpiece. We regret that we cannot spare sufficient space to reproduce the whole oration. We append, however, the closing passages, which are surpassingly eloquent:

Right here it is proper that I should say a word as to what is called "Irish crime." There has been deplorable crime in Ireland, and while one crime would be too many for me, yet let me say that in the history of Europe there has been nothing like the wickedness with which these outrages have been manufactured by the newspapers [cheers]. One of the signs of the dawn of a better day in Ireland is this. Already we have made a strong footing in all that is good and manly among the English members of Parliament. Mr. Labouchere exposed some of the alleged outrages, and there are some others like him who stood by us nobly and gallantly, even when some of our number proved traitors to the cause. A good many of these so-called Irish outrages are committed by agents of the police: and no later than this afternoon I received an English paper, the *Eastern Morning News* of Hull, Yorkshire, in which I read that three bailiffs in the employ of a Landlord's Committee had been arrested by the police for outrages which they were endeavoring to fasten on the peasantry. The Coercion Act was introduced upon the calculation that it could be rushed through in four days—that the Land League officers could then be seized, and that sixty thousand pounds of Land League money could be carried up to Dublin Castle. But those who thought so reckoned without their host. The Irish members, knowing what the real object was, stood in the gap and never desisted until all the important machinery, the funds and books, were taken to Paris beyond the reach of Dublin Castle [loud cheers]. The best men of the Land League were sent to jail; but the efforts of the government were all in vain, for others took their places as soon as they were committed [cheers]. Nine hundred men submitted proudly to what they thought to be the honor of being confined in the dungeons of Kilmainham [applause]. Surely, then, it was found that in the Ireland of to-day there was no way of intimidating people. Then, at last was introduced into Parliament the Land Act of 1881. Look at all previous land acts, and you will find that we never ventured to ask, or dreamed of being able to obtain, one-tenth of what was contained in the Land Bill of last year, introduced by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons. Whom have we to thank for this? I give a fair meed of praise to the present Premier: but he dare not have drafted such an act had not the position of the Land League made some such step necessary [applause]. In 1876 Ireland was inactive; but in 1881 she was alert and defiant. To-day, in Ireland we have complaints of the Land Act—great a gain as it is—because it does not go far enough. What does it grant? There are no tenant laws; and the tenant can snap his fingers in the face of the marquis and duke so long as he does no wrong, in the literal sense of the word. Neither can rent be raised until three commissioners have visited the farm and seen that the proposed increase of rental is fair and just. No longer can an Irish landlord evict a tenant at his own caprice; only for just cause assigned—violation of contract or something equally obligatory. The tenant in Ireland to day is just as independent of his landlord as any tenant in any country on the face of the globe. Every fifteen years the tenant can summon the landlord and demand a reduction of rent, and there is a proper tribunal to try the cause. What then remains? Just this—having been driven to the wall, having taken off our coats to the work of making an end forever of Irish landlordism, we will have no landlordism at all [loud cheers]. We want the landlords to be compelled to sell to tenants who are desirous of buying, in order that the farms may be distributed among the people [renewed cheers]. Understand, then, what has been won,—and so largely through your aid,—the Irish tenantry to-night are secure and happy and free from the worst of the miseries of their lot; but they are determined to pursue still further to its very completion the work of their independence—not to wreck society, not to make inroads on the doctrines of morality: oh, no! they are willing as yet to pay the landlords a fair price. And the landlords, who now regret that they did not settle the land question twenty years ago, may live to regret the fact that they did not accept a fair price for their land when it was offered [cheers.]

To pause in a compact like this is to be driven back. Nothing but activity can preserve what has been won, or win the remaining portion of the victory that remains to be achieved. The Commissioners have to be confronted with a vigilant, popular opinion, and nothing but perseverance will enable the people to push ahead in the endeavor to gain the redemption which they seek.

Ladies and gentlemen:—I have long transgressed all the limits of human patience, and, I may say, almost outraged the kindly attention of this vast audience, by speaking at this unmeasured length. Forgive me, because my heart has been so full,—forgive me, because these are my words of farewell: for, before many hours have sped away, I shall be on the sea and have said adieu to the American people and the American soil. I carry home,—in return for the message of hope with which I came—the message of cheer which the American people and the Irish people in America have entitled me to give—to assure their brothers at home that so long as they pursue, wisely and resolately, the path which hitherto they have trodden, their cousins here in America will not desert them [applause]. And last of all—and best of all—well they know, and you know, too,—that the Irish people have pursued their national liberty with no pagan hope, but with the abiding faith that there was "a God in Israel," and He would heed the cries of a scourged—a trampled—people, that had borne their cross for years [cheers]. Yes, the requital of centuries of suffering—of fidelity to faith and country—has brought at last the triumph and the crown; and the dawn is reddening the sky to-day to lead in a free, a happy and prosperous Ireland. [Mr. Sullivan retired amid tremendous applause, which was kept up for several minutes].

THE NEGRO AND METHODISM.

Brooklyn Catholic Examiner.

At a recent Protestant Convention held in Baltimore, the religious status of the negro was thoroughly discussed, and newspaper reports of this discussion plainly indicate that our Protestant brethren are at the eleventh hour beginning to realize that their work among the negroes has not been so encouraging as their highly-colored periodical reports would lead the outside world to believe. The negro has long been a highly ornamental adjunct to the Methodist denomination. Whenever that sect wished to make a special show of numerical strength, it became an extremely valuable factor, for on paper it always appeared to great advantage, and never failed to make a formidable showing. Whenever the workers on the falling walls of Methodism seemed disposed to grow weary in well-doing, there were displayed on the outer walls glowing figures, which informed the doubting brother that the dark skinned sons of Ham were flocking beneath the banners of Wesley with an unanimity as surprising as it was encouraging. We say the negro has been an ornamental addition to Methodism, but we cannot say that, in either his past or his present condition, he has been a valuable addition, or that he has brought any strength, other than numerical, to that denomination. We regard the negro as a weak spot in the armor of Methodism, and one that, sooner or later, must cause trouble to that sect. Their past or present apparent fidelity to its tenets indicates nothing. The fact that vast numbers of negroes have joined this sect does not prove that any material progress has been made by it in the matter of elevating their moral condition. Negroes join the Methodists just as they would join base-ball clubs. They follow it as they would follow a brass band or a torch-light procession. The circus-like element that is uppermost in its "revivals," "protracted meetings," and the like, touches a weak spot in the negro character, and attracts him as no other methods, unless it be those of the Salvation Army, ever can. The negro bows before hollow pomp, high sounding titles, and the blare of trumpets whether religious or otherwise, as blindly as does the Mussulman to the will of Allah. That he has the dimmest conception of the principles that are supposed to underlie the belief that he has blindly espoused should not for a moment be imagined. Like the boy who follows a street parade, he is attracted by the band that plays the loudest music and wears the most gaudy uniform. Another troupe has now appeared on the scene, beside which the brass bands and gaudy trappings of Methodism sink into nothingness. Should the Salvation Army extend its operations to the South, we predict that the stronghold of the followers of Wesley will be taken with scarcely a struggle. At present the negro is woefully ignorant. Unless he were so neither the Methodist sect nor the Salvation Army could attract him as they do at present. His fidelity to them offers abundant proof of his mental status. But bad as his mental state is, it is vastly superior to his moral condition. Probably eight of every ten negroes in the South are "professed" church members. From personal observation we are prepared to charge that not one in twenty has any idea what his so-called "profession" implies; that not one in one hundred has been at all changed for the better by his connection with this so-called religion, and that not one in one thousand makes any attempt to live up to three of the most important of the Ten Commandments; that to nearly the whole body of these negroes they are practically a dead letter. We assert that their "protracted and "quarterly" meetings, and their revivals, are conducted in such a manner as to be a scandal and disgrace to religion, and we charge that this condition of affairs is well known to all intelligent white Protestants at the South. Of course the sect that claims this deluded people as a portion of itself is directly responsible for this condition of affairs. It knows, and has known, their moral condition, and has made no efforts to improve it. During the many long years that the negro has followed Methodism, he has advanced neither mentally nor morally, nor is he likely to do so under present conditions. But there is light ahead. The Catholic Church is steadily extending its influence throughout the South, and the unfortunate negro will receive all the attention that his condition demands. The education and enlightenment that Catholicity will bring to him must, per-adventure, remove the incubus that has been resting upon him, and award to him the same position, morally and mentally, that a wise government has awarded to him politically.

Daniel O'Connell and the Rosary.

The great Liberator had a tender and filial love for our Blessed Lady. He entrusted the great work of the Catholic Emancipation to her special protection, and before he took part in any public enterprise, he always consecrated himself to this Immaculate Virgin, styling her the "Destruction of Heresy and the Mother of the People." The *Angelus*, the *Memorare*, the Litany of Loretto, and the Rosary, were among his most favorite devotions, and it is said that he recited the latter daily.

Saved From the Poorhouse.

For years David Allingsworth suffered with rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already better, and when four bottles had been used upon him he could again walk about without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be verified by the editor of the Portsmouth, (Ohio), Correspondent.

A VALIANT WOMAN.

Sketch of the Christian Life of a Convert who was the Mother of two Priests.

The Notre Dame, Indiana, *Ave Maria* publishes the following biographical sketch, which has a deep interest for many of our readers:

Mrs. Francis Allonby Summer, who departed this life at Allonby, Talbot county, Maryland, on the 11th of October, at the venerable age of eighty-two, was truly a valiant woman, whose bright example should not be lost. She was a convert to our holy Faith, and experienced all the trials and endured all the sacrifices which form the base of every true conversion, and which are ever the earthly portion of those who embrace the "foolishness of the Cross." Mrs. Summer was born June 20, 1880, in the city of Baltimore, where her father, Mr. John Steel, was a leading merchant. His wife was a sister of one of the most prominent men of his day, Henry Payson. He was a Unitarian; and it was by his means and influence that the church of that denomination in Baltimore was built, in which there is a memorial bust of him in marble. Having no children, he adopted his favorite niece,

MISS STEELE,

on the death of her father. At the age of eighteen she married Henry P. Summer, of Roxbury, Mass. Left a widow, with a large family, at the age of thirty-eight, she turned to religion for comfort in her affliction, and sought in vain in Unitarianism for the divine support she needed. Sincere and earnest in her desire for truth, she began a course of reading under an eminent Episcopal clergyman, thinking the solution of the great question might be found in the Church of England; but her clear understanding and unbiased mind worked out from that labyrinth of doubt and darkness; turning away from the sophistries of heresy and the seductions of worldly influence and argument, she came, with the simplicity of a little child, into that glorious fold promised to those who seek it "in spirit and in truth." The devout faith and conduct of

HER CATHOLIC SERVANTS

first led her to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church; and once convinced of its authority, neither alienation of friends nor derision of relatives deterred her from hearkening to the Voice of the Good Shepherd. He deigned to dissipate every vestige of doubt in His Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, which was her chief stumbling-block, by the apparition of a blood-red Host during Benediction, when, raising her eyes, she begged God to enlighten her mind and remove all uncertainty. From that moment her faith never wavered.

Mrs. Sumner's uncle declared that not one cent of his property should ever go to a Catholic; and though his native justice led him, in behalf of her youngest children, to retract that decision, still she lost her inheritance, and with it the confidence, interest and affection of a large circle of influential friends, who considered that

SHE HAD DISGRACED HERSELF AND THEM

by becoming "a Papist." One by one her children followed her example; two sons entered the Society of Jesus, and a beautiful daughter joined the Sisters of Mercy. Only two were left—Mrs Williams, a widow, and Mrs. H. S. Bradford, wife of the nephew of ex-President Davis.

Patient under every trial, bright and cheerful through every dispensation of Providence, Mrs. Sumner was the light and life of the home circle, of which she was the central figure; and retained all the vivacity, the innocence, the freshness of thought and feeling, which constitute the value of youth and are the crown and glory of age. She was a lady of the "old school;" her genial manner and gift of conversation made her the admiration of strangers and the treasured companion and friend of her immediate circle. She was ever ready to sympathize with and console those who were in trouble, or who needed advice. Her zeal for religion, her fervent piety, her unfailing charity, and beautiful acceptance of the sufferings of her earthly pilgrimage were

EDIFYING PROOFS OF HER LOVE OF GOD.

Of her it might be truly said; She kept herself "unspotted from the world."

Mrs. Sumner's eldest son, Rev. John S. Sumner, S. J., a noble priest, who died at Gonzaga College, Washington, preceded her to the grave by nearly two years, and by his loss her hold on life was weakened, for she was devotedly attached to him. In the record of her days, neither idle works nor idle hours found place; and she was taken, in the midst of unbroken usefulness and unimpaired powers of thought and action, from the home she brightened and the hearts who cherished her—whose treasure and comfort and delight and consolation she was. She died after a brief illness, leaving an example of virtue in the memory of her beautiful life that blossoms from the dust into the flower and fragrance of eternal beatitude.

*** "One man's meat is another man's poison." Kidney-Wort expels the poisonous humors. The first thing to do in the Spring is to clean house. For internal cleansing and renovating, no other medicine is equal to Kidney-Wort. In either dry or liquid form it cures headache, bilious attacks, constipation and deranged kidneys.

Rheumatism. This painful disease that so often cripples for life, arises from poison circulating in the blood, and often from an excess of acid. Inflammation is developed in the muscles, ligaments and joints, by colds, damp clothing &c., Liniments are servicable to relieve, among many, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is preferable. To eradicate the rheumatic poison from the system, nothing can surpass Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE SORT OF BLOOD from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is bilious or weak. Uninterrupted, thorough digestion may be insured, the secretive activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by the aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced into Canada. Sold by Harkness & Co., druggists, Dundas St.