The tide goes out and the tide comes in, And the gulls hang whitely about the Our ears grow used to the water's din, And we heed the birds' quaint flight

The roses bloom and the roses fade, The green leaves wither and brown and fall,
The brook from it's old-time course has
strayed;
And what does it matter, after all?

graves, We lay these by with a careless care.

And so with friends that are dear and true— We love them, ay! with a love-like flame But when they pass from our daily view, 'Tis near—ah me, is it quite?—the same.

We put the thought of their love away— A picture, a flower, a ring, a book; We breathe a prayer that they used to pray, And shine in our hearts a tender look. But redder roses shall come with spring, Sweeter and larger than these by far; And new. bright mosses the waves wil bring, A fresh lace shine for our beacon star.

So what does it count that the sun goes down That waves roll out, and the roses fall, That eyelids close over smile or frown? Ay! what doth it count us, after all.

SISTERS OF THE POOR.

The Testimony of a Non-Believer To Their Heroic Worth.

Of the numerous orders of holy religious which enrich the Church none perhaps is less known or misunderstood than that of heroic Community of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Self-sacrificing, humble, full of zeal and charity in their mission, they appear to the eyes of the world abject mendicants, whose silent importunity is oftener met with insult and contempt than awayaled with alms. Individual sonsitive. rewarded with alms. Individual sensitive-ness is lost sight of in their heaven-like work, and only the hundreds of aged, helpless, poor dependent upon there work, and only the hundreds of aged, helpless, poor, dependent upon them, stand between them and the rebuff which greets

their appeal.

The Revue des Deux Mondes, of a recent issue, publishes an interesting article from the pen of M. Maxime Du Camp, on the private charities of Paris, in which he gives an admirable history of this exemplary Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, against whom a godless movement is a foot for their expulsion. The writer is a non-believer, and for that reason the testimony he bears to the worth of the charitable in-stitution of the French capital is all the more valuable

Speaking of the persecution of the relig-Speaking of the persecution of the religious orders, M. Du Camp says with incisiveness and tact: "The inquisition has become 'lay and obligatory,' like education, which, while invoking the principle of liberty, shows that it does not like competition." Again he qualifies the persecution as "bloodless, but cruel, for it has struck men's souls, which remain without guidance; it has dispersed men who loved to live together; driven far from the hospitals the consolation which mitigated sufpitals the consolation which mitigated suf-fering; taken away from the schools the image of the Just One unjustly con-demned; and has been carried out with useless brutality. Contemplative and teaching Congregations have been expelled; these charitable congregations still remain; let us hasten to make them known, before they are dispersed in their turn, and obliged to abandon the social waifs and strays they have gathered together, and before whose number the public assistance will feel itself powerless." Fur-

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE, in the description of a certain hospital: "Sœur Marie! I recognize you. When the superioress mentioned my name before you, you started and bent your head, as though you wished to disappear beneath the wings of your starched head-dress. Your maternal grandfather, General—was my near relative. When a child, I often played with your mother, for we were about the same age. I saw you when were about the same age. I saw you when very little; I saw you as a girl. Do you very little; I saw you as a girl. Do you remember that one evening you sang me schubert's "Adieu ?" You had a charming neck, and I used to like to admire it. Your brother is a Count and follows his paths in life. Existence had many attraction of the contemplative and teaching like the contemplative and teaching lorders. "Let me then," says the gifted writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes, "hasten where charactel Congregations tions for you. When you came of age you were told: It is time for you to marry. You answered: I shall be the mystic spouse of Him who is, and I will take care of His poor.' You put on a heavy dress, His poor.' You put on a heavy dress you cut your blonde tresses—have they grown grey? I could not see them. You have become

THE MOTHER OF THOSE THAT GROAN The paleness of the cloisters is on your face, which has lost nothing of its infantile calm. Your delicate hand, which had such almond-shaped nails, has grown hard and wrinkled with turning mattresses, dressing ulcers, and fingering your ebony rosary. The poor patients watch you with tender affection as you pass through the ward and address kindly words to them. One thing which I noticed surprised me. When you were young, with your mother, in the house which looked into a big garden, you were sad and dreary, as though you had borne the weariness of days too long; when I met you more than twenty years after, in your infirmary, you appeared to me lively, gay, ready to laugh, and seeking to cheer up your patients. Is it true, then, that calm is to be found where you Sœur Marie, my cousin and my sister! these lines will never fall under your eyes, and that allows me to say to you: You are a Saint!"

The London Tablet, commenting on this article, says of the Little Sisters of the Poor:

Most of our readers doubtless know how, not half a century ago, Jeanne Jugan, a poor servant woman in middle life, laid at Saint-Servan

THE HUMBLE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WORK. and now, as years went on, it has grown from more to more until it has attained its present proportion in the Catholic Church. Two hundred and seventeen houses, sheltering twenty-five thousand inmates, and served by three thousand four hundred religious—such are its latest statistics. Well may M. du Camp liken it to the grain of mustard seed, the least of all seeds, which by the blessings heaven becomes a great tree, so that the birds of the air rest in the branches thereof. Most of our readers, as we have said doubtless know the story of the Little Sisters of the Poor. To those who do not we say make acquaintance with it as soon as possible, in M. du Camp's paper or

elsewhere, for it is one of the most striking and cheering instances we know of the marvelous fecundity of the Church. But, we would add, do not rest content with mere second hand knowledge, with the account given in books. Visit for yourself one of the houses of the Little Sisters, and see there for yourself what we may truly call magnalia Dei—the wonder-ful works of God. We shall never forget he occasion when we first went over on

SACRED HOMES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY. SACRED HOMES OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.
There is a story of a man of whom it
might be said as of Sir Balaam, "his givings rare," going to hear a sermon on behalf of some good work. It was his intention to contribute "the unmentionably
small coin"—as the preacher described it
—which was his habitual tribute to pro-

Priety on such occasions.

But, as the eloquent pleader for the poor went on from one pathetic descrippoor went on from one pathetic descrip-tion to another, the parsimonious heart was touched by his passionate appeal, and the generous thought arose, "I will give five shillings," which was chased out by the still more bountiful resolve, "I will give ten," until in the end the man threw calculations aside and poured into the alms-dish all the money he had. Our own experience upon our first visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor was something Little Sisters of the Poor was something like this. We proposed when we entered their door to aid them by some modest donation. As we went from room to room and saw their good work we felt that it was an unspeakable privilege to aid as much as we could in it. We left with our pocket empty and our heart full of venerating admiration. What motive save that all compelling self-devotion. save that all compelling self-devotion, INSPIRED BY DIVINE CHARITY

INSPIRED BY DIVINE CHARITY
is adequate to induce women, many of
them gently born, tenderly nurtured, and
highly accomplished, to undertake such
tasks as those which the Little Sisters of the Poor fulfill, and find their happiness in fulfilling. Yes, every one who knows the Sisters will recognize the truth of M. Maxime du Camp's description, that what, Maxime du Camp's description, that what, above all, strikes you about them is their gaiety. "The smile expands upon their lips, as if it were part of their rule. The soul is serene, and the consciousness of accomplished duty gives to their whole being a sort of satisfied placidity, manifesting itself in an interior expansion by which the face is illuminated." Such is M du the face is illuminated." Such is M. du the face is illuminated." Such is M. du Camp's explanation of the gaiety of the Sisters. We could perhaps suggest a fitter one. We give his for what it is worth. But, as he truly adds, "nothing troubles the Sisters, and even if the noise of the world did not die away at the threshold of their retreat their occupations are so number. their retreat, their occupations are so numerous and succeed each other so regularly that they have no time to give a thought to the things of Babel." They are
THE SERVANTS OF THEIR POOR OLD INFIRM

FAMILY,
for which it is their business to provide.
"That is the problem which each day
renews itself and each day must be solved;
and when it is solved they offer thanks to
God and are at rest. The old people have had their food; they have a fire to warm themselves by; good beds await them. Providence has done its part. What is there to be disquieted about? And the Little Sisters are disquieted about nothing. Their homes are without endowment, without any source of income but the inexhaustible source of Christian charity, and to that they trust, confident in Him "who providently caters for the sparrow."
Such are the Little Sisters of the Poor.

But why does M. Maxime du Camp choose this time in particular to make his countrymen who read the Revue des Deux Mondes acquainted with them? He tells us. The Great Lay Inquisition, as he well calls it, is in full working order. Men whose sole offence was that they chose to live in religious community have been dispersed; the supreme acceptation of dispersed; the supreme consolations of religion have been banished from the hospit ls; the image of the Just One unjustly condemned, has been removed from the schools; brutalities as useless as insulting have be en perpetrated everywhere. And to make those charitable Congregations known, before they too fall before the persecution which has already overtaken Jesuits, Oblates and Dominicans.

A Bishop's Blessing.

It seems but a simple thing to remem-ber how gladly we kneel for a bishop's blessing. But yet it is no light privilege, for the blessing of a bishop is a blessing of the God he represents. A blessing given by a priest is something sacred and unearthly, consecrating in some sort and dedicating to God that upon which it falls. Even the simplest exercise of the priestly power of blessing, perhaps the only act that a newly-ordained priest can perform without the need of any permission, is yet one that the Church ranks among the sacra-mentals, and holy water becomes the means of increasing sanctifying grace. The blessing of the priest at the end of the Mass reminds us of our Lord lifting up his hands and blessing his apostles before He left them. The priest's blessing brings peace and sanctification, yet the priestly power of benediction comes forth from the power of the bishop as a stream flows from its fountain. In the bishop it resides in a plentitude that is surpassed on earth only by the still completer fullness of the apos-tolic blessing. Whenever we meet our by the still completer fullness of the apos-tolic blessing. Whenever we meet our bishop, we throng about him and kneel till he has blessed us; and in the church, as he passes to and fro, he scatters his benediction around him, or still more sol-emnly chants it from the altar. Our hearts are soothed and strengthened, we scarcely know how: but we sh we depart with the hallowing influence upon us of a benediction that specially dedicates all upon which it falls to the acred service of God.

Two. Thirds of a Bottle Cures,

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured. Gratefully, Mrs. H. C. Lovett, Watsek, Ill.

A BRILLIANT IRISHWOMAN.

Caustic Comments on Irish Affairs

SCATHING LETTER TO THE LONDON STAN DARD-ENGLAND'S POLICY FEARFULLY

EXPOSED.

The following letter to the London Standard, from a lady who signs herself "A Mere Irishwoman," contains an amount of information and irony combined that we have seldom seen equalled, and both add materially in the manufacture of an indictment against England, for her indictment against England, for her cruelty to Ireland, that should make even the most ultra Englishman in the world blush at such a red handed record:

To the Editor of the Standard: Sir—Of

course I do not expect you to publish this letter, but if you will take time to read my remarks some faint idea of why you
Englishmen have not yet won "the
affection of your Celtic fellow-subjects,"
(I quote from your leading article in the
Standard of to-day) may dawn upon

As you say, this is far too "grave question" for anything but serious treat ment. Were it not so there are certainly elements in the present state of affairs to excite "inextinguishable laughter." You say "There is scarcely anything Englishmen were not prepared to do to win the affections of their Celtic fellow-subjects." Well, let us throw a veil of forgetfulnes over the penal laws; blot out the memory of the hangings, drawings and quarterings

THE IRISH BOYS AND GIRLS
Sold to West Indian planters by the British Government! Let us make a clean sweep of the English and German pensioners paid out of the revenues of Ireland soners paid out of the revenues of Ireland, because for very shame English statesmen dare not put them on the Civil List of England. Let us start fair from the "Union," remembering, however, Mr. Lecky's words, that "whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the arrangement, the Union, as it was carried, was a gripe of the decreat turnitation.

was a crime of the deepest turpitude."
Since the "Union," what have Englishmen done to "win the affections of Issmen done to "win the affections of their Celtic fellow-subjects?" What "sacrifices" have been made? What "concession and conciliation" have been tried upon us? It is a curious fact that the Irish people, "warm hearted to a proverb," should have only ingratitude for the favors which you imply have been the favors which you imply have been heaped upon them? It took, after the "Union," more than forty years of hard work, ruined fortunes, and breaking hearts, to win for Irishmen Catholic nearis, to win for Irisamen Cathone emancipation and a slight measure of municipal reform, all of which was only granted, as the Duke of Wellington confessed, "from fear" of the consequences of the no-concession policy. Where, then, sir, could same men find room for continued of the 1842 while

gratitude? In 1843, while
THE BILL FOR DISARMING IRELAND Was being discussed, Napier in India, with his Irish troops, saved the honor of England by winning a great victory against such odds that in his wild delight the brave General shouted: "Magnificent Tipperary!" but in Tipperary a black-smith had to take out a license (as if for arms) that it might be well known who was likely to be making weapons for Irish hands at home. Here, you see, was scope for gratitude, but—on which side?

side?
Then came the great Irish famine, when (as John Mitcheil points out) the Birming ham hardware merchants did a good trade -in shovels!

—In snoveis:

The Encumbered Estates Act must also be acknowledged. Often asked for, never granted, it was at last given too late, for it only came to ruin many an old Irish facility which he like it. family who had lived amongst and loved and been beloved by their tenants; it brought in a horde of narrow-minded, cold blooded manufacturing people, who wished to hear no more of their English

workshops, but get up a little gentility.

The island was then indeed devoured by strangers, the great English landlords drew their revenues from Ireland, and the people sent their tribute, not only of corn swell the pride and power of England; for whenever an Irishman will drop his nationality and become, as we call it, a "West Briton," then he is received by you all with open arms. But for the leal and true there is but one answer, whether written, or spoken, or implied, it matters not, the result is the same—
"No IRISH NEED APPLY."

Religious hatred was carefully kept alive by such men as Lord Enniskillen, aided and abetted by English statesmen, who found it too useful a lever to be neglected in the government of Ireland: for notwithstanding their large army, and poor houses (built like fortresses) all over the country, the mass of the people were still wanting in proper "affection" for the kingdom that calls itself "Sister." Oh, blasphemy! to use that sacred name after such a tragedy of fiendish spite and cun-

"Ireland." said Thomas Carlyle, "is a starved rat that crosses the path of an ele-phant. What is the elephant to do? Squelch it; by heaven, squelch it.'

After 1848 came more writing from the pen of Lord Macaulay—"not a history, but political pamphlets." In those volumes he performed that "manly" exercise known as "hitting a man when he is down." He endeavored to turn away all sympathy from the Irish people. He told more falsehoods about them than any man has ever told and accordingly he was has ever told, and, accordingly, he was raised to the peerage; and encouragement was thus given to the whole tribe of insulters of the Irish race.

To-day his biographer—whose mind we

may suppose is a sort of saturated solution of his relative's opinions and prejudices—holds in his hands the liberty, the life, and often the death of like hyperstanding the saturation of the head of head has been supported by the saturation of the head has head to be supported by the saturation of the head has head head head has been supported by the saturation of the often the death of Irish men and women; while another of this Celt-hater's relatives is closeted at the castle (that sink of iniquity), and directs every arrest and re-wards every informer. The very fact that a man was an informer would make most honorable people doubt the truth of his information. STORY OF IRELAND'S "INGRATITUDE"

Is a long one, with too many details to Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.
Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

failed to do. The check seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER.

give to-day. It may be as well to recall one which bears upon the famine of to-day along the west coast. I refer to the bounty given to Scotch fisheries for fifteen years; and then the troublesome fifteen years; and then the troublesome Iri-h clamor for justice; growing louder, Ireland got it (the bounty) for five years, and then it was stopped to both countries. Scotland, with her twenty years' start went ahead beautifully. Handicapped Ireland did not do so well; sneers were applied ad hibitum. "Look at Scotland, you laye Celts!" Oh the instince of the applied ad libitum. "Look at Scotland, you lazy Celts!" Oh, the justice of this "great English nation," this "greedy hyena of the seas," which stamped out Irish trade and manufactures (except the linen, which Ireland could not then make herself), and now say to be "group disartified tundents."

Ireland could not then make herself), and now says to us: "you dissatisfied, turbulent people, there's no pleasing you."

Well, we come down to to-day(the last few years, I mean). You have Froude and Freeman, and Goldwin Smith, not content with writing their falsehoods, like Carlyle and Lord Macaulay, but full of venom, crossing the seas to America, that "glorious birthright of the free, where so many a grand, pure Irish heart—smarting under the cruelties of this sanctimonious England—has found rest and peace, or a England—has found rest and peace, or a new and fuller life work.

The hate which an ignoble nature feels

for the one it has injured spurs on these British "civilizers" to "fresh fields and pastures new," where they hope their poi-RUIN TO THE IRISH BACE

That God will yet exalt far above every

nation of shopkeepers.

The Standard has, at rare intervals, and The Standard has, at rare intervals, and in guarded language, been kind enough to acknowledge the cleverness and the cloquence of many of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Have you Englishmen ever asked yourselves what inspires these men—what makes them eloquent? It is the love of their wronged country, their "undying hatred for her foes, their fierce indignation against the traitors to be indignation against the traitors to her cause." This is why they "fight against authority," for, as your own English writer, George Eliot, has said, "there is no great religion and no great freedom that has not done it in the beginning." For thus striving to save some shred of freedom to Ireland, these men were only last summer expelled from the English House of Commons. Conservatives and "Liberals" joined in congratulations, and having the House to themselves, passed the selves, passed the
MOST SEVERE AND UNJUST COERCION BILL

Most Severe and United Coercion Bill.
That has ever been brought in by any
English minister. Thus they again tried
to "win the affections of their Celtic fellow-subjects."

Never, never, while the world lasts, will true Irish men and women cease to lament the crimes, whether committed by the landlord or tenant, that have sullied the fair fame of Ireland; neither will they ever forget the crimes and the scenes that have disgraced England. But let Ireland get Home Rule, and we may forgive them.

The Irish National Exhibition has been

a great success, but no thanks to Englishmen. They sneered at it enough; and Government offices and commercial men over here tried in every way to injure it.
One of the last items to be thankful
for is your blow at another Irish work—
the Dublin company for the Holyhead
mail service. This last act of a "Liberal"

mail service. This last act of a "Liberal" Government has, I am thankful to say, turned many good Irish Conservatives into ardent Home Rulers.

Your leading article concludes with the words that "Nothing Irishmen can do will induce England to give Ireland Home Rule." Sir, I thank you for these words; they are the bright streaks of dawn for the Irish day that is to be!

alone, but all the world over. If they are content, as they profess to be, with themselves and their own progress, why bother about us? Why not confine their attention to their own business and attend to their own affairs? Catholics never attempt to interfere with the internal workings of the Protestant denominations; nor do they touch them in any way whatsoever, save when, as sometime happens, they are interfered with. I instance, it is very natural for Catholics in Catholic lands, such as Italy, Spain, Mexico, to raise a voice of warning against Protestant proselytism. It is not only natural; it is right and obligatory. Pro testantism is heresy, by its very profession of faith, and to allow heresy to be spread broadcast in a Catholic land without opposition on the part of Catholics of every kind and class, is to expect that Catholics are traitors to their faith, its teaching and its practice. Happily, however, beyond the local disturbances that such prosely-tism sometimes calls forth, the Protestant gospel in Catholic lands carries its own refutation with it, and dies of its own virus. It has inherent in it the vice of al dissension. The same condemns it to the heathen; so that Protestant mis sions have come to be a by-word of scorn and opprobrium, and only injure the Christian name in the eyes of the heathen. Here are the Baptist foreign missionaries sending home complaints for several years past that they have been systematic-ally defrauded of a portion—ten per cent. about—of their salaries. When was ever such a complaint heard from Catholic missionaries? Intelligent Protestants write with shame of the dissensions among the various Protestant denominations in Mexico, which are patent to all the people All these hot-gospellers among the be-All these hot-gospellers among the benighted Mexicans are themselves at daggers drawn, and all of them put together amount, comparatively to the people they profess themselves eager to convert to their divided "Christianity," to a merc handful. There is a man of the name of Riley down there, who claims to be, and probably is, a bishop of the Protestant sect called Protestant Episcopal. But for the life of him, not even to save the soul

Throat, Bronchial, and Lung Diseases a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Associa-tion, Buffalo, N. Y. of a Mexican peon, would Riley break bread with his Methodist Episcopal breth-ren, nor with the Baptists, nor with any other of his cosociates in religion. And of such is the kingdom of the Protestant heaven and the moral regenerators of the

Now, in matters of this sort, and there is abundance of such, one would imagine that our Protestant friends would find that our Protestant friends would find call for all their spare attention, instead of keeping a sharp lookout on the Pope and his doings. Bless their timid hearts! the Pope never thinks of them save as outside the pale of the one true Church, nor would he have them enter that Church unless they came in of their own accord and by God's grace. Yet they are and always seem haunted by the idea that the Pope and the Catholics are animated by the deepest and darkest designs against their peace and comfort. So they keep counting us to see how we are getting on, whether we are growing or decreasing. Now they are jubilant because we, as they imagine, are falling off. Again their heart is filled with foreboding because the Catholic tide is rising, swelling, and spreading abroad over the land.

There is that resolute foe of ours, the Methodist Christian Advocate, that can see no good in us at all, moralizing on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Jesuit mission in Maryland. Filling its hands with sand

the foundation of the Jesuit mission in Maryland. Filling its hands with sand the Advocate dusts its eyes carefully and then proceeds to look at things and com-pare results. It discovers that though the Jesuits had "about 35 years the start of the Methodists," Maryland is to-day one of the "Methodist States," and that "Romanists of American lineage are probably less numerous, relatively, in Mary-land than they were a hundred years ago." That is one way of putting things; but we that is one way of putting times; out we let it pass, as we come to more important considerations presently, and which will embrace this point in their scope. The Advocate proceeds to reflect in this ecstatic

manner:
"We hear much of the power of Jesuitism, but in this, the only country where it had enjoyed liberty for two hundred and fifty years, it has not accomplished a one hundredth part as much as Methodist circuit-riders have. Romanism lives and grows, of course, because it is abundantly fed by immigration; but it is chiefly a religion of foreigners, whose grandchildren forsake it. And yet what a start it had! And what claims it makes! Will it ever e recognized as an American denomina-The Advocate, like all false extatics,

nere jumbles up matters in wild confusion.

The Jesuits are not the Catholic Church, but one, of its strong agents. Were the

Jesuits blotted out to morrow forever, the Catholic Church would continue and be the same. The Catholic Church in America, as in all lands where they have lived and worked, owes a deep debt to the galand worked, owes a deep debt to the gal-lant and great Company of Jesus. But it owes equally deep debts to all who have taken strong and active part in the plant-ing of the faith here: the unnumbered army of confessors who have gone down into nameless graves, but whose lives were full of goodness; the toilers in the forests and the clearings, the laborers along the canals and railroads tracks, the thou-sands and thousands of secular priests, as well as those whose names and memory have been better preserved in the annals Government has, I am thankful to say, turned many good Irish Conservatives into ardent Home Rulers.

Your leading article concludes with the words that "Nothing Irishmen can do will induce England to give Ireland Home Rule." Sir, I thank you for these words; they are the bright streaks of dawn for the Irish day that is to be!

You said those words about Catholic Emancipation; you said those words only a few years ago about "The Three F's." Oh, sir, repeat them often; they cheer us, they do us good. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, A Mere Irishwoman.

It is strange to notice how exercised our Protestant and non-Catholic friends and shand thousands of secular priests, as well as those whose names and memory have been better preserved in the annals of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is the religion of Christ. It was owing to the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the regular orders to which they belonged. The "religion of foreigners" is of the religion of foreigners. The was owing to the was discovered as discovered as the religion of the "leave, and god is our goal. "One evening," says St. Angustine, "I had retired into the solitude and silence of the wastic vone of the "freigneners" is of the religion of foreigners" is one of the "fr army of foes and of proselytizers. Look to your own grandchildren, Advocate. Nay, look to your children and see what becomes of them. Why do all Protestant becomes of them. Why do all Protestant denominations bewail their emptying pews? This is a complaint that never comes from Catholics, though Catholic churches multiply every year. Will Catholicity be "recognized as the American denomination?" Whata question! Does America give religion, or getit? Is "America" to be the new god? The Catholic Church here, as everywhere, will continue to be what it always has been, the one to be what it always has been, the one Church of Christ, founded by Christ on Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and transmitted through the same succession and hierarchy down through the ages and all time, commissioned to teach the truth to all nations and baptise them, with the abiding promise of the neverfailing presence of Christ.—Catholic Review.

Thomas Meyers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

Mental depression, headache, and nervous debility, are speedily remedied by that excellent blood-purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters. The Editor of the Mitchell Recorder states, that he was cured of biliousness, liver derangement, and sick headache, by the use of this medicine.

Mr. Parpetus Boileau, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months by the use of Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life." believe it saved my life.

Baldness may be avoided by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, which prevents the falling out of the hair, and stimulates it

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

ECHOES OF THE HEART.

From the French of Able J. Courvolsier-by Thyre.

The first mourner that entered into the darkness of the Valley of Humanity was the tear of an orphan, fatherless, motherless, homeless. Next came the wail of a deserted woman; and then, the sigh of old age, poor, forsaken. These three sorrows seem the greatest despect in old age, poor, forsaken. These three sorrows seem the greatest, deepest in the realm of woe; but they are not the most hopeless: wrecks of misfortune drift into the haven; aching, broken, blighted hearts turn to God!

turn to God!

Better far the crust of poverty, the decrepitude and weariness of age, the decrepitude and weariness of age, the dreariness of isolation, than that despairing form of human misery—satiety of prosperity, bitterness of defeated pride.

Listen to the voice of worldly felicity:
"I have lost strength and life, friends and happiness; the only blessing left me on earth is, that I have wept."

earth is, that I have wept."

The baffled scientist exclaims on concluding a book:

"Oh, how wild the throbbings of my heart! All chafes my spirits, all is constraint. My heart is burden!

I have breathed my very soul into these pages written with a quill wrenched from the wing of my dreams and dipped in the tears of my despair."

tears of my despair."

Sorrow is the voice of God urging us to go to him.

go to him.

O ye who weep, seek God—He weeps;
O ye who saffer, seek God—He heals;
O ye who pass, seek God—He smiles;
O ye who pass, seek God—He stays.

—Edgard Quinte.

And thus, too, the happy and the

And thus, too, the happy and the learned must weep.

Ah me, no matter what we be at morn—soon the battle of life is fought; our day is spent; the shades of night gather round us: a grave is the end of all.

Death levels all differences; the prince, born in state and rocked in the arms of luvury and love and the waif whose

luxury and love, and the waif, whose cradle was the hard, bare stone of the street, alike sleep their last sleep on the cold bosom of our common mother— earth. Beyond this there is no truth;

hence, no true happiness on earth.

O reader, when thy heart will be crushed by long years of suffering, when thy fond dreams of greatness and happiness, mo-mentary as a sound, have dissolved into mothingness, from the depths of thy misery a cry will rise: O God, I can bear no more; let me die! Then, like the bird of the sea, rest thy weariness on the tide of the search. tide of thy sorrow, and soon its waves will

tide of thy sorrow, and soon its waves will bear thee to heaven.

Blessed are the souls whose cravings no earthly boon can satisfy, whose divine motto is, "Excelsior."

Higher, still higher, till we reach Thee, O Lord. Without Thee our years are like a drop of water in the ocean; our loves as a fragile, faded leaf; our joys but an echoless sound in the boundless realms of immensity.

an echoless sound in the boundless realms of immensity.

O God, Fhou art the science, harmony, beauty, infinite glory, end of our souls; without Thee we are doomed to bear in our hearts a wound that nothing here below can heal, nay, not even a mother's kiss; earth is powerless to gratify the longings of our souls—earth is but the way to heaven, and God is our goal.

"One evening," says St. Augustine, "I had retired into the solitude and silence of one of my favorite haunts on the borders

gustine, we are not happiness; seek higher!"

I looked upon the vaulted canopy of heaven, studded with so many bright, sparkling gems, and asked: "Can you give me peace?"

But the moon and stars behind a cloud

But the moon and stars behind a cloud withdraw in awe, and the voice sighed: "No, no; seek higher?"

Then I comprehended the vanity of this world—my heart's problem was solved, and, falling upon my knees, I cried: "O God, my happiness and eternal rest! blessed be Thy name forever!" Thrice happy is the solitary soul That shuns the world's most glitt'ring, daz-

That shuns the world's most gutt ring, daz-zling pomps, And flings aside alluring Pleasure's cup. The soul that near God dreams a higher life, In this dark vale of bitterness and woe; And wrapt in ecstacy of love divine Amid earth's strife already is "at rest."

Let the enemies of truth worship at the attar of passions: false, pitiless gods that never soothed a suffering heart, never revived a withered hope. Away, away, I fear the contamination of your poisoned

Dr. J. Corlis, St. Thomas, writes: "During ten years' active practice I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred any I have ever used or recommended I have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system."

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falling out of the hair, and stimulates it to renewed growth and luxuriance. It also restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and radically cures nearly every disease of the scalp.

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doctor's bills. Sample bottles 10 cents.

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Roughened a care, No perfum these; They earn ease, Ada kept the Patient and The whole The flying The gold and Dear ham shone, Whereon no Crossed in u I see, throw The golden Set with the

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