THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

3

At Last. BY J. G. WHITTIER,

When on my day of life the night is falling. And, in the winds from unsunned space

blown, I hear far voices out of darkness calling My feet to paths unknown. Thou who hast made my home of life so pleas

ant, Leave not its tenant when its walls decay; O Love divine, O Helper ever present, Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting, Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine. And kindly faces to my own uplifting The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit Be with me then to comfort and unoid No gate of pearl, no branch of paim I me Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if-my gord and ill unreckoned. And both forgiven through thy aboundin grace-I find myself by hands familiar beckoned Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among thy many man-

ns, sheltering shade where sin and striv-Some sheltering shale which heaven's green ing cease, And flows forever through heaven's green

expansions The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me steal

ing, I fain would learn the new and holy song, And find, at last, beneath thy trees of heal-

The life for which I long. -Atlantic Monthly.

From the Catholic World.

CHAPTER XVI. A THANKLESS CHILD.

Humiliations were in store for McDon-ell. The air which he breathed was charged with the lightnings of God, and every movement which ie made, whether good er evil, was to draw down on him the divine pumishments chestening if regood or evil, was to draw down on him the divine punishments, chastening if re-ceived in a penitential spirit, damning if the heart still remained alienated from justice and truth. In the pride of his slowly returning strength he had rejected the graces placed by God in his way. Bound hand and foot and tongue in the deadly bands of paralysis, he had thought that one hour of freedom, one minute almost, would be lightly purchased with all tis wealth. One grace-to speak—was all his wealth. One grace-to speak-was all he asked of God, as Dives asked for a all he asked of God, as Dives asked for a single drop of water to cool his burning throat. Our Dives was bathed in an ocean, and with renewed force struck the hand that gave. He was restored, in a measure, to his old position. His oppor-turities for repentance were many. They measure, to his old position. His oppor-turities for repentance were many. They came to his door, to his table, and thrust themselves under the privacy of his nightly slumbers; and yet he put them all aside, but not indifferently or thought-lessly, as in the fashion of a devil or a fool. They were with him day and night, waking and sleeping. They seemed to talk with bim, for his diseased fancy gave life and personality to every harassing thought. "You are old," said fancy gave file and provide an eld," said harassing thought. "You are old," said one; "take me and buy your passage to one; "Said another: "Paralysis may one; Take me and buy your passage to heaven." Said another: "Paralysis may come again. Take me; I am worth three fifths of your fortune." And a third cried "It is your last chance. Take any one and "on are safe." Poor old idiot ! he took "It is your last chance. Take any one and you are safe." Poor old idiot ! he took none, and was weighed down with weari-some remorse through the weeks that followed his strange turning away from God; fretted and fumed over the evil he had strength to do in earlier days, and was now too weak to turn into good; raged against his daughter that she was t little-minded and ignorant and ugly, as one whom change of fortune could not affect from pure inability to understand the change; and wore himself out in a the change; and wore himself out in a variety of ways, all more or less danger-ous to his delicate state of health. He scarcely knew the meaning or the pleas-ure of a refreshing sleep. Care slept be-side him on the pillow, and, like Richard in his tent, he saw in turn the shadowy forms of those whom he had wronged. A an and woman cried dreams for justice to their children. Two dreams for justice to their children. Two orphans screamed in his ears for the weelth which they had lost. His daughter, wan i and entreating besought him with tears not to leave her in poverty. In the back-ground always stood a black-robed deity in the attitude of a Nemesie and the sal-low face wore spectacles and looked very much like the persecuting priest. When he awoke in terror, and found it was but a disagregable dream, he raged for an hour might follow. She already knew the pit-iful story, but she was anxious to see how far the Killany's tale. They were precisely the "Well ?" said her father when "Well ?" said her father when she handed back the paper to him in silence. "I cannot yet understand?" was her quiet reply, and it struck chilly on his heart, "what possible effect this can have on our fortunes, unless the children are a disagreeable dream, he raged for an hour in the helpless, idiotic fashion of an old man and an invalid, and dared not go to alive

bed again.

He had forgotten his famous idea of making the boy whom he had defrauded his secretary and son-in-law. The diffi-culties which he should have forseen at cuities which he should have iorseen at first occurred to him in the course of time and daunted him. He was fickle and un-certain in his resolves and plans. He thought of many schemes and rejected them as fast as they presented themselves; but they served the purpose of diverting but they served the purpose of diverting his mind from himself until despondency nis mi followed. So slowly was he recovering from his illness, so easily was he put back a degree on the way to moderate health, so severe an effect had the slightest depresso severe an effect had the signtest deples-sion of spirits on his system, that he was at last compelled to think seriously of taking Nano into his confidence. Night and sleep were the terrors of his exist-ence, for the diseased fancy was never idle. His dreams were becoming more frightful His dreams were becoming more frightful,

his resolutions more numerous, and the breaking of these a thing of shameful frebreaking of these a thing of shameful fre-quency. He saw no way out of his misery and one evening, in a fit of despair, com-manded his daughter's appearance in the library with the intention of revealing to her the nature of the situation. She came immediately and found him in a wild conimmediately and found him in a wild con-dition of feeling, torn by conflicting emo-tions, but firmly determined to dare all in this moment. It shook his resolution somewhat to look upon her royal beauty and manner, and to think how much of its outward adornment, how much of its inward upin satisfactions, he was to take

much

piciously. Wi to allow for ?"

put it aside forever."

scheme of

restitution which you

I shall believe without doubting in your

and matter, and to this now much of its inward adornment, how much of its inward vain satisfactions, he was to take away by a single stroke of his pen; and then his mind, reverting to the incomeshe would possess, always forgetful and excited now, he blurted out: "Pish! Who would call that poverty?" She was taking her seat when he uttered these words, and as a glimpse of their true significance flashed upon her mental sight a slight pallor overspread her face, her lips trembled, and she put out her hands in a blind way, as if trying to grasp something. He saw it and wondered; but she grew calm immediately, and spoke but she grew calm immediately, and spoke so sweetly that he thought no more of it so sweetly that he thought no more of it and prepared to open his disagreeable story. His troubled face, the paper in his hand, the expression he had just used, forced upon her the belief that the hour of trial was at last come ; and, half con scious of the scene about to take place, she prepared herself, with desperate and piti-

ful calmess, to act her part to the very letter. Undecided she might be at other times, but in the presence of the temptation she was ever on the tempter's side. "I have a very painful and humiliating confession to make to you, Nano." he be-gan in his proudest and haughtiest fash-

ion, "and at the same time I must make you acquainted with a misfortune which will soon be yours and will require all your fortitude to meet. Before I begin my sad story let me ask pardon of you that to the neglect of years I must add a finishing touch in depriving you of a great part of the only favors which I ever bestowed on you-I mean your wealth and social standing."

"I beg of you, sir," she said, with a coolness that astonished but did not reascoolness that astonished but did not reas-sure him, "to come to the substance at once. Are we ruined and beggars?" "No, not so bad as that," he replied, much relieved ; "but circum stances have lately occurred which make it necessary

lately occurred which make in decoding that I should surrender part of my estate in justice to others. It is the greater part, Nano, but it will not leave you poor. You will not be compelled to leave the circle to which you belong, but your fortune will be diminished by more than one-half." "I am at a loss to understand, sir, how

this can be.' "I have written it here." And he handed her the paper which he was ner-vously fingering. "I could not summon resolution to relate with my own lips the disgrace which I have brought upon your name. But it was only just that you usgrace which I have brought upon your name. But it was only just that you hould know my reasons for acting as I she took the paper and read the confes-She took the paper and read the confes-and remember these facts, and profit by name. should know my reasons for acting as am to act.

sion, while he watched her with eager eyes, dreading, yet submissive to what "I was brought up i

circumstances agreed

with

"Yes I was excited," he answered drearof excitement those defects became more apparent. His voice was thick now Oh! I must have been. ily. more apparent. I as he sternly said : ere, Nano." He took her hands when she stood by as he sternly said: "What do you mean, woman? Do you dare to threaten your father?" "I beg your pardon. I meant no more than I said," she answered as calmly as

his side, and looked with an old man's beseeching helplessness into ber eyes. "Does the world really say that I am

"It does," she answered with not hypo-critical gentleness, for her heart was very sore indeed.

than I said," she answered as charge the before. "Then know," he cried in a passion, "Then know," he cried in a passion, bringing one hand down on the table with a violence that set the papers dancing, "that every cent of this money shall go to those to whom it belonged. By the heavens above, girl! if you are not honest from choice, you shall be so from neces-sity. I am master yet." "I do not dispute it, and let me beg of one to low a work to the father. The ser-And, Nano, do you think that I am mad ?' mad ??" "I would not hesitate in saying no, father, but for what has happened to-night. Were you in true and solid ear-

night. "I should be mad indeed if I said otheryou to lower your tones, faither. The ser-yourts have ears, and, if they allow a little for your condition, it is possible to say too wise. But, O my child ! be kind and straightforward with me as I have not been with you. If the world turns against me I have but one refuge on "For my condition ?" he muttered susearth. There is another whom I have be-trayed and dare not look up to until I have done right and atoned. Nano, I am What is there in my condition earth. have done right and atoned.

to allow for ?" She hesitated. Was it necessary to add to his sufferings by informing him of the slanders which circulated concerning him in the world ? She was very hard with him, and felt as if she could be harder and more cruel yet. A demon of cruelty had possession of her. "The world says of you, sir, that you are mad, or fast becoming so. Business dying. My days are numbered, and will you not help to make my lost hours easy for me? You will be alone when I am You will be alone when I am You have no relatives, and I pray dead. You have no relatives, and I pray you that as you would wish to die in the arms of those you love, so too let me die

"And so you shall, father," she said, kissing his forehead; "only forget to-night."

"The world says of you, sir, that you are mad, or fast becoming so. Business men are afraid to deal with you, since every act of yours may be called in ques-tion hereafter. And this paper"—she picked up the confession and laid it on the coals of the grate—"would probably be of much value in a court as the ashes into which it has turned. Judge, then, of the manner in which this story would be re-ceived by the world, and, if you are wise, put it aside forever." night." "Ah! away with you," he almost shrieked, flinging i er from him with a violence that was terrible to see. "You are not my child, but a foul, unnatural thing, caring more for my gold than for me! A thief, if you could and dared

Out, out ! I say." She went away calmly enough, though her face was white from the indignity which he had put upon her, a woman. McDonell raised his hands to her ven in

It was not a pleasant fact even for her to tell or for him to receive, and the manner of his receiving it was harder yet "It is done at last, and thank God !" he to bear unmoved. His face grew stony and whiter, his lips were set, his eyes glar-"I will send for the priest to-moring, and his whole manner one of concen-trated horror. He held out his hands insaid. and make the final arrangements. My sorrows are ending, but hers are be-ginning, and Heaven alone knows where trated norror. He need out his hands mi-voluntarily towards her. If the world treated him harshly she was his only refuge, and she had feared this appeal. "Do you believe it ?" he moaned. "O

The bell rang for dinner, but neither The bell range for daughter came to the table. McDonell was busy arranging his papers, and Nano, worn and disgusted, eaten up by remorse, anguish, and despair, yet more than ever determined to hold on to the Nano! do you believe it ?" "I do not wish to. But after so strange so improbable a confession as you have made to night, and the mad, chimerical property, walked the length of her room in and meditation, vainly endeavoring to devise some less violent means than the scheme of restitution which you have planned, my faith is considerably shaken. Say it is all a mistake father? —and she put one hand on his arm, and looked into his face with an ex-pression so hard to resist—"say it is a blunder, a mere freak of your fancy, and L shell believe without doubting in your asylum for quieting her father.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charming Girls.

If you are fortunate in possessing beauty, my dear girls, be thankful for the gift, but do not over-rate it. The girl who expects to win her way by her beauty and to be admired and accepted simply because she is a lady has the wrong idea. She must secure a lovable character if she wishes to be loved, and my advice to rou all is to law the foundation of a sanity." He looked down coldly but blankly into her face. "So the devil would look," he muttered "when tempting me to sin. I could not do that Nano; I could not do what you do that Nano; I could not do what you ask, for then to myself I would be worse than mad. Ah!" with sudden fierce re-collection shaking off her nand, "I have been nursing a viper all these years, and now it stings me into madness. It was hard enough to withstand temptation as I did in the last few works, but these houst the you all is to lay the foundation of a permanent influence. To win and hold admiration you must cultivate the gifts did in the last few weeks, but there was a that nature has bestowed upon you. triumph in resisting until Satan took your shape, Nano. O God ! it is your turn you have a talent for music, develop it learn to sing some choice songs and to perform upon some instrument, for many are charmed more by music than "You are mad, I believe," she said many are charmed more by music than by handsome features. Pursue the same course with regard to painting, drawing and designing, and if you have power to obtain useful knowledge in any direction, do it. I have heard young men in speakcurtly. He did not answer, but remained staring "Paralysis was nothing to this," he mut-tered to himself, and every word pierced her like a knife, "and hell could not be much worse. These shrunken, maimed do it. I have heard young hear acquaintances say, "Oh, they look well, but they don't know anything," There is no necessity for such a state of things; books are cheap and accessible. If you labor all day in much worse. These shrunken, maimed limbs and this thickened tongue have been made so for her sake, and now—" He turned and faced her without finish-ing the sentence. "Listen," he said. "I have been told that you do not believe in and accessible. If you labor all day in shop or store still at odd intervals you can gather up an education and contend with no greater difficulties than did Clay, Filmore, Webster and others of our Filmore, Webster and others of our greatest men. If you go through life a flitting butterfly, how will you be spoken of by-and-by? I own it is nice to in the Catholic

THE GARMENTS OF CHRIST.

We know that it was only after having crucified Him that the soldiers, returning to the spot where they had stripped our Saviour, commenced to divide His gar-ments among themselves. Of what did they consist? According to the usage of they consist? consist? the Jews, our Lord must have worn : 1st. the sews, our inord must have worn : 1st, a tunic, or kind of seamless shirt; 2d, over it a flowing robe resembling the ec-clesiastical cassock ; 3d, an outer vestment or cloak, which could be easily thrown off

or cloak, which could be easily thrown off and was not worn in the house (the Jews had no underclothing for the body or limbs); 4th, a girdle, which served to fas-ten the robe, and hold it up in front to facilitate walking; and 5th, shoes. Our Lord must have worn shoes, as St. John the Baptist gives us to understand when he says: "The latchet of whose shoes I are not worthy to loose." he says : am not worthy to loose." On the plurality of the vestments of our

Lord a grave author thus expresses him-self: "There cannot be found a text more

clear and decisive than these words of St. Mark, reporting the history of the woman afflicted with an issue of blood: 'Jesus,' Mark, reporting in Himself that a vir-says he, 'knowing in Himself that a vir-tue had gone out from Him, turned to-wards the crowd and said: Who hath touched My garments?—Quis tetigit vestim-enta mea?" For the Evangelist to have enta mea ?" For the Evangelist to have employed the plural, must not Jesus employed the plural, must not Jesus Christ have worn several vestments? We could, assuredly, confine ourselves to this sacred text; but let us hear some commen-tators on this text of Job: "With the multitude of them my garment is con-sumed, and they have girded me about, as with the collar of my coat." Of these

as with the collar of my coat." Of these words of St. John: "Simon Peter having heard that it was the Lord, girt his coat heard that it was the lotd, given he case about him (for he was naked) and cast himself into the sea." Dr. Allioli gives this explanation: "That is to say he was almost naked; he had on only an under-bit (or two lot over this ungarment, a shirt (or tunic); over this undergarment he promptly put on an overgarment, the robe or coat, and girded it with a cincture." It is in this sense that we are to understand the nakedness of David where it is said that he danced naked before the ark-that is to say, not

having on his outer garments. Hence each of the four soldiers—an ordinary guard was reduced to this number-took his part of the vestments of Jesus. As to His tunic, struck, no doubt, at the rarity or beauty of its texture or material, they resolved not to cut it, but to dispose of it by lot, throwing their dice into the hemlet of one of the soldiers, which he held for that purpose. Thus was accomplished on Jesus those words of His ancestor David : "They have pierced my hands and my feet; they have numbered all my bones. And they have looked and stared upon me. They have parted my garments among them : and upon my vesture they have cast lots" (Ps. upon my vest xxi, 17, 18).

The cities of Treves and Argenteuil possess two tunics which they claim be-longed to our Lord, and each city believes herself possessed of the scalless garment, which has occasioned in some minds a regrettable confusion; but recent studies have shown that both these relics may authentic. It is certain that the long robe

authentic. It is certain that the long robe preserved and venerated at Treves, is different from that at Argenteuil. We will occupy ourselves first with that of Treves, which appears to be the first that was brought into Europe. THE ROBE OF TREVES.

St. Helena sent the role of our Lord to Agritius, Bishop of Treves, which was then one of the first cities of the empire, the capital of Gaul, the residence of the emperors of the West until the fourth century, and the abode of the eapress wh century, and the abode of the express who presented the city with this precious relic, adding many other relics of the Passion. It is probable that it was preserved at Jerusalem during the first three centuries, until the discovery of the true cross, when it was offered to St. Helena, who could

t was onered to get price. Purchase it at a great price. The reader who desires further details on this holy rehe, and on the evidences which proves its antiquity and authenti-which proves its antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity and authenti-which proves its antiquity and authenti-which proves its antiquity and authenti-which proves its antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity antiquity and authenti-the details antiquity antiquity and authentiquity antiquity anti city, can consult, among numerous other works on the subject, the excellent and voluminous production which Professor Marx composed, at the request of Mgr. the Archbishop of Treves, at the time of the last secular exposition of the holy It was wonderful to see the immen-

Irene, Haroun-al-Raschid, and others. We can hardly suppose that among persons of this rank there could be such a thing as offering presents of little value or suppo-sitious objects. Charlemagne himself was far from being credulous on the subsitious was far from being creations on the sub-ject of relics; for more than once, in his *Capitularies*, he prohibits the veneration of the bodies of martyrs and saints whose relics are doubtful. The numerous de-relics are doubtful. relics are doubtful. The numerous de-tails attached to the holy relic anterior to the time of Charlemagne are re-counted with great precision by the father of the history of the Franks, St. Gregory of Tours. THE CINCTURE.

APRAL 14, 1882.

According to Ronault de Fleury, the cincture of our Lord is of leather, and is preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle; the extrem-ities are united and sealed with the seal of Constantine.--Rev. J. J. Begel.

A TIMELY REJOINDER.

We take the following article from the St. John's Morning Freeman.

The Torouto Globe imagines that the Archbishop of Quebec has exercised his authority improperly in forbidding the circulation of a pamphlet written by one who calls himself a Catholic, in which the Archbishop is accused, we believe, of having wilfully and maliciously misled the Pope, by furnishing false informa-tion when the Laval University question the consideration at Rome. The who calls himself a Catholic, in which the was under consideration at Rome.

Globe says: "The statement by telegraph that Archbishop Tascherau has in a pastoral letter not only condemned Dr. Paquin's brochure and censured the author, but not prohibited "under pain, of grave dis-obedience and censure, the clergy, secular and regular, and the faithful of the arch-diocese of Quebec from reading it or keep-ing it in their possession." may, it is to be diocese of Quebec from reading it or keep-ing it in their possession," may, it is to be hoped, be subjected to correction. As-suming its accuracy, we cannot but ex-press our surprise at such an attempt in this country and age to contravene the simplest principles of intellectual liberty. As Liberals our sympathies in the matter in question are, of course, wholly with the Archbishop and opposed to the

the Archbishop and opposed to the Ultramontane views and practices of Dr. Paquin and his partisans. Had the Arch-Paquin and his partisans. Had the Arch-bishop contented himself with an appeal to fact and argument for the support of the right and the confusion of his adversary he could not have failed to triumph. He had but to make good his assertion that the decrees concerning Laval were not obtained from Rome by dishonest representations, and to demonstrate the errors in fact and argument in the pamphlet, to carry conviction the minds of readers predisposed in favour of his views. But the moment he attempts to gag his adversary and prevent his voice from being heard, that moment he raises suspicion as to the strength and justice of his position. Surely it is too late in the day to resort to ecclesiastical pain and penalties to prevent an opponent' argument being heard. That method belonged to other lands and other cen-The minds of Mgr. Tascherau's turies. clergy and laity must be differently constituted from those of most men if the very prohibition does not both stimulate osity to read the production whose curi ffects are so much dreaded and arouse indignant resistance to an attempt at the

iental enslavement of a whole people." The Globe's view as to the effect of such The Globe's view as to the effect of such prohibition is widely accepted, and appears to be largely sustained by the world's experience, but the Catholic Church has always claimed as a right and declared it to be its duty to watch over the moral of its people, and to determine amongst other things what they may not read. He that loves the danger shall perish, may seem foolishness, but the Catholic Church has always acted on that principle, in condemning, as unfit to be book read, dangerous to faith and morals, as in other There are many who think that in the education of youth it is folly to

"You do not understand ?" he gasped in astonishment. "Nano you do not under-stand that we cannot retain what belongs to another, and, though we have used it "Poverty," he would mutter, wiping "Poverty," he would mutter, wholing the cold sweat from his brow—"poverty be hanged! Wailing and screaming not to be left poor, when her income will never be lower than twelve thousand a as our own for years, we are bound to

make restitution." "Are the heirs alive ?" she asked. There's an idea of poverty for you! "It matters nothing," he answered uickly. "If they are not alive to receive As if her income, like her majesty's, footed up to so many hundreds a day, and was coming down to so many units! Eighteen thousand is not a sum to be their own it goes to the poor. I cannot escape restitution in that way." dropped to a stranger without blinking,

escape restitution in that way." "Anà you would give the wealth which for twenty years you have guarded, in-creased, and grown gray and paralytic over to the beggars in the street, or to the priest whose debts demand such windfalls; and you would leave me, your dauchts; to be sure, but what is it all compared to a man's peace of mind, his night's sleep, and -and -I may as well say it, though I don't want to—and the safety of his soul? I can't get over the look of the priest, priest whose dents demand such which is ; and you would leave me, your daughter, brought up in the splendor which this house displays, with diminished income, to be laughed at and lorded over by the vulgar rich rabble of the city. Father, posing as Nemesis indeed ! What won't a man dream ? And I won't endure it again for a fortune. Poverty ! Pooh ! Twelve thousand a year poverty ? I'll are you dreaming or are you mad ?" "I wish it were one or the other," he said in a feeble way, "that I might wake send for the priest to morrow and settle

send for the priest to morrow and settle the matter for ever. Let her screech for the money. I'll not be pestered to death for the sake of paltry dollars." He would sleep peacefully after this good resolution, but still did not dare to seture to head. His insult deals more than to be the set of the seture to be seture to be the said in a receive way, "that I might wake to know it was not my daughter who uttered these words. My honesty was brittle enough, Gods knows, but it had life. Yours seems dead. And still I for-get, poor girl, that you have been bred a parane and what can you know of hone

eturn to bed. His invalid-chair was comreturn to bed. His invand-chair was com-fortable enough, however, and saved him a repetition of his ugly dreams, and the morning looked in on him cheery and de-termined as a man could be. But nightpagan, and what can you know of honor or justice as the Christian knows it ?" He bowed his head in his hands like one stunned, and Killany's words, "She would barter her soul to retain this termined as a man could be. The high thoughts are foolish creatures when dragged into the light of day. Like the players of the stage, they are all grace, lightness, beauty under the glare of the footlights; the sun has no mercy on them, wealth," seemed burned into his brain. Her emotion was not less severe, but her determination was invincible. She had begun the hideous drama, and would play and shows their hideous paint, and faded it to the end.

velvets, and paste diamonds with shining "Do not excite yourself, sir," she said. ververs, and paste diamonds first shares impartiality. Resolutions made in the silence of the night are much of the same nature as the mists which gather on a river. They disappear with the sun; and so it was with McDonell's. The evapora-tion was complete. He did not send for "over a phantasy. But it is as well for you to know that I will not submit to you to know that I will hot sound to any such disposal of your property. It is yours to do with as you please, but I shall make strong opposition, and, if the world says rightly, I shall be successful." He lifted his head, and looked at her the priest nor inform his daughter, but

went about restless, melancholy and snap-pish, biting every one that came in his with a face more haggard than when he had lain on his sick-bed. His command way, raising many a laugh at his eccentricities, and playing more and more into bls enemies' hands. of words and his pronunciation were not of the best since his illness, and in times does you only injury."

"I was brought up in the Catholic 'superstition,' and I left it, not from conviction, but from the love of wealth, and power, and high standing in the world

"I had been a good, pure, honest man while I remained true to my own princi she ples. I knew and felt and relished the responsibilities of a husband, a father and Christian. But the moment J deserte hose principles—and they are embodied the Catholic faith—I forgot everything the golden calves which I worshipped.

"I allowed your mother to live a cheer-, unwifely life, to die a peevish, sin den, despairing woman, who, not enjoyg life, still had no hope in death. I robb d my friend and his helpless

ildren. I left my daughter to the care of relig-

I lett my daughter to the care of reng-ious hybrids, who brought her up accord-ing to the maxims of all the blasphemous fools that ever posed under the cloak of humanity, wisdom, and truth.

Now mark my punishment. When I would undo a part of the evil which I had done the world calls me mad.

I wish to return to my church, to purchase my eternal safety with the world's gold and the heart's repentance, and lo! my daughter turns upon me, and weighs the eternal happiness of the man who gave her life with the pitiful opinions of her pet society acquaintances. The education which I gave to myself I have unwittingly given to her, and the results, I suppose will be the same. I have sinned in my love of gold, and so will you. This is my punishment-to be accounted mad. Will

t, too, be yours ? Now, on your principles, Miss McDon-Now, on your principles, interpres, the second seco

"On the strength of your madness, sir," she answered, trembling; "for if you were not mad before you are at this mo-

ment." "Mad-yes, for ever mad," he said, putting his hand to his forehead. "And Killany was right after all. Well, you are a finely-matched pair. You will put me in the asylum yet."

"I have nothing in common with that He is here by your permission, and "Then let him go, in God's name, and

do you follow as speedily as you may." She rose and walked to the door. "You will forget this rash idea of resti-You are rapidly recovertution, father. You are rapidly recover-ing from your illness, and such excite-ment as you have endured this evening

drink and be merry. and flattered by all your friends; but how much better to cultivate character, sense and true womanliness!

The Tottering Empress Eugenie.

To-day I saw that former beauty, the former Empress of France, entering her temporary London residence. The tall, erect, and stately figure is bent and droop-ing; the queenly air is akin to that of the mendicant; the fair locks in their luxuriant wealth of trasses are a white as the driver wealth of tresses are white as the driven snow and thin and scanty in appearance; the large, expressive and animated eyes, half violet and half blue in recurrent tints, are gray, watery, and leaden looking; the oval face is wrinkled and worn by crue oval face is written and worn by cruent care, and the blush of beauty is supplanted by a sepulchral whiteness. It has been my lot to see other queens in exile, other magnates dethroned, but no one so strengly magnates dethroned, but no one so strengty arouses sympathetic sorrow as does this widowed, childless, parentless, isolated ex-Empress. But one consoling comfort is hers. It is in feeding the hungry, clother hers. It is in feeding the interfact, so that y_i so that y_i the naked, and confronting the afflicted. Where the poor wear not their wants on their sleeves, there you will find the prematurely aged and tottering lady, rescuing a social wreck and holding out a ing a social wreck and holding hopeful beacon.—Buffalo Courier.

Rhyme and Reason.

If you've sprained, or have strained, or bruised, or contused, any joint, just anoint it with Extract of Smartweed; you will find that behind not a pain remain; colds and fevers will soon depart. Dr. R. V. Pierce's Extract of Smart-weed sold by druggists.

Where Ignorance is Bliss 'tis folly to be Wise.

Dr. Bliss, if not a success at probing for bullets, was highly successful in despatch-ing bulletins; but the grandest bulletin of uccess is that which heralds the wonderful cures performed by Burdock Blood Bitters, that matchless tonic and blood purifier which acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidneys, while it invigorates and strengthens the whole system.

Just think of it-you can relieve the Just think of h-you can renove the twinges of rheumatism, or the most pain-ful attack of neuralgia-you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

It was wonderful to see the mmense concourse of the people which, at that time, resorted from all parts to the city of Treves to venerate the holy relic; the verv infidel papers noted this occurrence with admiration and astonishment. And so it has been in all ages. I read in Jakob Lydins a Protestant writer of the so it has been in all ages. I read the Jakob Lydius, a Protestant writer of the seventeenth century, a proof of these great pilgrimages. Going to Liege in company with a gentleman of high rank, who was returning with his attendants from the waters of Spa, they met many thousand persons, who througed the many thousand persons, who through the roads in all directions. "The genileman whom I accompanied," says the author, "having had the honor of an interview with a prince returning from the pilgrim-age, told me afterwards that among the singularities relative to this holy was this: that persons most skilled in the texture of cloth and in the art of dyeing, texture of cloth and in the art of dyeing, ceuld not determine either the color or the material of this holy vestment." (*Horum sparsio ad Passionem J. C., p.* 258). Long before the faithful were struck with the same singularity; for Nonnus, a poet of the fifth century, in his para-phrase in verse of the Gospel of St. John, expresses himself as follows:

'Ne rubram hanc veri coloris tunicam dissecemus, Habentem formam divinam et peregri-nam."

At the time of the exposition of this venerable object in 1844 many miraculous cures took place. Of these the learned Dr. Hanson examined aud described twenty-four remarkable cases, which may be read in a work that he published, and which was shortly afterwards translated into French.

into French. THE TUNIC OF ARGENTEUIL. It is known that Charlemagne received this tunic as a present from the celebrated Empress of Constantinople, Irene. Gisele, one of the daughters of Charlemagne, having wished to consecrate herself to God, and having been elected Abbess of

the monastery at Argenteuil, the illus-trious emperor resolved to present the holy relic to the chu.ch of the monastery, which he did by solemnly translating thither.

and knows what goes on in the world acquires a more robust virtue and is better fitted for the battle of life than those educated in seclusion and under careful guardianship; but if a few do come out of the ordeal pure and strong, how many perish in it, of whom no acount is taken?

ount is taken? It may be that in the case which has led the Globe to make its remarks, the ndemnation of the pamphlet will, in the opinion of some, add to its value and will but increase power for evil: will but increase power for evil: but surely the Glole cannot be serious when it says that the Archbishop should, because he is so grossly assailed in a pamphlet, take pains to prove that he has not been guilty of the infamous crime of which the pamphletcer accuses him. In the Archbishop's case, as in all others, it is for those who accuse him of a crime to produce evidence in support of their produce evidence in support of their legations, and there is a tribunal before which such charges should be made and to which the evidence should be submitted. The Globe probably does not know how or grave, in the eyes of Catholics, is the offence of appealing from the decision of an ecclesiastical tribunal to what is called a second the subpublic opinion, or of an attempt to subin such cases, public opinion for titute, the proper, lawfully established tribunal the proper, lawfully established tribunal; perhaps it does not even know how dread-ful is the charge that an Archbishop wil-fully supplied false information to the Pope sitting in judgment on an important question affecting religion. The Catholic Church, while leaving all who thick transformations are aver-

who think tnemselves aggrieved in any way the fullest liberty to resort to the proper tribunals for redress, has always treated as a grave offence against religion itself any attempt to bring the ministers of religion into contempt, and Catholics do not think that they are mentally endo not think that they are mentally at slaved because books or pamphlets in which such attempts are made or in which faith or morals are assailed, are declared unfit to be read by Christians. Nor do they think that those who, having authority, forbid the reading of such books, or those who, in obedience to authority, refrain from reading them, are "behind the age.'

Don't be Alarmed

at Dright's Disease, Diabetes, or any dis-ease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

Charlemagne had received relics from