In the Twilight.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

There is a picture on my wall suspended, A rare old etching of the Virgin's face, Upon whose features are together blended Gladness and sorrow with becoming grac The slanting sunbeams thro' the windo

streaming, A golden halo wreathe above her head. And, as alone I sit here, to my dreaming Come back the legends of her I have rea

How, when a child, her parents' home forsaking.
She close God's temple for abiding place,
And, of the funess of His love partaking,
Increased in wisdom and celestial grace:
Hor girlish voice, methinks, I hear repeating
The sacred psalmody King David sung,
And now I catch the words of sweet entreat-

That spoke incessantly her prayerful tongue.

I see, at Nazareth, a maiden kneeling, Her inmost heart while holy thoughts control, With eyes upcast, as if Heaven were reveal-

Eternal mysteries unto her soul:

I listen to the angel prophesying
How she, a virgin, should beget a Son,
And hearken to the modest maid replying,
"What wills the Lord, that unto me be

I see again, at Bethlehem, a stranger

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An entrance to the village-inn denied. Her new-born Babe reposing in a manger. The dumb beasts standing that jude crib Deside; The star I see which, in the East appearing, The Magiled to the Incarnate Word, And myriads of angel forms revering The Virgin Mother and the Infant Lord.

I see once more, at Calvary, a Mother, Beneath the Cross, heart-broken, standing

there,
Knowing an anguish so intense none other
Than her own soul immaculate could bear;
I see the sorrow written on her features,
The silent torture of her heart I know,
And recognize to her, of all God's creatures,
Befell the greatness of a mother's woe.

The sun has set: the aureole has vanished, But all its loveliness the face retains, And, like a dream that waking hours have banished, The memory of the legend still remains; While as the twilight, dusky shadows bring.

obscurity across the painting flings, seem to hear the notes of angels singing, And feel the sweeping of seraphic wings

FIFTY YEARS A JESUIT.

Ave Maria.

HONORING REV. PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.

Philadelphia Standard. The unusual event of a Jesuit's golden jubilee was celebrated in this city within

the past week, and the honored priest was J. Blenkinsop, S. J., Pastor of St. Joseph's between the death of Father Barbelin, S. J., and the appointment of Father Ardia, S. J.

FATHER CONNOLLY'S SERMON.

After the Gospel the following sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward D. Connolly, S. J., now at St. Joseph's but soon to assume the duties of Professor of Literature in Georgetown College:
"Blessed is the man that is found with-

out blemish, and that hath not gone after

out blemish, and that hath not gone after gold. Who is he, and we will praise him? for he hath done wonderful things in his life."—Epistle for St. Joachim's Day, Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption.
This day, the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption, the Church assigns as the Feast of St. Joachim, the father of our Blessed Lady. While celebrating the festival of the holy patriarch (not the less devoutly because he is the patron saint of our Holy Father the Pope), it will not be out of accord with the spirit of Catholic out of accord with the spirit of Catholic usage, if, with a view to God's glory and our own edification, we celebrate at the same time another most happy occasion. On the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption,

fifty years ago, the venerated Father who is Celebrant of the Mass at which we have come to assist, who for many years was Rector of St. Joseph's Church in this city, from which this Church of the Gesu derives its origin, and who for the past year has devoted himself to the service of this

congregation, consecrated his young life to God by entering the religious state. An anniversary so interesting in itself, so interesting to you, my brethren, could not be permitted to pass by without some

that blessed is the man who hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in the treasures of this world. And here it may be useful to observe that if the man who does not care for money is blessed, it follows that he who positively renounces it is more blessed still, since he imitates more closely the example of the Lord Christ, sequently most blessed of all is the man who, not content with renouncing riches merely, gives up the pleasures also, as well as the honors of the world, and binds himself to God by the vows of pov-

erty, chastity and obedience.
Who is the man that hath not gone after gold? Who is he? and we will praise him. We seem to detect the faintest touch of sarcasm here—who is he? and we will praise him, for he hath done wonderful things in his life—as if the speaker, observing the love of money to be so comdoubted whether any such man mon, doubted whether any such man could be found at all, or insinuated that, if found, he would turn out to be a very extraordinary person indeed. And yet such men are not rare. The Catholic Church, being holy, must bear in her bosom many close followers of the Man Divine, who spent his energies, not in going after gold, but in winning souls to heaven.

Let us try to answer the inquiry of Holy Writ, try to discover at least one child of happiness, one man who hath not put his trust in money and treasures. And be it well understood that if we succeed in finding him, we have by express concession from the Sacred Scripture the right to praise him, even though it be to his face, and that according to the revealed word, which pronounces the judgment of Almighty God, our good taste in so doing

own feelings, or at least is obliged to sur-render his right for one day in fifty years. Let us go back in imagination to half a Let us go back in imagination to half a century ago. God's blessing was on that day—that golden day—the progenitor of this day of jubilee, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, the 15th of August, 1834, when a lad of sixteen years, a student of Georgetown College, asked for admission into the Society of Jesus. There are present here to-day some who have not century ago. God's blessing was on that defined. Christ's cross, as with our right the demon. Upon his side stood the Lord Christ Himself, with the first tin money and treasures.

And having discovered such a man, shall we praise him, as we know we have a right to do on the authority of the divine word? Nay, to such a question the answer is not so easy. For, let me ask, what can be the first tin money and treasures.

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forgotten him as he was then, who rememforgotten him as he was then, who remember the elasticity of his start, the vigor of his frame, the mild earnest as of his eye. His brother is here, a revised priest, a beloved pastor, an honored voice in the Councils of the New England elergy. His sister is here, for more than twenty years distinguished as Superior of the Sisters of Christian the Livited Start Start of the Sisters of the Sist Charity in the United States. And, although the other five who spoke their vows in the same year and place with him have all passed to their reward, yet there are still living three venerable men his brothers in religion, older than he, who saw or might have seen the youthful candidate present himself for admission into

the novitiate. They might have seen, too, the light of heaven's inspiration in the boy's face as be entered for the first time the presence

of the Master of Novices.
"Father," he says, in answer to the rev erend man who questioned him of himself and his purpose, "I have come to offer myself to God, and ask admission into

myself to God, and ask admission into the Society of Jesus."
"Have you thought seriously of this step, my son, of the hard life you are em-bracing? You are young in years, your hopes must be ardent, your heart must be ambitious to be great."

"It is because I am ambitious to be great that I have come to devote myself

great that I have come to devote myself to the service of God."
"But you have bright prospects in the

many a noble career lies open before you.' "It is uncertain, Father, whither a car-eer in the world may lead and where it may end. I desire to follow that career

may end. I desire to follow that career which most certainly leads starward and ends beyond the stars."
"But you are yet without experience. You can know but little of the world and its allurements. The time will come, per-

haps, when you will regret your present

"No matter what may happen," the boy pleaded, "God will not fail me. He is constant. And I therefore can be constant. If I should live for fifty years, amid all the changes, my heart shall still remain unchanged. I wish to live for God, not for myself nor anything less than

"Son, you bind yourself irrevocably, not for a day, not for a year, nor for a score of years, but for your whole life, to poverty, to chastity, to obedience."

"My enlistment in God's service is not

for only a year or for only fifty years. is for as long as God shall give me life. wish to live not for time but for eternity. "Son, you will have to take a vow of poverty. You will have to love poverty as you love your mother, you shall have absolutely nothing of your own, you shall be a beggar, and you will have to ask for alms from door to door if need be,

or if commanded to do so by your Super-

"It is written, Father, as you know, that 'blessed is the man who hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in treasures, and you must remember the beautiful saying, that 'the fair flower of poverty was never known to grow in heaven, but so much was its bloom and beauty loved there, that the Prince of Heaven down to earth to cull its neglected blossoms and bear them back as treasures to His home.' The clink of the precious metal, the rustle of the bank-note is music to many an ear, but a pillow filled with bank notes cannot ensure refreshing sleep Cash can procure many a comfort, many a pleasure of feeling; it can open every door, and can even win consideration, but it cannot purchase noble thoughts or peace of mind or admission into heaven.

"You will have to take a vow of obedience. You will have to submit yourself, will and understanding, heart and mind, deed and word, to the will of another.

is because that man holds in my regard the place of God. I am still in one respect that man's superior, because, though vow to obey, I vow voluntarily, and I obey voluntarily, and thus it is I who give my Superior his appointment to command

"Obedience does not diminish liberty, it rather perfects it. True liberty makes a man master of himself, and I am truly free, because I have so much mastery over myself as to be able to renounce my own will. The shackles of obedience are not like the yokes that hold dumb driven cattle in subjection. They are the chains of duty, and being such are the finest orna-ments of the freeman."

Such was the nature of the answers to the probing of the Master of Novices. Two years the candidate had to pass in probation before he could legally be perprobation before he could legally be permitted to take the vows—two years of waiting before Sir Galahad could see the Holy Grail. The time, indeed, seemed long, but the trials were not severe to one who knew how to turn to heaven for aid.
The strength to withstand and overcome in the spiritual conflict is not derived solely or mainly from the strong fibre of It comes chiefly from the a hardy nature. grace of God, asked for in prayer, granted bountifully in the sacraments. If the Novice's soul through weariness flagged in the fight, the powers of heaven were quick at its cry to the rescue. With auxiliaries such as these victory was cer-

Upon his side during those days of trial stood his guardian angel, who by heaven's special appointment had always had him in his keeping. There, too, stood the soul of strongest faith among the faithful, Almighty God, our good taste in so doing cannot be questioned. A delicate ear does, indeed, shrink at the sound of its own praise; but the man who hath not gone after gold belongs not so much to himself as to the Christian Commonwealth, and there may be circumstances in which, for the general good, he has not a right to his own feelings or at least is obliged to surthan a nation's strength drawn up in line of battle, the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose heel had crushed the demon. Upon his side stood the Lord Christ Himself, with

foreheads, and then, under that Labarum, that sign by which we conquer, march on to meet the foe. weave its unseen folds over our breasts and these lips of ours were a reward strangely

And be it said here as a truth most true, and be it treasured in heart and brain as a truth most consoling and inspiring, that forces like these, the cavaliers of heaven. all the armaments of God, stand ready under arms, anxious to aid, listening for the call of any and every soul that has a temptation to overcome or a noble end to

At last the years of trial are over, and another golden day has dawned. The voice that spoke to the inner spirit of the boy has indeed proved to be the voice of God, and the vo and the Novice is permitted to take the rows. It is the fifteenth of August once more. There is mass in the little chapel of the Novitiate in Frederick, Maryland. The flowers are blooming, the lights are gleaming about the sacred tabernacle. With faces bowed and folded hands the With faces bowed and folded hands the black-robed sons of St. Ignatius are kneeling before the sanctuary. The priest has spoken the Domine non sum dignus, and now he pauses for a while in the sacred ritual, and the host remains unconsumed upon the altar. The solemn moment for the taking of the vows has come, and within the chapel all is still. The novice advances to the altar-steps, and kneels before the consecrated host:

fore the consecrated host

fore the consecrated host:

"Almighty and everlasting God," a voice is heard to speak in accents firm and clear, "I, Peter Blenkinsop, though all unworthy of Thy divine sight, yet trusting in Thy infinite goodness and mercy, and moved with the desire of serving Thee, do yow, before the Most Blessed Virgin and the whole court of heaven, to Thy Divine Majesty, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of And I do promise to enter that Society, forever to lead my life therein. understanding all things according to its constitutions. And, therefore, I beseech Thy boundless goodness and clemency, by the blood of Jesus Christ, to deign to accept this holocaust in an odor of sweetness, and as Thou hast given me the grace to make the offering in desire and in deeds, so also, I implore Thee, give me plentiful grace to

"Better is one short hour of glorious lift Than years without a name."

for so the secular poet sings.

"Better is one day in the courts of the Lord than a thousand in the abodes of sinful men," for so the divine poet sings. Many actions, gallant and fine, have been done, and, God be praised, every day are done by brave men, and unselfish women; but of all the deeds that admiring lips have sung or human eyes have went over, or at which men have cheered wept over, or at which men have cheered and clapped their hands, there is none more noble than to renounce at a blow, and place beyond recovery, all that is dearest and sweetest in the lives of men. The seraphs of God, the most exalted of the heavenly spirits, the poets among the angels, as they chant their fervid epics, delight to weave into their heroic couplets the story of souls that have made this offering, this divine capitulation, by which a man surrenders all his powers to heaven, and wins the glory of victory, not the shame of defeat.

If the religious should die the moment after pronouncing the vows, his soul would speed immediately to heaven, without passing through the fires of purgatory, because such is the merit of the offering he makes that it procures him a total remission of sin. By the act of consecration the most precious of all gifts is presented to God. We make Him a return equal in some respect to the first and greatest benefit He has conferred on us. We restore to Him our being, the most royal gift, because the earnest of all other gifts His Majesty can make us. The excellence of You will have to lose yourself. You will belong to another, will be his slave, subject to him in all things, except in what is evidently sinful. The very breath of your nostrils, the pulses of your veins, will be Fathers call it a second baptism, and they hostins, the pulses of your veins, will be recognition; and accordingly this day has been set apart by your pastor to honor the event and make it an occasion of edification for his people.

In the text I have cited it is averred in the pulse of your veins, will be liken it also to martyrdom. It is in all things a martyrdom save that the robe within me that I shall find. Father, I am most anxious to take this vow of obedience. Although I vow to obey a man, it

Besides the heroism that accompanies every such act of self-devotion, the sacri-fice may possess a peculiar excellence from the character of the person making it. God who is wise and wonderful inspires in many ways the hearts and minds of men. Some enter the religious state moved by disappointment or failure in the world. Others hide their foreheads in the world. Others hide their foreheads in the monk's cowl because they hope to e able to shut out thereby the memory

of a regretful past.

Some to whom an early call has been vouchsafed, and unhappily has not been heeded, make a late offering of a heart in which passion and pride have left only a few expiring embers amid the wan ashes to be laboriously fanned into a flame by the breath of a tardy devotion. But certainly it is a fairer sight to see, when youth and innocence fly straight to God on the wings of an ardent love, a maiden passion, than when bitter experience hob-bles into heaven on the crutches of repentance.

Other scenes I might lead you to view in the career of fifty years. I might lead you to another altar, where at a later day you to another altar, where at a later day the son of Loyola, following the command of his rule, obeys the call to the priest-hood, where the Bishop anoints the palms of the young Levite with the holy oil delivers the sacred vessels into his hands, and invests him with the power—the stupendous power not entrusted even to the angels—of consecrating the hanges. the angels—of consecrating the banquet of Christ's Body and the chalice of His Blood.

But our purpose to-day is to commemorate merely the adoption of the religious state, and the after consummation of the neart's desire by the profession of the

lips.

We shall not speak, then, of the loyalty, the love, the zeal of all those fifty years, nor of the studies, the labors, the honors, the responsibilities, of the professor, the pastor, the spiritual director. It will suffice the professor and answer confidently the fice us if we can answer confidently the inquiry of Holy Writ, and can point out man who hath not gone after gold nor put his trust in money and treasures.

And having discovered such a man, shall

Indacquate.

If the man we have been looking for had lived his life for the sake of the world's applause, then, indeed, our tribute of esteem might be worth the having. But when a soul thinks its thoughts and does its deeds for the sake of that eulogy which Almighty God has promised to pronounce in person over his life and work before the full assembly of life and work before the full assembly of the citizens of heaven: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou has been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many things; enter into the joy of thy Lord;" if, I say, his hope has been to hear the divine lips deliver his panegyric, then there is reason to fear that any words of commendation which a human tongue can utter may appear flat

and stale and unprofitable.

And yet the esteem of honest hearts is a thing to be desired, and their applause has a high value when bestowed on God's servant in the name of God. disproportionate the good opinion of men may be to the reward deserved by him who has been good and faithful, still it must be borne in mind that the actions of Christian men done in the state of grace may be termed in some true sense the actions of Christ Himself, in much the same way as in the body the motion of the members is attributed to the head. And in this view, the testimony of our esteem has more than a human value. And so it is worth the having, and so it is worth the offering, and so we do here desire to offer it with all our hearts.

When, on the fiftieth anniversary of their nuptials, we celebrate, according to a beautiful custom, the golden weddings of friends of ours to whom God has granted length of years, we offer them gifts of gold, in the attempt to symbolize precious offering how precious is the esti-mation in which we hold them in our thoughts; and just as on a golden wedding day, the children and children's children and kinsmen and friends of the children and kinsmen and friends of the married pair vie with each other in offering tokens of affection and regard, so, to our Father, on this day of jubilee, we, his brothers in religion, who are honored by fellowship with him in the Society of Jesus; we, his brethren of the priesthood, whose honore and duties he has honorably whose honors and duties he has honorably whose honors and duties he has honorably and dutifully borne; we, his spiritual children, who have been reared in God's household by his care, his lessons, his counsels, who have never spoken our tale of sorrow to his ear without hearing the word of consolation from his lips; we, members of this congregation, who have the privilege of clasping his hand and calling him friend and father; all of us here present, old friends from old St. Joseph's, and new friends in new St. Joseph's, sons and daughters of the Christian family, carry our tribute of congratulation, rejoicing with him in the dawning of this day, which crowns with its golden fruit the blossoms of fifty years.

And we offer him—not gifts of gold, for

this he hath never gone after-we offer this he hath never gone after—we offer him tokens more precious than gold, for gold can be bought; more lasting than gold, for gold will rust; we offer him the unpurchasable, the enduring treasure of the heart, our love and gratitude. we thank him—nay thank is not the -we never can sufficiently thank him for the example he has given us of steadfast faith and constant mind. We pray God to bless him. We bespeak for him all hap-piness. We wish him health and length of years. And we ask him to reach forth those consecrated hands—hands from old practice well skilled in benediction—and less our striving for our souls' salvation, goodness aiding, of all who are here to-day not one may be missing when we celebrate our Father's next jubilee in heaven.

Water as a Remedy.

There is no remedy of such general apolication, and none so easily attainable, as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy a high place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, and then quickly wrung and applied over the seat of the pain in tooth ache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours vield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water, when applied premptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cot-ton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle cured in an hour by ering it with hot water, poured from a height of three feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime s the best of cathartics in the case of con stipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure, it is said, any curable case of dyspepsia. Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The Record of the Fairs.

The superiority of Wells, Richardson & Co's., Improved Butter Color over all others made, is again demonstrated by its record at the Autumnal Fairs. The test of practical use is what tells the story, and the great value of the premiums given by Agricultural, Fairs, lies in the fact the great value of the premiums given by the Agricultural Fairs, lies in the fact, that the judges in these cases are regular farmers, who know what their needs are and what will supply them. Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, which has taken first premium at all fairs where exhibited, is put up in a vegetable oil so prepared that it cannot become rancid a most important property. become rancid, a most important property, the lack of which is fatal to so many of the Butter Colors offered for sale. It does not color the butter milk; it imparts a bright natural color, which is unattained by many others; and being the strongest is the cheapest Color in the market. For sufferers of Chronic diseases 36 pp, symptoms, remedies, helps, advise. Send stamp—DR, WHITTER, 200 (Race St. Cincinnati O., (old office). State case.

BROTHER IRLIDE.

A SYMPATHETIC SKETCH OF HIS NOBLE CAREER.

Brother Irlide is dead. For nearly half a century Brother Irlide, Superior General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, had honored the garb of his noble profession by those virtues which adorn the devout Christian and the accomplished educator. FROM THE TRIBUNE TO THE CELL.

Born at Bayonne, on the stormy coast of southern France, his nature caught up from his very birth the restless force of the waves that oft lulled his infant hours to sleep; earnest and serious, he determined to throw himself early in life into the turbulent tide of French politics, shortly after the first empire had fallen before the allied armies of Europe. His eloquence and dauntless courage at once marked him as a leader among men, and his success at the Bar at the early age of twenty-five years gave earnest that he would stand foremost among the most eloquent pleaders of his time. But Providence had other designs in view, and, before the last impassioned appeal that leaped from his lips in defence of the widow and the orphan had ceased to be heard, a deep-rooted change had come over the impetuous young advocate. Without a day's hesitation, he dropped his lawyer's gown of silk to assume the coarse and sombre habiliments which the grand virtues of the Venerable De la Salle had sanctified. Having become a member of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, he exhibited at the very coarse of the charge of the second secon very outset of his changed career the same indomitable energy, the same fidelity to duty, and the same strict observance of the spirit of his calling which had filled with hope the hearts of those friends who predicted for him a high place in the councils of the nation. CHARACTER AND LEARNING OF THIS GREAT

MAN. Nothing distinguished this gifted and Nothing distinguished this gifted and saintly man so much as a fulness of religious spirit which made the success of his work the ever present topic of his thoughts, speech, and writings. To labor for the spread of Christian education was the passion of his life. To this end he lent all the energies of his strong will and impulsive character. This spirit filled him to overflowing, saturated him filled him to overflowing, saturated him from head to foot, and left no moment free from schemes and projects looking to the advancement of the cause which was so dear to him. Nature had done her work well in bestowing on him the brilliant qualities of heart and mind, and he supplemented her liberality by a life of arduous study and by a cultivation of those virtues which make not only a good man, but the amiable, courteous and refined gentleman. As a consequence, his learning put him in the front rank of modern scholars. Few would suspect that the unassuming Brother who trod the poorest quarters of fair Paris with far greater delight than he did her boulewards was the neer of the Academicians. vards, was the peer of the Academicians and members of the institute of France. As a linguist he was regarded by the most accomplished scholars of his country as authority without superior. Latin, Greek, Italian and Spanish literature were as Italian and Spanish literature were as familiar to him as the classic works of his own tongue, and yet so sensitive was his own tongue, and yet so sensitive was his modesty that very few not intimately acquainted with him understood the depth and variety of his attainments. It was infinitely more congenial to his ardent charity to sit for hours teaching their elements to the children than to discuss the problems of science and philosophy to which his nature inclined him. When such a man dies the loss is not only a national but a universal one. The French are not alone in their mourning, and wherever a heart beats, to which religious education is an object of love there will sadness rule when the tidings of Brother Irlide's death shall have been made known. HIS WONDERFUL COURAGE IN THE FACE OF

guise of anti-clericalism, sought to shatter the foundations on which Catholic France rested, and, with well-devised cunning, the shafts of the enemy were chiefly aimed at the education which the Church approved and supported. Schools and colleges wherein the name of God might be heard were ordered closed, and the sorrowful note of protestation which went up from Catholic France against the most niquitous measure that ever disgraced the statute books of a nation, was throughout the world. Brother Irlide was told that his schools were doomed, that he might as well close their doors without a murmur, and quietly submit to the inevitable. But little such timid counsellors kuew of the fibers of steel that beat within his bosom. With the consummate tact and politeness which so notably dis-tinguished him, the Brother threw wide his doors to the committee which was to decide the matter, and when informed by them that he was a lawbreaker in keeping his schools open, he told them that he was quite willing to be a lawbreaker, and such a lawbreaker he continued to be to the day of his death while his enemies gashed their teeth in despair. The mag-nificent courage with which Brother Irlide defied the enemies of France, who pre-tended to be her rulers, elicited the ad-miration of all friends of true civilization the world over, and made men think again of the heroism and self-sacrifice of those Brothers who braved and died by Prussian bullets fourteen years ago. Notwithstanding edicts and bulletins, threats and frowns; notwithstanding the fierce opposition of a turbulent munici-pality, Brother Irlide flinched not one jot and came out a conqueror at the end.

AT HIS DEATHBED.

He has gone from the France which he loved so well, mourned by the noblest, best and most intelligent of the land. best and most intelligent of the land.

Mgr. Guibert, Cardinal-Archbishop of
Paris, the venerable Archbishop of Ifficians,
the Bishop of Orleans and the Bishop of
Versailles were present at the bedside of
their dying Brother, and spoke the last
words of comfort to him. Baron Macou,
his life long friend, wept as the faithful
Christian expired, and the noble Senator Christian expired, and the noble Senator Chesnelong, a giant among his colleagues, mingled his tears with those of the prelates and nobles who witnessed the last bours of Brother Irlide.

ATTENTION!

New York Freeman's Journal. The schools are open, but all children who ought to go to school, have not gone

yet.

To the rich there is open a vast choice of schools both in America and Europe. So wide has been spread the reputation of convent schools, that there is little danger a Catholic parent will hesitate between one of them and a secular boarding-school. But no school should be chosen without

due examination and grave thought given to find the one most suitable to the pupil. It has been sometimes said of convent schools that they do not make their pupils "abreast of the times." They do not teach the doctrine that a girl must cultivate the utilitarian "cheek" so necessary in the world. This—the only objection made to them—is well taken. They do not permit the bloom of modesty to be brushed off girlhood; they are hermitages where the pearl of virginity is carefully guarded. The scandals of the newspapers are not canvassed within their walls are the love letters of admirers brought to them from without. These restraints are not felt in fashionable boarding-schools. Prudent fathers, Catholic or non-Catholic,

do not object to them.

The convent-schools have one model, the Immaculate Mother of God; consequently their pupils are not expected to practice the brazen stare, the hard manner, and the knowing air, which are considered distinguished by the young ladies who do not aim to be good women, but women of the century, "abreast of the

There are many good schools for boys, although no school can have the effect of a father's direction and example, or the influence of a discreet mother. No boy should be sent away to a school vaguely recommended. School-life means future

life or death to the boy.

The saying of Blanche of Castile, that she would rather see her son dead than know he had committed a single mortal sin, expresses a feeling that must be usual among Catholic parents. This being the case, how important are his early training and associations! How closely ing and associations! How closely guarded should his youth be, that he should be prepared to resist temptation, and moreover, that the delicate Catholic instinct should be cultivated in him! and horeover, that the deficate Catalone instinct should be cultivated in him! How, then, can a parent hesitate, if a Catholic school is at all possible?

Christianity must be well taught. If our children are to be worthy of the

saints and martyrs, they must learn that the Faith which Our Lord Jesus Christ the Faith which Our Lord Jesus Christ taught and teaches, is worth dying for. They must be taught this every day. They must not be allowed to forget it. How can this be done, if not in school? Few parents have the time to instruct their children carefully at home, and some are doubtful of their ability.

Left to the mercy of a non-Catholic day-school, and an hour's mumbling of the Catechism on Sunday, what is to pecome of the children ?

The sad experience of the past ought to answer that question; the numbers of nominal, indifferent, incredulous people baptized Catholics show the result of it. The work of non Catholic schools and mixed marriages is sufficiently evident to the observer.

the observer.

The time is not far off when parents, passed beyond the gates of death, will long for the prayers of their children—when each prayer will be sweeter to them than the drop of water Dives craved from Lazarus. But the poor children, neglected now, will be prayerless if they have never been taught to way as Christians should been taught to pray as Christians should.

The Passion Flower.

One day as a Spanish priest was preaching to the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru on the Passion of our Lord, his eye suddenly fell on a curious flower hanging in festoons from the trees overhead, which presented a vivid picture of the awful drama of Calvary. The rings of thread which surround the cup of the flower, and which are mottled with blue, crimson and Which are mottled with blue, crimson and white, reminded him of the Crown of Christian Brothers was cast in a most trying and critical time. Irreligion, in the thers on the stamens represented the Five thers on the stamens represented the Five Wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed Our Blessed Lord to the Cross; and the singular column which rises in the centre of the flower recalled the harrowing scene of the second Sorrowful Mystery of the of the second Sorrowith Mystery of the Most Holy Rosary. So, without Bible or books, the holy missionary instructed his converts on the Passion; and to this day our beautiful creeping garden flower is called the Passion Flower, which in all languages bears the same name.

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