

Only.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little corner of a city wall,
And taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.
Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way,
And the message that through the flower
Was sent, brought the weary soul a sweet content.
For it spoke of the little cross-wreathed maid,
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad.
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.
Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught:
For it led through a life, like a thread of gold,
And the little flower—'twas a hundred-fold.
Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new-born soul entered in by the door.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

Franchised in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.
THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—
FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

To-day, my brethren, is Our Lady's birthday. She who is the type of all un-fading beauty was this day born into our world nearly two thousand years ago. May God bless her and may every soul alive, by deeper stirrings of heavenly joy this day which made glad the bright company of the angels and told of the approach of man's salvation. Her birth meant the birth of Him who is the born of all the regenerate and in whom all the elect are born again unto newness of life. Our Lady herself being the noble queen of men that she is by reason of her Son's foreseen merits.

It seems to me that we should say a prayer for the Jewish people on this day. "Let thy dwelling be in Jacob and thy inheritance in Israel and take root in my elect" are words applied to Our Lady by the Church in her offices. Mere worldly honor, my brethren, whether of wealth or family, is by spiritual writers classed among the vanities of this life. But the children of Israel were a chosen people and the House of David a royal family, and both in a sense far above what man can give. If I am the son of a rich man I may still die a pauper, and if the son of a great man I may still be a mean creature little wretch or even an idiot. But to be of the blood kindred of Jesus Christ is a very different sort of inheritance. It is the inheritance of a life that people—no honor nor quite forfeited, let us hope, even by their apostasy and their many additional crimes. Our Lady was, as a Jewess: "I took root in an honorable people—I was established in Sion." It seems to me that our very first thought on a day of hers like this should be a prayer that she may hasten the time when her blessed kingdom of the flesh may end the veil which covers their faces and their hearts and come to her Son and to her, and to the true religion, the Holy Catholic Church. "The loss of them," says St. Paul, "is the reconciliation of the world; what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" Surely for no cause would Mary of Nazareth plead with her Son more gently than for that great, strange and everlasting race to which she belongs herself.

Another peculiarly fitting prayer this day and during its octave is for the female sex. The Mother of Jesus is the glory of the entire race, but she is the woman of history and of revelation. From her and on account of her comes all the dignity of the sex. "I am the Mother of fair love, calm of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope" are the words the Church speaks for her in her office, using those words of the Wise Man. And indeed love and fear and knowledge and hope, together with all the other beneficent forces of nature and grace, are in the custody of women. Who taught you about Christ and Paradise? Your mother. The mother of the family is the original and directly appointed vicar of God in this world. Who so easily off as a motherless child? What form of error so miserable as that which has so totally failed to convince men that the true religion can exist without a Great Mother? What city of refuge so sweet to the punting fugitive from divine justice as the bosom of that Great Mother? She watches over the female sex. She gives them their pattern in every relation of life, virgin, wife and mother. She consecrates their joys, hallowes their grief, dignifies their modest retirement, asserts and secures their rights in the home and in the State. Now, let us pray her most fervently that she may stand by the sex these days more than ever before. For it is just now that many women are tools of Satan to corrupt the minds of the young with foul reading, to lure them to hell by obscene plays, to make them flippant and frivolous by pagan amusements and by valetudines in dress, to drive families to ruin by their waste and extravagance, and to scatter and disgrace them by divorces and worse. And some women are drunkards.

Let us appeal to the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, on this day especially, to direct them to holy, virtuous and good ends, and, above all, deep religious character for all her sex.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Pulson's Nervine is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies known. Nervine cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, Neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nervine will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nervine. Large bottles 25 cents; trial bottles only 10 cents.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes: Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It acts as a digestive, wonderfully I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fullness after each meal.

A GREAT DISASTER

THE CATHEDRAL OF HARBOR GRACE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Harbor Grace Standard, Sep. 4.
The greatest fire with which this, the second city of Newfoundland, has been visited since 1858, when a large portion of the town was swept away, occurred early on Monday morning last. Then, in the short space of less than four hours, the very fine, very substantial, very handsome pile of buildings, known as the Harbor Grace Cathedral, was totally destroyed by the insatiable fire fiend. The feelings provoked by such a calamitous event it is hard to adequately describe—there was one general sentiment of deep regret created in the minds of the citizens, almost without exception. They each and all felt that their town had been rudely despoiled of its principal public building, which to it was alike an ornament and a credit, and was greatly admired by whomsoever visited. Strangers coming here could not but be struck with the style, finish and rare beauty of the interior of the massive edifice; and to wonder much that a small town like Harbor Grace could boast of having within its precincts such an imposing structure as its handsome cathedral unquestionably was. But, alas! it is gone now! The calamity, so far as this place is concerned, is indeed a big one!

That the sad destruction of the beautiful cathedral should have formed the all-engrossing topic of conversation is not much to be wondered at. Not a man but felt that the town had met with a big disaster. There was (1) the loss of a grand structure, which its people felt proud and delighted to ask strangers to come and see. But (2) there was a greater loss. The hard-earned gifts of the poor, ungrudgingly given, as well as the free offerings of the affluent, which together, after years of patient and devoted consecration, resulting in the completion of the magnificent cathedral, have all, alas! been swept away by the unrelenting scourge! Only the blackened walls remain. "Let a woful affliction," people knelt and worshipped the Great Jehovah; where the sad and weary came for solace to their wounds; where the young and thoughtless bowed in reverent homage; and where the aged and bent pilgrim found an asylum of peace, of hope, of joy! There, too, were the departed friends, whose familiar faces loomed up before the sight while one contemplates the devastation which has swept these sacred structures all away, leaving not a vestige behind! It is indeed a sad picture. We cannot but unite with everyone in deep sympathy with the people of Harbor Grace and their people in this mysterious dispensation which stirred alike the hearts of Catholics and Protestants; for surely each and every one of us love our own beloved Zion, and we therefore reverence the sanctuaries of our brethren. "Rebuid, ye the walls of Jerusalem!" Let every one do his part, as God enables him to help on this consummation! And speaking of our Catholic fellow-citizens, may we not say that the Catholic people, let us repeat, to our children as a sacred obligation.

The following, so far as we have been able to gather them, are the particulars in connection with the unfortunate disaster which has shorn Harbor Grace of its beautiful cathedral:

The Bishop, it appears, was preparing to go to St. John's Cave by the early train that starts at 4 a. m. He arrived at a quarter to three, and having finished his morning devotion he went down to his study, and was all ready to leave when the convent bell rang out. His Lordship thought that it was the usual bell which rings at 5 o'clock and that he had missed the outgoing train. Wondering that his watch and the convent bell did not agree, he looked at his watch and the peace. At this time there was a soul on the ground, so the bishop himself was the first on the scene of the disaster.

The flames which he saw coming from the eastern wing of the edifice had not up to this time gained much headway; and had ten men with buckets of water been there, they would have erected the progress of the fire. The Bishop immediately hurried back, and called Father Rowe; they got the key of the western wing of the Church and unlocked the door. The Bishop made an effort, at the evident risk of his life, to reach the Tabernacle on the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the eastern transept; but the darkness caused by the smoke was so dense that he mistook the Altar of the Sacred Host (which was near by) for the Blessed Sacrament Altar. When about to retrace his steps, the Bishop fell to the floor partly suffocated; but he managed to clutch the altar rail, and guided by it to crawl along to the western entrance almost exhausted. Meanwhile Father Rowe had gone to give the alarm. He had not been absent more than ten minutes when the fire bells of the town were heard ringing out and he returned with the first detachment of the fire brigade.

When the hose first began to play upon the fire one would have hoped that the devouring element would be kept under subjection, but this hope soon vanished when the flames were seen ascending between the double walls of the dome. In ten minutes the cupola was ablaze—the fire running with lightning rapidity along the woodwork, the painted and other inflammable material siding the conflagration. The firemen and townsmen, without distinction, worked indefatigably; but soon the flames had communicated with the dome, and all hope of saving the noble structure was then abandoned. An hour and a half after the alarm was given the magnificent dome fell with a tremendous crash, driving the sparks in a brilliant volume skyward. The brilliantly grand scene was witnessed by hundreds of interested spectators. It was soon evident that the building (containing the convent and school) just to the eastward of the cathedral was in great danger. But, fortunately, men with the aid of water and of wet blankets extinguished the burning timbers as soon as they fell upon or else quickly swept them off the roof. All further danger was past as soon as the blazing dome went down—the supports being consumed, it fell upon the malleable altar with a terrific crash, heard

far and near, the sparks being thrown in a brilliant spray high up into the air. The fire, besides being damped by the molten lead of the roof, was fortunately confined by the masonry work of the cathedral. The wood-work of the interior, however, was now well ablaze, and the fire quickly extended to the organ gallery and the towers. To save the fine musical instrument nothing could be done; and it was not long before it shared the fate of the other inside church furniture. And so the fire fiercely burned! At 6 o'clock the roof of the eastern tower with its fine ball fell to the ground, the sparks ascending in a bright cloud. After a time the smoldering timber within the walls was partly extinguished by a big dash of water. By the exercise of much trouble and during the western tower, in which the other large bell was hung, was left nearly intact. The firemen gaining an entrance through the windows, copiously played the water upon the rapidly approaching flames, and after a time succeeded in quelling them, and saving the structure, which now stands—not much injured—a monument to the indefatigable labors of our trusty firemen and others. The ravages of the fire happily stopped here. But the magnificent cathedral, with its grand dome, was a charred, blackened wreck; the walls of the former were much injured by the fire and its woodwork was entirely consumed. The stone front of the edifice, with the western tower, stands practically intact, but looking very lone and desolate—a sad monument of departed grandeur.

The building with all the church furniture, plate, vestments, etc., must have cost not less than \$250,000. It is hopeless to think of seeing it replaced in its pristine grandeur, as times are so much changed for the worse since the date of its inception, about thirty years ago. Catholics in Harbor Grace were then more numerous and prosperous. The work began and continued under devoted priests and prelates, and the people were generous with their means which at that time were abundant. At present the outlook of the Catholic population is gloomy indeed. However, before the debris had ceased burning, Dr. MacDonald had received many expressions of sympathy from outsiders—Among them are names of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Terence O'Brien, Llewellyn, the Lord Bishop of Newfoundland, Rev. Father Dautney, St. John's, Rev. Father O'Connell, Rev. St. John's, Rev. Father Flynn, of Little Bay Mines; Rev. M. Fenelon, Colonial Secretary, and P. J. Scott, Esq. M. H. A.

Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of St. John's, and Rev. J. Scott, of that diocese, are at present on a visit of condolence to Dr. MacDonald.

What form the reconstruction of the cathedral will assume, is not yet determined upon; much is said, will depend on the amount of assistance from the outside. There is, we understand, a building fund of the new episcopal residence, of some three or four thousand dollars, which will be transferred to the building fund of the new cathedral.

Lordship has, we learn, received from one member of his congregation the handsome contribution of \$100, and has an offer from another person, whose name we are now not at liberty to mention, of the very magnificent donation of \$2,000. Smaller sums with the above give hope that the rebuilding will commence at an early date.

The noble edifice that was destroyed was finished about three years ago, and all its artistic details, collected such as marble altars, stained glass windows, carpets, and a magnificent set of Stations of the Cross erected by the Bishop no later than last spring.

THE SISTERS OF NAZARETH.

From a Correspondent of the London, Eng., Christian World (Protestant), Aug. 13.

We know them well by sight as, hidden and hooded and veiled, they swiftly, silently pass through our midst in the crowded street, or glide by us down some filthy, foul aired slum. But not all of us know the place whence they come, or the self denying work in which they are engaged. In this article, therefore, I propose briefly to give an account of a visit I paid to Nazareth House. Close to Hammarby, in the city of Stockholm, stands a great red brick building, imposing in its size and appearance, which is surrounded by a lofty wall, and which stands in its own wide grounds. Descending from the 'bus, I walked straight to a little door, where, ere the bell I rang had ceased pealing, was opened to me a sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Sister, who, when I had explained the object of my visit, bade me cordially welcome. Another Sister, as kind and courteous as the first, volunteered, in the absence of the Rev. Superior, to be my guide through the great building. Having first walked through the beautifully kept garden, and having stood a moment in silent contemplation of the little cemetery, wherein lie in rest and peace the Sisters who have passed away, I followed my guide into the women's wards. Very poor, very old, very sick and needy were most of the inmates of these exquisitely-kept rooms, where no noise is ever heard, where warmth and comfort surround the closing moments of those in whose lives has too often been experienced the daily tragedy of cruel neglect, of want, misery, and disease. Here, however, peace and contentment reigned supreme. At the bed side of one old lady was sleeping a little child, the joy of her heart, the pride of her life. Another patient was busily employed in some very beautiful patchwork for quilts, in which many of the women are so proficient, that over and over again they have won the highest prizes at different large bazaar meetings, which is thoroughly stocked with drugs by some of the city's able wholesale vendors of medicaments in the city. It is impossible for me to exaggerate the air of intense comfort and happiness which pervades this room, and indeed every apartment of the house.

Passing the pretty little chapel, the Sister invited me in, and I found myself in the lovely edifice, capable of holding several hundred people. In answer to my question as to whether attendance was free, the Sister emphatically replied: "Certainly not; all the grown up people are allowed to sit on Sunday to attend any church or chapel they wish; we do not even ask to what religious denomination they belong." I could not help thinking to myself that no other religious charity in London could boast of such absolute tolerance and freedom from bigotry as could this great Catholic institution, presided over by those whom the English in general so fond of crediting with the most ridiculous form of narrow-mindedness that it is possible to conceive. "And now," said my guide, who I may remark seemed, in common with all the other Sisters, to be entirely loved by old and young alike: "And now we will go to the nursery." Long before we reached the nursery, I knew by gay laughter and childish voices the light that would present itself to me when the door was opened. And sure enough, as soon as we showed ourselves within the nursery there was a shout of laughter, followed by a dead silence, as the Sister held up her hand and bade them be quiet for one minute. "Babies, I have brought a gentleman to see you." And then a small voice cried out: "Yes, he comes to play with us?" "Yes, I have," was my rash and incautious reply, and immediately sitting down in their midst, I was surrounded by a whole swarm of gentle, happy little ones, who showed me their toys, piled me with endless questions, and generally enjoyed what the Americans term a very high old time indeed. In the innumerable children's ward the sounds are subdued, and even upon the faces of the most afflicted there is written a wonderful happiness, and their chief consolation is that, unlike their stronger and healthier companions, they will never quit the loving, tender care of the Sisters.

In the airy, beautiful school rooms the little girls, many of whom were the earnestly striven for, much prized models, were hard at work, writing, sewing, reading, arithmetic, and each of its kind as good as could be wished. After the usual education they are taught to make themselves useful in household work, and at sixteen or seventeen they are placed out as servants. "We never lose sight of them," said the Sister, "and always at Christmas time they write to us and we to them, and so we are enabled to keep some influence over them and through their lives. In the kitchen the Sisters were hard at work preparing the dinner of the day, and Mr. Meyer himself could never have excelled the celebrated Nazareth House soup, which I tasted with a very great relish, and of which an abundant supply is daily provided throughout the winter months. After having tasted with some of the old men, who were reading their papers, smoking their pipes, and fighting their battles over again, I sat down and talked to a few of the Sisters, and then to a regular inmate of the house, but upon God's providence and the charity of the whole community, neither of which has ever failed them once in all these years, they put their trust, "as none," she added, "are so generous and kind to us as the Protestants, especially the Dissenters, and in turn no one is so rejected from our doors, and no one is so ready to help us as the Anglican clergy." A dying person asks for an Anglican clergyman or a Dissenting Minister, the rates are open for his coming. Every morning two of the Sisters go out at 5.30 with our well-known wagon, to call at the fish, meat and vegetable markets. Only once did we pass almost a day without food, it was on that dreadful day in June, 1851, when almost no other vehicle but ours was to be seen in the snowy streets; but late at night, and when we were half-starved, the Sisters returned and we had such a grand supper, all of us together, but we realized then how terrible our position would be if charity ever failed us. We are built up by establishments to this in every part of the world, and from every one we receive the most wonderful kindness.

As the gate closed once more upon me, I passed into the noisy, work-a-day world, filled with the thoughts of a great charity which holds it more blessed to give than to receive, and that, forgetful of itself, is ever mindful of the sick, the sorrow, the suffering and weariness of the great city.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Once upon a time there was a king who had a little son whom he loved very much, so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. But, for all this, the young prince wore a frown whenever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. One day a magician came to the king. He saw the sorrow on the boy's face, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy and turn his frown into smiles." The magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Then he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper and see what he could read. The boy did as he was told, and the white letter turned into a beautiful tune. They formed these words: "O! a kindness to some one every day." The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the realm.

At Death's Door.

My little boy had diarrhoea and came very near dying. After the failure of using one of Dr. Power's Extract of Wild Strawberry which I bought a quick cure, and I know of two others who were cured by the same remedy. FREDMAN C. AMON, Hillier, Ont.

FEVER AND AGUE AND RHEUMATISM. These are actively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. The pills are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

KING MATAAFA A CATHOLIC.

Among the things not generally known is probably the fact that the chief of the Marist order in Samoa, is a good and pious Catholic, and that he received his training in the Marist faith from the Marist Fathers. At the laying of the foundation stone a few weeks ago of a residence of the Marist order in Sydney, His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, delivered an address in the course of which he referred as follows to Mataafa: "During the past few weeks the exciting and tragic events at Samoa have engaged the attention of the Australian colonies and the whole civilized world. With the gloomy records of the deplorable hurricane disaster they had the bright record of the gallantly Christian Marist chief, the Catholic chief, Mataafa. That brave man, who had been selected for the position of king by almost the unanimous voice of the native people, wore a cross upon his dusky skin—and he (the Cardinal) might add, that beneath that cross, the emblem of his faith, beat the true heart of a soldier. The chief had shown his soldierly qualities by the way in which he thrashed the Germans who attacked him, but it was at the moment his higher and better nature was appealed to that he manifested the true heroism of the Christian chief. He and his party had been trained in Christian virtues by the Marist Fathers. And what better proof of the noble character of the teaching and the training imparted by the Marists could be asked than the spirit of self sacrifice, compassion and enlightened charity, which the chief and his followers displayed in succoring and comforting, during these fearful scenes, those whom he had been forced to regard as their enemies? The account of the occurrence told them that the chief and his two hundred or three hundred men risked their lives to save the drowning sailors, and told them, too, how the native leaders set their trusty men on guard so that there should be no violation of order, and so that not even the theft of one penny's worth should be added to the losses attendant on the terrible disaster. How exemplary set by these men, whom it pleased same to speak of as savages, was an example that many civilized countries might do well to follow. Such exhibitions of character on the part of Catholic natives of the South Seas made it evident that the blood of martyrdom and the self denying labors of the Marist missionaries had already borne abundant and consoling fruit."

CAUSE OF DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS.

After a thorough examination of the subject and its exhaustive treatment, the Hon. George P. Marsh thus concludes: "With the extirpation of the forest all is changed. At one season the earth parts with its warmth by radiation to an open sky; at another receives an immediate heat from the unobstructed rays of the sun. Hence the climate becomes excessive, the soil is alternately scorched by the rigors of winter. Black winds sweep unrelieved over its surface, drift away the snow that sheltered it from the frost, and dry up its scanty moisture. The precipitation becomes irregular as the temperature; the melting snows and vernal rains no longer absorbed by a loose and phibulous mold, rush over its frozen surface and pour down the valleys seaward instead of filling a retentive bed of absorbent earth and storing up a supply of moisture to feed perennial springs. The soil is bare of its covering of leaves, broken and loosened by the plow, deprived of the fibrous rootlets which held it together, dried and pulverized by sun and wind, and at last exhausted by uncombined earth and storing up a supply of moisture to feed perennial springs. The soil is bare of its covering of leaves, broken and loosened by the plow, deprived of the fibrous rootlets which held it together, dried and pulverized by sun and wind, and at last exhausted by uncombined earth and storing up a supply of moisture to feed perennial springs. The soil is bare of its covering of leaves, broken and loosened by the plow, deprived of the fibrous rootlets which held it together, dried and pulverized by sun and wind, and at last exhausted by uncombined earth and storing up a supply of moisture to feed perennial springs. 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