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My Saint.

The dear, quiet presence I christened My

-MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in Burlington

DAD'S JO.

Just noon of a warm, bright day at Block Island. On the broad, shady pizza of the great hotel there is an unbroken stillness. The roses, clambering over the railing, nod lazily in the breeze; the lace curtains at the lorg windows sway gently to and fro; the parlors beyond are silent and deserted. Up at the beach the waves and deserted. Up at the beach the waves are alcepily lapping the glistening sand, while the bright colored suits drying in long lines behind the bathing-houses, are the only reminder of the merriment which existed less than half an hour ago. One or two ox-teams are slowly creeping along the road, loaded with trailing seaweed of veriegated hues ; here and there is a group

the road, loaded with trailing seaweed of variegated hues; here and there is a group of bronzed fishermen mending their nets. These are the only signs of life. Everybody is down on the pier. The Block Island is overdue more than twenty minutes, and the rickety boards creak and tremble as the anxious crowd press to the very edge, each one eager to catch the first glimpse of the steamer as she rounds Clay Head. The excitement increases The bin

The excitement increases. The fishing boats huddle closer together behind the breakwater; the hackmen, growing impa-tient, vociferate loudly; the Marine band in the pavilion on the hill strikes up; and

yet_____ "Here comes Jo!" some one shouts. "Depend on't, the boat'll be in soon, now," says a grizzled old fisherman standing close by. "Jo's a sure sign. Nigh onto a year since she's watched that boat come in every day, and I never knew her to round the Head unless Jo was here."

"Well, cheer up, loss ; he's waiting for

My Saint.
My saint! As I name her I fancy you think of some gracious woman, tail, stately and f.
Ofsome gracious woman, tail, stately and f.
Ofsome gracious woman, tail, stately and f.
Who bears her serenely, while wearing fail of account of the benefit or own hair.
Who bears her serenely, while wearing fail for the benefit or own hair.
If s ieves me, believe me, to slight your show and the face and the charm of my saint.
Is she young f isshe old f I am pussied to the ligyof: The face and the charm of my saint.
Is she young f isshe old f I am pussied to the set for you and to me.
Shuth ber some into a face and the charm of me.
Shuth set issue so tacady, her smile isso face and to park for the state and a speaking in the sumatine, the barger actions are so tacady, her smile isso face the locks faded, the pale brow in yraded.
For most the locks faded, the pale brow in yraded.
Fy heast thorbs crise out to the Helper brows burdens are bails that the fall and speaking in the sumatine, the barger caches.
Fy heast thorbs crise out to the Helper brows bardens are bails there to this assortion.
For a far words in brief samether to ill assire and the face in the serve she dear Lord in a service to ma.
Fot dimpled and dainty, shi po, I milter

In lows to the neighbor, in lowliest labor, she serves the dear Lord in a service to man.
To dimpled and dainty, phips, in the service to man.
To dimpled and dainty, phips, in the service to man.
The old wounds awaking, oft hurt to heart breaking;
Who fights, though a victor, is guerdoned
The old wounds awaking, oft hurt to heart breaking;
New pink and white beauty such agony
But children adore her, the babies climb o'er her, in the rear see him ?"
"How abould throw him," he answers, with soars.
But children adore her, the babies climb o'er her, in the plant data data warm as a nest, out felling, it goes with out felling, it goes with out felling, it soos and curtained and warm as a nest, it matter to her that the sun is shining, that the brightness of the day has gone for her. Called she walks along, alowly unfastens Boes, and climbing in the waggon, silently drives away.
But he thorght, at the presage, my spirtt trows faint;
The way would be dreary, once shorn of the cheery, une the presence I christened My
It is consing the the day in the angels shall call her;
The way would be dreary, once shorn of the cheery.
The dear, quiet presence I christened My

It is evening. A sudden and fearful storm is raging. The sea has arisen, and with a roaring sound rushes inland to dash itself against the rocks. Up at the great hotel, the huge drops of rain dash against the window, and the guests gathered together in the splendid parlor, shudder and tremble at every returning flash and deafening peal. Down on the beack the angry surf is rolling in, mountains high, and the fishermen are anxiously gazing out upon the dark waters as if fearful of what such a storm might accompliah. Suddenly there comes a wirld flash, a terrible reverberating roll and in the awful eilence that follows, the group of waiting men gaze with horror in each other's faces. Then comes another flash. Close by and on the outer edge of the breakwater they see a ship is going to pisces.

they have one more f in another moment it will be too late. But, see ! Some one is hurriedly ad-vancing toward them through the dark-ness and mist; a slender figure, wrapped in a shawl, with pale face, and eyes that burn like coals in the blackness.

"And a great, long sash." This very slowly. "Oh, Dad, if I only could see it; but don't cry; I guess I wm3't want it; I'm going to leave you a little while, just a little while. I'm going up there, where they have lots and lots of white dresses, all shining and pretty; and soon you'll come, too, won't you, Dad ? I'll watch for you just as I did here, and there won't be—any storms—Dad—the vessel will sail—right in the blue water—an' I'll be looking for you. I'll have 'em give me— a dress—with a big, shining star on it— an' you'll know me sure—I knew you'd come !"

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

an' you'll know me sure—I knew you'd oome !" One last feeble pressure of his hand, one little smile, and Jo waits and watches no more on earth. A strange calm falls upon the old man. They cannot persuade him to leave her for an instant. He is utterly deaf to their entreaties, and, kneeling by the bed, he presses from time to time her ice-cold hand to his lips. All through the long night he keeps his silent watch, and when another morning breaks they find him still there. MechanicsII he watches them robe her for the last resting-place, in pure white garments that a kind-hearted neighbor has brought y numoved he sees them place a few snowy buds in her hands. Presently the door opensoftly, a rough-looking fisherman comes in, and bending over the coffin, his tears fall like rain upon the face within.

over the coffin, his tears fall like rain upon the face within. "The little gal was so happy yesterday," he says, turning to the old man, who, even now, will not remove his gaze from her. "I'll never forget her standin' there an' sayin' as how she wished she could do something big for Dad; an' she has, she has, poor little girl." Covering his face with his horny hands he breaks into bitter weeping, and, turn-ing, leaves the room. His whole face changes. The terrible calm has broken up, but no tears come. Only a look of unutterable gladness and joy. "I know'd it, Jo; I know'd it. Some-thin' big for Dad ! Dear little gal! Wait just a minute, Jo; I'm comin'!"

just a minute, Jo ; I'm comin' !" His head falls forward upon the coffin.

This head fails forward upon the coffin. Some one comes in presently and finds him there. He is quite dead. They bury them side by side, in one grave, close by the murmuring sea; and at the head they place a simple, white wooden shaft, with just these two words roughly inscribed upon it—"Dad's Jo!"

HOW THE ENGLISH TOOK QUEBEC.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF NEW FRANCE.

in the spinning parlor, shudder
in the sherm has a very returning fiash and the finkermen are anxiously gain, mountains high, and the finkermen are anxiously gain out upon the dark waters as if fearful of the finkermen are anxiously gain. They must try again. They cannot be the back their numerical superiority to a store the sound of a signal gun, once, twice. All is confusion now. The back their lower are is count. Certain it is that in 1758. If they must try again. They cannot he there and powerless to help.
and there, unable and powerless to help.
base to me or or i la another moment it will be too late.
base too hate.
base too hate at a re ready. Can the base too hate.
base too hate.
base too hate When the thread of narrative is caught

course pursued in compelling the civilian prisoners whom they released to leave the queen's dominions and place themselves in permanent exile, had been a course, which decided by the result of time, was either a wise or expedient one. It was very curious that the members of the British army who twenty years ago were tried for tresson, convicted, and sentenced, were released many years since without the condition of exile being attached to their release. Some of them returned to their release. Some of them returned to their release. Some of them returned to their release. Some of the Surgeant MCarthy, died there, and one at least he have ever else might be alleged, it could note be said that there was any moral distinction the convicted, and sentenced, were else might be alleged, it could note be same time. There was, however, one point of difference. When Mr. Boyle U'Reilly replied the he would be same time. There was, however, one point of difference. When Mr. Boyle U'Reilly had endured some part of his sentence of penal servitude, he escaped from the penal settlement in Australia. His ecapse was accompliahed under cir-cumstances of daring which attracted very general sympathy. Theright hon, gentle-man (Sir W. Harcourt) smiled, but he some to for the day of some devoted that at he good fortune to be taken on board an American slip, and under the some to the Gatten the sould and in permiser and its floated alone upon the surface of the shelter of the American flaghe made good his ecapte to the United States. With regard to the samile of the Home Secretary man, the sould be there in a straited an different way. Which decision was right 1 regard to the samile of the Home Secretary man to visit the shelter of the American flaghe made good his ecapte to the United States. With regard to the sentine secretary had received an suffering a sentence of penal servitude an indifferent knowledge of the borres soretary might have shown as much socretary the sentine. Secretary the sentine. Mr. Sextoon—If Mr. Boyle O'Reilly

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Given to us, born unto us Out of body virginal, Here among us, speaking to u Sowing tidings seminal; Like a follow-farmer to us, Ail he di full ordinal.

On the night of farewell eating, As he with his brethren lay. Kept each law of final greeting In the good old fashioned way. He to them, the twelve there mu Gave Himself for food away.

Word and flesh, true bread he br By the word to flesh it turns: Out of wine Obrist's blood He m What though sense the wonder a Heart sincere full strength on-ial That from faith its lesson learns.

Then so great a Secrament Let us worship lowilly: Let the ancient document To the new rite subject be; And through faith as supplem Let the failing senses sec.

To Begetter and Begotten Praise and jubliation be: Honor, health, and unforgotten, Strength and benediction be; And to Him from each outgotten Equal let laudation be.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER DIGNITY OF HER MISS

DIGNITY OF HER MISS (From the Messenger of the Sacr In 1867 we published an artic Heart of Jesus and the Sacr Matrimony," taken from the Fr. H. Ramiere; it had appear before in the French Messenger. priate to the present title, we r inst part of it. "If there be in Christian socie which eminently requires from the desentially capricious in passion, it is unquestionably which timposes upon man the responsibilities and anxious paternity, upon women the 1 dangers, the agoines of motherh husband and wife the subject beford which nothing can break, to aword, the marriage state. "Accordingly, to furnish man means of fulfilling the almon human obligations of this state, the founder of the Church has esti-channel, His charity is conveyed hearts about to be united, sance to that love qualities and power would have been utterly bey would have been utterly bey aword, the marine estate. "In this view, marriage, too, market the tabor tous the subject the of the greatest actively bey actual the the subject of the state, the founder of the Church has estively the annel, His charity is conveyed hearts about to be united, sance to that love qualities and power would have been utterly bey

reach of nature itself.

beforehand for the duties which the was to impose upon them, they sentiments and habits impired by tian training, at the very moment those habits are most necessary, and those sentiments would have be most abundant fruits. "It would be impossible to cro-the space of a few pages all the and serious teachings of Christian the sacrament of Matrimony; end-us here to say that, as we well kn Heart of Jesus is the great centre gion; no better point of view th divine Heart could be selected to stand the various parts of the grea stand the various parts of the great in their true nature and harm

APRIL 25, 1885.

APRIL 25, 1885.

ing, my tongue, the mystic me f the body glorious; ing, the blood all life maintain By the King of er nations reight. By the King of er nations reight.

Pange Lingua TRANSLATION. Causa Salutis S. T.

JOHN PATEICK BROWN, East Be

reach of nature itself. "In this view, mariage, too, n properly be styled the Sacramen Heart of Jesus; and we have on that we are doing what will be a to the divine Heart in treating th ment like the others, and in sho close relations which bind it source of every grace, of all be love.

source of every grace, of all ley love. "We may be allowed here to e regret that this subject is seldo upon in the instructions to the i Motives of delicacy, which it is understand, make it difficult to dwi-the duties and prerogatives of the with those that have not yet emb But what is the result ? It happi many of those who enter it, never learned to view it as they shot done, in the light of Faith, consid-least practically, only as the wo siders it, as a civil contract and d position. Equally ignorant both advantages conferred upon them sacrament and of the dangers fron it is intended to preserve them, the meither how to avail themselves been fits, nor how to avoid the d and because they were not p

All eyes turned toward the road. An antiquated specimen of a carriage is com-ing down the hill as rapidly as the lean and hone hore in formation of the lean and

ing down the hill as rapidly as the lean and bony horse in front can drag it along. It draws up on the wharf beside the more pretentious vehicles, a young girl jumps out, ties the horse, lays her arms lovingly around his neck a moment, then hurriedly pushes her way through the throng to the end of the pier. A tall, angular girl, clad in a home-made dress of the coarsest material, scant and patched, yet very clean, with a rough straw hat tied down over hair which is long, straight, and decidedly red. A girl with nothing pretty and attractive about her, but there is such a brave, pathetic her, but there is such a brave, pathetic look in her great, blue eyes, that one involuntarily turns and looks at her again and again.

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and again. Swiftly and silently she passes along to the farther end of the pier, and, lifting one hand to shield her eyes from the sun-light, gazes steadfastly at the distant hor-

izon. "I know he will come to day," she says, seemingly unconscious that she is speak-ing aloud. "Just a year ago to day he went over there, Dad did. He went to get some fixins for me, and he promised to come back soon, but it has been so long. Oh ! he will surely come to day, won't he?" she asks, turning to a weather-beaten old sailor, who is gazing at her beaten old sailor, who is gazing at her with just a suspicion of moisture in his eyes. "Aye, lass, that he will," he answers.

"Aye, lass, that he will," he answers. "I've got extras for dinner to-day," she goes on, brightening up. "'cause he'll have a mighty appetite after being at them furrin' places so long, and I've made a cushion for his chair that sets by the window. I brushed up the team, too, and old Bess seemed to know he was coming, for she brought me over in no time."

a cushion for his chair that sets by the window. I brushed up the team, too, and old Bess seemed to know he was coming, for she brought me over in no time." "Quite like he'll come to day," says the old skipper, "and he'll bring you so many smart things that 1'm afeared you won't be Jo any longer." "Yes, I will," replied the girl. "I'll always be Jo to Dad anyway. Dear old Dad. He's told me many a time, how he picked me out of the water that dreadful night; and when no one seemed to want me, he took me home with him; me, a helpless baby with nothing in the world on it. Oh, I wish I could do something big for him, so he would know."

It is Jo. She springs into the life-boat beside them. Her presence nerves them on, and they push off into the seething waters.

They have come back, and have laid her They have come back, and have laid her unconscious on the damp sand. Some beam had struck her, and she had not spoken since. The blue eyes are closed, but there is a smile on the still, white face, and the small hand is firmly clasped in the grasp of a trembling old man, who is stooping over her, and smoothing back the thick masses of hair from her pale forehead.

forehead. A hush falls upon them all. Tenderly they take her up, and, with her hand still clasped in his, sadly wind their way to the little cottage where she has waited for him so long.

It all happened only last night. The storm had gone down soon after they had carried her home, and the sun is shining brightly, lovingly, as though there is no brightly, lovingly, as though there is no sorrow, and never a storm or wreck. They had laid her on the little white bed in her chamber, from which the har-bor could be plainly seen, and, save for one or two kind neighbors, had gone away and left them together; she, lying so still, with closed eyes—he, bending over her, silent and unmindful of the presence of others. others. Just before noon she slowly opens her

Frontenac and Fort Duquesne freed the colonies from apprehension of attack upon their flank and rear, and left them free to make a supreme effort for the conquest of Canada in the succeeding summer. The main interest of the decisive campaign and of this volume is, of course, concen-trated upon the expedition led by Gen. Wolfe against Quebec. Of this officer, whose death in the moment of triumph has disarmed cuiticism and gained for him, perhaps, more fame than his abilities deserved, a discriminating estimate is here whose death in the moment of triumph has disarmed citicism and gained for him, perhaps, more fame than his abilities deserved, a discriminating estimate is here for the first time offered us. The resolu-tion displayed by him during the tedious, and what long seemed fruitless, leaguer of Quebec, is forcibly depicted, and it is clear that Wolfe was a sick man when he left England, and had he survived the battle on the Plains of Abraham, would probably have died, like Forbes (who a year previously had taken Fort Duquesne), before reaching home. But while with-out his dauntless and inflexible spirit the expedition must have miscarried, the in-ference is pressed upon us by Mr. Park-man's recital of the siege that Wolfe's strategetical abilities were, on the whole, inferior to those of his antagonist, Mont-calm, and that the daring movement by which success was won was largely due to accident. The impression left upon the hasty reader of history has been that Wolfe found Quebec apparently impreg-nable, but that his eys at once detected a single chance for the assailant in the heights above the town, whose ascent, though supremely hazardous, was at least possible. The facts, however, are that the British fleet anchored off Quebec in the month of June, and that it was nearly the middle of September (when the ships could delay their departure for England only a few days longer) before the effective stroke was dealt. All his preceding operations, though they weakened the resources of the Canadians, did not really bring Wolfe any nearer his main object, for Montcalm's main positions with his base of supplies at Montreal was unbroken. But for a chain of accidents, all unforwership to the factione at most

were still secure, and his communication with his base of supplies at Montreal was unbroken. But for a chain of accidents, all unfavorable to the French commander, the attempt to scale the Heights of Abra-ham would apparently have ended in appalling disaster. It is evident from Wolfe's dispatches that a week before his victory he was in despair, and the desper-ate expedient to which he finally resorted

request. Sir W. Harcourt—I could not give him

Sir W. Harcourt—I could not give him leave to go to Canada. Mr. Sexton—But the right hon. gentle-man has assumed to himself the right to refuse leave. His (Mr. Sexton's) object was not to appeal on behalf of Mr. O'Reilly, who would probably never repeat his request—indeed it was doubtful if he

(Mr. O'Connor) would ask the Home Secretary to remember that but for men like John Boyle O'Reilly Liberal Govern-ments would not have had the glory of passing measures for the benefit of Ire-land. If the application should be re-newed he hoped that the right hon, gentle-man would have learned to have some regard for the feelings of Irishmen and some admiration for those who had done and suffered in their country's cause. These sentiments animated all Govern-ments and all peoples except in the single ments and all peoples except in the single melancholy instance of the demeanour of England towards Ireland.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster, Making every burden hight; Turning sadness into gladness, Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

"Tis the deepest and the cheapest Cure for ills of this description, But for those that woman's heir to, Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescri

Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflamma-tion, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated, they are easy to take, and though mild and pleasant in action, are thorough and searching in effect. Their efficacy in all disorders of the stomach and bowels is certified to by eminent physicians, prominent clergymen, and many of our best citizens.

The Secret Out. The Secret Out. The secret of success of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts upon the bowels, the liver, the kidneys, the skin and the blood; removing obstructions and im-parting health and vigor.

To ASSIST NATURE most effectually in To ASSIST NATURE most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease, it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which grow-ing ill health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion, and digestion. Oftentimes, though this is impracticable by the use of ordinary reme-dies, it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dys-peptic Cure is resorted to. Sold by Hark-ness & Co., druggists, Dundas St. Pleasant as syrup : nothing comale it as

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The great-est worm destroyer of the age.

beauty." These words of the above mer article may answer as an introduc what we are about to say in the

what we are about to say in the one. As God in the order of nat endowed the mother with the mos-love for her children, and the con-desire of procuring for them the g-possible happiness, as Jesus, His Son, has raised the matrimonial s the dignity of a sacrament, and sacrament, as the apostle speaks (32), "in Christ and in the Church is to say, to a condition far above nature, so He has raised likewise m love to a condition far above all love to a condition far above all love. Although the love of the Cl mother for her children does not e mother for her children does not e the desire of legitimate happiness for during the pilgrimage of the prese her love must chiefly aim at the g their souls during time, and still m eternity; for this good the same God, the institutor of the Sacra assumed human flesh to die on the Thus the mission of the Christian is truly apostolic. for it is the her

Thus the mission of the Christian r is truly apostolic, for it is to her ally that the care is entrusted of in ing on the innocent soul of the chil form which, once received, is apt developed to any degree of perfect has happened so often, sepecially with mother perseveres in this care with watchfulness and assiduous prayer fruit of her womb. Ah ! If the Ch mother could save the eraujiste hes mother could see the exquisite bea the soul of that child whom she derly presses to her heart, when brought back to her from the bar font, a beauty admirable to the i God Himself cannot but love the redeemed and sanctified by the bl His beloved Son. If the mother