

St. Michael Archangel.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

When the ghostly foe assaileth, When my heart, my courage faileth, Faith is faint, and hope hath fled; Holy Michael, guard my head.

When the heat of battle rageth, When my soul her conflict wageh, Sore bested by armed hands! Strengthen thou my feeble hands.

Spreads the world its snares, its tress ures, Sinful joys and evil pleasures, All that mortals covet, prize; Holy Michael, guard mine eyes.

In the midst of words mis-spoken, Words that evil thoughts betoken, Ill that heart and conscience sears— Holy Michael, guard my ears.

When my spirit, anguish riven, Stirs at waton insult given,— Heart and soul with torture wrung— Holy Michael, guard my tongue.

When beset by doubts, temptations, Much in need of faith and patience, Teach me, then, the better part! Holy Michael, guard my heart.

When the homeward way grows dreary, When my spirit weaketh weary, Burdened by the storms, the heat, Holy Michael, guard my feet.

When my soul, with fear a-quiver, Passeth through death's icy river, In mine hour of agony, Holy Michael, succor me!

—Sacred Heart Review.

Who builds the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway? It has itself no capital to do it with. That is handed over to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway who can sell it at 40 p. c. on the dollar to provide them with the \$2,686,000 and keep them from being one cent out of pocket on their guarantee until the eight years when the earnings will secure them against paying the yearly interest liability of \$18,720.

The solution is this: The G. T. P. will borrow the money in England on their own bonds guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada. The Grand Trunk Railway will not be liable on these bonds except for the \$2,686,000 already provided for as mentioned. It is of course clear that if the Dominion of Canada were no good the English bond holders could come in and take the road and cause the Grand Trunk Railway of its friends to lose the free gift of stock. But the Dominion is good for it and hence the Grand Trunk Railway is safe.

The country finances the project, the Grand Trunk look on and through their ownership of the stock reap the benefit. If it is a success that stock may be worth par or over in ten years and it does not come in where there is any liability. Truly it may be described as "Heads we win, tails you lose." And is it the people of Canada who stand to win? Is the bargain a fair one? It is possible to describe the terms as reasonable or even same when the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway's demonstrating every day what a transcendent road can mean? By all means let us say without hesitation that if there is to be a picnic and we pay the piper he must play the tune that we like.

Items of Interest.

European exchanges are publishing a report that Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, is to be made a Cardinal.

The death is announced of Very Rev. Father Davis, O. C. C. prior of the Carmelite Community, Whitefriar Street, Dublin.

So many Catholic peasants continue to leave Brittany on account of the persecution of religion there by the French Government that the Minister of the Interior has sent a circular to all the communities of that department urging the officials to stop the exodus.

Father Bernard Vaughan, of London, has been selected by a commission of Cardinals sitting in Rome to preach in that city on the occasion of the great celebrations in connection with the jubilee of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8.

Arrangements are said to have been made by the Bishop of Cremona for sending 100 Italian emigrant families to the Island of Cuba, where plans have been made for their entering agricultural pursuits. Count Poggi, the nephew of the late Pope, is interested in the scheme. His wife has large property in the island.

There is a declaration that deserves a little more than a week's attention, says an English exchange. One of the speakers at the Catholic Truth Society's Conference at Birmingham last week said if all Catholics became total abstainers for eight weeks and gave the saving thus effected to the Catholic war chest they would not only have the \$1,000,000 they wanted for school work, but many thousands for rescue and preventive work.

M. Emile Olivier has been giving his impressions of the Pope to the readers of the Paris "Figaro." In an interview with his Holiness, he says he felt quite at home, as Pope Pius has the "irresistible majesty of gentleness and kindness." M. Olivier was struck by the rare qualities of the Pope's intelligence. That intelligence is composed of clearness, light and precision. The Pope is an admirable listener and always goes straight to the decisive and delicate point of a question. What made even more impression upon M. Olivier than the charm and intelligence of Pius X, was his courage, which he describes as mild, calm and exempt

Consumption

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from all fanfare. If circumstances become difficult great things might be expected of him. He would show himself as much a hero as a saint.

Very Rev. Patrick Fogarty, vicar general of Rosseau, West Indies, died the other day while on a train en route from Southampton to London. Father Fogarty was born near Templemore, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland. He was a man of unceasing energy, and with the exception of a short visit to his native land some years ago spent his whole time amongst his adopted people. Though a man of powerful strength, his trying duties finally told on his constitution and he was sent by his bishop to Europe in the hope of recruiting his health. But already disease had done its work and Father Fogarty's journey was to be shortened by the final summons.

The Salesian Fathers are rejoicing, says the London Catholic Times, as they may well rejoice, over a letter which their director general has received from the Holy Father. It is a letter in which his Holiness expresses his admiration for the Salesian Community with singular cordiality. That congregation has been steadily growing in influence and numbers. Its power for good is felt in many countries and the co-operators have been performing an important social work. The Holy Father is anxious to see the work extended. He earnestly recommends the society to the faithful of every diocese, city and parish, as he deems its efforts for the instruction of youth most advantageous. His Holiness expresses the hope that Catholics will display towards them kindness and good will, and help them by all the means in their power. The co-operators at present number no less than three hundred thousand, and he trusts their progress will be such that at no distant day will be so numerous that they will be found in every village and district. The indulgences and privileges granted to the society by his predecessors, Pius X. and Leo XIII., he renews with pleasure and he confidently looks forward to a brilliant future for the Salesians. Such a hearty "well done" from the Holy Father is a recompense for trying sacrifices.

An Atlantic Episode.

It was the first ocean voyage of both mother and daughter, and Miss Waldron, aged twenty-five, found it no whit harder to restrain her excitement than Mrs Waldron, seven-twenten years her senior. This trip to Europe had been the dream of both their lives, and the expenses thereof had been saved by many sacrifices. Indeed, they had not dared to let their dream come true so soon, but for a friend with influence in

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and in was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. J. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

high places, who assured the Waldrons that Matilda would, without doubt secure a speedy promotion from grammar school to high school teacher, in addition to certain special courses which she had been taking during the past few years, she would spend her vacation in studious visits to European educational centres.

As Matilda would not go without her mother, Papa Waldron had magnanimously offered to close the little house in the Highlands, and board in town with Aunt Marie, during the ten weeks' absence of wife and daughter. So with his urgency, and all scruples dissipated by the prospect of speedily bettered fortunes, mother and daughter fared forth like two children on a holiday. As a family, the Waldrons were singularly unworldly, with kindly hearts to every creature, and inexpectant of any measure save that with which they would mete.

The impending travelers had talked their trip over many times, and prepared themselves for the pleasant things which must, and the trying things which might happen. They had resolved to be so "natural" that the most penetrating would not suspect how awfully new and strange were the broad Ocean, and the luxuries of a first-class passage. But after Papa had left them, with a bottle of champagne discreetly covered with fresh fruit in the bottom of a basket, as a preservative against seasickness, and they had sent back to him a loving letter from Minnie's Light, they soon began to realize that their actual or possible experiences were of no moment to the gay and stylish family groups and parties of friends who crowded the decks of the Columbia.

Two slight, simply dressed, and timid women whose straightened circumstances became difficult great things might be expected of him. He would show himself as much a hero as a saint.

The mother echoed her daughter's compassionate sigh. "But he might resent our sympathy," she said, with characteristic diffidence. So, for delicacy, they went by on the other side.

But the following morning, as they were taking a turn on deck before breakfast, they saw him again, in the same dejected attitude. They lingered this time, with sympathetic eyes on the old man, who seemed oblivious to all about him.

"You speak to him, Matilda," urged Mrs Waldron.

"Oh, mother, you will know what to say."

"There, like a good girl! Young people can do anything." And thus adjured, Matilda crossed the deck.

"Good morning," she said gently; "if you are alone, as we are, perhaps we might all go down to breakfast together."

He turned quickly. Were there tears in his dim and deep-sunken eyes?

"I will be bad company; I am rather hard of hearing," he answered, and none too well; but,—"if I don't bore you—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the young woman cheerfully. "We also are strangers in this crowd, and we'll be delighted to have you with us." Then, "let me present my mother, Mrs Waldron."

His brow was perfect in its old-fashioned courtesy. "Mr Maloney," he responded to the unspoken question. In the saloon, the head-waiter assigned these three obscure people who wished henceforth to sit together to the end of an obscure table; and between her kindly attentions to the lonely old invalid, and the satisfaction of her own healthy appetite, Miss Waldron enjoyed distant glimpses of elegant people at tables adorned with the costly floral offerings of the friends who had seen them off.

On the seven succeeding days, she devoted herself to the entertainment of their infirm fellow-traveler; giving him her strong young arm, as he slowly paced the deck with her; reading, betimes, to him and her mother from some amusing book; and anon, diverting his mind with stories of her Hebrew and Italian school-children, now in the most interesting phase of their making into Americans. Sometimes, too, be-

cause he was so sympathetic, she would talk to him of the purpose of her trip, and her hope soon to make life easier for her father.

He told the Waldrons he would leave them at Queenstown. No one would meet him there. He meant to take his relatives by surprise, he added. A sad surprise, thought the kindly women, to those who had known him in happier days. They were on deck at six o'clock, to bid him farewell, and enjoy their first sight of the beautiful Irish shores.

His eyes were misty as he pressed the hands of mother and daughter at parting.

"You'll never lack the friend I need, my child," he said to Matilda; and she reverently bent her graceful head at his fervent "God bless you!"

When the tug was beyond their farewell signals, she reached for the card he had slipped into her mother's hands. "Mr Michael Maloney," she read, adding:

"Just a poor fond old Irishman going home to die."

"I guessed that from the first," rejoined the mother; "but he must have been a long time in America; for he has no accent, and he seems familiar with every part of the country. His time is short, I fear; but you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you brightened a lonely week for him."

In the subsequent excitement of travel and study, and the conscientious effort to make every moment and every penny yield their utmost to the ambitious young teacher, the sad old returning exile was forgotten.

September saw our travellers at home again, with note-books and memories crammed, and strength renewed. But, alas! clouds are wont to follow fast on life's fugal gleams of sunshine, and they found the husband and father seriously ill, of a disease which for many months demanded unremitting care and expensive medical treatment. The promises of the influential friend failed them, and the coveted promotion went to a young lady who boasted among her intimates that she had no need to work for her living; her school meant just pocket money! Oh, for the ease with which good fortune is bettered!

Often during the hard and anxious winter following, Matilda and her mother sighed for the five hundred dollars so recklessly lost, as it now seemed, in that too confidently ventured trip to Europe.

The balmy June days had come before Mr. Waldron's danger was past; but the physicians protested against his resuming work without a few months change of air.

"Poor Papa never had a vacation in his life," sighed Matilda, "and to think of his toiling in the city all last summer long, while we were off on that unlucky trip."

Their small savings had long been exhausted. The young teacher's salary was always spent before it was earned; and there were debts—a trouble unknown before.

The convalescent was sad and listless. He was ten years older than his wife, and nearly thirty years of monotonous and poorly paid clerical work had told on him. Against his unselfish will, he craved the change which it would be so hard to bring about.

"We might raise something on the house," suggested Mrs. Waldron, in a conference on ways and means with her daughter. "We must get enough to pay off our little debts, and make your father comfortable at Crescent Beach for the summer."

The tinkle of the bell broke on their planning, and Matilda rose to answer it.

Her parents, sitting in the long twilight, wondered at her delay. The front door closed at last on the departing caller, and Matilda returned to the dinner room and lit the lamp.

"Read it," she said, extending a paper to her mother. Her eyes alone, but her voice trembled.

It was an excerpt from the will of the late Michael Maloney, of Cork, Ireland, bequeathing to Miss Matilda Waldron, of Boston, two hundred shares of stock in the C. V. Railroad, a total of \$20,000, at 6 per cent., "in remembrance of her kindness to an old and uninteresting stranger, and to help her carry on her plans for the comfort of her father in his declining years."

"The gentleman who just called, and will return to meet you both to-morrow, is the lawyer in charge of certain of Mr. Maloney's interests in America. He tells me that the old gentleman was immensely rich, and has left large bequests to religion and charity both in New England and in his native land, besides doing well by his relatives. But why should he have thought of me?" continued Matilda. "Anyone would have done as much as I did for him. Of course, as his lawyer said, he was rather eccentric, as well as generous. We saw the eccentricity of the dear old man for ourselves."

"There's only one explanation," said the mother. "God put it into the man's heart to be the friend in need which he promised you at parting."

"And 'God rest his kindly soul,' oft prayed the little household, as health came back with prosperity to its beloved head."—Katherine E. C. t-way, in the Holy Family.

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Mrs. Thos. Carter, North port, Ont says: I caught a severe cold which settled on my throat and lungs and my friends thought it would send me to my grave, when other remedies failed, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup completely cured me.

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"Yes, I wish I had enough money to buy one."

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