The Living Land. Here is a fine poem from the pen of Den orence McCarthy. Written in 1845, it is Florence McCarthy. Written in 1845, it is voice from the past that has eloquent mea-ling for the present: We have mourned and sighed for our burie pride

We have given what Nature gives—

A manly tear o'er a brother's bier:
But now for the Land that lives!
He—who passed too soon in his glowing n or
The hope of our youthful band,—
From Heaven's blue wall doth seem to call"Think! think of your Living Land!
I dwell serne in a happier seene—
Ye dwell in a Living Land!"

Yes! yes! dear shade, thou shalt be obeyed
We must spend the hour that flies
In no vain regret for the sun that's set,
But in hope for another's rise.
And, though it delay it's guiding ray,
We must, each with his little brand,
Like sentinels, light through the dark, dai
night,
The steps of our Living Land.
She needth our care, in the chilling air,—
Our old dear living Land!

Yet our breasts will sob, and the tears w

To your eyes, for many a day; For the eagle strong,—though a lark

Was the spirit that's passed away.

Was the spirit that's passed away.

Though his heart be still as a frozen chill,
And pulseless his glowing hand,
We must struggle the more for that o
"Green Shore"—
He was making a Living Land.
By him we have lost,—at whate'er the cost
She Shall be a Living Land:

Living L and, such as Nature plann'd,
When she hallowed our harbors deep;
When she bade the grain spring o'er to plain,
And the oak wave o'er the steep.
When she bade the tide roll deep and wiferon its source to the ocean strand,
Oh! it was not to slaves she gave these wav
But to sons of a Living Land!—
Sons who have eyes and hearts to prize
The worth of a Living Land.

Oh! when shall we lose the hostile hues

Oh! when shall we lose the hostile hues
That have kept us so long apart?
Or cease from the strife that is crushing
life
From out of our mother's heart?
Could we lay aside our doubts—our pride
And join in a common band,
One hour would see our country free,
A young and a Living Land
With a nation's heart, and a nation's par
A FREE AND A LIVING LAND!

NASBY ON IRELAND.

An American Opinion of the State

A large audience, a goodly share which were ladies, gathered within Opera House, Toledo, Ohio, last week listen to the addresses of Mr. D. R. Lo ("Nasby"), editor and proprietor of Toledo Blade, and Mr. James Redp on the condition of affairs in Irel.

There were seated on the stage m

notable citizens.

We take the following from the add

of Mr. Locke:
A poor man in America is one w

fate, or his improvidence or incapacity management compels to live in a ho weather-tight, of four to six rocms, n

hap two, with one or two stoves, t meals a day, with meat twice, and alv

with clothing enough to keep warm in weather. He may not save anything,

weather. He may not save anything, he has what is absolutely necessary for from day to day, and at the end of career he is certain of a decent support the county infilmary, if he has not fri

to care for him. That is a poor man America. At the worst he has such forts as may be had from daily wag.

\$1 to \$1.50 per day.

A poor man in Ireland, and there

5,000,000 of them, is quite another t and the depth and breadth of the por

he endures, an American, as I said, ca

understand, and cannot be made to the

Mr. Locke here gave a description Irish landlordism, and the part the

play in enriching the plunderers.

I want to warn you right here ag

NEWSPAPER REPORTS
about Irish affairs. The Irish pre
muzzled as effectually as the Russian.

arrested and imprisoned for stating or expressing an opinion. Consequenting can be obtained from that so

nothing can be obtained from that so for a commission to jail in a count which the thateas corpus is perman suspended, where a suspected pers arrested at the pleasure of a Secretar kept; in durance vile at the pleasure one man, is no very pleasant thing, the information we get from Irelanger from correspondents on these

cept from correspondents on the greenes from the English press, and towned body, soul, boots and breest the English Government. If you believe the English press, Ireland is

state of prosperity, the people are tented and happy, and Parnell an associates are simply a set of demag actors, agitating for purely selfish poses. The day I landed in Dubli

London papers had each an article s

that Ireland was contented and and that the Land Act was going

accepted as a final settlement of the troubles that had to a trifling exter turbed the island, and that Parnel

lost his hold upon the Irish people yet the next Sunday I saw 100,000 p in procession to do honor to Paric

counted 500 shoeless women within tance of five miles, who were any but satisfied with their condition, anwere the most lively people for quie I ever encountered. I attended soc Land League meetings, at whic natural harred of landlordism and lish rule found most restricted.

lish rule found most natural expre

and I found an undying determinat

and I found an undying determinat resist the lyranny they were gro under, by any means the Almighty give them.

These London papers, owned be English Ministry, are full of two thannely, that Ireland is quiet and and that tenants are perpetually shandlords. If Ireland is contented quiet, why are landlords shot? Be shooting of landlords is a lie inten

oting of landlords is a lie inten

destroy sympathy with the Irish, tin my case the shooting of a la would have precisely the opposite

MISSING THE LANDLORD, NOT SHO

I know whereof I speak when I sa human life, even of the oppress safer in Ireland than in any other co

in Europe—for these leeches it is gether too safe. A shot-gun—pr loaded and aimed—is a great ref. The Irishman ought to do what!

not do. He bught to make the la

understand that he holds his stolen some personal risk to himself. Bu

HIM.

I hold that

is the crime.

Irish editor has the prospect of him eyery minute of his life.

SEEN IT WITH HIS OWN EYES.

Affairs.

Intervention.

PROFESSOR JOHN NICHOL, M. A., L. L. I There's always just something Between me and light— Some curtain of darkness. Some pine colored height,

There's ever a duty
Forbidding the rest,
That retires like the gleam
Of the sun in the west.

Yet all must have respite
At last in the soil,
The wicked from troubling,
The weary from toil. Tis the way of the world,

So it will be forever, Till the tale is all told.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER II. WRECKED.

The darkness of night had come on dur ing the interview between the doctor and income, and in all the rooms of the mansion the lamps had been lighted and the last ray of daylight shut out by the dosing of shutters and curtains in all the sooms save one. On the second floor the spartments of the lady of the house were tuated—elegant and luxurious chambers, where wealth and art had joined hands, on a low ottoman the lady herself was

seated. She was looking up towards the ky with her hands clasped on her knee, notionless as her own statues, and more beautiful even in that twilight, which was aough to light up the lines of a lic face and be reflected from large, soul. ed eyes. She had sat there just as she is sitting now since that moment when her ears had heard the scornful angry at the indignant, passionate, agon-ized denial her father had made. She was wondering, too, at the attitude of humilia-tion he seemed to hold towards Killany, whose manner, though highly respectful and considerate, seemed flippant, and even impudent, in the presence of agony so keen and distressing. And between the two meditations she was confused, vexed, worth.

times, and had spoken of proudly as the true basis of life's enjoyment and useful-ness, perhaps even its truth. For some mentioned them, or from a conviction that, when stripped of the glamour of cultured conversation and stated in plain circle of her friends such declarations creeds, who, at mention of the fact that his child professed such doctrines, or negations of doctrine, must needs act as if a serpent had risen in his path, and stretch out his hands androll his eyes in horror, and insult outrageously the person who gave the information. And this man was her father. He, who had never shown to her one-tenth part of a father's care and affection, found all his paternal heart racked and torn as it would not be if she lay dead in the stately house. She thought of this confusedly, and was a long time in clearing away the extraordinary mental fog in which it involved her. She went

pain.
"She has a high appreciation of the advantages of wealth," he asserted. And what is there in the world," she said, with her eyes still fixed on the patch of sky, "which has a more powerful or extensive influence? Virtue is supposed to be the only power able to cope successfully with it, and yet virtue has a price and can be would give their honesty to obtain it.

They who have it would peril all to retain it. Love and hatred are its handmaids. and the passions generally bow before it. To be rich is to be divine, and Crossus was a god. If there were any meaning in these creeds, if their hereafter were but a certainty, one could afford to smile at the ups and downs of fortune. If is most appreciable, then, Christians, despise your heaven. Wealth and station are mine, and why should I love them ics.

"She has no religion—in fact despises."

all creeds, he said. And is it not true? And if true, what reproach is it for me? The mummuries of Romanists and the quarrellings of Protestants—what have they which can allure any but the most ignorant minds or the most bewitched? I have no religion, if to despise the world's supersitions be that; but my heart is human, the love of my race is my religion—the religion of humanity of religion-the religion of humanity, of

culture, of refinement. culture, of refinement,
"I would peril my soul to retain this
wealth.' Not so fast. There he was
wrong. I have no soul in the sense
which is theirs—a part of me which is to
live in eternity, and as it has lived in
time, to suffer or rejoice when time is
ended. That the mightiest intellects of the world have looked upon as a myth.

I peril nothing, for I have nothing to
peril. But oh! if it were true beyond dispute that I had an immortal soul, what
would I care for wealth or honors? Is

our actions? Christians and I say yes again. We differ only as to his personality. Their God is an impossibility, beautiful but intangible and unapproachable. Mine is a reality which begins and ends in time, myself. Why should I feel annoyed at hearing truths uttered? The doctor is a skim will to the various working the strength of myself. Why should I feel annoyed at hearing truths uttered? The doctor knows too much; and yet not too much, for all that he said I have many times re-peated before my friends. My father is more childish on these points than could be supposed in one so indifferent. I have no God, no religion, in the bad sense which moderns have given these words. I love wealth and power, and despise and dread poverty and weakness. What if ever they should claim me, who detest

them so much?"

In the whirl of distressing thought which this idea brought upon her she allowed her head to sink low on her breast and said no more. Later the servant entered quietly and lighted the lamps in the rooms. She rose then and stood before the mirror, as her father had done a few moments before in the painful solitude of the library. The face and form

"Let them speak of you as they may," she said, with a harsh laugh, "let them think of you meanly or kindly, you have that which will subdue the fiercest of where wealth and art had joined hands, ander one of skilled and tasteful eye, to make everything beautiful. Here were no lights. The curtains were still up and the blinds open. Only the cold light of stars shone through the window, and a soft gloom rested like a veil on the dimmed outline of statues and busts and dimmed outline of statues and busts and state furniture. part of you to preserve that which is so frail yet beautiful. Would that this much of Christian superstition had some truth! If I had been educated differently

The broke off abruptly, seated herself on the ottoman, and gave herself once more to thought. Her last words were the keynote to her meditations. She was when her ears had heard the scornful words of Dr. Killany to her father, and, looking into the library, she had caught a glimpse of a tableau which for an instant sent a spasm of pain through her form. She was thinking over the sneering sentences, and trying in a feeble way to feel angry at the indignant, passionate, agontized denial her father had made. She was since that numberless infinitely more presented the indignant, passionate, agontized denial her father had made. She was since the keynote to her meditations. She was the keynote to her meditations. She was the words the successive steps, and the scenes of her youth and girlhood rose up before her with the painful distinctions. The twenty-four years of her words which belongs to sorrowful memories. The twenty-four years of her words which belongs to sorrowful memories. The twenty-four years of her words which belongs to sorrowful memories. The twenty-four years of her words which belongs to sorrowful memories. The twenty-four years of her words and the scenes of her youth and girlhood in the scenes of her with the painful distinctions. ious than numberless worlds the slightsented so complete a spiritual wreck as Nane McDonell, the most trifling causes that worked upon the moulding of that haughty, inconsistent, and brilliant mind, were things of startling importance and

The principles which Killany had represented her as holding were those to which she had given utterance many times, and had spoken of proudly as the reason she was annoyed then at finding they belonged to her; whether from the scornful manner in which Killany had shallow a creature as ever breathed, spend-ing her days in foolish intrigues to prevent her husband from returning to the English, their beauty and solidity were and solidity were to induce him to attend the High-Church Perhaps it was not so much from either of these causes her annoyance proceeded as from the impression which her father's bitter indignation and grief had made. In hiring of nurses, the mere animal instinct of caring for the young being absent from the lady's mouth. as these were received with applause and admiration, quoted again and again, and were called the free expressions of a mind were called the free expressions of a mind superstition. Yet here was a man, not at all given to piety, and totally averse in his outward actions to the superstitions of greads who at mentions of the fact that all given to piety, and totally averse in his outward actions to the superstitions of fallen. Miss Nano was therefore ushered in the fact that into the world under severe conditions. Her father had deserted his faith to obtain his present position of wealth and influence, and though his hair had grown pre-maturely white through remorse, yet to retain that position he had not scrupled to use fraud, and he had resolutely turned his back to the church which his heart sighed for and his reason acknowledged.

He was indifferent to Nano. Business cares were of more importance to him than the care of the little child who was than the care of the little child who was to inherit his property. Murses and gov-ernesses were supplied at proper intervals, and the boarding-school received her when she had thrown aside her pinafores and over aloud, one by one, the assertions of Killany, in order by this means to discover what in his language could reasonably cause her annoyance and her father proud, violent, untaught nature burst forth regularly in childish rebellions, too serious in their consequences to gover-nesses to make these indulgent ladies bring the case before the proper authority, her father. They coaxed and wheedled while Miss Nano tyrannized. She had a passion for books, and read everything, from the histories of Prescott down to the New York Ledger, then in its infancy; refused imperiously to study the categorism or learn her prayers; laughed scornfully at the idea of a bad place or a devil; and went to the fashionable church under protest and through fear of her father.

He was not distant with her nor unkind. They chatted occasionally at the table. She made him little presents, table. She made him little presents, which found their way to a waste-basket it is a reproach to appreciate that which is most appreciable, then, Christians, despise your heaven. Wealth and station as regularly as received, but on her finding some of them in an ash-heap she put an end to these little tokens of a child's tender love. Sometimes she sat on his knee or drove out with him in the state carriage; but his preoccupation on these occasions, and his indifference to what she said or did, rendered her pleasure insipid,

and often turned it into pain.

It did not require years of such behavor to separate them and to chill in her heart the lively affection she naturally felt towards him. But it remained for the boarding-school to put the finishing touches to the work which ill-training and neglect had so well begun. The teachers of the institution to which she was sent were of the transcendental school, were great admirers of Margaret Fuller and Emerson, and had each a master passion, in ministering to which they spent the greater parts of their lives. All were disciples of culture, yet professed as much of pose." ciples of culture, yet professed as much of Christianity as was consistent with their broad principles, and could satisfy the less visionary parents whose daughters were entrusted to their charge, and who required some show at least of the prevail-

the beautiful, the worship of mind as impressed on matter in the production of graceful statuary, solemn temples, fine paintings, musical compositions, and startling books. According to their ideas they retained the cream of Christianity, leaving skim milk to the various creeds, and they spoke and wrote of Catholic doctrines in a peculiar fashion. Beauty was their standard of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.

their standard of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.

It was Nano's misfortune to fall into the hands of these self-worshippers. There was no doubt of the plastic material existing in the half-wild, impulsive, talented creature, and it submitted to the moulding process with wonderful meekness. For three years she walked with them through such mazes of absurdity and learning as it never occurred to the greatlearning as it never occurred to the great-est or most erratic of scholars and philosophers to tread. The poetry and philoso-phy, the antiquities and religions, of all nations in all times were the objects of pretty superficial investigation. The a new moments before in the painful solitude of the library. The face and form reflected there, in spite of the suspicion of care that rested on the brow, were very, very beautiful, and she smiled her approbation. phy of the eighteenth century according to usin. The habit of referring all disputed questions, however profound, to the decision of the cultured mind, to be the decision of the cultured mind, to be decided not on its merits, which might or might not be a simple impossibility, but on its congraousness with the standards set up by transcendentalism, tended to create an excessive self-love in the pupils. The worship of self quite naturally sup-planted the worship of the Deity, and a disastrous moral blindness followed.

Three years in such an atmosphere for a girl of Nano's sort meant spiritual death.

When her education was finished, and she returned to rule as mistress of her father's house. house, Nano was fairly enlisted in the ranks of atheism. "Strivings after the unattainable" were become quite as much the strong points in her character as they were in the characters of those with whom she had so long associated; and by degress her nature underwent the revolting but expected change which the sentiments she

After the last-spoken words of the lady she remained for a long time in the same attitude of dejection and disturbed thought. The scenes of her life in the past were not pleasant memories. So deep and absorbing was her meditation that a gentle knock at the door, though twice repeated, passed unheeded. Even the opening of the door a moment later, and the entrence of a young, bright-look-ing lady in walking costume, were not enough to wake her from her reveries; and for a few moments the new comer stood under the chandelier directly behind Nano, watching her bowed form reflected in the mirror. Then she stole forward, put her arms around Nano's neck and her lips to her check in a familiar but respectful way,

"Always solitary, always thinking! Wrapped up in your contemplation of Hindoo deities or mythologies, Nano, when you should be getting into a pleas-ant excitement over the latest style of our

winter hats." Nano looked up and caught the gentle

hands in her own, all her moodiness van-ishing on the instant.
"Little witch, you are as mysterious in

"No, do not mention one of those heathen deities. Have you not promised me? And I would as lief be compared to

a monkey as to a heathen goddes "I did forget my promise," said Nano, "but for the first and last time. Yet I was not thinking of the goddesses when you came in, but of some very practical things which do not often occur to me, as

you will easily believe. I had said aloud, just before you entered, what a terrible thing would it be to become poor."

"Not so very terrible," said the girl slowly and with such a serious face that

Nano laughed chidingly.

"Let us talk of more cheerful things," she said. "Now that I am to lose my companion, our parting must be made in a Lierry mood. Life has so little of what a Lierry mood. Life has so little of what is actually pleasant in it that it is not good to borrow trouble. Now tell me of that young prodigy, your brother the doctor. Has he opened his office vet, and have you made all your arrangements? Oh! what shall I do without my companion? Sweet Olivia, where shall I find such another as you?" another as you?" "You can purchase anything for gold,"

"You can purchase anything for gold," said Olivia slyly.

"Very true, dear 'f the 'anything' exists, which in this case I doubt. No other shall supply your place. It would remind me too much of my loss."

"Loss!" echoed Olivia. "Say rather gain.

The companion has become a friend.

"True again. But you have not told

"The again. But you have not told me of your brother."

"He is quite well, thank you, and already at werk. His sbingle was hung out yesterday—Henry Fullerton, in gill letters—and t's weetest music I ever heard was the singing song of that shingle last night. I would not let Harry tie it down."

"Has he had any professional calls yet? The music ought to bring them, if nothing

"Yes and no," said Olivia, hesitating and

"Yes and no," said Olivia, hesitating and gently blushing, "An old friend calledan him to-day and lunched with us. You must know him—Sir Stanley Dashington, a baronet and quite wealthy."

"I know him, dear," said the lady blandly. He is very handsome and very rich and very sensible. "He is a Catholic too, like yourself, and lives in some delightful place called Ballynabochlish, Ireland. I see he has wounded your heart land. I see he has wounded your heart already, and I know you have known him a long time. You deserted me; my revenge will be to help you to desert your

brotner also. "My going will not surprise him, answered the young lady calmly. "It is to be expected, and I would soon be superfluous in the Fullerton household. My brother will get married some day, I sup-

Do put your theories of the beautiful into some practice. If you must worship beauty, come out to-morrow and worship the latest styles. Such colors, such—"

"In that way," interrupted Nano, frowning, "you always treat those things which with me are so serious. Do you suppose that I care for these vanities?"

"Ah! Nano," cried the young lady, "if you indulged your woman's vanity a little more, and your aspirations after the unattainable a little less, your life would not be the blunder it is. Why, the philanthropists, as they call themselves, riliculous as their talk and actions are, do some good in the world, but your school is the most useless yet discovered."

most useless yet discovered. most useless yet discovered."

"School is a hateful name, said Nane.
"I am bound by no such fetters. My principles are truly Catholic. Whatever is good I love, and I try to assimilate to myself all good. Is there any nobler work than trying to make one's self better?"

"None, if you proceed in the right way," returned Olivia with much earnestness. But to build and destroy at the same time is not making one's self better. You are doing that. You have deprived yourself of a soul, and of the eternal home of that soul. You believe in no God, no heaven, no accountability. Yau have gone farther. You have made yourself a god, and set yourself up in His place who made you and claims your homage. And while you and claims your homage. And while you have been doing all this that kind and talented soul whose existence you deny has struggled hard to save you from ruin has struggled hard to save you from ruin. Have I not witnessed and calmed its tumult many a time? But you looked upon it as only the struggling of your worse nature, and resolutely put it down. Now the evidence of the conflict appears in your sadnessess and unrests, in your metangless of the conflict appears in your sadnessess and unrests, in your melancholy expression and manner. O Nano, dear Nano!" and Olivia, rising from her seat, threw her arms once more around her friend, "in the last moments of your life that which you have conquered now will rise up like a giant, speak with ton-gues of thunder what you now deny, and render you the unhappiest of women. Take warning, dear, in time. Your intellect if applied but for a little to the search for the truth, your great pride if humbled ever so little before God's good-

ness, "but that you are so serious. Nothing can ever take from me the convictions that now are mine. There is no other refuge, and I look for none. Death is the end of all—beautiful, mysterious death."
"Beautiful, mysterious death!" repeated
Olivia. "Beautiful to him who looks

turned has laid bare all its mysteries."
"Mysterious withal," said Nano, closing her eyes as if to call up some forgotten image. 'The sea is a secret thing, and the frozen North, and the human heart; but none express such strange mystery as the faces of the dead. Oh! to see them lying there in everlasting repose, the seal of an eternal silence upon their lips, all ishing on the instant.

"Little witch, you are as mysterious in your coming and goings as the Roman—"
The witch put one hand quickly over ing and enjoying suchthings as this world never knew, and from which no foolish. worldly pleasure can draw them ever again!

Mysterious death!"

Both were fer some moments silent. "God of mercy," thought Olivia in agony, as she listened to the words and saw the looks of her friend, "that such a soul should be lost to thee!

Then she said aloud:

"I am growing impatient, Nano, and despondent. I shall talk with you no more about these things. Your uncertain transcendentalism is too gloomy. It

istence you deny? I was about to say, to God."

Olivia put her hand to her ears and expressed in her face terror and disgust.

"Oh! do not speak so," she gasped; "Oh! do not speak so," she gasped;
"I shudder for you, dear, if God left
you to the mercy of such a divinity. It
is one of his punishments, and the most
tarrible."

Tell Your Mother.

the world have looked upon as a myn. I peril nothing, for I have nothing to peril. But oh! if it were true beyond dispute that I had an immortal soul, what pute that I had an immortal soul, what would I care for wealth or honors? Is there a God? Christians and I say yes. Are we accountable to that Being for all

In the course of a recent address this distinguished prelate :nade the following allusion to the Holy See:

He said his hearers could easily anticipate the first words that he had to speak; they were to propose the health of our Holy Father Leo XIII. (cheers). Although his Pontificate had only extended for some three years, it had been marked already by a character which would render it his torical (hear, hear). The long Pontificate of the Holy Father Pius IX., of blessed memory, was marked by a supernatural virtue and inflexibility, by which he bore and repelled the shock of a revolution. It broke upon him, and passed him by.
It occupied the city of Rome, but the spiritual power of the Church remained firm in its place, vindicating its own rights, though they were violated by the superior force of arms. Such was the pontificate of Pius IX.—an inflexible resistance—and it was necessary at that day; the slightest indication of a willingness to make terms would have been misconstrued as fear and as a readiness to compromise. There was no duty before him but the duty of rehe had stood in special relations, but out of a much higher devotion to those who bore the name of Leo of old—Leo the Great and St. Leo III., who may be said to be the founder and creator of the Christendom of which we are part (cheers). It was St. Leo III. who, by consecrating the Emperor Charlemagne, laid the foundations of the great empire of the West, out of which the whole European civiliza-

tion has sprung, and to which the unity of Christendom for 1000 years may be as-cribed (cheers). Leo III. knew that the

two great powers—the spiritual and the civil—were, by the will of God, founded

to be in amity and in closest relations, and the Christendom that sprang from that act was maintained for 1000 years—mutilated here and there, indeed, but, as a whole, retaining its integrity—the union of these two powers which governed the world, of which the temporal power of the humbled ever so little before God's goodness and power, would bring you out of trouble into peace."

"I would smile, child." said Nano, not in the least moved by her friend's earnest Noth.

Noth. the time of Pus 1A. wrecked that great fabric of Christian civilization, disintegrated the unity of Christian Europe, and the civil powers of the world withdrew themselves one by one, and stood in an attitude of hostility to the supreme power "Beautiful, mysterious death" repeated Olivia. "Beautiful to him who looks upon it as the entrance to a better life, but terrible to those who see only its flowers and lights and fancied peace; mysterious only to the pagan and the atheist. For us One who went that way and returned has laid bare all its mysteries." "turned has laid bare all its mysteries."

the world, be they what they may—be they Catholic or non-Catholic, be they Christian or not Christian—even with the Sablime Porte—knowing that the civilized powers of the world, be they what they may, are ordained by God as the great instruments for the government and the civilization of the civilization of the civilization. ilization of mankind (cheers). He need not dwell upon the subject any longer, and it would not be in time if he were to do so; but in proposing the health of Leo XIII. he would only say, may his precious life be prolonged till he has seen re-consti-

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

That the Catholic Church has ever been

their wants, teaching their ignorance, and ministering to their necessities is well

won and trained, and fitted for heaven

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Twenty years ago I was ship-wrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the

cold and exposure caused a lagge abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried

now, in less than three months after

your "Golden Medical Discovery"

tween the supreme pastor of the whole flock and all the nations that were created by the Holy See (cheers).

on the side of the people, upholding their rights, alleviating their wrongs, supplying

is best to leave you to—to—"
"Well?" questioned the lady when Olivia stopped.
"Why should I mention One whose ex-

"As I should say—to myself."

"It is destined to be mine, then," said Nano, with a poor attempt at gayety. "But there is the bell for tea. Let us go down together. My father has not yet heard of your new departure." TO BE CONTINUED

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything. Not those "young ladies," who, going to and from school, smile, bow and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most credulous and romantic young most credulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly and send or give you charming verses or boquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidente, all you think and feel. It is strange that many. and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself .--

> now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours,
>
> WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson St. Buffalo, N. Y

Chicago.

Norway was converted by King St.

Olaf and Irish English priests in the tenth Norwegians have continued to be among the best Catholics in the world. In the vain (cheers). But the duty and the office of Leo XIII. is altogether unlike that of his predecessor. He took that great nane, not only out of special devotion to Leo XIII, whom he had loved and with whom he had stood in special relations, but out of a much higher devotion, but out of a much higher devotions, but out of a much higher devotions, but out of a much higher devotion to Leo XIII.

Morality is very good in Scandinavia, except in some large towns. The laws and customs are still those of the Middle Agea, that is, very Christian. They never

demptorist Fathers opened the Missions of Norway, which they have since left to other priests, and which have been extended over all the country; and there

tended over all the country; and there are now 15 priests, 8 small churches, 10 students, 8 teachers, 1 convent with 50 to 90 poor orphans and 100 penpils and a small hospiral.

The Storthing has recently, unexpectedly, given full religious liberty; thus, Catholies, can now obtain any office in the Government. Catholic priests are very much respected and they are sometimes. much respected and they are sometimes invited to the public gatherings; they have also funeral processions through the cities, and the Sisters wear their religious dress there. Sometimes, when there are semi-official demonstrations, such as church or school dedications, consula and Government officers assist in their official costume. Sometimes the Lutherans contribute to Catholic buildings, as was the case for the hospital at Copen-hagan, and they exempt these buildings from taxation. There are now a great classes. A priest opened a new Misssion, and after a few months he had 50 to 60 conversions; these and many such facts prove that the time for the conversion of

CARDINAL BORROMEO.

Borromeo came of a great historical house. Lovers of literature will readily recall the life be prolonged till he has seen re-constituted that old order of the Christian world in which the supreme powers that govern nations are united once more in amity (cheers)! May he live to knit once more the bonds which ought always to exist between the supreme pastor of the whole the suprementation of the suprementati

of the Patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, and the Camerlengo of the Sacred College—born at Milan, August 3, 1822, and raised to the purple March 13, 1866. He early began his studies for the priesthood. known to history. The fact, however, is sometimes denied, and is often forgotten in Gregory XVI. made him a camerier, and under Pius IX. he became major-domo of the beautiful palace, an office in which he showed that under a rude exterior he had these days. It may be well if some persons are confirmed, and some are reminded of the fact, by a Protestant author. The Rev. E. Cutts, D. D., in a work published by the London Christian Knowledge Society, a Protestant organization, gives his ciety, a Protestant organization, gives his testimony on this point in the following terms: "In the Middle Ages the Church was a great popular institution. One reason, no doubt, of the popularity of the Mediaeval Church was, that it had always been the champion of the people and the friend of the poor. In politics, the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people, against the tyranny of the the people, against the tyranny of the feudal lords. In the eyes of the noble, the laboring population were beings of an in-ferior caste. In the eye of the Church, they were brethren in Christ, souls to be of St. Peter.

BISHOP BEDELL ON EDUCATION.

won and trained, and fitted for heaven. In social life the Church was an easy landlord and a kind master. On the whole, with many drawbacks, the Mediaeval Church did its duty—according to its own light—to the people. It was the great cultivator of learning and art, and it did its best to educate the people. It had yet Bishop Bedell, in the Church Congress in the family. The mother and the father are the true teachers. A deaf mute preacher had given him a valuable its best to educate the people. It had vast political influence, and used it on the side of the liberties of the people. By means of its painting and sculpture in the churches, its mystery plays, its religious suggestion on this subject. In interpret-ing the parable of the prodigal son, he said that what brought him home was— not the husks and swinc—but his early festivals, its catechizing, and its preaching, it is probable that the chief points of the Gospel history and the doctrines of the Gospel mstory and the doctrines of the creeds were more universally known and more vividly realized than among the masses of our present population.—Turning points of English Church History, pp. 1821-182.

> "Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did for me, as you observe." -Cairo Bulletin.

Sore Throat.

Apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil and take inwardly according to directions. Yellow Oil is the best remedy for rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, Frost Bites and all lameness, indiammation and pain. No household should be without it.

(We judge that the simple narrative given below will be more eloquent and effective than any words we could add).

The most northern inhabitants of Europe (Lapland), whose country is as region of icy mountains, are the most generous and the poorest in the world. Many dwell in tents or huts, made of planks or of turf and poles; their clother are made of skins and their food is chiefly fish; some subsist on reindeer. Every-thing freezes there in the Winter, which lasts nine months, with three months

darkness.
In Norway the chief subsistence is the exportation of wood, which was stopped some two years age, and this has caused so many thousands of Norwegians to emigrate to America, and if they were able to pay the fare, perhaps 100,000 Scandi-navians would emigrate this year te

and eleventh Centuries, and since then

that is, very Christian. They never deceive or steal; never have law suits. They have had no real war for a thousand years. Shors and hotels are not open on Sundays, and the people frequent their own or the Catholic Churches instead. Dances and theatres are also almost stopped those late years.

More than twenty years ago the Redemutoris Fathers opened the Missions.

The recently deceased Edoardo Cardinal the Isola Bella, and the other Borromeen Isles of the Lago Maggiore, the paradisaical birth-place of this princely Catholis house. The deceased prelate was the fifth Cardinal given to the Sacred College by his noble Lombardic family.

Edoardo Borromeo belonged to the order of Cardinal Priests, was Archpriest of the Patriarchal Begilier of the Patriarchal Begilier

of the Patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, hidden a nature of kindness and sensibility. Even while majordomo he succeeded in making himself beloved by the scholars of the papal schools of which he was director, and it is recorded of him that on one occasion, when he administered the first communion to some of their number, he burst into tears in the midst of his exhortation, and kneeling before the children kissed their feet in passionate humility. Mgr. Borromeo for many years did the honors of the Palazzo Altieri to the noble pilgrims who frequented it, with urbanity and hospitality. He was a very hard and earnest worker as a prefect of the Church

said :-Christian education must begin and be carried out to its best fulfilment parental instruction. To educate the intellect without the development of the moral faculty is to train up a devil. To educate the moral affections by neglecting the intellect, is to creat a fanatic. True education is the leading out of our faculties in harmony.—Church Work.

A Lady's Wish.