"Rearer my God to Thee."

BY A SISTER OF MERCY.

There to Thee, dear Lord, and neares
aw me from earthly things away,

or to me, dear Lord, and dearer,

Thy sweet service day by day,

hath no ties to bind me, Jesus,

though its glories glean

Teach me to love all human creatures. Chiefly the hearts crushed down with May those who is love Thy hand chas Have of my love the amplest share. Morn, note and night, in Joy and say my heart and sout be Thin Still may my heart and sout be Thin Jesus, Steaufastly unto Thee incline.

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

The Work of Monseigneur de Mezenod

Far away within the north-western limits of America, lay regions vast almost as Europe, which extend from 49 degre a latitude to the frozen ocean and Befliu's Bay, from the Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountaine. Those desert regions were the domain of the red man, of the moosedeer and buffalo, of the wolf and the white bear. There grim winter held sway the greater part of the year, and fettered land and lake and river in its chains of black ice, and cled them in its mantle of thick snow. In the chief portion of those in hospitable climes, mother earth refuses bread to her children. There no corn waves in autumn-tide upon her plains, nor does vegetable life supply aught to the wants or gratification of the human palate. Man might die of hunger there, though he were lord of boundless territory, if buffalo or deer or fish from lake or wild bird from eyric came not within his patate. Man might die of nunger bers, though he were lord of boundless territory, if buffslo or deer or fish from lake or wild bird from eyrie came not within his reach to supply him with food from its own substance. But sometimes these feeders of man hold aloof and mysteriously disappear and then the awful solitude of the wilderness becomes more awful still, in the absence of its habitual denizens. Then does the shadow of death fall heavily on the gaunt spare figures of the hunger smitten tribe. Woe then to the weakest, they often at such times become the food of the strongest. The strong fell the weak. The aged father and mother and the gentle child are struck down sometimes, and the men of the tribe devour the horrible repast. There are few attractions in these howling wildernesses to draw hither the footsteps of strangers from other lands. The skins and furs of their wild animals are the only objects which the miserable inhabitants have to offer in exchange for the goods of the white man. Here, it is true, nature reveals herself in forms sublime and terrible in her forests, over her boundless prairies, up her mountain ranges, out upon her lakes and rivers and seas, aloft in her skies, which are sunless for months in certain latitudes, and which flame oftentimes

to study their manners to photograph their likenesses, or to view the scenery of their lakes and prairies. They had need of those who prairies. They had need of those who would come to claim them as lost brothers, to acknowledge them as children of the same father, to communicate to them the light of faith, to embrace them in the bonds of charity, and to teach them how to love God and how to love one another. To supply these most pressing spiritual wants of the wandering tribes of the lone Northwest of America was to become the very difficult, but the very meritorious mission of the Oblates

of Mary Immaculate. of Mary Immaculate.

The immense portion of British America to which we have just been alluding, was formerly part of the diocese of Quebec. More recently it became an independent district, of which Monseig neur Provencher was appointed bishop Gradually the number of priests unde the jurisdiction of this zealous prelate continued to diminish, and no new voca tions presented themselves to fill the vacancies thus created. Monseigneur Provencher was slarmed at the prospect of his new diocese becoming extinct for want of priests. He found himself at last left with only six priests, some of whom were old and infirm. On his perplexity he took counsel with the bishops of Canada. The result of their delibera tions was their agreeing to make a joint application to their Superior General of the Oblates of Mary, in view of obtaining a body of his missionaries for the evangelizing of the tribes of the vast district in question. Many reasons at that time combined to deter Monseigneur de Muzenod from complying with this re-quest. But there existed one superior motive for yielding consent to the pro-posal of Monseigneur Provencher, which prevailed in the mind of Monseigneur de Mazenod over all reasons to the contrary it was that this proposal was made in behalf of the most destitute souls on the

Who so shut out from the help and sympathy of their fellow men as those wild wandering tribes of the northwestern deserts of America? Nobody without risk and hardship can visit them in out risk and hardship can visit them in their lonely encampments; much less can anybody live in their midst and become all to all among them in order to gain them to God, without having to granthem to God, without having to rendere mental, physical and more) to to gain them to dou, which a ward to be the endure mental, physical and moral tor tures that demand in him who patiently bears such trials, the faith and the courage of a martyr. There are other loved, are thus portrayed in a letter heathen lands where nothing seems to written by him in later period:

nature invites the approach and fosters the sojourn—lands of bright skies and balmy health-giving breess where to dwell seems to be a paradise on earth. The home of the red man of the wild north has no such attraction to offer to the stranger who approaches it. Everything, on the contrary, connected with that melancholy land is calculated to isolate its unhappy inhabitants from the rest of human kind, and to exclude them from the knowledge and sympathy of their fellowmen. Cupidity will induce traders to visit their ice-locked frontiers. But lotter motives than those inspired by thirst of earthly gain are required to induce other visitors to penetrate to the heart of their lonely encampments in the far wilderness, there to become partakers of all their sufferings and hardships. Their state of utter isolation and spiritual destitution is to form for the sons of De Mazenod one of the chief motives of their being the most earnestly sought after.

On undertaking for his society the evangelizing of the vaat regions of the Northwest, Monseigneur de Mazenod counted upon God's sending many additional laborers into the vineyard to enable him to carry on the great missionary work for which he had become responsible. His trust in God was not in vain. When the news spread abroad in France that the society of the Oblates of Mary had undertaken missions for the conversion to Christianity of the Indian tribes inhabiting the northwestern deserts of America, an extraordinary development of vocations to that society began to manifest itself. Applications for admission to its ranks came from divers points of France, from the shores of the Mediterranean, from the vineyards and olive groves on the banks of the Rhone, from the Alpine terraces overhanging the rapid Isere, from the green fields and orchards of Britanny and La Vendee, from the busy centres of Alsacee, and the vine-clad plains of Lorraine.

Alsacee, and the vine-clad plains of Lorraine.

These applications came from church students, from young priests, from professors of seminaries, and in several cases from parish priests, who gave up good appointments to become Oblate missionaries to the Indian tribes. The professions of law, medicine, and the army contributed also a share to the list of novice missionaries. To these generous hearts their own Belle France seemed to lose her power of attraction ous hearts their own Belle France seemed to lose her power of attraction and to give place to a rival land in their thoughts and affections. To their own historic and beautiful France, the land of

their wild animals are the only objects which the miserable inhabitants have to offer in exchange for the goods of the white man. Here, it is true, nature reveals herself in forms sublime and terrible in her forests, over her boundless prairies, up her mountain ranges, out upon her lakes and rivers and seas, aloft in her skies, which are sunless for months in certain latitudes, and which flame oftentimes by night with fires that rival sun-flashes by their brillianoy.

Pilgrims of science, and men of travel and adventure occasionally come hither; but dame Nature is ever churlish in the reception which she accords to them. Upon all new comers she imposes pains and penalties, hardships and privations, oftentimes of a most formidable kind. Many over adventurous spirits have forfeited their lives in those frightful regions by being swept over foaming rapids, or by being crushed by icebergs, or by being crushed by icebergs, or by being crushed by icebergs, or by being crushed by hunger and frost, the noble Franklin and a hundred and more of his devoted followers. The inhabitants of these melancholy solitudes had need of the advent of other visitors besides those who came to trade with them, or to study their manners and customs, or to study their manners and customs, or to photograph their likenesses, or to

of faith.

One morning, early in the year 1845 a youthful novice knelt before the altar of the oratory, in the Novitiate house of the Oblates of Mary at Longueuil, near Montreal. He was one who had before him, whilst still in the world, a future full of bright promise of preferment and success, being the nephew of the prime minister of Canada, and being on his own part possessed being on his own part possessed of natural abilities, which were highly cultivated by a careful education. highly cultivated by a careful equicanon.
All these advantages and prospects he renounced in order to become an humble, religious member of the Oblates of Mary. religious member of the Oblates of Mary. On the morning to which we refer, he came to the foot of the altar to plead for the life of a beloved mother. He had then just received the news that nothing short of a miracle could save her life. With loving confidence he implores God in earnest prayer to work that miracle, and to grant to him his mother's life. He does not come empty handed to

and to grant to him his mother's life, He does not come empty handed to address this petition to God. He comes into the Divine presence with an offer-ing: The offering is that of himself. He makes a promise in prayer to this effect, that should God restore his mother to health he would ask his mother to health he would ask his superiors to allow him to consecrate his whole life to the evangelizing of the Indian tribes in the far region of the Red River. Scarcely had this prayer been pronounced and this holy promise made, when his mother was suddenly restored to perfect health. In fulfilment of his promise, Alexander Tache, for such was his name, having heard of his mother's restoration to health, presented himself to his superiors to seek their consent to his devoting himself to the work of evangelising the Indian tribes of the Red River regions. Such were the circum-River regions Such were the circum-stances which led to the selection of stances which led to the selection of Brother Tache, while he was yet a novice and before he was ordained a priest, to be the companion of the first Oblate Father who was sent as a missionary to the Red River. On the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1845, Father Peter Aubert and Brother Tache knelt in the Chapel of the Naviosate house at Longueui to of the Noviciate house at Longueuil to

"You will allow me to tell you what I felt as I receded from the sources of the St. Lawrence, on whose banks Providence had fixed my birth place, and by whose waters I first conceived the thought of becoming a missionary of the Red River. I drank of those waters for the last time, and mingled with them some of the secret thoughts and affectionate sentiments of my utmost heart. I could imagine how some of the bright waves of this dear old river, rolling down from lake to lake, would at last strike on the beach nigh to which a beloved mother was praying for her son that he might become a perfect Oblate and a holy missionary. I knew that being intensely pre-occupied with that son's happiness, she would listen to the faintest murmuring sound, to the very beatings of the waves coming from the northwest as if to discover in them the echoes of her son's voice asking a prayer or promising a remembrance. I give expression to what I felt on that occasion, for the recollection now, after the lapse of twenty years, of the emotions I experienced in quitting home and friends, enables me more fully to appreciate the generous devotedness of those who give up all they hold most dear in human affection for the salvation of souls."

An unbroken journey of sixty-two days conducted the two young missionaries to St. Boniface on the Red River. They met on their arrival with a fraternal and cordial welcome from Monseigneur Provencher, who seemed, however, to be somewhat taken back by the youthful appearance of Brother Tache. "I have asked" he said, half playfully, "for a missionary, and they have sent me a mere boy." This "mere boy" in five years was to become his coadjutor bishop, then his successor, and owing to his merits and the success of his labors, St Boniface, the title of the new diocess of the R-d River districts was to become of the R-d River districts was to become an archbishopric. We would here ask his grace Monseigneur Tache, Archbishop of St. Bonitace, to pardon us if he thinks we have intruded too far into the sanctuary of his private life. We feel, however, we have no need of making an apology on this matter, for such a life as his belongs necessarily already to the domain of Catholic history. On the first of September, Prother Tache, who had during his journey reached his twenty second year, was ordained deacon, and on the following 12th of October he was raised to the pricethood. That same was raised to the priesthood. That same day his year's novitiate terminated, and shortly before the ceremony of his orshortly before the ceremony of his or-dination began, he had the happiness of pronouncing in the presence of Father Aubert his religious vows. These vows were the first ever pronounced in that

His next missionary expedition was to Arthabacka; on his way thither he was warned of the fierce and savage character of the Indian tribes who frequented that place; but, nevertheless, he courageously pursued his weary journey of four hundred miles to the end, travelling almost the whole way on foot. A great consolation and a great missionary trialmost the whole way on 100s. A great consolation and a great missionary tri-umph awaited him at Arthabaska, which was to compensate him abundantly for the harrassing fatigues of his journey. In the course of three weeks he baptized 194 Indians of the Crees and Montaignar's tribes. The efforts of the mission-ary, aided by Divine grace, wrought a complete transformation in these poor a complete transformation in these poor children of the wilderness, who, in their interior, became gentle and tractable, and in heart devout and fervent Chris-tians. The next year he visited them again. He found that in the meantime the seeds of faith and piety he had been instrumental in planting, had taken deep root in their souls, and that all his hopes in their regard were fully realized. The extreme enthusiasm manifested on the occasion of his first visit had, however, diminished.

In 1848 the Indians of Arthabaska showed themselves less enthusiastic than they were the previous year; but, in reality, far more deeply Christian. In the meantime those divine truths so new to them, and which their minds so readily imbibed at first, were pondered over by them leisurely; they examined and discussed them among themselves, and the precise way in which they apprecia ted them was calculated to fill one with surprise. It is true as the young mission-ary himself writes: "Although the heart which so often rebels against right rea son, not only in the case of the untutored child of the forest, but also of him born and nurtured in the midst of civilization and nuttured in the miost of civilization still offered its practical objections to the full christianizing of these Indians, nevertheless, the triumph of the faith was secured at Arthabaska. It is now one of the chief centres of Caristianity

in Northwestern America."

These happy beginnings inspired Father Teche's zeal to pursue with continued ardor his apostolic career. The lite of a missionary in those distant regions is chequered by successes and disappointments. The latter would seem often to come in undue proportion. Sometimes after accomplishing, in face of frightful difficulties, a journey of hun-

dreds of miles, on arriving at the place of expected rendesvous, the missionary father finds that, owing to delays which unavoidably occurred upon his way he has arrived too late, and that the tribes in search of whom he had set out have already taken their departure. Meantime his little stock of provisions is becoming exhausted, and the few Indians who have been accompanying him abandon him alone in the wilderness. The dogs of his team are famishing. He divides with them the last remnants of food that remain. He starves himself to save the lives of these poor brutes. If they perish he will have to abandon all his possessions in the desert, sacred vestments, chalices, temporary altar, books, everything Under such circumstances he begins his return journey.

TO BE CONTINUED MIDNIGHT MASS IN SEVILLE.

A Presbyterian Minister, in London Weekly Register.

A Presbyterian Minister, in London Weekly Register.

It was eleven o'clock when we went up the broad steps, and found ourselves in the interior of one of the greatest temples of Christendom. It was not merely its vast size which impressed us (although it is over 400 feet long, and nearly 300 feet wide), but the perfect proportion of the whole, that gave it an air of majesty, which is, perhaps, the truest test of what is grand in architect ure. We can not say of the Cathedral of Seville that its founders "builded better than they knew," for they began with an avowed purpose "to erect a church which should have no equal." All travellers remark the singular effect produced in Spanish cathedrals by placing the choir, not at the end, but in the centre. It is an arrangement which has grown out of their very size. They are so vast that they are quite unfitted for ordinary worship. There is no congregation that can fill them, nor would it be in the power of the human voice to reach to "the utmost bound" of the area covered by those mighty arches or domes. From this it became a necessity to "fence off" a portion, so as to have a segment of the whole more in proportion to the wants of the worshippers. And this central coro has some incidental advantages, especially at night, as it furnishes a centre of light in the midst of surrounding darkness, or rather of a space so vast that its outer portions are quite dim, so that one who does not wish to come too near the central "blaze and blare," can retreat afar off, where he can see and hear as much or as little as he will; or, if he likes to be with his own thoughts, can hide himself in little as he will; or, if he likes to be with his own thoughts, can hide himself in remote recesses, in which the sound of voices will be softened by distance, and come to him faintly and soothingly as he

come to him faintly and soothingly as he sits alone in the mighty shadows.

So was it with us for the greater part of the first hour that we spent in the Cathe dral. When we entered a service was in progress, though not the service which we had come to attend. It was only Vespers, given, perhaps, at an unusual hour of the night, as a prelude to the grander solemnity that was to follow. The coro was brilliantly lighted, while the rest of the vast building was in shadow. While this Vesper service was going on we wandered off into the side aisles and chapels, where the volces heard at a distance and at that hour, produced an effect which I will not say was more weird and ghostlike, but dral was begun nearly nve centuries ago, and was more than a hundred years in building. Thus it was the work of three building. Thus it was the work of three or four generations, and has been worshipped in by at least ten generations. Around us are the memorials of a far distant past. Under the pavement sleeps the son of Christopher Columbus, Beneath, yonder altar in the royal chapel rest the bones of St. Ferdinand, the arrest warrier who delivered Sarville great warrior who delivered Seville from the Moors. The Giralda tower is older still, for it was erected by the Moors as the Minaret of a mosque second only to that of Cordovo, which covered the place wher the cathedral now stands, from which the cathedral now stands, from which nearly seven centuries ago the muezzin called the faithful to prayer. When the Moors were driven out of Seville, they would have destroyed the Giralda, unwilling that such a monument of their power and their religion should fall into the hands of their enemies, but happily it was preserved to be the glory of another and worthier temple of the Most High. Compared with these lapses of time—with the age of Tower or Cathedral—how little appears the life of one man —how little appears the life of one man, or of one generation! What is our life The wind passeth over it and it is gone. Man cometh up like a flower and is cut down. To night a wanderer from the far off Western World sits upon this stone; o morrow he is gone; a few days more

and he disappears, not only from this place, but from the earth, and is no more At length the Vespers ended, and the priests filed out of the choir. Up to this point the service had been rendered by voices only. But now the organ began to make the air to tremble. Of these there are two in the cathedral, which, as they are of a size proportioned to the place, have a tremendous volume; but at first have a tremendous volume; but at first they let forth their faintest notes, the mere whisperings of their mighty voices. Gradually they swelled in compass, but instead of continuing in the tone of the preceding chantings and prayers, to our amazement they suddenly struck up the Spanish national hymn? This certainly touched a chord in every Spanish breast, but not exactly that of religion, although this people are accustomed to mingle religion and patriotism in a way not common with other nations; and now the officers and soldiers who were present felt a double inspiration, as if, after listening to a mintary Mass, they had suddenly heard the blast of a bugle which called them to battle. After this patriotic outburst came another still more lively and gay, which

my companion said was neither more nor less than a well known Spanish dancing tune. Plainly the Spaniards regard the most joyous music as the most fit to celebrate an event which, more than any other, brought joy into the world.

But now the organ ceased as the clock tolled the hour of midnight, and a new procession was formed in the core to move to the high altar, where Mass was to be performed. The altar was blazing with light, before which the priests stood in their brilliant vestments, and there was a profound stillness when a deep voice began to intone the prayers. As the service proceeded a priest came forward into the pulpit, and while two attendants held the heavy wax candles that cast light on a huge volume before him, read from the Gospel the story of the birth of Christ: "And there were shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night;" and when he came to the "multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and asying, Glory to God in the bighest, peace on earth to men of good will," all the bells in the Giralda tower began to ring, as if they would send back the tidings to the listening heavens.

Perhaps an observer more familiar

they would send back the tidings to the listening heavens.

Perhaps an observer more familiar with the ritual of this service may say that I do not follow its precise order. But no matter for that. I note such points as I could understand the best, and as struck me most. The Te Deum needs no interpreter or defender, as no "sacrifice of praise" offered on earth breathes more of the spirit of heavenly adoration. In whatever church, or in whatever language, it may be said or sung, the words are always sacred and divine. And here we may note one benefit of an universal language (as an offset to the many disadvantages of wor shipping God in an unknown tongue), that scholars at least can follow (it the common people cannot) in Latin what that scholars at least can follow (if the common people cannot) in Latin what they could not in Spanish. And there were passages which in the sonorous Latin tongue came with a power that was quite overwhelming. Here, in his charming little book, "Wanderings in Spain," says of a service which he attended at Pampelona: "The Christian Mass in the cathedrals was magnificent. No service in Italy can compare with the solemn bursts of music which follow the thrilling solos sung in these Spanish solemn bursts of music which follow the thrilling solos sung in these Spanish churches." I leave it to my readers to imagine the effect of these "solemn bursts," when, above the swell of the organ, the voices rose high and clear, pouring forth those magnificent strains, in which the Church on earth seems to join with the Church in heaven:

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ;
Thou art the Everlasting Son of the
Father:
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our
Judge;
Help therefore Thy servants whom Thou
hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
When the ringing of the little bell at
the altar announced the raising of the
Host, the whole assembly fell on their
knees. I had withdrawn into the shadow
of a column, that my standing might not Abbert his religious yows. These yows were the first ever pronounced in that land; they were pronounced on the banks of the Red River by the great great nephew of Varenue de la Veraud's, by whom that river and the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal the surrounding country had been discovered that he was to follow. The core was in the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he said to make a test the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he said to make the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he said to the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he said to the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he said to the surrounding country had been discovered to the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of those tribs as the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of those tribs as the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of these tribs are to the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of these tribs as the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of these tribs are the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of these tribs as the surrounding country had been discovered to the surrounding country had been discovered. Altertal he language of the surrounding country had been discovered to the surrounding country had been discovered to the surrounding country had been discovered the surrounding country had been up of Christ on the Cross, to whom there-fore it was a symbol of the Great Sacri-fice, and who, bending low before their Redeemer, fervently prayed "O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the

God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace."

The midnight Mass was ended; the priests who had stood before the altar passed out one by one; the lights were extinguished; the organs which had been rolling their billows of sound through the long drawn sisles and among the lofty arches, were still; and following the dense throng, we moved slowly away. It was after one o'clock when we left the cathedral. As we came out into the street, the stars were shiping brightle as on that stars were shining brightly as on that blessed night when Christ was born into the world. Directly overhead Orion with its glittering belt ruled monarch of the midnight sky—no unworthy symbol of One greater than Orion, Who through all ages holds on his victorious way.

HENRY M. FIELD.

Slang Phrases.

Some sayings that are commonly called "slang," instead of being the inventions of these rather slangy modern times, have an origin that is both "ancient and honorable."

ent and nonorable."

The expression, "He's a brick," is said to have been originated by the Spartan king Agesilaus, who on a certain occasion, pointing to his army, said: "They are the walls of Sparta. Every man there is a brick."

there is a brick."

With such a meaning every boy and girl might be glad to be called a "brick," and it is well to remember, too, that "a stone that is fitted to the wall will not lie long in the road." Fit yourself for a high position in the wall Time is build ing, and you will sooner or later find yourself fitted into the place you can best fill.

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure. Putbam's Pain-less Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putbam's Painless Corn Extractor, the

sure, safe and painless cure for corns. Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap i highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

Freeman's Worm Powders are agree able to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults. THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

BY BISHOP O'FARRELL.

The pages of history attest that nearly all the great men, men distinguished above their fellows by extraordinary deeds The pages of history attest that nearly all the great men, men distinguished above their fellows by extraordinary deeds—great saints or great sinners—men who strove best to benefit their race and country, or who by their crimes inflicted most injury on both—have nearly all been such as their mothers trained them. The mother makes the man. Without speaking now of the great men of the world, of the great scholare, the conquerors of nations, of whom this observation has frequently been made by their biographers or historians, let us simply look to the lives of our great saints. It would be impossible here to enumerate the noble women who, from their own generous and devoted hearts enkindled the fire of religious heroism in the souls of their children. Not to mention in the old law the mother of the Machabees pointing out to her noble sons the pathway to Heaven through most frightful sufferings, nor the mother of the martyrs in the new, let us simply recall some of the mothers of the great saints and doctors of the Church. St. Paul reminds his disciple Timothy of what he owed to "the faith unfeigned" (2 Tim., i., 5) of his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. St. Basil and his brother, St. Gregory, of Nyssa, gloried in preserving the faith in which they had been trained by their grandmother St. Macrina. St. Gregory describes most minutely the manner in which his mother instructed his sister. St. Fulgentius owed his education, not merely in searced science, but also in politic literature, to the care of his mother Mariana, "the religious mother," as she is called in his Life. The early education, both liberal and religious of St. John Chrysostom was in like manner directed by his admirable mother. Authusa, whose conduct in particular drew from the Pagan sophist Libanius the exclamation, "Ye gods of Greece, how wonderful are the women of the Christians!"

Who has not read or heard of the touching story of St. Moulea guiding the early steps of St. Augustine: and what he dear the steps of St. Augustine: and which th

Who has not read or heard of the touch-Who has not read or heard of the touch-ing story of St. Monica guiding the early steps of St. Augustine; and when the violence of his passions led her son away from truth and virtue, she followed him from truth and virtue, she followed him through all his wanderings with her advice, her prayers, and her tears, until at length she was consoled by his return to God, and the words of St. Ambross were verified "that the child of such tears could not perish." How well St. Augustine himself understood how much be was indebted to his mother for his conversion and him.

understood how much he was indebted to his mother for his conversion, and his happiness may be seen from the touching words of his Confessions.

And again, many may have listened to the story of Queen Blanche of Castile, the mother of Louis IX, King of France, who in his childhood, when seated on her knee, she thus addressed: "My Louis, I love you above everything in this world, but I would rather see you fall dead at my feet than know that you committed a single mortal sin." How well that boy remembered those lessons of his mother can be seen in his afterlife, so manly; so heroic, and so boly that he has merited the honor of being proclaimed by the Church

sweet music the soul is wrapped in sweet music the soul is wrapped in a species of ecstacy akin to the condition of the mediæval quietest. But it does not produce real good. It is a half-hearted service of God at best, and undertaken largely to please the church-goer. A Catholic is bound under pain of mortal sin to hear mass every Sunday and holiday of obligation, but he deceives if he lets his duty end here. He may like this Christian duty and "so erect a church to God," but if he does not frequent the holy sacraments, he yields to the carnal element in his nature, and keeps a little oratory in his soul for the enemy of his oratory in his soul for the enemy of his salvation. One thing is necessary, and this is to save the soul at every hazard. No matter how unpleasant it may be, as the sacraments are the means of divine No matter now unpressent to may os, as the secrements are the means of divine institution to attain salvation, we must go to confession. There is no getting away from this. God has established one way to go to heaven, which is a place of which He is the owner. If a man wishes to get there, he must comply with the conditions which are prescribed to obtain it. This reasoning is too obvious to need any illustrations. But, if such were needed, let it be supposed that a king or president offered a favor to all who approached him by one only door in his residence. Would it not be quite proper for him to reject all who in the exercise of self-will and in a boastful spirit of independence insisted upon making an entrance by a new way of their own choosing. This is what men do who will follow the code of religion just so far as it pleases them and no farjust so far as it pleases them and no far-ther. It is dangerous to spend life in this ther. It is dangerous to spend life in this sort of shuffling, the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist must be received and worthily. There must be no discrimination, we must travel the one road that leads to the heavenly kingdom. A Catholic must send to the wind every notion that does not strike root in this conception of duty, else all the average the world mer. of duty; else all the success the world may give will be but a wretched compensation for the loss of his soul which will have an immortal duration of happiness or suffer-ing. Life and death are before us, it will be prudent that we choose wisely and betimes.

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Dr. A. TRAU, Philadelphia, says: "It promotes digestion, and improves general nutrition of the nervous system."

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Oat., says: "He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

They come, as the breeze comes over the Walking the waves that are sinking to The fairest of memories from far-away home The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark

And the 'steps are as soft as the sound of And I welcome them all while I wearily

They come as a song comes out of the past A loved mother murmured in days that are Whose tones spirit-thrilling live on to the When the gloom of the heart wraps it gray o'er the nead.

BISHOP IRELAND IN BALTIMORE

AFTER A TEMPERANCE LECTURE FOUL HUNDRED PERSONS TAKE THE PLEDGE.

AFTER A TEMPERANCE LECTURE FOUR BUNDEND PERSONS TAKE THE PLEDGE.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 4, Righ Rev. Blahop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minne sota, preached an admirable sermon on the "True Church" in the Cathedral a Baltimore. In the evening the bishop lectured on "Temperance" at St. Vincent's Church, on Front street, under the anapices of St. Vincent's Secred Thirs Scatety. There were a number of clergy men present. Bishop Ireland said:

"I presume I am to talk to men of toi—men and women who have to labor hard to support their families. There is much said to day about the laboring classes about improving their condition and giving them fair play. They have much to suffer. From early Monday morning until late Saturday night they have to work for a small reward. Their opport tunities for lifting themselves up to a better condition do not seem to offer themselves frequently. Tollers of twenty years ago are tollers to day. Philanthrop ist, so called, are busying themselve about the laboring classes, and the latter are locking about for a brighter future for their children. I know the noble qualities of the laboring classes. It is the mission of the Church to relieve the Church the example. It is a blessing to dry tears and make this world joyful The Church always has afficed herself with the poor, oppressed, and slaves. So in this labor movement to day the priests of the Church find themselves among the pocand the laborers. If I have devoted my labor movement to day the priests of the Church find themselves among the poor and the laborers. If I have devoted my life to the cause of total abstinence, it has been in a great measure due to my deep sympathy with the laboring classes. You total all the year, and have little at the encaved. A dollar is a large sum in the hands of a laborer when we consider what him. A man's strength can be the cast him. it cost him. A man's strength can be measured by days and years. The labor ing classes do not appreciate how much a ing classes do not appreciate how much a dollar costs them. With a dollar you can clothe yourself; you can save something and get interest, which is something giver to you. As long as you have no home you are the slave of men; but as soon as you get a foot of ground you can say, 'This i mine,' and be lifted up. Give your wif one dollar more a week, and see how much farther she will make it go. You want to be providing for the future; to care for your children and yourself as you grow older.

"How much can be and is being don by a little money! Very few rich people

"How much can be and is being don by a little money! Very few rich people become rich by putting away large sum at once. They begin by saving small sums. The value of saving is the great lesson for the laboring classes in the country to day. In this country opportunities are open to all. I will tell you how you can save without any sacrifice but, on the contrary, saving yourselve from evils. I wouldn't tell you to sav by stinting yourselves in food and drint and clothing; but I would have you sav. by keeping away from the grog-shops a by keeping away from the grog shops as from the mouth of hell. How much laboring classes! The saloons are mornumerous in the neighborhoods inhabited by the poorer classes. I could hal forgive the saloons—though I could never do it, I believe—if they would attack the capitalists and railroad mag nates; but they attack the poore classes, and fill jails and almshouses Classes, and nil jalis and aimsnouses. The saloons are not found on the avenues of the rich, but they are nea the factories, etc. The saloons give you alcohol, and impure alcohol at that They give you stuff made up of poison ous ingredients, whose very purpose is to create a thirst and poison the atomach. The man in normal health needs n liquor of any kind. You see the poison pouring out of the man who drinks. You lose absolutely nothing by givin up liquor. How much do you gain? I it did not pay saloon keepers wouldn's sell liquor. You go out and work, and they sit back in the cool and have as time. You might as well be their

they sit back in the cool and have a casy time. You might as well be their slaves. We never seel how much we ar giving the saloon keeper. Dimes follow dimes and quarters follow quarters, and at the end of the week a large sum habeen spent. Until the laboring class-take the pledge and keep it all the speeches made for them and efforts to lift them up are in vain.

How is it possible that our people of How is it possible that our people d not see the consequences of drink, an that in this free country they are slaves The landlords in the saloons are mor heartless than Irish landlords ever hav

heartiess than Irish landlords ever have been or will be. It is time that the laboring men should declare themselve free men and save their money. Povertitelf does not prevent happiness, but the poor man drinks, his temper is source his wife complains, and his children and led into vices, are taken up by the polic and sent to reformatories. Outside of he there is nothing so hideous as a hom where the father and mother both drink The drinking man is most cruel. Drinking man is most cruel. The drinking man is most cruel. Drin is the destroying angel of the peace of th family. We must at least protect the women and children. Women's enem is liquor. It is horrible for women to Is liquor. It is horrible for women to touch it in any form. Women are to lenient about the husbands and brother drinking a little. My advice to you igive advice at once, then consult the priest, and as a last resort go to work wit a broomstick. The brewers and the dittillers are the real guity parties. If could only keep our people from the aloon, what a race they would be? The devil doesn't put up strange names over the doesn't put up strange names over the doesn't put up at tange the poble devil doesn't put up strenge names ove the doors. No, we see there the noble names in Ireland's history. I would hav