

"Hearer my God to Thee."

BY A SISTER OF MERCY.
Nearer to Thee, dear Lord, and nearer.
Draw me from earthily things away.

OBILATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

The Work of MONSEIGNEUR DE MAZONOD and Others.

Far away within the north-western limits of America, regions vast almost as Europe, which extend from 49 degrees latitude to the frozen ocean and Baffin's Bay, on the Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains. Those desert regions were the domain of the red man, of the moose-deer and buffalo, of the wolf and the white bear.

These applications came from church students, from young priests, from professors of seminaries, and in several cases from parish priests, who gave up their fields and orchards of Brittany and La Vendee, from the busy centres of Alsace, and the vine-clad plains of Lorraine.

On a 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.

Who so shut out from the help and sympathy of their fellow men as those wild wandering tribes of the north-western deserts of America? Nobody without 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 endure mental, physical and moral tortures that demand in him who patiently bears such trials, the faith and the courage of a martyr.

be wild, or savage, or repulsive, but man himself—lands in which, if man repels nature invites the approach and fosters the sojourn—lands of bright skies and balmy health-giving breezes where to dwell seems to be paradise on earth.

On undertaking for his society the evangelizing of the vast regions of the Northwest, MONSEIGNEUR DE MAZONOD carried upon God's sending many additional laborers into the vineyard.

An unbroken journey of sixty-two days conducted the two young missionaries to St. Boniface on the Red River.

During his journey he heard of an Indian chief who was dangerously ill at Lac Vert, a place ninety miles distant, who desired to be baptized.

His next missionary expedition was to Arthabaska; on his way thither he was warned of the fierce and savage character of the Indian tribes who frequented that place.

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 in the precise way in which they appreciate them was calculated to fill one with surprise.

"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 parting tears, and confided to them some of the secret thoughts and affectionate sentiments of my utmost heart.

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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.

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.

When 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. Hail, Redeemer 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, my standing might not offend the worshippers; for if I could not join with them in that act of devotion, I would not seem wanting in respect; and I must confess that the scene at that moment—the vast cathedral, with the multitude kneeling on the pavement, not only near the altar and the choir, but off to the sides, where they could be but dimly seen—was one of the most impressive that I have ever witnessed.

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.

The Victor's Crown Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want.

Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable 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—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.

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Memories. FATHER RYAN. They come, as the breeze comes over the land. Walking the waves that are sinking to foam. The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky. That summer whenever the shadows may sweep. And the angels are as soft as the sound of a sigh.

They come as a song comes out of the past. A loved mother nursing in days that are dead. Whose tones spirit-thrilling live on to the last.

BISHOP IRELAND IN BALTIMORE. AFTER A TEMPERANCE LECTURE FOUR HUNDRED PERSONS TAKE THE PLEDGE. On Sunday morning, Sept. 4, Right Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., preached an admirable sermon on the "True Church" in the Cathedral at Baltimore.

"How much can be and is being done by a little money! Very few rich people become rich by putting away large sums at once. They begin by saving small sums. The value of saving is the greater lesson for the laboring classes in this country to day. As you have no money to put away, you must save with your own hands. You can save without any sacrifice, but on the contrary, saving yourself from evil. I wouldn't tell you to save by stinting yourselves in food and drink and clothing; but I would have you save by keeping away from the grog-shops and the saloons, and from the haunts of the devil. How much money goes into the saloons and the laboring classes! The saloons are inhabited by the poor classes. I could hardly forgive the saloons—though I couldn't never do it, I believe—if I could, I would attack the capitalists and railroad magnates; but I would attack the poor classes, and fill jails and almshouses. The saloons are not found on the avenues of the rich, but they are near the factories, etc. The saloons give you alcohol, and impure alcohol at that. They give you stuff made up of poisonous ingredients, whose very purpose is to create a thirst and poison the stomach. You see the saloons are the haunts of the liquor of any kind. You see the saloons pouring out of the man who drinks. You lose absolutely nothing by giving up liquor. How much do you gain? I did not pay saloon keepers' wages. You go out and work, and you sit back in the cool and have an easy time of it. You might as well be a slave. We never feel how much we are giving the saloon keeper. Dimes follow dimes and quarters follow quarters, and at the end of the week a large sum has been spent. Until the laboring classes 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 do not see the consequences of drink, and that in this free country they are slaves? The landlords in the saloons are more heartless than Irish landlords ever have been or will be. It is true that the laboring men should declare themselves free men and save their money. Poverty itself does not prevent happiness, but the poor man drinks, his temper is soured, his wife complains, and his children are led into vice, are taken up by the police and sent to reformatories. Outside of here there is nothing so hideous as a home where the father and mother both drink. The drinking man is most cruel. Drinking is the destroying angel of the peace of the family. We must at least protect the women and children. Women's enemies are liquor. It is horrible for women to touch it in any form. Women are too lenient about the husbands and brother drinking a little. My advice to you is give advice at once, then consult the priest, and as a last resort go to work with the doctor. The brewers and the distillers are the real guilty parties. If you could keep our people from the saloon, what a race they would be! The devil doesn't put up strange names over a broomstick. The brewers and the distillers are in Ireland's history. I would have

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