

Exiled Reflections.

BY JOHN J. MOYNIHAN.

The summer in Ireland! The streamlets are laughing in the brown mountains to kiss the green sea. The sun is unrolling and shamrocks are sprouting through grasses that cover the wide spreading valley. The lambs are bleating, and every green valley is bleated with the music that charmingly flows in ripples that glide 'neath the thorn and the hollyhock. By banks where with violets true Irish love grows.

The thorn leaves the thorn and its notes are now ringing in choruses gentle to swell the glad praise. The skylark—in mid-air so lovingly winging— is singing in outbursts of merriest lay; Now life in the land where the farmer's eyes rest on the promise to produce the landlord shall claim. While peace steals from heaven to place its own crest on the scenes that to me are all seasons the same.

The summer in Ireland! And now—three and twenty years— The memories of childhood me backward allure From places here to where friends are in places— Where nature is wealthy and humankind is poor. Where the grasp of the hand speaks the strength of the soul; That in the heart, a star chaunting its true— That never yet fell low hypocrisy stealing its pure blooded veins or its warm tendril through.

Backward again to the haunts of young pleasure— Oh! what a joy to forget our exile! And still back again in each hour of our leisure To spots that we know in our own lovely land. To fancy again that we live where are glancing— The scenes that are stolen from Heaven's own dome, Is a magical art with illusions most tracing— Whose beauties grow dearer when longer from home.

RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

Ave Maria.

The following is a portion of a lecture delivered by Professor Junibert Gouberny at the opening of the course of the Faculty of Medicine at Clermont, France. It has been honored by being called "un scandale universitaire" by the infidel journals of France:

It is very difficult for us to realize all that Jesus Christ and His Church have done for Medicine. Christ has bestowed upon us the honor of a real priesthood, the Christian constitution of our profession; to the Church we owe the preservation of ancient science, the creation of hospitals and schools of medicine, and the most conscious and efficacious protection. The whole history of Medicine testifies to this; but, in view of the short time at my disposal, I will refer only to the most notable facts.

From its origin, Christianity created an element previously unknown—the army of charity; and from that time physicians form an integral part of that army, which, beginning with the Apostles, has gone on developing during the course of ages, and which continues to-day, with all its attributes and all its soldiers more vigorous and more resolute than ever. From the first days of the Church there appeared in Rome men and women who devoted themselves to the service of the poor and the sick. Christian physicians, in company with the Lawrence, the Agatha, the Cecilia, the Fabiola, employed all the resources of their art for charitable ends. Many amongst them shed their blood for their faith. Some day this brilliant history will be placed before us in a clearer light by means of the monuments which we possess—viz., "The Acts of the Martyrs," the *Diploma*, and the recent discoveries made in the Catacombs.

With the victories of Christianity and its occupation of the throne of the Caesars there dawned a glorious era for Medicine, and Christian charity shone forth in all its splendor in the ranks of that tender-hearted and unselfish profession. Charity in those days was a public function directed by the priests and bishops, who became true fathers of the poor. No one was excluded from this ministry; virgins and widows devoted themselves with great enthusiasm to the care of the poor and the sick. Every where arose asylums of charity, and beautiful names, such as *Orphanotrophia*, *Xenodochia* and *Nesocomia*, were then first coined.

But it was not long before the Roman Empire fell beneath the blow of the barbarians. The Church then extended her protecting hand over crumbling society. The Popes and prelates little by little checked the invasion, and finally brought the fierce conquerors under the yoke of Christ. Meanwhile the monks tilled the earth, gathered the wandering peoples into settlements around their monasteries, and preserved, in manuscripts that are still objects of our admiration, the treasures of wisdom and science bequeathed by antiquity. This was the monastic epoch of Medicine; science had taken refuge in the cloisters, and nearly all physicians were monks or priests; in the convent gardens medicinal plants were cultivated; within their walls treatises were written descriptive of the qualities of these plants, as we see from the *Herbarius* of Walapud Strabo and the works of Maer and the Abbot St. Hildegard. This monastic Medicine, continued down to the fifteenth century, in which we find the celebrated Treatise on Anatomy of Basil Falentin, a remarkable monument of chemistry and therapeutics.

During the Middle Ages the charitable organization of the Church performed miracles of charity. The hospices scattered everywhere were directed by priests, served by consecrated virgins and by lay persons, male and female, who dedicated themselves to this ministry by religious vows. These hospices gradually produced the great orders of Hospitaliers. These new societies were eminent for the practice of every work of charity, from military service in the protection of pilgrims and the defence of the Holy Places, to the art of Medicine, especially the care of those afflicted with certain contagious maladies, such as leprosy and St. Anthony's Fire. This was the chivalric epoch of Medicine. The physician was seen to put on the armor of the

chivalier over his professional dress, and to fight with equal valor against sickness and against the enemies of Christ. If the pure science of Medicine made little progress in this epoch, there were witnessed in compensation deeds of charity bordering on the heroic.

Medical education was inaugurated in the palatine schools of Chloemagne. Later on, the Popes founded throughout Europe universities wherein medicine was taught, together with theology and law. From these magnificent institutions of the Papacy our science dates its advance and development. It is to the successors of St. Peter, then, that we owe the first direct impulse given to our studies—a studies which obtained for us an entrance into the hospitals for the purpose of adding to our knowledge by means of experience; a double benefit, which was the starting point of the conquests since made in the same field. Beautiful, however, as science may be, there is something still more beautiful, and that is charity. We can not all be men of science, but we can all consecrate ourselves to the service of our fellow-creatures in their sickness and distress. It is science and charity that have made of Medicine a real priesthood.

Amongst all peoples, from their origin to their decay, have been found and are still to be found three classes that are specially looked up to—priests, physicians and soldiers. The first of these social classes are the bases on which all political society is founded. Frequently Medicine and priesthood are united in the same person. In Egypt, in olden times, the priest exercised the healing art, and in Greece it was practised in the temples. After the fall of the Roman Empire, when Christianity was already well established, most of the physicians were priests, and several of the Popes were physicians; Albertus Magnus was a physician, as were also Roger Bacon and Raymond Lully. Among the French, Guillaume de Beaufes, a physician, was also a canon of the Church, and afterwards Bishop of Paris; Gui de Chauliac, the celebrated surgeon, was chaplain of Pope Clement VI. In the early days of the University of Paris all the professors were priests.

At first sight it may be a matter of surprise that for centuries Medicine was practiced by the clergy; but the reason is plain, and is to be found in the close union existing between the two ministries. If at present the physician is not a priest in the full extent of the word, he is so at least in some measure. The office of physician, like that of priest, is of divine institution. *Creatum cum Altissimo*. He is the minister of God, as Galen says, since he bestows health upon the sick in the name of the Dispenser of all health. As the priest gives the Sacraments, the physician gives medicines; the former being for the healing of the soul, as the latter for that of the body.

When Christ founded the Apostleship, He sent His disciples to extend the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick; during these eighteen centuries the physician has been striving to extend the kingdom of God by curing the sick. When science points out and condemns the excesses and vices of human actions, what does it do but extend the kingdom of God by fostering morality, which must be of benefit to those that observe its dictates, and to their successors? Medicine is, then, a real apostolate, a genuine priesthood.

Medical science is often consulted by all classes of authorities—by theologians, magistrates, legislators, etc.—because it can shed the light of truth on a multitude of questions, thus verifying another professional prophecy: "The science of the physician will be admired by the great: *In conspectu magnorum*." Hippocrates used to say: "Life is short, and science takes a long time to acquire. *Vita brevis ars longa*," and he added: "It is necessary that the physician perform his duty just as well as the patient, as the attendants, and as those that surround the patient." This illustrious doctor knew that the concurrence of all was necessary in waiting on the sick—a duty so painful, so repugnant, and sometimes so dangerous. To Christianity was reserved the realization of this ideal, which was effected by the creation of hospitals, in which her admirable army of charity was to serve constantly.

But it is not enough to create asylums to which the sick may betake themselves; it is necessary that those that wait upon the sick should have the gift of self-abnegation requisite to perform their duty. The priest, the Sister of Charity, the doctor, and the hospital are the product of Christianity. The hospital, the centre of all human miseries, is at the same time the dwelling-place of science and unselfishness. It is the great book in which the physician studies maladies, where he learns to cure them by practical experience, and where the great help that charity affords science is most strikingly manifested. The hospital is also the battle-field where glory is gained by encountering great danger, as in the case of contagious maladies. Every year there are many cases of diseases contracted in hospitals by charitable persons and physicians zealous in the discharge of their duty.

Can we be surprised at the fact that the majority of physicians have always protested against the idea of delivering the sick in the hospitals to the care of the physician has been attending on the sick, standing between the priest and the Sister of Charity, and there is his place of honor. It is not strange, then, that he wishes to keep this place which surrounds him with such an aureole of glory, and gives him two such powerful auxiliaries. It is time to conclude. We have come forth from the World who created us; from Christ, who has been our leader and our model; from the Church which has raised our ministry to the dignity of a priesthood. We belong to a class who are not in the world to be served, but to serve; who labor, not for fortune, but for glory; and who, after the example of the Master, go through the world doing good. Thanks be to our Lord Jesus Christ, we have been successively confessors, martyrs, monks, priests and chivaliers. Our profession is compatible with all this. Therefore, to-day, in the midst of the reigning scepticism, I conjure physi-

cians not to depart from the doctrines of the Founder of Christianity. What interest can they have in obscuring the brilliant history of Medicine during the degradation of materialism or the tollies of free thought? Beside the detriment to science that would follow from such a course of action, our profession would be converted into a mere trade—a means of gaining a livelihood, like any other occupation.

Two hundred years ago one of the chiefs of our school wrote from the centre of Protestant Germany: "It is necessary that the doctor should be a Christian: *Medicus ut Christianus*." Gentlemen, I leave you to reflect on these words—the utterance of the celebrated Frederick Hofmann.

NEW WORLD MARTYRS.

From the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs. Mid August for several years back we have seen great crowds of pilgrims coming to celebrate Our Lady's Assumption at her shrine in the old Mission of the Martyrs at Auriesville, New York.

It is a strange sight for our New World. The long trains draw up with an exultant whistle at the little railway station near the Mohawk River, and the pilgrim form in long procession to march up the hill to the holy chapel. Whole parishes are there, divided into their various pious societies. Bright badges are on their breasts, and their banners flow as gaily in the air as when the French army, which had fought against the grand Turk, marched in here two hundred years ago and more. The band plays stirring marches, and at intervals sweet young voices intone the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. As they mount the hill, far and wide below them the river afterglow or yellow harvest. And beside the gentle river and along the banks the natives of the place, far more numerous than the pilgrims, for such these pilgrims were. The Indians were all armed with sticks or iron rods, and the venerable priest who led this strange pilgrimage says in his account of that memorable day:

"I had always thought that this day of so much rejoicing in suffering, and I was, therefore, thankful to my Saviour Jesus; for the joys of heaven are purchased only by partaking of His sufferings." This was the first blessing given by Our Lady of Martyrs at this holy place in the New World, where she was one day to be honored.

The sufferings and martyrdom of that time have often been told. The golden-rod bloomed along the river bank and the waving cornfields of the Americans that day, even as it does now. And it should gather up for us the other lessons which the pilgrims of that time took to themselves.

Father Jogues, as he mounted the path, heard one of the chiefs addressing the young braves and instructing them how they should give a hearty welcome to the prisoners. He knew well what this meant.

"On beholding these preliminaries, so forcibly reminding us of the Passion, we recalled the words of St. Augustine: Whoso shrinks from the number of the scourged forfeits his right to be numbered among the children. We therefore offered ourselves with our whole heart to the fatherly care of God, as victims immolated to His good pleasure and to His loving displeasure for the salvation of these tribes."

As the procession started on its way, the holy man fell beneath the shower of blows rained down on him and his companions. He figured to himself that this was none other than the narrow path of heaven. There was no chapel of Our Lady here at that time; but near where it now stands the platform of torture was put up. Not then, as now, could the Sacrifice of the Mass be offered upon the blue heaves; but there was the living sacrifice of Christians filled with the spirit of reparation for sin and of the love of the Sacred Heart. An Algonquin Christian captive was forced to cut off the left thumb of the priest by an Indian sorcerer, who said with the true spirit of his master: "I hate him the most."

The man of God uttered not a sigh. "I picked up the amputated member," says he, and I presented it to Thee, living and true God, in remembrance of the sacrifice which for the last seven years I had offered on the altars of Thy Church, and as an atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I had been guilty in touching Thy holy body." The Father says of that time when he was preaching by example from this platform of torture: "My soul was then in the deepest anguish. I saw our enemies come up to the platform, out off the fingers of my wrists, and all so unmercifully that they fainted away. I suffered in their sufferings, and the yearnings of my affections were those of a most affectionate father witnessing the sufferings of his children; for, with the exception of a few old Christians, I had forgotten them all to Christ in baptism. However intense my suffering, God granted me strength to console the French and the Hurons who suffered with me. On the way, as well as on the platform, I exhorted them together and individually to bear with resignation and confidence these torments which have a great reward; to remember that through many tribula-

tions we must enter into the kingdom of God. I warned them that the days foretold by our Saviour had arrived in their behalf: Ye shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice... but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." When light came down over the village on the hill, "our executioner" first commanded us to sing, as is usual with captives. We undertook to sing the song of the Lord in a strange land. Could we sing anything else? After the chant began the torments.

"They suspended me by my arms, with bark ropes from two posts raised in the centre of the cabin. I thought they were going to burn me, for such is the posture usually given to those who are condemned to the stake. To convince me that I had suffered so far with some courage and patience, I owed it not to my own virtue, but to Him that giveth strength to the weary, the Almighty, as it were, left me then to myself in this new torment. I grieved, but gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me; and the excess of my sufferings made me employ my tormentors to loosen the cords a little. But God justly permitted that the more I entreated the closer and tighter the bonds were drawn. After I had suffered for a quarter of an hour they cut the rope. Had they not done so I should have died.

"I thank Thee, O my Lord Jesus, for having taught me by this little trial how much Thou must have suffered on the cross when Thy most holy body was so long hanging on the cross, not by cords, but by nails cruelly driven into Thy feet and hands." There is a final lesson bound up with the flowers of a golden-rod in this holy place. Those first pilgrims were told they were to be burned alive. "It is not in this mode of death, the thought of God's will and the hope of a better life, free from sin, alleviated all its misery. I addressed my companions for the last time. 'To-morrow we shall all be united in the bosom of God to reign eternally.'"

CELT TO CELT.

THE SCOTCHMEN, WHO ARE CHARY OF PRAISE, EXTOLL AN IRISH HOME RULE MEMBER.

"Mon, he's a fine speaker. I wish we had some like him to represent us." So said a hard-headed Scotch elector to another as Mr. T. P. O'Connor sat down after making the speech of the evening at Glasgow the other night. "It's a wonder," was the response, "that they carry everything off them for I never had (heard) anything half so grand. Gosh, the auld man himself could hardly do better." Imagine to yourself a church capable of seating 2,000 persons comfortably, and imagine about 1,000 more packed like herrings along every available inch of ground. The gallery is one huge mass of humanity that can hardly move hand or foot. The stairs leading to it are packed; even the very lobby of the church, where one can neither see nor hear, is filled with robust electors, waiting on the off chance for some of their weaker brethren to be carried out, so that they may secure their places. The huge iron pillars and the walls are sweating in sympathy with the electors. The only place that looks cool is the pulpit, for it is unoccupied. Directly behind the pulpit is a platform filled with M. P.'s, some of them decidedly uncomfortable, if we may judge by the mopping process they subject themselves to. Sir George Trevelyan gives a pretty good account of himself and the faith that is in him. He is a good speaker—that is,

FOR A SCOTCH AUDIENCE.

Irishmen have heard better and are not afraid to say so. Presently he is finished and then the audience waits for the next speaker before the speaker can see the men that they will listen to a few words of the Irish member (just to see what sort of a speaker he is) and then leave this Turkish bath for the outside air. They listen listlessly at first, there is a laugh at some pungent remark, a craning of necks as the orator's voice sinks, then a thunder of applause. Those who had turned their faces towards the door slowly and painfully turn themselves round again, resolved to brave the melting process for another hour if need be. The orator went on smacking to amusements both Unionist and Tory, and the audience went on enthusiastically tramping over their corpses. I have attended many a Scotch meeting—and this was an essentially Scotch meeting, not two-and-a-half per cent. being Irishmen—and I never mind seeing such enthusiasm before. You can average Scot is not much given to showing his feelings as a rule he listens quietly and gives his applause sparingly. But here for the nonce he was carried out of himself, and when Mr. O'Connor sat down he had warmed his audience to an Irish heat. Going out of the church one could not help being struck at the favorable criticisms passed. I can only give a scrap of conversation I overheard, and with it I conclude: "That man's an orator," said a voice with a Scotch accent, "but darsen't an' he's not," came the sweet brogue in reply, "he's the poorest we have." Of course he lied, but I couldn't help giving him for it.

How to be a Gentleman.

Let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in or the money he spends. Not one or all of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.—*Catholic Youth*.

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver. PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

A LEGEND OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Ave Maria.

Night wore upon her brow her crown of stars, and the moon slept in her bed of clouds. Silence reigned unbroken, save where the great cedar slowly waved their branches in the gentle breeze that whispered from one to another. Now and then, too, a bird would take a sudden flight, or far away the nightingale poured forth a song whose melody resembled that of the angels of heaven. Meanwhile Paradise resounded with songs of joy and triumph, because the Bride awaited from eternity and Her heavenly Spouse were to celebrate the divine espousals with gladness unexpressed.

Mary had breathed her last sigh in a supreme ecstasy; her soul had broken its bonds with one last ejaculation of love. She was now to ascend to highest heaven. Behold where She sleeps in the rocky sepulchre, which the holy women had sprinkled with myrrh and spices and they wept with royal robes—her beautiful eyes closed to earth, Her long hair unbound, enveloping her like a royal mantle. A heavy stone closed the entrance of the sepulchre, and the mysteries of death encompassed Her in their shadow, while the intense azure of the heavens shone like an infinite ocean above the place of Her repose.

The distant mountains were tinged with flame, and the summit of Libanus was smouldered with royal light. Dawn comes rapidly in these lands of fire. Suddenly from amidst the silvery twilight descended a snowy cloud like a breath of vapor; and while the impalpable light dispersed the shadows, myriad forms, white and diaphanous, assembled under the arching firmament, surrounding the tomb, and by the motion of their wings rolled away the heavy stone which closed it.

The Virgin slowly awakened. Like the daughter of Jairus, She arose from Her couch, and moved towards the great stone that lay at the mouth of the tomb. As she returned to life, a smile came to Her still pallid lips, and Her lovely eyes were raised to heaven. She listened to the sweet call of Her Beloved, Her beautiful countenance radiant with happiness. She knew then that nothing of Her was to remain on earth. The angel of the Lord, who had escaped the horrors of death. Now could they touch One who had borne in Her womb the Master of the universe. Joy filled her heart, and Her soul dilated in a divine ecstasy, while the Cherubim, kneeling, offered homage to their Queen.

And now the whole earth began to awaken from its slumber; the Virgin beheld it bathed in the heavy dews which glittered in the first rays of the rising sun. She opened to Her eyes and Her heart the countless tears of our poor suffering humanity. She endeavored to gather these dewdrops in Her holy hands, but at Her touch they were transformed into pearls. Of these pearls She formed a beautiful necklace, and the Rosary which she afterwards bestowed on one of Her chosen children. Adorned thus with Her bridal ornament of human tears, in a golden cloud she floated slowly upward to the empyrean.

Her brown, flowing locks changed to waves of light, Mary, as she is represented by Her painter and Her poet, Morillo—Mary, followed by her cortege of Seraphim and Cherubim, Power and Dominations—Mary, the Queen of Angels, entered into eternal beatitude. And when at the threshold of Paradise the King of the Father offered her the ring of the Holy Ghost, the interceder, who had the Son of Man placed upon Her brow the crown of eternal royalty, Mary beheld Her nuptial gift. Presenting to the Most High the gathered tears, the pearls of Her necklace—Her sole memorial of earth—She asked the gift of boundless mercy, and from that moment She became the all powerful Mistress of the treasures of divine compassion. It is She who consoles, who sustains, who intercedes, who extends help to those who suffer. We invoke Mary, and at Her blessed name the tempest sinks to rest, the raging storm is appeased, and tranquility returns to our troubled hearts. And Mary is become the Sovereign of the world in the name of grief and of pity.

In Her flight to heaven the Virgin dropped a portion of Her veil. Lighter than the air of the morning, it was borne along by the breeze, and catching in the folds of earth, it was torn and raveled. In the warm days of autumn we often see the shining threads of which it was wrought floating in the golden air. We cannot seize them, but as they brush by us, carrying to heaven our passing thought, young heart, oh! breathe a prayer; weary exile, ask for deliverance. You will cease to live for earth, you will cease to mourn, because the Virgin always listens to the message borne into Her presence by the shining threads of Her veil.

Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire and gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gets the other children their breakfast and sends them off to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is most two, but she can walk and talk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get \$3 a week and father gets \$2 a day." "How much does your mother get?" "With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you?" "O, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

Disgusting Catarrh.

A gentleman from Montreal writes:—For years I have been greatly annoyed by Catarrh. It caused severe pain in the head and continual discharge into my throat, and very unpleasant breath. By a thorough use of Nasal Balm I was completely cured. Reliable.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and found it the best remedy I ever used for dysentery and all summer complaints among children, and I think no household should be without it." Mrs. A. Baker, Ingoldby, Ont.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every vestige of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and I would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World." The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied: "There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I can not tell."

He pointed the way and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister of the French Revolution. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered. In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed on Talleyrand's face with a searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of its iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling office.

He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English. "I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a wretch of one of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends." The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one, in all America.

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words. "Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name."

"My name"—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair gasping the words— "Arnold the traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room at that Inn of Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life were covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history. The manner of his death is not distinctly known, but we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened by one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, while passing John Andre in his ear, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever: "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the traitor."

The Last of a Family of Convents.

There has just died at the Visitation Convent in St. Louis the last member of a most remarkable family, whose name is famous in the annals of the Church in America, Sister Mary Josephine Barber. Her grandfather and father were both originally Episcopal ministers, and were converted to Catholicity, the latter becoming a Jesuit. His son, Sister Mary Josephine's brother, also joined that Order, while his wife became a Visitation nun, under the name of Sister Mary Augustine. Their five daughters, moved by a like spirit of devotedness, all became members of religious orders; four of them joined the Ursulines, and died in Canadian convents; while Sister Josephine, the last surviving member of the family, whose death we have now to chronicle, became a Visitation. Born in 1817, she was educated at the convent in Georgetown, D. C., made her novitiate in Kaskaskia, Ill., and was sent in 1844 with her mother, to St. Louis, where they remained together for four years, after the expiration of which time Sister Mary Augustine was sent to Mobile, Sister Mary Josephine remained to the end of her life as a teacher in the St. Louis convent, and had some of the most distinguished ladies in the country for her pupils. Beloved and esteemed by all who knew her, she fulfilled her duties with great self sacrifice and conscientiousness. For the last two years of her life she was a sufferer from cancer, which finally caused her death. The last survivor of an illustrious family, she had been gathered in to make the harvest complete. May she rest in peace.

Quite Correct.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and found it the best remedy I ever used for dysentery and all summer complaints among children, and I think no household should be without it." Mrs. A. Baker, Ingoldby, Ont.