

God's Providence.

Not one hair of my worthless head Falls to the ground unseen; Not one pang of my worthless heart Has ever unobserved been; Not one tear from my eyes has flowed Unknown to thy loving care; Nor from my lips has ever escaped Unheard, a single word; It was, oh, every hair of mine, Over every word and sigh, So watched in His loving care, So vigilant His eye; Securely, like a child upheld By a kind Father's hand, I will may trust in Him, nor fear To tread life's shifting sand. Ave Maria.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIV. AN EVENING RECEPTION. Killany, in suite of his English birth, being an out-and-out American sympathizer, said that the attention of Americans had not yet been directed to the annexation of Canada—in the face of '76 and 1812 he said that, Miss Fullerton—and he added that thinkers like himself were decidedly averse to it. It would be to the advantage of neither country: not to the United States, which would become altogether too unwieldy for management; and not to Canada, which would suffer in losing her nationality. "I said annex," said Killany, "not that I am in a commercial point of view, and these gentlemen agreed with me. There's a synopsis of an hour's conversation, and you can see just how much sincerity there must have been in what we said. Now, my dear, give us a plain, square, patriotic, sensible opinion, and, as his reverence has remarked, we will hold it, for to-night at least, through thick and thin." "I always feel too deeply on Canadian subjects," said Olivia, "to give what you hard, money getting men of the world would call a sensible opinion. I love Canada, and I hate her enemies. For that reason alone I am opposed to annexation." "And you consider, Miss Fullerton, that the United States is a menace to your country?" said Killany. "Certainly. And not only to us but to the other countries of the continent. Her citizens seem to aim at nothing less than the dominion of the new world. She considers it an honor to the state which she forces into her abominable Union." "Abominable," muttered McDowell. "Twaddle!" "Abominable!" cried Sir John. "Miss Fullerton!" And it was hard to say whether he meant his words to be of encouragement or reproof. "It is not of her," said Killany, "for once in a virtuous mood, that we hear that word applied to a political system which is the admiration of the world." "Well, gentlemen," laughed Olivia, with a sweetness and indifference that astonished herself, so fierce was she apt to become in argument, "you have asked for my opinion, and you have it. And now shall we hear from you, Sir John?" "By all means," cried several together. "You are very, very warm and somewhat poetical," said the politician, with a most flattering smile beaming from his countenance. "But you are not far from the truth in many things, and your clever foresight does you great credit. So few of our young ladies think nowadays. But in questions of this nature, Miss Fullerton, the element of patriotism, while holding a deservedly high place, must suffer itself to be guided by prudence and by sound policy, and must often submit to force of circumstances. Our Canada is a growing country but as yet disunited, young and weak. Our neighbor is powerful, wealthy, united. It would be mere foolishness to irritate her by empty display. But in the future what may not happen! All that your ardent young mind has conjured up in its dreams may be more than realized. I congratulate you on your knowledge of Canada's needs, and I thank you for the honor you have done me." "There," said McDowell, with a triumphant snarl, "how do you like that as a specimen of sincerity, gallantry, and patriotism? It is of the purest political quality, warranted to stand the wear and tear of a campaign, and to hold its color in spite of the washing it may receive at the hands of opponents. It is of the color which washing least affects—white. If we were annexed to-morrow you couldn't twist one of those sentences into hostility against the American government. If we were to leap at a bound into greatness you would be the observed of observers, as the man whose rhetorical and far-reaching mind foresees and foretells it one evening at a reception." "You are severe to-night, Mr. McDowell," said the priest in mild reproof. "I consider that Sir John has been very explicit." "From what point of view, your reverence?" growled Diogenes. "From the papal, American, etc.?" "Let us say from all. He has subscribed to the doctrine put forth by Miss Fullerton, and is become an opponent of annexation, and by consequence a believer in our future independence." "Will you say amen to that, Sir John?" Olivia had been disappointed at the knight's reply. She felt that it was not open or candid; that he had said nothing about annexation; and that what he had said was not in accordance with her high conception of Sir John's character. She hoped he would accept this opportunity of relieving himself. Her knowledge of the ways of statesmanship was primitive, and she knew nothing of the little filibusterings in which constitutional and popular rulers almost unavoidably indulge. "These gentlemen are becoming facetious," was all the attorney-general could be brought to say. "Let me leave them, Miss Fullerton. I hear music in a distant room. I am fond of it. Will you guide me to the temple of the Muse?" There was nothing left but to retire. They went away amid the smiles of the company, and Olivia knew that they were laughing at her simplicity. McDowell laughed in his hard, peevish, snarling fashion. "Father Leonard," said he, "you can learn a thing or two from Sir John. It is a neat trick to be able to hold some twenty or thirty different opinions on the same subject and present a new one to every comer. But it is risky. Give me the man who can talk eternally and yet ex-

press no views at all. An ass does it naturally, I know. In a man like Sir John it is the perfection of art." Olivia made it her duty to slip away from the knight at the earliest opportunity. Having met with the general, who had been looking for her a long time with the intention of bringing her to a sense of her obligations to Sir Stanley, she foisted the politician adroitly upon her, and so unintentionally dejected the good lady. Then she went looking for a quiet spot wherein to rest for a few minutes. She was feverish, disappointed, and aching with regret only half understood. The late conversation had disgusted her, and she wondered if the patriotism her mind had conceived as belonging to the true lover of her country was anything more than a creature of her own imagination. Evidently it was not compatible with the idiosyncrasies of an attorney-general. In search for a retired nook it was her fortune to run unobserved on Sir Stanley. He, too, had sought a retirement in which to hide his disappointment, and disconsolate as any low-love youth looked the handsome baronet when he thought no eye was upon him. Her heart relented. "It was too hard," she said, "and it was but natural for him." Then she threw a book on the floor, and came rapidly into the apartment to find Sir Stanley gone. It was disappointing to her good intentions, and she got out of humor at once, but made the most of circumstances by falling asleep on an inviting lounge. The sound of voices in the next room awoke her a few minutes afterward. Two persons seemed to be in the talk, and she speedily recognized the tones of Mrs. Strachan and Killany. "Impossible!" the general was saying in astonished accents. "More fact," Killany answered. "It is known to very few besides myself. Father and mother they never had lawfully. They have hidden their base birth under the title of orphans, and so sought the favor and pity of the world. It is a base imposition on society." "It must be seen to," said the general slowly, and Olivia knew by the tone of her voice that she was still doubtful as to the truth of what she had heard, yet did not wish directly to question Killany's veracity. "He is a slanderer, too," thought Olivia, rising to return to the company. "When will the true character of this man be known? What poor unfortunate has fallen under his displeasure now? Yet Sir Stanley tolerates him because he is useful in what way? Can it be anything good, I wonder?" She rejected this last thought with indignation, and chided herself severely for thinking even inadvertently so poorly of her friend. When she reached the parlors once more the general seized upon her and carried her off to the music-room. "For you have left that sweet voice of yours shamefully alone," said the general, "and have not made a single effort to amuse any one this evening." But before they arrived at the music-room Sir Stanley, who must have been lurking somewhere in the vicinity, was taken under the general's protection. Olivia was anxious to atone for her previous hard heartedness, and smiled and spoke so kindly that, indifferent as he pretended to be, his heart was beating, and he secretly blessed Mrs. Strachan, to whose good services he attributed this favorable change in the mood of his lady-love. There were few persons in the room when they entered, and the piano was silent. Dr. Fullerton sat alone at a table looking over some engravings. His face was grave as usual, but saddened, and his attention seemed anywhere save on the pictures. "Look at him," whispered Olivia to the baronet when they were in the vicinity, "and you will see the man who has hunted up some music. 'He is in love, Sir Stanley, and believes it to be hopeless. He has hoped like that the whole evening, stealing into the presence of his charmer, and stealing out again, guiltily; afraid to go, and dreading to stay in her presence. And wears her photograph next his heart.'" "And who is the favored one, Olivia?" asked the baronet with real interest. "Who but the divinest of her sex, the glorious Nano?" "Not quite the divinest," said the amorous baronet, with another of his effective and meaning looks. "But I am very glad to hear they are made for each other, and they will be her salvation." "My very thought," said Olivia rapturously. "Two souls with but a single—" "Sir Stanley, you may turn the music," interrupted the general. "Your musical talent has been developed enough for that purpose." "My cool-headedness, you mean," returned the baronet. "Or cold-heartedness," said the general. "I will engage that you are not often disturbed by the sound of a voice or the glare of blue eyes." "Only in one particular instance, Mrs. Strachan," came Olivia. "When she had finished her song Dr. Fullerton came over to the piano with gentle reproach in his looks." "Where have you kept yourself during the evening, Olivia?" he asked. "We looked for you everywhere in vain." "Not everywhere nor vainly," answered she. "I must have been somewhere, and I have rewarded your search with a very fine song. Sir John played the gallant for me a few minutes, and I do believe I fell asleep afterwards in a little room at the other end of the hall. The sound of Mrs. Strachan's voice woke me, or I would have slept until the evening was over." Before any remarks could be made the general, with a smiling face, drew the young lady away from the gentleman altogether, and went with her to another part of the room. "Did you hear any of the conversation that passed between Killany and me, Olivia?" she asked, with a searching glance into the girl's face. "A few words," replied Olivia, with a scornful curl of her lips. "Enough, only to confirm the opinion I always had of Killany. He was slandering, then, in his mean, dark way, some innocent people." Mrs. Strachan seemed disconcerted and troubled for a moment, and she kept her eyes fixed peculiarly on Olivia's face. "He was speaking of you and of your brother," said she calmly. "A deadly paleness overpaved Olivia's countenance. She had to struggle with

herself severely before daring to speak. "Of me and of my brother he dared to say that?" she gasped, and her blue eyes looked up with the fear of a startled bird in their depths. "Oh!" she hated of the innocent go so far. A silence of some minutes intervened. The general was regarding her compassionately, and sternly too, the very impression of society. "You are waiting for an answer of some kind," said Olivia at last, "but I am not the one to give it to you. I never knew did, and he can relate the calumny, no doubt, and punish the calumniator. How Killany, whom we never knew until we met him in Toronto, should presume to know so much of our affairs is strange. He hates me, and would injure me if he could. But he has gone too far for once. This will cost him more than he dreams of." Her significant glance at the doctor gave the general infinite satisfaction. Mrs. Strachan had no faith in Killany, and was consequently disinclined to believe him in any respect. Yet unless he was a low villain of the elegant cut-throat type, he would scarcely venture on so daring an attempt to injure the fair fame of the Fullertons. It behoved her to move cautiously in the matter, and not commit herself precisely to either side. Her sympathy was with Olivia. "I understand you, my dear," said the lady, "and I think I understand Killany. I advise you to say nothing to your brother of this, just now, as it might lead to bloodshed. Young men are hot, and such a report as this is sure to kill one party or the other. Look quietly for proof sufficient to put the lie on this upstart, and then, having the lash in one hand and the knowledge of his guilt in the other, you will not spare him, nor will I, you may feel certain. Now let us return to the gentlemen." "Thank you ever so much," said the grateful, distressed girl. "Your confidence is consoling, and I shall work harder to satisfy you than to satisfy the world." "Very proper," murmured the acute old lady, whose present sympathy, like Sir John's opinion on annexation, was very doubtfully expressed and meant absolutely nothing. "I wish to go home," was Olivia's first remark to her brother. "I am tired and ill." "Brief and commanding," said he good-humoredly. "Let us go, then, to make our farewells to Miss McDowell." "So," said Olivia, "I have not had the pleasure of exchanging words with you this evening. I was in hopes that my friends would have the honor of hearing you demolish some of their pretty theories. Olivia tells me you are a great reader and admirer of the fathers." "I happen to be," the gentleman gravely answered. "I regret that Olivia's indisposition makes it necessary for us to go." "Are you really ill?" Nano said, "or is it only an affection of the heart?" she added in a low whisper. "Sick unto death," answered Olivia, with a smothered sob. "I have been steadily ill, and in a mortal part, for one who is called a gentleman. You shall hear by and by. Good-night, Nano. Oh! good-night." And the brother and sister went away smiling. The hostess smiled, too, as pleasantly as they, while all three held the most aching hearts that ever beat in human breasts.

A TIMELY SERMON.

The Evils of Immoral Reading. BY REV. JAMES DONOHUE. I will direct your attention, this morning, to one of these, the duty of averting the danger arising to your children from the reading of bad literature. There are many easy-going, good-natured parents, who, in the ignorance of the existence of this danger, allow their children to read anything they please, even of the most objectionable nature, who are aware of its danger, but who, when they examine carefully a few popular news-stands, you may get some of the DANGER THAT CATHOLICS HAVE TO APPREHEND from the printing press. Here are displayed the daily papers, all inalienable to the Catholic Church. Some few are not openly hostile, but their open hostility would be far less disgusting and, perhaps, less dangerous, than their cheap patronage of our religion. Here are denunciations of papers, with their hits, here and there, too, are monthly periodicals, very innocent looking in their blue and yellow covers, but sneering at the Bible and revealed religion. There are plenty of cheap, attractively bound novels, that can be read by the young only at the expense of their faith or morality. There are thousands of these news-stands in every large city. Every little town and hamlet has more than enough of them. A government agent, some few years ago, stated in his report, that some of the children's papers, published in New York, are In one publishing house alone four tons of impure books were seized and condemned. Now, if you add to this openly immoral literature, which a not over-scrupulous government felt bound to suppress, another literature, of the "Penny Dreadful" kind, giving false notions of life and of love; a denominational literature, with a weekly circulation of millions, attacking our faith, in story and paragraph; a daily press, opposed to our religion; a secret society press, the number of its papers and periodicals, exceeding ours, and add to this an infidel literature hostile to all existing forms of religion, but to ours in particular, and you may form some idea of the dangers arising from the printing press. In the face of these facts and figures I do not think any reasonable person will say that I allude to an imaginary evil. If small-pox were dispensed from the news-stand,

as frequently as the putrid productions of immoral writers, if it were showered through the mail, and scattered through the express; nay, pushed under our doors and thrust into our hands, as frequently as impure and anti-Christian literature, the disease would surely be pronounced epidemic. Our ships would be quarantined in foreign ports. Perhaps some one will say that the patrons of the news-stand are not Catholics. Just observe those who do patronize the news-stand, and you will find that the great majority are Catholics. Just notice that young girl, returning from work, who purchases a picture paper, the reverse of modesty. See how deeply absorbed in that vulgar story, whose every line is the death knell of innocence. Inquire if she be a Catholic, and you will find out that, at least, she ought to be. Talk to her, and you will find out that her mind, fed on the swill of "FRENCH REVOLUTIONS," is not worthy to be considered the property of any religion, however mean. Observe that row of young men, waiting to be served with their story paper. Follow them up on Sunday. Most of them are Catholics, at least in name; but on Sunday you will see them, as Bishop O'Farrell lately described them, standing around the corner, criticizing everything about the Church. You will hear them saying, "I don't believe this," and "I don't believe that." "The Church should not order this," and "it should not forbid that." They do not know the A. C. of the Christian religion, and they are ready, notwithstanding, to advise the Church. Led into sin by immoral reading, they finally come to deny the faith, in order to stifle their remorse of conscience. Where are our Catholic young men? How many Catholic boys every one knows. How few Catholic young men it matters little whether they have formally renounced the faith or not. They do not go to Mass. They do not frequent the Sacraments. Fair it, without good works, is dead. A miserable percentage may repeat on their death-bed. The rest are lost forever. Is not this a terrible state of things? To speak of the Church as flourishing, while it is losing its young men wholesale, is nonsense. It is better to acknowledge the difficulty and face it as best we can. There are many causes for this deplorable state of things, but the most fertile and obvious one is bad literature. NOW, WHAT IS THE REMEDY? It would, no doubt, be a great blessing to many of our children if they were never taught how to read. But to propose that our children in future should not be taught to read would be as wrong and as opposite to the mind of the Church, as to propose that we should tear out their eyes. Has not Pope Leo X. said that "the art of printing was invented for the glory of God, for the propagation of our faith, and for the advancement of knowledge?" Our children must not only be taught to read, but we must make them equal, and try to make them superior, to all others in every department of knowledge. Once they have learned to read, they will read anything, and here precisely the parent's duty commences, a duty which, if he neglects, he hath denied the faith. He is worse than an infidel, as St. Paul says: "We live in an age of reading, of printing and picture making. The infant's cries are hushed with picture leaves. The village boy and the village girl shed their first sympathetic tears over some story, that goes forth their claim for life, and to shape their destiny for eternity. Oh, parents, remember, forget it not, that if you allow them to read anything that will make a shipwreck of their innocence, your faith, you will have to answer to God for those souls that He redeemed by His precious blood. If you find a trashy periodical in the hands of your child, you have far more reason to be alarmed than if you saw him conversing with one who was The teachers and students of those medieval times devoted much of their time in copying and beautifying with richly designed and colored initials, missals, choir-books, bibles, and the works of the pious Fathers. Some were successful in painting, others in the composition of songs in the language of the country, and nearly all proficient in sacred music. Parchment being reserved for works and compositions of lasting value, the student studied writing on a wax tablet, on which he or she inscribed the lines with an iron pen flattened at the other end to make curves or rectangles. The studies embraced Hebrew, Greek, Latin, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, astronomy, mental philosophy or dialectics, the holy scriptures, history, pagan poets and philosophers, the writings of the Fathers, and all the known science and literature of that and preceding ages. The bishop paid a high tribute to the intelligence of Charlemagne and King Alfred, and disapproved the misunderstood statement that Charlemagne tried to learn to write in his old age, because for recreation he tried to copy the artistic initials on the manuscripts of that age. His ordinary handwriting can be seen in the imperial library of Vienna. He enumerated several books written and translated by King Alfred. He also gave a long list of distinguished scholars who flourished in Ireland in the eighth and ninth centuries. He showed that the clergy and laity went as zealous for popular and higher education in the ninth century as they are in the nineteenth, and cited numerous examples to sustain his argument. A Good Housewife. A good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dirt inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by putting in the good, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent an cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Concord (N. H.) Patriot. From Roswell M. Kenny, M. D., of Mansville, N. Y. "I do not hesitate to say that the PURUVIAN SYRUP has claims to confidence equal if not superior to those of any medicine that has ever come to my knowledge. I have used it with great success for Dyspepsia and Epilepsy." Sold by dealers generally.

SICK CALLS. Thanksgiving After the Spiritual Missions. No. IV. The sick person has received the Sacraments and the "Last Indulgence." He has endeavored to prepare himself with all possible devotion. This is his last devotion on earth, and we may be sure that his heart beats with fearful expectation of what is to come upon him. Earth and its view is fast receding from him. You know not the full weight of the thoughts that occupy his mind. Much less must you seek such knowledge from his troubled soul. There is much that you can do for the everlasting welfare of his soul, whose dissolution is at hand. The graces that were bestowed on it in the laver of Baptism were often through life lost or darkened by sin. The mantle of God's grace has again been spread over his soul through the life-giving Sacraments that Jesus Christ instituted for this purpose. By the wonderful mercy of God, the sick one recovers all the graces that he has lost by sin during life, and God, his maker, his Redeemer, is with him, and within him. He must not lose this Treasure, for its loss means nothing less than the loss of his immortal soul. Think of the times that were delightful to you beyond all delights; when you possessed Jesus Christ in your soul, and spoke so sweetly with Him, in the moments after Holy Communion. The sick one has perhaps received our Lord for the last time on this earth. There is only one time, when you, Christian soul, can understand the meaning of this saying, and that will be when God calls upon you. When sick or accident has brought you low, then only can you realize what it is to make your "Last Confession," receive the "Holy Viaticum," and be imparted to you the "Last Indulgence" of the Church. Think of your need then, and let charity quicken and lend favor to the help that you give to the sick. You would have those moments of thanksgiving to last all days, and you tell our divine Lord so often to take entire possession of your heart and remain with you. The sick person before you is making acts of loving thanksgiving to our dear Lord, and he wants Him to remain with him not only during the terrible trial of death, but always, and that always with the sick man means eternity. When you were enjoying those moments something stole in upon your heart and you knew not how, yet the moments of delight in the loving possession of Jesus Christ in your soul, were gradually swallowed up in this something that came over you. In a few moments, hour or days, and this great favor bestowed on you out of the love of God's heart, is almost forgotten, until something reminds you of the loss. You wonder that this should happen, but the coldness of your poor heart, renew your love and our Lord comes to you again. This has been your life. When death strikes you this coldness rises up before the eyes of your soul, in all the heinousness of its guilt, and you deplore and you fear a renewal of it. The soul is harassed by such thoughts, and is begging God to forget this coldness of his former life. He desires our dear Lord to remain with him in this last hour of Communion, and fears that his former habit of growing cold may come upon him, when the SWEAT OF DEATH weakens his energies. He never could endure death and its pang until now. He may have thought with the world that pain, bodily and mental, at the hour of death, caused most death, but now he knows that his neglect of duties of past life assail him, and the fear of not satisfying the rigors of God's justice bear him down. He knows God's mercy, but he knows how much he has abused it. It is a fear that has taken possession of his soul, not a despair. This fear will produce good fruits, if the patient does not lose sight of it, when he finds that a few more days of life have been granted to him. Those delays of life are a mercy of God to the patient soul; they are like a respite to a criminal guilty of a capital offense. So much good can come from them, and so much evil. It rests with the patient what use is to be made of them. Some unwise friends make those days of delay lead to the destruction of the graces received by the sick. They pester them with questions concerning the disposition of the property that will be left by them. They are ready to fill the mind that should be taken up entirely with God and their souls' safety, with the world and its concurrent thoughts. With a great struggle the sick soul drove those thoughts from it, but now the friends of the household become its enemies and vie each with the other in rendering unhappy the last moments of death's agony. This is done not from any evil desire. No, indeed. It is from WANT OF PROPER THOUGHT. Yes, but what causes the greatest loss of human life upon earth, and it is feared, the greatest loss of souls in the world to come, carelessness, which is only another name for worldliness from which it springs. It is right that one should make a proper disposition of property, but the death-bed is no place for this work. It should be done while health remains to the body and while the intellect is unclouded by disease. The soul has enough to do, in its last sickness, to seek only the kingdom of God. Therefore friends should not trouble the minds of the dying with worldly suggestions. The time intervening between preparation for death by the reception of the rites of the Church for the consolation and strength of the dying and the moment of death, should be spent in supplying the want of due preparation and thanksgiving. The means of keeping alive the grace of God in the sick one are at the hands of all of you. You must make the sick-room a place of prayer. Jesus Christ visited the soul of the sick one in this chamber. It has seen the presence of the Lord and Master of all things. Don't let the rays of divine light that brought life to the sick expire for the want of a heart to love them. There are PRAYERS TO BE SAID from time to time. Don't forget morning and night prayers in the sick room if the patient be able to endure and understand acts of his friends. Sprinkle the room often with holy water. Don't forget the blessed candle, keep it lighted in or near the room, if the patient cannot bear the light. The crucifix should be placed near the bed of the sick, so that it can be seen by him. Remove those flashy pictures that adorn the sick room, if any there be, and hang in their place holy pictures of Jesus Christ, of His Blessed Mother and His Saints. You want the death of your friend to be that of the just. Help him to accomplish it by keeping before his eyes mementoes of those whom he wishes and hopes to be associated with in heaven. Let their last look on earth be a picture, only a picture can it be, of what they expect to see and enjoy in heaven. To-day is with them, think what will be their to-morrow. Think, it depends, somewhat, with you. God knows how much; He will judge you some days for the manner in which you do this work of helping your neighbor to die well. THEIR TO-MORROW WILL SOON BE ETERNALITY. Prayers must be said for them, and say them while the sick can answer with you the responses. You need not of course say the prayers intended to be said in death's agony, but the litany for the dying and the prayers that follow should be said. There can be no excuse offered for the delay of this important duty. Some want the very throes of death to be present before saying these prayers set apart by the Church for the dying. This is wrong, entirely wrong. Begin the prayers and say them up to the place where the prayers begin for the death agony. Then you have completed them, and to rest awhile at that time may be given for reflection, but don't disturb him or let others do so, by unnecessary or idle conversation. Several times during the day and night say some prayers for the grace of a happy death, for instance, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, Litany of the Saints, Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and other prayers marked out in your prayer books for this purpose. THE CHURCH COMMANDS THE SOUL TO DEPART out of this world in the name of God, the Father Almighty who created it, in the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, Who suffered for it, in the name of the Holy Ghost, Who sanctified it. Don't you prevent it by your actions. The Church proceeds, telling the Christian soul to depart in the name of the whole heavenly host, who are named, and to let its place be on that day of its death, in peace and its abode in holy Zion. Don't retard it. Then the prayer of the Church asks God, spiritus in habitus, to forgive the sins of the dying one, to renew whatever is corrupt in him by human frailty or the snares of his enemy, to make him a true child of the Church, and a partaker of the fruits of the Redemption. Again the Church commands the departing soul to God, to all the blessed spirits in heaven, and asks them to receive this soul into their company. The enemies of the soul are commanded by the authority of God invested in the Church, not to molest this soul in her flight to its Maker, but to depart from its way into the caverns of their despair. She calls upon her divine Spouse Jesus Christ, to plant his seal in the inheritance of His elect, and to absolve it from whatever stain may prevent it. Then she reminds our dear Lord that He created and redeemed this soul and asks Him to forget his offences, for though he sinned yet he retained a true faith in Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. He had zeal for Thy commandments, and he loved our Lord to remember not his offences; to be mindful of him in His eternal glory. To receive him into His kingdom; to let St. Michael conduct him, the holy angels meet him; the blessed St. Peter receive him; holy Paul help him; and St. John and all the holy Apostles to whom was given the power of binding and loosing, pray for him. Unite your prayers with those of the blessed elect whom the Church so earnestly solicits to come to the aid of the sick. Ask God to liberate the soul of the dying from the stains of sin it may have incurred throughout life. REMIND OUR LORD, WITH THE CHURCH, of the meritorious labors of St. Paul, to Noah, to Abraham, to Job, to Isaac, to Lot, to Moses, to Daniel, to the three youths in the fiery furnace, to Sussanah; to David, to whose aid He came, and whom He liberated, because they put all their hopes and confidence in Him. Remind Him of the merits that He displayed in St. Peter and St. Paul, whom He liberated from prison and restored to the infant Church. Remind our Lord, with the Church, of His mercies towards St. Ithaca, whom He freed from the ills of an earthly love, from the flames of the persecutor's fire, and from the jaws of the wild beasts sent to devour her. Ask our Lord, with the Church, to liberate the soul of the dying one from all sin and evil and admit it to His eternal joys. Employ the time up to death of the sick one in PREPARATION FOR THE LAST STRUGGLE. So many, many times do friends hinder the soul in its preparation. Don't you do it. Four time is coming. The day of your death, Christian soul, is near at hand. These deaths that happen before your time are warnings, and much like you feel towards the sick and dying, others will feel toward you. The clock will be watched, and the calculations that you and others make concerning the moments of life left to the sick person, will be marked for you. The same things said of the sick, and perhaps worse will be said of you. Death lowers all mankind to the same level. With God there is no distinction of persons and we only recognize this plain truth when the grave is yawning open to receive us, and friends from fright are leaving us. Let the faith of Jesus Christ inspire you to work for the soul of the sick. Let your hope in Jesus Christ increase your charity for him, and your love inflame the soul of the sick, so that it may think only of, and love only our Lord Jesus Christ more and more, until this life to death inverts it to an eternity of love.—S. M. in Catholic Columbian. Lovers, Take Warning! If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial throat, and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.