

EXTRACT FROM DISCOURSE PUBLISHED AT THE FUNERAL OF A CARMELITE NUN.

St. Louis Western Watchman.

On Saturday last Sister Mary Francis, of the Carmelites, was buried from the Convent on Victor Street. She was only twenty eight years of age and had been in the community nine years. The obsequies were performed in the chapter room, where the young nun was laid out in a plain pine coffin, bare-footed and holding in her clasped hands a copy of her vows. There was a large attendance of friends. The priest who presided at the obsequies said: "I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus." (Rom. 8. 38-39)

"In these words St. Paul tells the Romans of the power and efficacy of the love of God. Nothing can check it, nothing can withstand it. From the beginning men have known the tremendous force of electricity. The destructive power of the lightning, the awful force of the thunderbolt, have at all times filled men's minds with terror. It was the emblem of all that was most terrible in nature and the synonym of boundless destruction. The shaft that shot from the clouds, riving mountain and cleaving the granite hills, was the visible sign of an anger untroubled on high. But men discovered that there was a double force in electricity, and that this awful energy was only the power of affinity. They discovered that electrical currents and those currents found that subtle affinity that generated a dynamic force as powerful as it was terrible. These opposite currents would be one; and neither height, nor depth, nor distance, nor time could hold them apart. Though separated by only a few inches possible inches they would encircle the earth to effect a union. That was the secret which has developed into electrical science; and that new-born energy, no longer terrible or destructive, has been harnessed to men's use and its application in the arts and industries has revolutionized physical life and labors of men.

"From the beginning men have known human love. The history of the race can be summarized in a few words: Men on earth have lived, and loved and died. Battered of love they grew with their love; and when love ceased they died. This love was mighty ever-present force. It was the main-spring of all the energies and activities of mankind. It created the hearthstone, built the cities and laid the foundations of empires. Ever human life is an epic poem, beginning with the development of thought; the unfolding into desire and ending last in disappointment and sorrow the grave. Life was full of loving, hoping hearts; the graves full of hearts, killed by disappointment and despair. Human love too has been an awful force in human history, its cost is told in ruins. The earth is strewn with dead Troys, as society is strewn with Helens, and hell full of loves' victims. But men discovered another love that had affinity to theirs. They discovered a love coming down from beyond the skies, awakening a counter current, love long stored in human hearts and the discovery was simultaneous with the birth of the mightiest force the universe of God: divine love, force that not only binds all creation together in the bonds of charity, but with the development of thought, and eternity, makes heaven and earth and humanity and divinity, twin one infinite and indivisible love. It is the force that has made our civilization, revolutionized men's thoughts and motives, and absolutely re-created the entire face of the earth. This force is in the moral world, this force is the physical. "I am sure," says the Apostle, "that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

"magnetic force was discovered by power to attract. All smaller objects were by the loadstone drawn to it. So precisely was the presence of new force made manifest among men the pagan world saw the Christ with one heart and one mind, and claimed: "how these people love another!" The love of God in human life has always been a magnet known on this earth. Its influence reached all time and embraced whole earth. "When I shall be laid up I shall draw all things to myself. And men animated with His spirit and carrying the Cross after Him, been centres of a mighty attraction that overcame all obstacles and mounting all difficulties, to compel Protestants to Roman Catholicism, and then back to Protestantism; it was a matter of kings and queens, courts and statesmen and statescraft."

Mr. Aked is by no means a pro Catholic; on the contrary, his attitude is militantly Evangelical, and he is a thorough "No-Popery" man, a fact which makes these pronouncements the more significant. Catholic controversialists should store them by: such confessions by a Protestant minister are sure to prove useful.

GENEROUS IMPULSE.

Very pleasant things sometimes happen to Catholics in lands which do not boast of their liberality toward all creeds. In Aberdeen, Scotland, it became known that the County Council purposed withholding from the Sisters of Nazareth the annual grant made to them on account of their schools. Immediately a number of Protestants came forward, unsolicited, with generous donations to make good the deficit. The County Council experienced a change of heart: the grant was allowed, and the Sisters returned the money to their Protestant friends with a gracious note of thanks. Honor to the Protestants of Aberdeen! — Ave Maria.

DOCTORS FAILED TO REACH MY CASE AND ADVISED ME TO TRY A HIGHER AIR.

There is no greater irony than a recommendation of change of climate to those whose circumstances make a change of climate impossible. How many a sufferer in such a case has wistfully watched the flight of the south-seeking birds, and cried with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings." But suppose you can fit the lungs to the climate instead of fitting the climate to the lungs. That is what has been found possible by those who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It so purifies the blood, removing the clogged and poisonous conditions favorable to disease, that the whole body is strengthened. With new strength comes new power, and disease is resisted and thrown off.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to you for preparing such grand remedies for chronic diseases especially, which the doctors failed to reach," writes L. B. Staples, Esq., of Barclay, Oregon Co., Kan. "I am a railroad agent, and four years ago my work kept me in a warm room and scurping out frequently into the cold air gave me bronchitis, which was chronic and deep seated. Doctors failed to reach my case and advised me to try a higher air. But, unfortunately for me, a friend advised me to try Dr. Pierce's medicine. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery, and by the time I had taken the first bottle I was better, and after taking four bottles my cough was entirely gone. I have since taken three bottles, and again last winter I took about three bottles to prevent a return of the trouble. I have found no necessity for seeking another climate."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are powerful aids to the cleansing of the clogged system. By all dealers in medicine.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Neuralgia, and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Glands, Kingworm, and Skin Affections generally. Sold by Large Fets, 1 1/2 each, at Chemists, etc., with instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & Co. Manchester

MENTHOL PLASTER

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter are especially adapted for the Plaster any size. Every family should have one ready for an emergency. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL, Beware of imitations.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

A great many leading medical men after studying the matter say: "O'Keefe's" is the best Liquid Extract of Malt on the market. A 4 ounce bottle for 1/2 dollar. Large bottles, 1 1/2 each, at Chemists, etc., with instructions. Price, 50c. per bottle. Refuse all substitutes said to be just as good. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

The D. & L. EMULSION

The D. & L. EMULSION is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs. The D. & L. EMULSION is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada. The D. & L. EMULSION is a marvelous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. Be sure you get the genuine. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal.

SACRED PICTURES.

We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 12x22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 25 cents each. Extra large size, steel engraving, \$1.50 each. ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA Colored tures of St. Anthony of Padua—size, 12x16—25 cents each. Cash to accompany orders. Address: The Catholic Record Office, London, Ontario Canada.

Pyny-Pectoral

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Very valuable Remedy in all affections of the THROAT OR LUNGS. Large Bottles, 25c. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Props. of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

110 for 10 cents. This book contains all the best humors, including the best of the best, and is a valuable work for all who are afflicted with the various ailments mentioned in the title. It is a work of great value, and is a must for all who are afflicted with the various ailments mentioned in the title. It is a work of great value, and is a must for all who are afflicted with the various ailments mentioned in the title.

GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

CONN expounded his views with much volubility, and had the pros and cons of every conceivable contingency at his fingers' ends. Evidently the activity of speculation with which the neighborhood was rife concerning the fate of "The Harp" had not been lost upon him. Hardly anything else was talked of. Nor was this to be wondered at, considering how many people were materially interested in the conduct and prosperity of the inn. Its stores were drawn from many a small farm round about Glen-coonoge; and instinctively it was felt that it would be in the power of a newcomer to drive harder bargains than its present manager ever cared to profit by. The custom might even go altogether, suggested some alarmists, for a hard man could buy, and buy cheaper, in the Cork or Limerick market. But the theme was a many-sided one. When speculation on the future of the inn was for the nonce exhausted, there was the past to fall back upon. The elegy of "The Harp" was sung by voices young and old; but the old with their longer memories had here naturally the advantage. Old Matt Dwyer, head stableman and patriarch of the village, who had known Glen-coonoge man and boy for over seventy years, was nearly past work now, and could not remember things infallibly when they had only happened yesterday or the day before, became on this subject the oracle, the referee in disputes, and the only voice heeded to when he was by. How many times and with what a zest did he not tell of his fingers the names, dispositions, and peculiarities of the owners of the inn whom he had known, and of the others far or near, that he had heard his father, and his grandfather, and, and his great-grandfather talk of! What devils of fellows some of them were! Oh! the daring things they did! And the sharp tongues they had! It was all very well to talk of Conn's luck, or to make out the witty bright thing, or that it was Jerome that could dance, or Jan sing the good song; but you felt when Matt Dwyer told of the boys of those times, that there had been giants at Glen-coonoge, in the days of his grandfather and his father, and he himself was young. Yes, Matt Dwyer would admit, the inn might be a larger place now than it was in those days; but it wasn't at all in the cozy place it had been. It was taller, sturdier, grander as he called it. Dwyer by date he could knock off for you the wing and each of the two side blocks as they had been added, leaving before you the plain white-washed one-story inn as he had known it as a boy. The door of the inn, the three plain windows in a row above. With a breath he could puff off the slate roof and reinsure the yellow moss-grown thatch he remembered, and which two generations before him had looked on; while, crowning the roof, the windmill, with its hand in air the faint shaft, beneath the climatic and the great rose-tree, of part of the lettering of the inn's ancient name, which had in the course of years crept up under the damb of white paint passed over, and he could point to each spot, where if you were to feel about beneath the climbing rose-tree, you would find the hole in the beam was fixed, the board with an Irish harp painted on each side for a sign.

"This very morning Matt Dwyer toddled up from the stable, drawn by the rumor about two gentlemen who were coming to see the inn and to look at the books; and when Conn was returning from the Castle he found the old man stationed within a few yards of the inn, and he could point to several open-mouthed listeners, amongst whom were Dan Hoolahan of the inn, Michael the herd, and Terence Mahony, a contradictory, unsteady fellow, whom it was never possible to identify with any occupation or place in particular.

"What's the news from the Castle?" sings out old Matt Dwyer to Conn, as the latter approaches.

"No news at all," says Conn, "excepting what's old. The O'Doherty and old Lord Lisheen are cutting' each other's throats; but I don't know any more of it. What it is, four generations of them I've known; a grand race of 'em intirely! Master George here's the same stock there's no denying, but not in the direct line, d'ye see. Tell me again the name of the man that robbed him?"

"Surely, a fine fellow, money-lending swindlers," said Dan. "What's this their name is, Conn?"

"Goble and Lend," answered Conn. "Two on 'em?" exclaimed old Matt Dwyer, casting up his eyes and slightly raising his long nose. "Two to one as never fair play in my time. I never heard tell on 'em. Are they from these parts?"

"No, sir, they're from Dublin. Dublin soldiers."

shouldn't wonder at all as they're coming to look over the place and the books, if they're not thinking of buying, too. Listen! Don't you hear the sound of carriage wheels?"

Matt Dwyer said he heard nothing, but that it was all Conn's imagination; but sure enough within less than a minute the sound was unmistakable, and presently a car, curving into view, approached at a spanking rate. Conn made for the inn, followed more leisurely by Dan, and seizing the bell, according to rule, swung it vigorously, making its peals go ringing through the house. The book-keeper ran out of her room, the servants flocked hurriedly into the hall, the car pulled up and its two occupants jumped off. Why did old Matt Dwyer and his satellites open their mouths wide and stare hard? Why did Conn look astonished and the book-keeper turn pale? "Murder!" exclaimed Dan Hoolahan under his breath, as he too recognized the actors in the well-remembered fray of several months before "them schoundrels again."

"Here!" cried the foremost and taller of the two, known to history as "Henry," addressing no one in particular, "look alive some of you! Just lift those bags out and put them where they'll be safe. And you" (to the driver) "take out and bait the horse, and be ready to start at 2 o'clock sharp."

Then he strode into the hall followed by his mute companion.

"Where is the book-keeper?" "Here, sir," said Mrs. Hoolahan. "Well, you know, I suppose, what we've come for? Mr. Jardine has sent you word, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir," "Very well. This," motioning to the short comfortable figure of the book-keeper, "is my friend, Mr. Goble. My name is Goble. We've got no time to lose, so as soon as you like we'll start on our tour of inspection; then we'll have a look at the books, and by that time perhaps you can have some luncheon ready, eh?"

While he spoke Mr. Goble kept his eye markedly fixed on the scar on Conn's forehead, and his face brightened with a gleam of satisfaction which he made no attempt to conceal. Conn's blood began to rise. The book-keeper took in the situation at a glance.

"Certainly, sir," she said, with alacrity. "Conn, my keys are on the table in that room. Bring them here."

But Conn would not hear his wife, and steadily returned his antagonist's look with a fierce meaning which grew each instant plainer to Mr. Goble; with the effect that the latter's exultant smile faded, his mouth contracted, and he suddenly turned away on his heel.

Conn looked after him an instant with a mocking inward laughter, and a scornful nod to his lips when his wife was up to him.

"For my sake, Conn, you must neither see these men nor speak to them. Dan has done all the showing round, and he shall attend to them."

"Is it late these schoundrels go over the house?"

"What can we do to prevent them? We have no right to interfere."

"Good-bye to the inn for me, if you become its master. I would not serve under them."

"Nor I neither; but that is for hereafter. Any, nay, Conn, for my sake avoid any chance of a quarrel."

The book-keeper was almost crying—how much softer she had grown! and at sight of her tears Conn's anger all fled away.

"For my dear," he chimed, "I'll do anything. I'll even see to be a coward." And the book-keeper, without more words, calling Dan, told him to show "those gentlemen" over the house.

Conn was as good as his word and kept out of the way. But the encounter in which there had been neither words nor blows was not without its fruit. The demeanor of the firm was less aggressive; no further allusion either direct or indirect was made to the memorable fray, and everything passed off peaceably.

The house was gone over, the book-keeper's accounts were examined, and the visitors, when they had had luncheon, drove away.

As soon as they were gone, Dan had a long account to give to Conn and the book-keeper, and the latter, who had looked and spoken; and the trio dwelt long and speculatively on what the meaning might be of such expressions as "radical alterations," "a clean sweep," "unnecessary expense," "old-fashioned," "a general overhauling," and "radical alterations," which Dan reported to have fallen from the visitors at every turn.

ment when he had told her the meaning of his name. "I did, indeed, find a haven here, and you are my rocky island like that one there; it rises ruggedly and that one there; it shelters the creek making its waters always calm"—words like those to him, and his sanguineous was conscious of going forth out of their paradise like the primal pair to brave the unknown cheerless world together. How would it fare with her there by his side? thought he. Here she was in a way a woman, her life was primitive. There she would be only his wife, sunk to his level; and how long would her love survive content with the sordid cares and vulgar strife of the rude surroundings in which his lot must be cast? how would he stand in her eyes when she should see him beside him, "his Mend."

And you" (to the driver) "take out and bait the horse, and be ready to start at 2 o'clock sharp."

Then he strode into the hall followed by his mute companion.

"Where is the book-keeper?" "Here, sir," said Mrs. Hoolahan. "Well, you know, I suppose, what we've come for? Mr. Jardine has sent you word, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir," "Very well. This," motioning to the short comfortable figure of the book-keeper, "is my friend, Mr. Goble. My name is Goble. We've got no time to lose, so as soon as you like we'll start on our tour of inspection; then we'll have a look at the books, and by that time perhaps you can have some luncheon ready, eh?"

While he spoke Mr. Goble kept his eye markedly fixed on the scar on Conn's forehead, and his face brightened with a gleam of satisfaction which he made no attempt to conceal. Conn's blood began to rise. The book-keeper took in the situation at a glance.

"Certainly, sir," she said, with alacrity. "Conn, my keys are on the table in that room. Bring them here."

But Conn would not hear his wife, and steadily returned his antagonist's look with a fierce meaning which grew each instant plainer to Mr. Goble; with the effect that the latter's exultant smile faded, his mouth contracted, and he suddenly turned away on his heel.

Conn looked after him an instant with a mocking inward laughter, and a scornful nod to his lips when his wife was up to him.

"For my sake, Conn, you must neither see these men nor speak to them. Dan has done all the showing round, and he shall attend to them."

"Is it late these schoundrels go over the house?"

"What can we do to prevent them? We have no right to interfere."

"Good-bye to the inn for me, if you become its master. I would not serve under them."

"Nor I neither; but that is for hereafter. Any, nay, Conn, for my sake avoid any chance of a quarrel."

The book-keeper was almost crying—how much softer she had grown! and at sight of her tears Conn's anger all fled away.

"For my dear," he chimed, "I'll do anything. I'll even see to be a coward." And the book-keeper, without more words, calling Dan, told him to show "those gentlemen" over the house.

Conn was as good as his word and kept out of the way. But the encounter in which there had been neither words nor blows was not without its fruit. The demeanor of the firm was less aggressive; no further allusion either direct or indirect was made to the memorable fray, and everything passed off peaceably.

The house was gone over, the book-keeper's accounts were examined, and the visitors, when they had had luncheon, drove away.

As soon as they were gone, Dan had a long account to give to Conn and the book-keeper, and the latter, who had looked and spoken; and the trio dwelt long and speculatively on what the meaning might be of such expressions as "radical alterations," "a clean sweep," "unnecessary expense," "old-fashioned," "a general overhauling," and "radical alterations," which Dan reported to have fallen from the visitors at every turn.

ment when he had told her the meaning of his name. "I did, indeed, find a haven here, and you are my rocky island like that one there; it rises ruggedly and that one there; it shelters the creek making its waters always calm"—words like those to him, and his sanguineous was conscious of going forth out of their paradise like the primal pair to brave the unknown cheerless world together. How would it fare with her there by his side? thought he. Here she was in a way a woman, her life was primitive. There she would be only his wife, sunk to his level; and how long would her love survive content with the sordid cares and vulgar strife of the rude surroundings in which his lot must be cast? how would he stand in her eyes when she should see him beside him, "his Mend."

And you" (to the driver) "take out and bait the horse, and be ready to start at 2 o'clock sharp."

look of scrutiny in the eyes; his lips were parted as if he was about to speak; his hand resting one on the other on the handle of a stick, and he was dressed in an old-fashioned, high collared body-coat, and a heavy neckcloth, above which the corners of a linen collar appeared.

The book-keeper fell back a few paces to where her husband stood, and she looked long and intently at the portrait, which one instant was there before her, and the next was quite blurred out, as tears alternately filled her eyes and, brimming over, covered silently down her cheeks after all she had not underestimated the strength of the associations which were linked with that long concealed face.

For Conn, too, the portrait had a fascinating, and he was held so fixedly by its inquisitive eyes, that he did not notice how his wife was affected.

"What do you think, Conn?" she said at last, with a well-controlled voice.

"I think I never saw so living a thing in all my life. There are not two of us in the room at all, but three. And look! dare I look me through and through! What do I think? Gad, I'm wondering what does he think. But," continued Conn, shaking off the illusion, "what am I saying? Sure 'tis only a picture after all!"

"And you never knew him?" he continued the next minute.

"Never. He died long before I was born. But he is like a living person to me, so entwined with my earliest recollections are his face as painted there, and the story of his life."

"The very large," said Conn, doubtingly. "Anyhow, there'd be no harm in trying."

"It is worrying me so much," said she, "that I am almost inclined to be thankful it is the only piece of property I have got. But having it, I will run no risk of losing it. You remember what those men said yesterday to Dan? We must try and get it out of the way at once."

"I'll just step across now," said Conn, promptly, "and have a talk with my father about it."

"You had better measure it first, and then you will be better able to judge how much room it will take up," saying much room it will take up, and I which the book-keeper led the way along the passage to the furthest room—that in which she had been folding up pieces of my seeing her. The case stood against the wall unopened since that day. Conn And yet that couldn't be," he added, with decision, "because we were destined for one another. The first time I ever saw you, something told me that you were for me. But I didn't know for the same. Why have you never told me that, Jane? Sure I have no secrets from you!"

But the book-keeper either did not, or would not, hear what he was saying. She was looking at the portrait, and missed the expression, at once critical and approving, which was on her husband's face for a moment he eyed her positive attitude and pretty figure, her dress plain and neat, her hair and face and neck, and proudly felt that she belonged to him. His eyes followed her once more to the portrait of the old sailor, who seemed to gaze on him, and do the best we can. It won't be long in going, so don't cry, my dear. There's old Matt Dwyer, now; he's the oldest man in the place, and he says the way life flies is the wonderfulest thing he ever knew in the world. And there's grown old but says the same; and they were once as young as ourselves. Faith, time might stand still with me and welcome, but for one thing."

"And that is—?"

"Why were you happy, too, Jane; and I'm not sure that you don't love me."

"Why do you doubt it, Conn?"

"Ah, yes, I am right! There is a cloud on you—of course there is. Have we not lost our best friend? May we not have to go forth upon the world and leave this poor place? Sure I know all that welling else!"

"Isn't that enough?"

"If that were but all! Tell me, Jane, do you fret because you are married to one who—won't 'n't half good enough for you?"

"Hush!" she said, putting her hand upon his mouth, and her eyes rising to his face, and resting on the scar upon his forehead, she burst fresh into tears.

"Oh, Conn! who cares for me but you? And you braved danger for my sake, you, the best of friends, my dear, my husband!"

"There now, there," he said, smoothing her hair with his big hands and kissing her forehead. "I've sometimes thought when I've seen you downcast, do you think there's anything I can't do, is you believe in me? Cheer up, cheer up. We may not have to go away at all; and if we do, who knows but it may be better for us. It grows on me more and more lately that this poor look out, in a manner speaking, staying here; for if not now, another times changes may come and turn us adrift when we are older, less active, and—less free, perhaps, than we are now. I don't know what there is for us to do in this place, except farm. And no, that even, for the land is fall, and in this country, with the poor soil and the rents there are, it would never do. But out beyond in the great world across the seas—oh, what chances! what—what possibilities! Only do you stand by me, Jane, and there's nothing I will not do to keep you and your children safe from you, as far as I am able. I declare there's nothing I'd like so much as that you should be restored to your proper station through me. Why do you shake your head? Isn't a wild dream? Didn't he, pointing to the portrait, begin at the lowest rung in the ladder, and mount to the top of it? Sure I've known myself those from about here who've gone away as poor as poor could be, and who are rolling in wealth this day. Dinn, the brother of Dinn the beggarman, was one. Haven't you often said yourself, that some of the people who come to this inn, and spend money freely on cars and boats and wine and the best rooms, and who, to look at their dress, you'd think might be anything in the world for grandeur—haven't you often said that they were persons of no education who had made money? I'd be long sorry to bear myself as some of them do, if I was ever so rich, swaggering and bragging and drinking and swearing as some of them do.

I don't know who they are. But I