Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirti
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your plea
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are 1 one to decline your nec

wine, But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded:
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train.
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER VI. Continued.

Father O'Donohue returned the pamph-lets to their place in the little bookcase When he had again resumed his seat Kel When he had again resumed his seat Kelley began in a low, impressive tone of voice: "My dear Father, I must say that the words of O'Connell have very little value for me. I once thought that he was a great, good man and a friend of Ireland, but my ideas are changed very much. I will not give my opinion of him lest I should wound your feelings. One thing is certain, that it troubles me little what s certain, that it troubles me little what o'Connell said and wrote. But I must confess that I am grieved to find that the clergy hold the same doctrines relative to Ireland as he did. I have the greatest love and respect for priests, but still, though it is strange, I am sometimes forced to think that many of them no longer care for poor old Ireland. They go travelling on the continent for their education, and they get foreign ideas; they go to England and read English authors, and they become read English authors, and they become dazzled by the greatness and splendor of the tyrant; they go to certain places and they become loyal subjects of Her Majesty, and so it happens that they are ever op-posing our plans for Ireland's liberation. Forgive me, Father, forgive me, for my heart is sad and dejected."
"Ah, Mr. Kelley, you have pierced me
to the heart. You do a cruel wrong to the

priests of Ireland, when you even think that they do not love their native land. Where is the Irish priest whose hands are not often raised to God in behalf of our afflicted country? Where is the Irish priest who would not shed the last drop of his heart's blood for her true welfare? Where is the Irish priest whose sole consolation is not found in assisting his suffering countrymen? I will make the proud boast that there beats not in all Irelandno, not in the entire universe—a heart that loves fair Erin more than mine. How fondly I have loved Ireland from my childhood! I drank in love for Ireland with my mother's milk. The name of my native land has ever been more pleasing to my ear than music, more sweet to my lips than honey. When a student by the yellow Tiber, my happiest thoughts were of Erin; when I slumbered in the dark shadows of Rome's grandest monuments, my most peaceful dreams were of the green hills of my early boyhood; when I prayed in my silent cell in the gay capital of France, the sanctified name of Ireland was ever on my lips. My God, how often have I asked Thee, in Thy goodness, to bless the hills and the valleys, the woods and the meadows, the lakes and the rivers of Ireland? How often have I begged Thee, Immaculate Mary, to guard the sorrowing sons and daughters of Erin. Every night, long after the sun went down amid the glories of an Italian sky, I called from heaven legions of angels whom I sent to guard my native land from all evils. Ah, friends! I see that my feelings have carried me away. I see the word 'Ireland' has not lost all its charm for me. Do not be afraid, I will not make any more ches or preach any more sermons to-

Kelley did not seem to relish much these passionate outbursts of the good priest. The truth is, he relished much less those quotations from the "Man of the People." They had a wonderful effect upon him. He changed color several times while the passages were being read. No doubt, as he was heart and soul for a revolution, the strong language used against secret societies, which he believed to be the only means for carrying it on, pained him exceedingly. It was evident from his manner and his question that he wished to change the subject.

"Did either of you gentlemen," he be gan, making at the same time desperate efforts to look indifferent, "hear of the strange stories they tell of that unfortu-nate man from America—Mr. Hall?" "I have not heard a word of him," said Father O'Donohue.
"I heard," answered O'Connell, "that

he is soon to be liberated, but on condition that he returns immediately to America. Have you any news from him, Mr. Kel-

"I have heard from good authority," said Kelley, with a knowing look, and a mysterious shake of the head, "that he had a free pass from his prison-cell every night. He was seen the other night—or, at least somebody exactly like him—near the very spot where the 'boys' held their meeting. He stole away into the depth of the wood when he found that he was

"This is mighty strange," exclaimed O'Connell.

O'Connell.

"I cannot understand it," said the good priest, with a heavy sigh, "May God save my poor, dear flock from the snares of evil doers."

"Why did they not follow him, and make him explain his strange conduct?" asked O'Connell with much anxiety.

"Many of the 'boys' proposed to catch him," responded Kelley, "but that strange man who so carefully wraps himself up in his great overcoat opposed

self up in his great overcoat opposed them."
"What," cried O'Connell in a tone of

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

mislead our poor children. I have again and again warned my deluded people against entering into these secret societies.

Yet they meet night after night for some ohue," said O'Connell, with his usual foolish purpose on the lonely hillside or in the dark recesses of Coolnamuck wood. Ah, if they knew how much their dis-obedience and folly pain me—their father and their best friend—I am sure that they

old college friend of mine."
"O Father," exclaimed O'Connell, while
his eyes fairly sparkled with joy, "it will
delight me exceedingly to hear Miss delight me exceedingly to hear Miss O'Donohue sing. It will bring back the innocence and peace of my childhood

It will be a great pleasure to me also to hear Miss O'Donohue's sweet voice," added Mr. Kelley, with a voice full of

During the time occupied in giving vent to these few expressions Miss O'Dono-hue had entered the room blushing and smiling in a manner well calculated to arise the fallen spirit of the company Smiles are more cheering than sunbeam A smile is an angel of light. A smile or the lips of innocence is a boon of heaven for those who feel its happy influence. So the smiles that played in Miss O'Donohue's eyes and on her lips changed completely the feelings of Father O'Donohue nd his friends.

Though Katie's form was beautiful and there was an entire absence of haughtiness in her graceful and easy carriage. Though she looked like a queen, she felt and acted with the warmth and simplicity of a peasant girl. God bless the daughters of Erin. In every land may they ever be kind, loving, pure, and modest. Irishmen, be ye proud of your Irish wives and Irish maids. Sing with

the poet:
"I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand,
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw—so I'm near her,
To love till death my Irish wife."

Father O'Donohue took from a shelf of the library the manuscript of the poem which he wished his beautiful sister to sing. As she had been accustomed from childhood to obey promptly even the least sign of her good brother's will, she instantly went with great simplicity to a which stood in the corner of the The instrument was truly excellent, although it had been much used for the purpose of teaching children how to sing. Without any of the usual ceremonies of coughing, complaining of a bad cold, and tossing of the head, Katie sang very sweetly and with much feeling the

following little piece: THERE IS HOPE FOR ERIN.

There is hope for Erin,
While in ten thousand cells,
Where devotion ever dwells,
The meek-faced nuns are telling,
While their hearts with love are swelling.
Ten thousand rosaries for Erin.

There is hope for Erin,
White monk and pious priest
Offer up the Sacred Feast—
With tears and nightly sighing—
For an Isle in sorrow lying,
An Isle whose music-name is Erin.

Her sons to virtue true, By their holy actions sue From God the choicest blessing, From the Sacred Heart caressing, For the Sacred Heart's own Is.e, Erin-

When the last sweet echoes of the young lady's voice had died away in softest mel ody, her brother said: Surely, you never sang so well before,

"It was truly charming," said O'Connell, in a tone of ecstacy; "I could live forever listening to you, Miss O'Donohue."

"The harp of Orpheus was not more harmonious," added Kelley, with a most gracious smile.

gracious smile.

There is nearly always danger in giving praise to a young lady. Vanity is ever near the female's heart. Happy are those few young persons who are dead to all vanities, and upon whose ears the breath of praise is felt without emotions of empty pride. To this last favored class Miss O'Donohue belonged. Praise had the strange effect of making her more humble strange effect of making her more humble and more innocent and free from worldly deceit. Her brother saw at a glance the effect the few words of admiration had produced in her soul, so he came immedi-

ately to her rescue.
"Katie," said he, "Miss Ellie O'Connell is very anxious to see you. She made me promise that I would send you over soon to the cottage. When will you go to see

"I'll pay her a visit any time you please Rev. Brother James. I'll be free after our devotions on Sunday afternoon. Ellie is so good and kind, it is cruel of me

not to go to see her sooner. "I really think it is cruel, Miss O'Dono hue," here put in O'Connell. "If you only knew how anxious Ellie and Maurice, and father and mother, and—and all are to see you over at the cottage, I'm sure you would come to visit us oft en."
"Now, Mr. O'Connell, she has promise

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines no before the American public, is Hop Bit-ters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good.

If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitmay be cured. The remedy is Burdock ters .- Nunda News.

to visit you on Sunday, so, I suppose, you will not be absent from home."

"I do," said Kelley in a firm tone."

O'Connell hung his head, and seemed buried in thought or grief.

"These are sad days of ours." said the priest, while the big tears glistened in his bright over a being the read of the work of the said the said of the work of the work of the said the said of the work of the said of the sa

briest, while the big tears glistened in his bright eyes, "I foresee a bitter end to all this. Ravenous wolves come into the innocent fold. Vile men have come to on her words, she modestly cast her eyes

frankness.

"All will be righted next Sunday, my dear children," said the good priest kindly
"I'm sorry we'll have to part for the pre and their best friend—I am sure that they never would be deaf to my voice. God help them, poor people. My heart is sad and afflicted—let us hear something more pleasant. Oh, here comes Katie, she will make us forget for the moment the shadows that have darkened our hearts. You are a poet, Mr. O'Connell—you are a lover of sweet song—so I feel confident that you will have no objection to hear Katie sing a little song composed by an old college friend of mine."

"O Father," exclaimed O'Connell, while by the sword she has been kept in cruel slavery, and by her vain attempts to draw it, she has brought down innumerable evils upon her self and her children. Be asured that whatever titles may be bestowed upon her, she never will be styled 'The Island of the Sword.' The Isle of Beauty, the 'First Flower of the earth,' the 'Island of Saints,' were never destined by Providence to be the synonyms for more brute force. The mission of Ireland not to glorify the sword. Her mission

higher, holier, and more sublime—
"O Ireland! be it thy high duty
To teach the world the might of moral beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the strugglessory 2"

God bless you, my dear children." This was the open sign for a departure. The two gentlemen, after having bade a gracious farewell to Father O'Donohue and Katie, left the good priest's peaceful dwelling. As their respective homes were in different directions, they separated im-mediately on reaching the street.

Dark night soon came down upon the town and surrounding country.

TO BE CONTINUED

Talmage on Mormonism.

Brooklyn's tabernacle preacher, Dr. 1)e Witt Talmage, with all his eccentricity occasionally gets off some very sensible things. Among his latest utterar ces is an address denouncing Mormonism, which h terms the social cancer of America and speaking of the recent arrival of eight hundred proselytes, says:
"The government of the United States

sits idiotically in the presence of this evi which wars not only upon the decency of all good people, but is a sworn foe of free institutions. Their vessels are coming with their hundred of Mormon devotees. Their missionaries are busy all the world over. Why this strange silence on the part of our public men? The appaing fact must be stated that Mormoni The appallhas indeed become such a political power that public men, ambitious for the p ency or any position in the gift of the different States of the Union, are afraid to reprehend the evil lest their official prospects be blasted. Mormonism Mormonism not only is dominant in Utah, but holds the balance of power in several of the States and Territories. The evil is power-fully entrenched and overshadows the national capital.

"In my opinion nothing but a great national revolution will ever touch it. The days for the peaceful solution of this days for the peacetul solution of this question are past. By the year, by the month, by the hour Mormonism is gather-ing momentum. A few batteries opened on the hills around Salt Lake City might once have put a quietus on this great outrage, but not now. God only knows by what mode or through what national exhaustion the curse is to be extirpated. But go it must, or the honor and virtue and life of this nation will go. What headway can the Church of God and reformatory institutions make as long as this organized libertinism and enthroned indecency are allowed to remain? The men capable of throttling this evil have not yet to the front. I wonder from what State they will come and in which Congress they will appear, and what will be the mode of their attack. Eight hundred captives of Mormondom under the care of their cap-tors allowed on the Sabbath day to pass through New York is a monstrosity, and of all the calamities of the week is the most calamitous."

EPILEPSY (Fits)

successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y "MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipa-tion, tasteless, 25c

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D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., took over half a gross of various patent medi-cines for Paralysis and debility—he says Burdock Rlood Bitters cured him.

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CHRONIC Erysipelas and all Eruptions and Humors of the blood so unsightly in

A COLORED SAINT.

BROT MOSES, THE ETHIOPIAN, AND FATHER OF THE DESERT.

The Abbot Moses was thus called be-cause of his race, and by this title he was distinguished from the other fathers who bore the same name. Born the slave of the governor in a principal city on the river Nile, in Egypt, Moses, from his early childhood, gave full rein to every kind of sin and disorder. Driven from his mastaken from the water, so is lost the monk who loves to be outside of the wall of h s ter's house, he used his liberty only to make himself the head of a noted band of robbers. With these companions, Moses became the terror of the surrounding country. But God had great designs in store for this hardened sinner. Pursued for a murder he had committed, Moses fled for safety into a neighboring mon-

stery.
While there the regular and holy lives of the monks male a great impression on his heart. In his Infinite Mercy, God's plentiful grace was at hand to help on the good beginning, and ere long Moses, pene-trated with grief, openly confessed all his sins, not omitting to tell even his most secret and hidden stains.

To his request that he be allowed to en ter the monastery a chilling refusal was given. Prostrating himself at the gate, Moses remained there, day after day and night after night, until the Superior, struck at the earnestness of his change agreed to receive and clothe him with the eligious habit.

Very shortly Moses far outstripped his brother religious. The most faithful was he in fulfilling the daily routine of duty the most severe in his fasts, never eating but once a day and then taking only bread and water: while often, for days together he neither touched food nor tasted drink; the most watchful in his long vigils, often ssing the whole night without sleep; and e most humble in prayer, for he even

poured forth sighs and groans for his past life. In the desert of Scete his Superior was the great Macarius, who, when told by Moses how the neighboring hermits came often to see him, much to his grief, allowed the fervent penitent to enter deeper into the desert, pointing out a rocky waste, some seven or eight days' journey from the dwelling places of men. In this barren wilderness the holy hermit enjoyed the rest he so fondly desired. But only for a while for in him, as in But only for a while, for in him, as in every other follower of the Divine Master were fulfilled the words of Holy Writ "If thou wilt serve God, prepare thyself for temptation." It was not long before Satan stirred up a fierce war against Moses, by sending him that sting of the

flesh which even St. Paul underwent.

The devil was always putting before his mind the most impure fancies and objects. Acting under the advice of the Abbot Isiore, our saint began a most resolute war fare against the enemy. During six years he practiced unheard of austerities, night after night standing upright in the middle of his cell and never even bending the knee, lest of so slight a chance the devil might take hold. At the end of that time, Moses, still undergoing the hellish on-slaughts, again spoke to the Abbot Isidore; the Abbot, taking him to the top of his cell, bade him look to the West. On so doing, Moses saw a large army of devils thoroughly down-hearted and about to thoroughly down-nearted and about to fly as though conquered. When again spoken to, Moses looked to the East, and had the joy to behold a bright array of heavenly spirits. "On the left," said the Abbot Isidore, "are the devils who strive to bring about the fail of God's servants, but they are exercise by the angels in but they are overcome by the angels in the East, sent by their King for that end. This sight comforted and strengthened Moses anew, who re-entered with fresh courage into the combat, adopting a novel and most laborious penance. Every night the holy penitent went to the cells of the sick and aged monks and, taking their pitchers, filled them with water at the well. The task was no easy one, for these cells were scattered far and wide throughout the desert, some being a mile, others again five while a few well and the source of its imperial life. But even of this we are being robbed. No as many as six miles distant from the well.
The devil could not brook such a courageous fight. One night, while the faithful
monk was beside the well filling the monk was beside the well filling the bucket, Satan, in his spite, hit him a overed his senses. "In the name our Lord Jesus Christ," said the Abbott Isidore to him, "all your troubles will cease from this mo-Never afterwards was Moses thus tempted, but he always remained

feeble, worn out, as it were, from the fierceness of the struggle. Our saint's wonderful progress in all virtues, joined to the heavenly gifts with which God enriched him, made him to rank among the greatest of the fathers of the desert. The Patriarch of Alexandria raised him to the priesthood, and then appointed him what we would call chaplain of the Solitaries of Scete. With his other gifts. Moses received that of prophecy, foretelling the wretched fall of an aged hermit, who put too much trust in himself. After living nearly forty years in the desert, Moses, at the age of sixty-five, entered in his eternal rest, leaving after him a large school of disciples, who gloried in following his blessed footsteps. No words can better end this brief sketch, than the last words of Palladius, a monk himself and writer of the life of the Abbot Moses: "Behold the holy and religious life, which ted this unconquerable soldier of Jesus Christ. By it he has merited to rank

among the greatest saints.' THE SAYINGS OF ABBOT MOSES. e sketch of this Saint's life here added a few of his sayings, to show, some feeble way, the great virtue of this servant of God

When once called to attend an assembly of the Solitaries for the purpose of trying a hermit charged with some crime, Moses entered the meeting carrying a huge bag of sand upon his back.

The brethren asked what this meant.

The brethren asked what this meant. "Oh," answered he, "these are my own sins, which I carry behind me, so as not to see them, while here judging the sins of others." The humble conduct of the summer until he finds that he is smoking a

too much sleep; laziness and banterings, and show in dress."
At another time, he said: "A monk should observe four things above all others: to be silent; to keep God's laws; to humble himself, and to bear the trials and burden of poverty. It is necessary, he added, that he weep continually, never lose the thought of his sins, and always keep death before his eyes."

To a Solitary who sought his advice,
Moses said: "Go, abide in your cell; it
will teach you all you need do, provided
you guard it well. For as a fish dies when

Here is another most beautiful saying of our Saint : "To strip ourself of earthly with patience, and discretion are the means by which perfection is reached. Voluntary poverty is seen in Noe; patience in Job, and discretion in Daniel." "We should be so dead to men," said Moses at another time, "that we never utter judgment to any one. Let us strive so to pass our doys, that, before leaving this mortal body, we do no eyil to any one

whatsoever."
"Let us strive never to judge others. Remember when God struck the first born in Egypt he left no house without a death to weep over. Now, in thinking over our own sins, we must beware of minding others' misdeeds; as it is foolish fora man having death at home, to go abroad to bewail the dead in strange houses.'

GOD AND THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

In the pastoral of his Eminence the Car dinal Archbishop of Westminster, issued on the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, we find the following digest of the laws governing man's relations with his Crea-

The way to life is the true knowledge of the true God; for the true God may either not be known, or, when known, not truly known. The heathen world of old knew not the true God; and none but those who now knew Him through Jesus Christ, know the true God in "spirit and in truth." It is this knowledge that has renewed the world. It has made men to e the sons of God. It has made the kingdom of this world the kingdom of od and of Christ. When the civil powers of the world knew Him, they held power inder Him, their legislation was conformed o His law, the social life of men was purified by His presence. Where God and His law reign, the homes of men contain the highest type of a perfect common-wealth. They are founded on authority, obedience and equality among the sons of a common Father. Such was the world a common Father. Such was the world in its domestic, social and political life, so long as it was Christian. As in the Hebrew commonwealth, God reigned over the new order He had created; and the public and private life of men was swathed about by his presence; and was govern-ed by His guidance in the reason, and conscience, and will of men. God was the founder, the law giver, the life and the solidity of the Christian world. The civsolution of the Greek and the Roman world ripened into corruption: the civili-zation of Israel was divinely elevated into the higher order of the Christian society. True civilization is the fruit of Christianity; all other is spurious and transitory; it cannot sustain itself. Without the salt of the earth it perishes. So true it is that "without God there can be no common-wealth among men." Where God is, there is law. Where God is not, there is anarchy; because there law cannot be. The Christian world was once Catholic in all

the fullness of perfect and universal faith. The enemy violently broke down its perfect unity. Still it was Christian. It be lieved in God and our Lord Jesus Christ. This reminder of its perfect inheritance has been stealthily but surely stolen away. There still remain the lights and the laws f nature, which the old

out the desert, some being a mile, others two, others again five, while a few were civil order in the world ever sank so low as the Christian world is sinking now, and will be sunk, if the name of God be erased from its put lie laws. You have lately asked of those who make our laws that monk was beside the well filling the bucket, Satan, in his spite, hit him a severe blow, which laid the soldier of Christ senseless on the sward. The next morning he was found and carried by the monks to the church, where, to the great against which we cannot prevail, and from joy of the assembled brethren, he soon which there is no escape; as if in a little which there is no escape; as if in a little while the public life and laws of the world will be no longer Catholic nor Christian, "all nor based upon a belief in God. foundation for men or for morals there is none. There are many who see where we are rushing downwards, and desire it. And many who see it, with horror, but, with folded hands, do nothing against it : and many more who see nothing, and are being carried away unconsciously into a social and political state without God in the world. For the first time since the world. For the first time since the world began, it is openly rejecting God. The Old World so profusely believed in the Divine, that God was everywhere, and in all things. To them even the ward was feed and all them even the world was God, and all things were supernatural. Now God nowhere, and exists no longer: the world is dead. Necessity then is laid upon us, from the least to the greatest, everywhere and in every way, to bear witness for God, "in whom we live, and move and are." In this there can be no neutrality. To be silent among the seditious is to abet treason. The law of the land still justly punishes offenders against God and His moral law: not indeed for its offence against Him, but for its damage to society; and there is a clamor that such laws should be abolished. If men libel their neighbor, they may be heavily punished. If they only libel God or our Divine Releemer, we are told that no man should judge them.

Joseph Shewfelt, Amour, says that he considers Burdock Blood Bitters a life saving friend to him. It cured him of debility when doctors failed.

In all imitations of the Myrtle Navy to bacco yet attempted, either inferior stock has been used or the plug has been made a Saint secured the culprit's pardon.

Again the Abbot Moses said: The passions by which we are tormented have four sources: plenty to eat and drink;

ECHOES OF THE HEART,

FROM THE FRENCH OF ABBE J. COURVOI-SIER-BY THYRA.

"O my God," cried Augustine, "Thou hast created us for Thee, solely for Thee, and until we are Thine we shall languish and until we are Thine we shall languish in the shackles of our earthly bondage. O my God, Thou art happiness, peace, love and liberty. Grant that I may be Thine always; let me not bury in the slime of this miserable world the noble instincts of a heart that is naturally impelled to seek Thee, and sighs for Thee clave."

alone.' The voice of sorrow finds no answering echo among the slaves of passion. Their hearts have grown hard and dull; their mental sphere becomes narrower day by day, and the light that shone in their soul s obscure and dim, insensibly dying out. Alas! they have grown used to live with-out giving God one thought! Aye, what is life without God? Where are truth and virtue without God? How can one forget Him, the prop and motion of the whole creation! Can there be happiness in such senseless oblivion? Life is not a mere stage given to man for the exercise of his idle caprices; his mission comes from on high, and one day he must ren-

from on high, and one day he must render an account of it.

"Sir," said Cormenin one day to a worldly man, "what do you know of religion?" "Nothing," "Do you ever enter a church?" "Never." "What do you in the morning?" "I breakfast," "At midday?" "Ismoke," "At night?" "I dance." "If there should be an eternal apprishment beard the search." punishment beyond the grave?"

much the worse."

God could not have made the world for frivolous purposes; He must have given man a destiny worthy of his lofty intellect. Hence, the destiny of humanity is to reach God; to live is to gravitate towards God. All thought, all affection, that cannot be made subservient to this supreme

joy is lost for eternity.

How beautiful and sublime does life become when thus considered—it is the worship of the Infinite. To live thus is to think for God, act for God, love for God Is there anything more rational? be the cause and end of all creation, should not our life, which comes from Him, return entirely to Him? If He is truth, is He not by that fact the strength of our intellect? If He is the essence of harmony, the ideal of all good, should He not then be our permanent rule? If He is the goodness and beauty for which our souls sigh, should it not be our duty, our happiness, to love Him. Is it not a great sorrow to be parted from Him, through our fault, in life and for eternity?

Besides the sadness engraved in our hearts by God Himself as a constant sum-mons to recall us to Him, He has formed with His blended wrath and forgiveness another chastisement destined to enlighten, transform and save us-He has made sor-

row. Whilst punishing us after the first sin, God already planned to create us anew. For this reason He has hidden in the womb of sorrow a virtue that is the great transfiguring power of life. No matter how dark and sad this world may be : no matter how deep the filth and mire of th way, God has given us a guide that will safely lead us to light, purity and virtue. Sorrow is our transformer-it is the power that lifts the world to God. But not suffice to draw us to God, 'tis then He strikes and immolates. Without sorrow how many souls would sink to fatal degradation and eternal ignominy. God wants us to hunger and thirst for Him : can He then suffer our souls, blinded by the gross compensations of voluptuousness and passions, to have no other end but to ignore and insult Him? No, He does not, He

cannot.
A little child, playing among the flowers on the edge of a precipice, leans to cull a rose; instantly two eager arms violently draw him away, the more violently that they are more tender, and wrest him from the peril in spite of his wrathful clamor, only abating when he feels the pressure of a mother's loving embrace. The violent force that draws man from the idle fancies force that draws man from the late randers of passions, that suddenly removes the scales from our eyes, is misfortune. Our neighbors beyond the sea call it a divine messenger. One of their deepest thinkers messenger. One of their deepest thinkers added: "It is an unknown boon in the language of men; our guardian angels alone give it its true name: 'Chastise-ments of the Almighty are blessings in dis-

guise.'"
Shall I cite a few immortal examples? Shall I recall that chancellor of England. fallen from the steps of the throne into a prison, where, inspired by the light that shines even in the darkest of dungeons, he uttered such sublime truths on the vanity of all things human? Shall I speak of our sorrow, flung at philosophers this immor-

tal challenge: "Reason I admire; discuss, I believe. Der gottliche Bote." 'Twas then that, enlightened, transformed, he made the following sublime prayer: "O my God! grant that I may feel Thee always near me. Thou alone canst satisfy me. The solitude caused by Thine absence is too painful; let me rest my heart on Thy Divine Heart; let me pour into Thy merciful ear my inmost sentiments; draw me whither Thou wouldst have me go; lead me, if it be Thy will, into the most arduous paths of life; I shall be content, provided I live with Thee and die with Thee. If I be but near Thee I accept all poin with a joyful heart; only one thought terrifies me, and I repel it: it is to live without suffering and without loving Thee."

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long time been sarily contracted ence took for his verses of the first St. James: "Ever perfect gift, is from from the Father there is no chang tude. For of H begotten us by the might be some beg The Cardinal pro as St. James told Him is no darki Eternal Intellige Reason that kn Eternal Sanctity Sanctity Eternal Purity, shadow of vicissis best gift and e from Him alo there exists no ot holiness. He is He has created The first was the angels He created were, like Himse telligence, without tude. Then He the lights over o were created "th gether. As the the angels, they The third firman kind, for every is a light. God ecause He is the

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JULY 6, 16

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Sunday morning, Cardinal Archbis

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Old Law, when reaper first gat sheaf and carried priest to lift u thanksgiving for words St. James some beginn mean that we are of the creation tion of God was but the most per is man, and ma lod's creatures. lights, the sea ar ing creatures the tle on the plains was but the prel fect work of Goo God gave His lil His hands; He g heart to love Hi tures, and crown glory, gave him over all the wo creation sinned : spread the light, creation, still th and that was b on Himself. among men, as amongst creatur first man Adam who came to r Himself-the m ever came from Christ our Lord was like unto

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Jesus was amon the Church, is world. The n which manking those perfect ; Lights. The fi of the knowled secondly, the gi Ghost. The rabout the unity still in that sha in which we Holy Ghost"the perpetual is the Head of presence of that mystical Creator of all th against which of which occasi empires, and k like the shadov remains with t that illumined and, amidst th all human thin unity, for the vail against it. is a Divine cre unclouded kno perpetual, inf teaches the C whose discern which the Chu errors of mer the beginning. to mankind, th creation of Go His word was was the greate

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