

to the bareness of the land, he would not get the highest price. His profits from rearing and selling young stock would be about £6, and from the keeping of a few sheep about £5. He grew enough potatoes for sale. In addition to the potatoes raised he reckoned that he expended on Indian meal about £17; on bolts, clothes, groceries, and like luxuries about £2; and in wages of servants, indoor and out, about £18, showing after the support of his family, a loss of some £30 a year. Pressed to explain this, and how, notwithstanding, he managed to live, he said he married a fortune of £100, all of which was gone, and he owed beside in the town nearly £100 more. He said that he had been getting out of debt in the good years, but was now sunk again, and another bad year would ruin him altogether. His family consisted of eight persons in all, including servants.

This case illustrates a state of things I fear very common in recent years, namely, where the tenant would, after the support of his family, be out of pocket even if he had the land rent free.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

Opening of the new Dominican Church.

London Universe, June 9.

The beautiful church in Southampton Road, Havestock Hill, was solemnly opened on Thursday morning. The sacred edifice, now being opened, is the only church belonging to the Order of Preachers in London.

In a former issue of this journal we chronicled the progress of the new church happily completed, and, quoting from a pamphlet by the Very Rev. Provincial of the Order, Father Williams, we stated that Dominicans first came to England in 1221. We spoke of their presentation to the great Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of their work in Oxford University. The establishments of Holborn House and Blackfriars and their destruction by Henry were described, as also the subsequent return of the fathers, and their ministrations at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The houses at Hincley and Woodchester were next alluded to, and it was related how in 1861 Cardinal Wiseman invited the Dominicans to return to London, and entrusted to their charge the Kentish Town mission. He desired that they should be permanently established in London, and himself selected the spot on which the priory and church now stand, telling Father Proctor to buy the ground and build there, "for one day there would be a flourishing congregation in that neighbourhood." The work was begun in 1863, and in 1867 the library was opened as a temporary chapel, but was eventually found far too small for the increasing congregation.

The scene within the magnificent cathedral-like church on Thursday was one that will long linger in the memory of those whose privilege it was to be present. Memory went back, for the moment, to the time when in England's happy days of Catholicity it was in this country a not uncommon thing to see long lines of holy monks, clothed in the venerable habits of their Order, wending their way through cathedral aisles to the sanctuary of God. As the grand organ pealed forth the melodious strains of the dedication hymn, the procession emerged from the sacristy at the Gospel side of the altar, and, passing down the aisle, passed up the centre of the nave to the sanctuary. The procession included over fifty members of the Dominican order, clothed in the usual habit of their congregation, followed by representatives of the religious orders of the Franciscans, the Capuchins, the Oratorians, Passionists, Redemptorists, Augustinians, Carmelites, Jesuits, the Order of Charity, the Pious Society of Missions, as well as a large number of secular clergy. Altogether there could not have been less than 300 priests, either present in the church or taking part in the procession. The end of the procession was graced by the presence of no less than seven Bishops. On the entrance of the procession the vast congregation rose en masse and joined in the dedication hymn. The music was followed by the reading of the Sacred Heart, which was beautifully rendered by a full choir. After the first Gospel, just as the clock was striking twelve, the famous Dominican orator, the Very Rev. Father Thomas Burke, ascended the pulpit, and took his text from the eleventh chapter of the Prophet Isaiah:

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them. The calf and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall rest together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp; and the weaned child shall thrust his hand into the den of the basilisk. They shall not hurt, nor shall they kill in all my holy mountain, for the earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea. The silver-tongued Dominican—the prince of modern orators—whose probable presence had been reported a matter of some doubt, owing to recent indisposition—showed no trace of the illness from which he had only recently recovered. In the course of an eloquent sermon, which lasted exactly three-quarters of an hour, the preacher said: May it please your Lordships, Very Rev. and Rev. Brethren, and dearly beloved brethren,—What a contrast there is in the picture drawn by the Prophet Isaiah, in the words I have just quoted to you, and that other picture given to us by the Prophet Ezekiel. He came also in evil times as Isaiah did, but no fountain of mercy was vouchsafed to him. He saw faith waning, knowledge diminishing, and, as a consequence, crime of every kind increasing on the earth. Well might he cry out, "Cursing and lying, and killing, and theft, and adultery have overflowed, and blood hath touched blood; for there is no truth, and there is no mercy, and there is no knowledge of God in the land." Now, from this picture, drawn by the pencil of the Holy Spirit of God Himself, we can gather how necessary it is that the whole world should be filled with the knowledge of God. The knowledge of God is but the knowledge of His Divine Law and its obligations, the knowledge of man's relation to his Maker in time and in eternity. Clearly this knowledge is essential, and must come home to every man in order for his

salvation, for our Lord has said, "This is the will of my Heavenly Father, that all men be saved;" and this knowledge of the truth is for man's salvation. Where that knowledge is absent, there man rises against his fellowman, without pity, without remorse, and with no feeling of humanity to stay the uplifted arm, and save the soul unprepared to meet its God. Where that knowledge abounds, where it finds its way into every human mind, where it guides every man's heart, where every class of man is lifted up, his evil passions are subdued, his appetites controlled, gross ignorance is removed, THE WOLF AND THE LAMB LIE DOWN TOGETHER.

and the leopard, so savage by nature, plays harmlessly with the weaned child of the fold. Therefore it is that when the Son of Man came down from heaven and was made man, He came to give grace to abound where sin had abounded, and to give life where death had reigned before. Life, grace, and every other gift come to us through the Father of Lights. Therefore our Lord is said to be the best gift of His Eternal Father, who took the form of light, dispelling darkness, and knowledge dispelling ignorance. Therefore it is that He who gave it is called the Father of Lights. When he founded His Holy Church to be the living, undying, faithful messenger of God to man, the only true witness of Divine truth, then He founded that Church and endowed her with riches, pouring out His heart's blood for love of her, to make her without stain and without wrinkle or spot, worthy to be the bride of the Lamb, to spread on this earth the knowledge of God in every land, to every class of men, bringing it home to every human intellect and every human heart, that the world might be filled with the knowledge of God, as the ocean is filled with the covering waters of the ocean. If God never intended to reveal Himself—if he intended that man should know nothing about Him beyond direct revelation—why did He give man an intellect, ever craving after the infinite, no knowledge of which any human intellect has ever yet, nor ever will be able to apprehend or satisfy? If He did not intend to reveal Himself in that bright, but still imperfect, light of Revelation, why did He give us this strange, mysterious craving for that which is infinite loveliness, and which wearies us with

THE SIGHT OF ALL THAT FALLS SHORT OF GOD?

The Church, then, comes forth from the hand and the mind of her Divine Founder to spread the knowledge of God, and everywhere encounters these great difficulties which it is her mission to overcome and subdue. These three difficulties are ignorance, frailty, malice. St. Thomas suggests that every sin can be traced to one of these three taints. One sin in ignorance, not knowing the law—in weakness or in malice, ignoring it. The great sin of our day is the want of faith. The faith is coming to this, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find, as you think, faith on the earth? As the great Cardinal, the chief pastor of our souls, whose absence we have to regret to-day, told us a few days ago, it is the tendency and great sin of our age. This awful independence of God, which will not permit His name to be mentioned, can be traced to one of these three great taints of sin. There are the ignorant who have never heard His word—the poor savage child of the forest and the desert, whose mind has never been illuminated by a solitary ray of even human knowledge. For him God has provided the zeal of missionaries who go forth with their lives in their hands, and abandoning all the luxuries and happiness of youth before its time, in their holy labour of love, as we read in the records of their apostolic career. If they find even the slightest element of civilization they rejoice, for it makes their work comparatively easy. The soil is broken, if ever so slightly, and the savage mind has begun to learn to think. How, then, this little knowledge assists the missionary, those who know who have experienced the rapture of meeting with it. Shallow philologists who say human knowledge is incompatible with a belief in God, and that the Church is afraid of the advancement of science. Wherever we read of savage nations converted to the faith, we find, hand in hand with conversion to a knowledge of Divine truth, goes the civilizing power emanating from the same apostolic mission.

THOSE WHO DENY GOD,

and yielding to the passions of the flesh, succumbing to their appetites, and attaching themselves to the material order of things, degrade the immortal soul within them, and, in spite of the supernatural, deprive themselves of the power of realizing the unseen. Such is man's nature, that the soul and body, united in him, must act one with the other. Either the soul, strengthened by grace, subdues the body, chastens and purifies the passions, until that body is fit for the glory that is to come; or the body gets the better of the soul, and makes it the handmaid of its vice, to point out the way to a bitter and degrading indulgence, till he can no longer understand the things that are of the kingdom of God. When we consider the unbridled luxury that is abroad, the wildest ideas springing up in the hearts of the young only to be come to, to be satiated by enjoyment, I think all this is accountable for a great deal of that infidelity which is the tendency of our unhappy age. As ignorance keeps the poor savage from the light, so on the other extreme too much human light keeps many a soul from recognizing the Divine. They give themselves with such a profound mental devotion to the researches of science that, in gazing on created life, they lose the faculty of perceiving the uncreated. As a man fixes his eye on the flame of the blast-furnace he himself has lighted, he becomes so dazzled as to be unconscious of the shining of the noonday sun; so the scientific man of our day, the devoted disciple of nature, of that inductive, experimental philosophy which has attained such wonderful results, gazes from the human light around him, and, inflated by the success of his own researches into that system

IN THE PRIDE OF HIS HEART AND THE POLLY OF HIS MIND,

denies the existence of the Creator, because he has seen and discovered so much of the created. The Church of God is commissioned to give knowledge to the ignorant, to the weak the strength of her strong and tender hand, and to cleanse and

purify the tainted blood by the sacrament of Penance, and to sustain the trembling soul walking in the unaccustomed way of virtue, by feeding it with the food of angels. To the frail Church comes in so many ways as to make the attainment of heaven even easier than perseverance in sin. To the man of science she comes asking for only one shred or tittle of reason for his denial of the uncreated, the eternal and the unseen. She warns him that no one needs faith so much as the man who makes the pursuit of knowledge the object of his life. The man of faith who studies and investigates the profoundest mysteries of nature and her laws, expects to make strange discoveries; but he sees in all of them the evidence of the infinite power, wisdom and glory of God the Creator. To the man of science, the Church comes with the lesson of humility, and that man what this world may have taught him, she says: "Lift up thine eyes to the mountains, stay not always in the mine diving into the bowels of the earth. No matter how rich the gem that may come forth from the dark resource of nature, they are not rich enough for the man who has his faith so much as the man who makes the pursuit of knowledge the object of his life. —of promises made and prophecies fulfilled even to the very letter. This is the Church's mission, and in many ways she carries it out. The voice of the preacher is never silent. The Church teaches the knowledge of God in her beautiful liturgy, rich, pouring out His heart's blood for love of her, to make her without stain and without wrinkle or spot, worthy to be the bride of the Lamb, to spread on this earth the knowledge of God in every land, to every class of men, bringing it home to every human intellect and every human heart, that the world might be filled with the knowledge of God, as the ocean is filled with the covering waters of the ocean. If God never intended to reveal Himself—if he intended that man should know nothing about Him beyond direct revelation—why did He give man an intellect, ever craving after the infinite, no knowledge of which any human intellect has ever yet, nor ever will be able to apprehend or satisfy? If He did not intend to reveal Himself in that bright, but still imperfect, light of Revelation, why did He give us this strange, mysterious craving for that which is infinite loveliness, and which wearies us with

THE BOLTS OF HEAVEN WERE DRAWN BACK, He bled for us, and His blood flowed on the decree and washed out the writing of His Father that man should never enter heaven. In Holy Communion He gives us with the blood of His sacrifice, the very sound of His voice opened the treasury of heaven. He pleaded for us, and at sound of His Divine voice

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was changed into the very heart's Blood of Jesus Christ our Redeemer. We Catholics not only believe in this mystery, but enjoy it. We feast upon it. By it we are reminded of the world of promise given in the Old Testament. The Lord hath given them bread from heaven, and man hath eaten the bread of angels. It is for us this evening, assembled in the house of God and before the altar-stone of sacrifice, to consider how great is this gift of His bounty to us. What induced Him to do it, and what are the effects that come from this gift of the Saviour's hands? We see in our Lord first the Almighty God, true God and true man, the Eternal Son of His Father, equal to Him in all things, the very figure of His substance, and the essence of His glory. In Christ a man, we are told, dwells the fullness of that Divinity corporally. From Mary's most pure and holy flesh and bone, Almighty God took the sacred humanity which He assumed to Himself—a humanity the most beautiful that ever God created—a heart the most benign and loving that ever throbbled in the bosom of man—a hand ever ready to relieve, and eyes that looked with pity on every form of misfortune, and weeped for the God and man Jesus Christ, who He was God and man, united in two natures, but only one person, and that Divine. From that union of God and man in Jesus Christ flowed all the graces and all the mercies by which man's redemption was accomplished. They did not come from Him merely as God, for as God He could not suffer, and by His suffering came to us all these graces. They did not come from Him merely as man, for His sufferings as man could never have brought down all blessings to us. But as God and man—that wonderful espousal of His love—come all the graces and merits that follow from Christ. He prayed, and the very sound of His voice opened the treasury of heaven. He pleaded for us, and at sound of His Divine voice

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the words of my text, "I will raise him up at the last day." The poor sufferer, racked by pain and sorrow, receives, with agonizing tears, the Viaticum on his bed, and scarcely has he closed his lips on his God when he yields up his soul into the hands of his Maker, and Jesus goes down with him into his grave. That place is holy into which the sanctified goes down, and when the great day shall come, WHEN UNIVERSAL SILENCE SHALL PRE-

ON THE EARTH, when at the sound of the angel's voice every grave shall open and yield up its dead, the pious Catholic communicant shall hear the voice that Lazarus heard in his grave of old—the voice of the Redeemer—who shall say, "Open and let my child come forth to me," and with His own hands He shall raise us up and fold us in the embrace of His love and carry us to His everlasting joy. How bright and well-assured is the promise, for we have it on the word of Him who is Eternal Truth, "I will raise him up at the last day." Perhaps there are some here who do not believe in this mystery, and who, beholding the Blessed Sacrament, see nothing but the sacramental species. If there be even one, to whom I say: It happened once that the apostles were on the bosom of the lake Genesareth, when there came a storm; the horizon around them was heaving heavy with clouds, and far away they saw a luminous kind of cloud, at which they were alarmed. St. John, who was in the boat, and whose keen, flashing eye was the first to discover the presence of the Lord, saw in the clouds the figure of Christ. He turned to Peter and said: "Simon, it is the Lord;" and then he cried out: "Lord if it be Thou, command me to come to Thee." From across the waters the voice came, and He walked on the water as if it were the adamant rock. To my unbelieving brother I say this, in a few moments the candles will be lighted on that altar, and in the centre you will see exalted a light luminous thing—nothing more—and I ask you to say, "Lord, if it be Thou, command me to come to Thee," and I will lay my hopes at His feet, and before His Sacred Heart. The waters of doubt will become hardened as the adamant rock, and you may cast yourself out of the boat of your passions and your sensuality, to find yourself locked in the arms of Jesus Christ, who will hold and uphold you until that day when He shall come to fulfil His own Divine promise, and in His mercy "raise you up at the last day."

A MARVEL OF PHILANTHROPY.

HOW A POOR ITALIAN PRIEST IS ARGUING CATHOLIC FRANCE.

Recently quite a stir was created in Paris by the presence of Don Bosco, an humble Italian priest, who has under his charge 160,000 poor children, and for whom he came to solicit alms in the busy, cynical French capital. "Don Bosco's reputation for sanctity," says the London "Apostle," and the fame of his gift of miracle, have drawn to him, and for long before his arrival there, a eager curiosity to know where he would stay, and how he was to be seen. When he did come the crowd that besieged his door all day long and flocked to hear his mass, to-day at one church, to-morrow at another, induced the apt but somewhat cynical remark, "Why, my new tenor, there is such a find that in the Paris of to-day, the Paris of M. Paul Bert and M. Jules Ferry, there are still people as eager to see a poor priest, reputed a great servant of God and of the poor as to secure places at the opera. Don Bosco's miracles may be as many and as wonderful as many trustworthy witnesses testify to, but the question may be satisfactorily settled—benefactor—the miracle that no one attempts to dispute is the work of redemption he is accomplishing, not for Italy alone, but for any other country where he has carried his magnificent apostolate. At the present moment his seminarians, recruited from the most destitute and forsaken classes, number 80,000 boys in Italy, and as many more in other countries. He educates and supports this large population entirely by means of gratuitous gifts, and the manner in which he opens the hearts and purses of strangers to his petition on behalf of his children is in itself a miracle that may well command admiration. He preached in the Madeleine on a recent Sunday to a congregation so large that the church doors had to be closed at 2 o'clock although the sermon only began at 2, and his appeal, made in bad French, with a feeble and to most present an unintelligible voice, was answered by a collection of £4000 sterling, over \$20,000." And yet we are told that Catholicity is dead in France.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a serious disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scorbutic and blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The soothing and restorative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral are realized at once in all cases of cold, cough, throat or lung troubles, while its far reaching and powerful healing qualities are always demonstrated in the most serious pulmonary disorders.

Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, &c., Belleville, writes: "I find Dr. Thomas' Edecoral Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind puffs and cuts, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, burns, &c., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says one need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

Bad Blood results from improper action of the Liver and Kidney. Regulate these important organs by the use of that grand purifier Burdock Blood Bitters. The concentrated power and curative virtues of Ayer's Sassaaparilla render it the most reliable and economical medicine that can be used. It contains no dangerous or harmful ingredients, and may be safely administered to patients of all ages. When you are sick the best medicine that can be obtained is none too good, and is the cheapest, whatever its cost.

For the Catholic Mirror.

The Finding of the Holy Cross.

BY ELEANOR O'DONNELLY.

"Thy written, dear, in this ancient scroll,  
This book of the buried ages,  
That the Empress Helen, (sainted soul)  
In one of her pilgrimages—

Came, with her court, to Calvary's height  
(The inspiration hidden),  
To seek the long lost Cross of Christ,  
By pagan hands there hidden.

They sought, they found—'tis written, dear  
In this ancient book between us,  
The Cross of our Lord lay hidden there,  
Under an image of Venus!

Under the feet of a goddess lewd,  
(The queen of a love polluted),  
The Cross of our Lord lay hidden there,  
Like a secret rose, was rooted.

Red with the drops of the Precious Blood,  
A treasure, pure and lowly—  
"Heavenly Love!" Thy blessed Root  
Was hid in the clay subsoil.

We shudder, dear, as we ponder here  
The sin of that profanation,  
But why should infidel hands reverse  
Our symbol of salvation?

Ah! 'tis Christian crime, (the while),  
When, under the shrine of a Venus vile,  
They bury the Cross of Jesus.

Goddess of passion and sensual sin!  
Till the purest and holiest of men  
Lie hidden under her altar!

And the days of the present reproduce  
The deeds of a past unawful;  
O darling! pray that the Lord may loose  
Our age from a curse so awful!

O pray that the grace of the Crucified,  
From the wrath of God may screen us,  
And, again, the Holy Cross we'll hide  
Under the altar of Venus!

A WORKING BOYS' HOME.

THE NOBLE CHARITY WHICH REV. FATHER ROCHE HAS UNDERTAKEN TO ADMINISTER IN BOSTON.

The home for working boys, which was opened at No. 113 Elliott street, on Monday, May 28, supplies a want long felt in Boston. The home was established with the approval of His Grace Archbishop Williams, and will be under the personal supervision of Father D. H. Roche, late of Winchester. It is designed to benefit the little new-born, orphans and working-boys of all descriptions, under the age of 17, who have no homes, and are at present compelled to board out at prices which take the most part of their little earnings. To these Father Roche's home will offer good board and lodging at moderate nominal cost, rating in proportion to the wages which they receive, from 10 cents to \$1.75 per week. The home is located in a substantial brick building just above Tremont street, on Eliot, and contains 19 rooms, divided into reading rooms, sleeping rooms, chapel, dining room, office and kitchen. Besides these the home is provided with bath rooms, a good cellar for coal, wood, etc., and ample yard space just back of the house. The rooms, or a large number of them, are already fitted for occupancy, and are provided with all necessary household appliances, everything about the establishment having a neat, comfortable and homelike appearance. Young boys making their homes in this institution will be sure to receive wholesome food, plenty of good entertainment and the best possible supervision. The meals will be served according to the necessities of the boys, some of whom will doubtless go to work earlier than others; and all whose hours of labor will allow of it will retire to rest at 9.30 in the evening. The reading rooms will be furnished with light, and good reading matter, chess, dominoes, and other games for the amusement of the boys in their leisure hours, and everything will be done to make the homes as truly homelike as possible. Mass will be celebrated every day in the chapel, and on Sunday religious instruction will be given to the Catholic inmates, the inmates of other denominations being required to attend services at their own parishes. Father Roche has given up his parish at Winchester, terminating his connection with it May 28, and will devote his whole time and attention to the interests of the home. The furniture, oil cloths, settees, tables, chairs, kitchen and dining room furniture, and a considerable amount of provisions, have already been contributed to the home by kind friends who recognize the worthiness of the charity which Father Roche has undertaken to administer. Of course the receipts from the boys will not be sufficient to meet all the expenses of the institution, the rent of the building alone being \$1,200 a year, but it is confidently expected that the charitable people of Boston will not be slow to realize the power of one man who, like Father Roche, has given up his parish to inculcate into their young minds good moral principles, or tend to mould their characters so that they may grow up good and useful citizens. At present there is no instruction in Boston which provides for the class which in the absence of this home will reach, it being a kind of intermediary between the Home for Destitute Catholic Children and the Home of the Angel Guardian. Father Roche, therefore, has a vast field in which to carry out his good work, and it behooves all Catholics, or the charitable of all denominations, to support him in his undertaking.

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WELL'S "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cures. Corns, warts, bunions.