

Even This Shall Pass Away.

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet ring
Gave a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they,
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine and main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his fits and wiles,
Cried, "On loving friends of mine!
Pleasures come but not to stay;
"Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
As the javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience day by day,
"Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone
Then the king disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing on the words of fame,
"Fame is but a slow decay—
"Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, ere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Heid he with his dying breath,
"Life is done; but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showering by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

ITALY HAS THE FLOOR.

Senator John James Ingalls "let up" on his agricultural pursuits long enough to write a letter for the New York Truth upon the interesting question in issue between the King of Italy and the Government of the United States. He thus describes the situation as it appears to him out in the wilds of Kansas: "The Italian Government is in the position of a gentleman who, supposing there is a chair behind him, sits down upon the floor. The spectators are compelled, by politeness, to express concern, but it is with difficulty that they restrain their mirth. The marquis can now get up and dust himself at his leisure."

DRAMATIC GLORY.

I think that if I were young again, with my present knowledge and experience, I would brave all the vexations and disappointments and become a dramatist, writes Walter Besant. The novelist has a great power, but he cannot feel it. All the world may be reading his books but he comprehends not. So with the poet. The editorial also, has great power; he knows that what he writes will be read by half a million every day, but he cannot see them reading him. Now the dramatist sits in his box and surveys the house. The actors are playing his fable. They are uttering, far better than he himself could do, his two thoughts, and the people are listening; he can watch their faces; he can see them light up as they catch the points; he sees them laughing, he sees them crying, and to himself he murmurs, "I see it; I myself have done it."

SOME CLASSIC PUNS.

Probably some of the readers remember the beautiful pun that Mr. Evans made at a dinner at Delmonico's some years ago. In all the constellation of his famous puns this is the brightest star. The dinner taking place about Thanksgiving time, Mr. Evans, when he arose to speak, began in this way: "Friends, you have just been having a turkey stuffed full of sage; now I present you with a sage stuffed full of turkey." It made no difference what he said after that; that the best thing he could have said would have been nothing at all. But it remained for a San Francisco man who is seeking an office from the president, and who has been in town some time waiting for it, to make one of the best after dinner puns of all. He was called upon to speak at a banquet recently, and boldly proclaimed that he was after an office. "And here," he went on, "I've been four months waiting and waiting and hovering between the certainty of an appointment or a disappointment!"

A TRUE TALE.

The latest Munchausen story was related by a boy who was begging in the streets of Plymouth, the other day. He said he was a cabin boy on board an American liner, and some of his mischievous pranks were headed up in an empty water cask, with only the bung-hole to breathe through. On the following night a squall came up; the ship went down with all on board except himself, the cask having rolled over into the sea on a sudden lurch of the vessel. Fortunately it kept "bung-up," and after floating about it was cast on the coast, where, after he had made desperate efforts to release himself, he gave himself up to die. Some crows straggling along the beach were attracted to the cask, and in switching around it one of them accidentally dipped her tail in the bung-hole, which the boy grabbed immediately and kept hold of with admirable resolution. The crows started off, and, after running about three hundred yards, the cask struck against a rock and was knocked to pieces. After wandering about for several days he hailed a vessel and was taken aboard and carried to Plymouth.

SPANISH CRUELTY OR SAXON EXTORTION.

The historians of the conquests by Pizarro, Cortez, and their contemporaries and successors have recorded events unsurpassed in bloodshed and cruelty, yet the fate of the Indians under the Spanish domination and under the influence of the Catholic Church is in marked contrast with that of the great tribes which formerly inhabited the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant American states. In Mexico Indian blood courses in the veins of seven-eighths of the people; in Argentina the proportion is far less, it being in this particular at the other extreme among Spanish-American states; but even here the Indian admixture is not only noticeable, but sufficient to influence national traits. It may not be said that the Indians have been thoroughly Christianized by the Catholic Church in the Spanish Americas, but though many were slaughtered, the race has been perpetuated, and has received religious ideas in advance of the former heathen rites. The Anglo-Saxon has dispossessed and destroyed the Indians without a protest from either the Protestant or Catholic Church, and the religious work in their behalf has been shamefully puerile compared with the Christ-like missionary work in behalf of the heathen in remote and foreign lands.—Bishop Weldon (Protestant)

LET US MAKE MEN OF THEM.

A MORALIZING PASSAGE FROM ONE OF MR. EGAN'S STORIES.

In Maurice F. Egan's story, "The Success of Patrick Desmond," the following passage is of interest aside from the story: Patrick told his friend of his coming departure. Jack had seemed concerned. He did not say much until they reached the knoll; then, stretching his length along the slope of the rock, he took his pipe out of his mouth and said: "And how about your place at the factory?" "Oh, they know I intend to better myself," I spoke about this some time ago; they'll have no difficulty in finding a substitute. Of course if it's inconvenient to them I'll not go."

"What do you mean by 'bettering yourself'?" "Getting out of Rodwood," said Desmond with a slight laugh. Conlon shook his head. "You are bright; you are better educated than most of the young men about us here in Rodwood; why don't you stay and help to 'better' them?"

"Way down here," asked Desmond gravely. "Jack Conlon seldom spoke in a grave tone."

"I pray to God that the blabop will send me here when I shall be ordained," he said, with intensity. "I want to be of use to my own people. When I see so many of our young people losing their grip on all that made their fathers and mothers good, and fancying themselves so much better, it makes me long to be at work. But there's a limit to what a priest can do. We need laymen like you supplement us—I mean laymen such as you might be if you were true to yourself."

Desmond was too much interested to be offended. "Well, go on," he said, as Jack paused.

"Look at our young men over on the other side of the river—most of them with sound bodies and sound minds, born of a pure race. What becomes of the minds and the bodies? The former are disappointed, wasted in trivial or vulgar thought—thought is too high a name—and the latter, five times out of ten, diseased by drink. Or, if they happen to be like you, they are devoured by a thirst for money."

"They are poor," interrupted Desmond, defiantly. "And figs do not grow from thistles."

"They are not poor," said Jack, warmly. "No man is poor who has a lot in a few years. There is no poverty, to speak of, in American country towns. Go to New York, if you want to see what real poverty is. It is a curse there. They seem to be poor, if you will, in all that makes a man great. Oh, the girls are all right!" continued Jack, as if answering a question. "The Sisters give them a taste for better things. They read; they even study; they improve themselves in every possible way. But the young men!"

"I looked up and saw Jeannette coming as usual, carrying the telescope, and skipping gleefully before the old man."

"How sad, how sad!" I murmured with a sigh, but the old sailor shook his head; putting his pipe into his mouth, he hastily he pulled out a cloud of smoke to hide the tears that had gathered in his eyes, and answered softly: "God is good. She will never know and so she will never cease to hope."—From the French of La Faure.

CONDUCT IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Catholic Columbian.

Looking over the pages of a Catholic magazine last week, which was published in Dublin nearly sixty years ago, we came across the following rules which should govern the conduct of Catholics while they are in the House of God, and which we re-publish for the instruction of Columbian readers:

Catholics, who believe in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, cannot show too much respect to the Temple of God. Let persons whilst in the church should avoid—as much as possible—coughing, expectorating, and all manner of unusual noise in getting into or leaving their seat.

2nd. They should be remarkably clean in their dress and in their person, and avoid the slightest appearance of foppishness or indelicacy.

3rd. They should look only on the altar or at the priest, and keep constantly in mind that it is to speak to God alone that they appear there.

4th. All who can read should use their prayer books, unless when meditation may be preferable.

5th. Mothers who bring young children to church should keep them from distracting the devotion of grown persons when at prayer.

6th. Catholics should be extra careful never to turn their backs to the altar, when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed; but to kneel in a respectful posture.

7th. Acolytes serving at Mass should not be allowed to make the response in a hurried manner, but in an edifying way.

8th. Communicants should approach to and retire from the Communion railing in a most respectful and reverent manner, and also to and from the confessional in a similar recollected way.

9th. It is an edifying sight to see the whole congregation stand up when the Gospel and Creed are read at Mass, and kneel in unison when the priest says—"and He was made man."

10th. Communicants should take care to hold the Communion cloth in a proper manner, and on no account to hurry from the church after receiving Holy Communion.

A FEW MOMENTS WITH GOD.

Our churches are open all the year, and our Blessed Lord is ever present in the tabernacle waiting for us. How easy it is for you, dear reader, to just step in a moment, and in less time than you waste talking to a friend, ask God for help, for strength, and for mercy! Think of those less fortunate than you, who live in some remote part of the world, where, perhaps, they never see either church or priest. Remember, to day you are here and to-morrow may never come for you. Many a one owes his salvation to making frequent visits to God's house, and there, prostrate at the altar, asking God's forgiveness. You would be surprised to see the people in the different stations of life who daily visit our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Try it, and before the year comes to its close you will find the benefit of it.

Hawking and spitting, foul breath, loss of senses of taste and smell, oppressive headache, etc., are the results of catarrh. Nasal Balm offers a certain and speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of its wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.

THE SALOON HABIT.

Catholic Universe.

Young man, you are just about to form the saloon habit; stop and think: you have parents, you still love your fond mother and respected father. You have a heart for your little sisters. If affliction falls on the family you feel it. Their troubles are your troubles; their successes your successes. You rejoice with them, you sorrow with them. They are your flesh and blood. They are as dear to you as life.

Young man, you now have Catholic faith; you reverence your priest, you hear your priest, you frequent the sacraments. It pains you now—it shocks you once—to hear blasphemy, or doubt or denial of a God, or scoff at things holy and the Church. You are still pure, and obscenity or immorality repels you. You have a good situation and it suits you. You go to your work cheerfully and get to it timely. You enjoy good health and find "lots of honest fun" in life. You believe that there are many things to live for and that life has its duties—to others as well as to yourself.

Beware of the habit you are forming! A few months ago a casual drink or a cigar in a saloon was perhaps the accident of once in six or seven weeks. Later it was of weekly occurrence; now it is a daily incident; and sometimes it occurs two or three times in the day and night.

At first you did not linger; now you cannot wait yourself away. Then the coarse oath and ribald story fell terribly on your ears. You are *fixed* in the saloon now—think you? It is *fixed* in you. You are at the mouth of hell, indeed, already, to be a bold, "good fellow" did you not on occasion share in a scandalous conversation? It was against your grain, but you did.

You say you can stop going there when you will. If so easy to now break off, why is it you have already broken through several resolutions you had made to avoid the saloons?

Do you really think the tentacles of the octopus will become weaker, the farther they stretch you? That it is easier to break off the habit of years than of months? Keep on, and you shall never "will."

Keep on, and do you know what shall shortly happen to you? It is very shortly in a brief life—Your character, your looks, your very nature will have changed. You shall never again know yourself for what you once were. Your dearest and nearest may cling to you as David did to Absalom, but shall shudder when every day after day and year after year they fail to recognize in you one single trait of your old darling self; when you were a comforting son and a winsome brother.

The time will come when you shall curse your fond mother and strike at your respected father; when the glance of a woman shall lead you farther into evil, than all the love-light in your sisters' eyes can guide you into good; when all the joys or sorrows of your family shall concern you less than the price of a single drink of whisky.

There shall be no Mass then for you; no sacraments. You too in your turn shall become the devil's advocate to declaim against a God whom you blasphemously accuse of creating us to damn us. You believed in hell when you were working for heaven; you shall profess to believe in heaven only, when you will be working for hell. Later on, in the wreck of mind, you shall care for neither.

Your situation, while you are fortunate enough to hold it, will have become irksome and distasteful; disappointments of the law is reached; not unlikely in penal or eleemosynary institution, far from the place once loved.

Poor, misguided and unfortunate youth, who so boasted of your "independence" in the very act of surrendering your manhood and will to become that most dismal, abject and powerless of God's creatures—the slave of the saloon!

May God at the dread last have mercy upon your soul; but what a fearful flood of memories you leave to those who so loved you through a wasted mispent life that might have been so happy, so manly and so true!

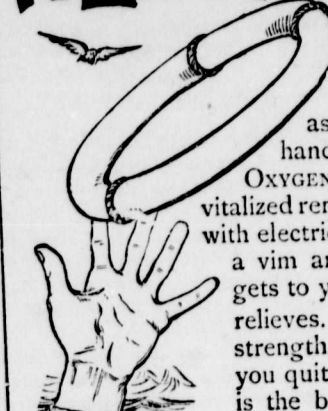
But, with the help of God, seeking the grace of God, it is never too late to halt or mend.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes: "I was in North Dakota last May, and I took a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery with me, as I did not feel safe without it. While there a lady friend was suffering with indigestion, Bilelessness and Headache. I recommended the Vegetable Discovery to her and she tried it, and the result was that it did her so much good that I had to leave the balance of the bottle with her."

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THE CLERGY AND THE MAGNA CHARTA.

Cardinal Gibbons recently published a paper to convince the Americans that the Roman Church has been and is the friend of human freedom, says the New York Christian Intelligencer. Many will conscientiously disagree with his plea. But in the replies his argument has called out, his statement that the Roman Catholic priests gave efficient service in procuring Magna Charta is questioned. The Cardinal, however, is right on that point, what ever errors he may have made in other.

Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was prominent in asserting and securing the rights of the English freemen. He cooperated with the barons with vigor and courage, representing not the nobility, nor the squires, nor the wealthy, but the body of freemen. Langton was, indeed, suspended by the Pope for his activity in the great matter, but, meanwhile, Magna Charta had become the law of the land, and Langton did not abandon his position.

From that day to the time of Henry VIII. the Roman clergy of England continued the friends and advocates of the freemen, giving them timely and important aid when resisting repeated attempts to limit and reduce the power of the towns and shires. And it was by the maintenance of the towns that the spirit of English liberty was kept alive. Henry VIII. made the English Church, subservient to himself. He appointed the chief officers and held them in dependence upon the crown.

During his time the political power of the towns and local governments was largely reduced, and the clergy of the Established Church espoused the cause of the king. The history of those early years is not altogether creditable to the bishops and clergy of the Church of England, so far as the interests of free institutions are regarded. But all that has passed away and need not be reviewed now. The only point this paragraph would make is that Cardinal Gibbons has the truth on his side in relation to Magna Charta and subsequent struggles to maintain the rights of the freemen. The clergy of the Roman Church did battle bravely for the preservation of English liberties.

Senator Vilas, who is a Protestant, shows in Harper's Magazine for April, that the first settlements in Wisconsin were made by Catholics. A Jesuit priest built the first dwelling ever erected by a white man within its territory, and the pioneers who named its rivers and founded its towns were Catholics.

A bill was brought up before the Legislature of Illinois establishing the principle of compulsory education. It was so worded as to require that children should be sent to the Public schools, to the exclusion of parochial schools; but the clause to this effect was struck out, so that the education of children in parochial schools is permitted. A clause requiring the English language to be taught in the schools was also struck out.

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A Canadian Case. A case of Mrs. E. A. Storey, of Shetland, Ont., is remarkable proof of the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in Headache. She writes: "For over 40 years I was a martyr to headache, having severe attacks about once a week. Have now used 3 bottles of B. B. B. and have had no attack for 4 or 5 months."

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