

**In Winter.**  
The last leaf has fallen from the forest  
And now faith only the rain;  
But I need not the death of the summer,  
No you, love, remain.

II.  
The rose is a memory only.  
Fragrant, too, with a savor of pain,  
But why should I grieve for dead roses,  
When you, love, remain.

III.  
No blackbird pipes now in the greenwood  
No hawk swoops high over the trees,  
But you speak, and all birds of the summer  
Are singing sweet.

Where now are the sweets of midsummer?  
The radiance of June's golden hours?  
I care not, the laurel's my summer!  
No winter is ours.

The last leaf has fallen from the forest,  
The child wails above the pain,  
But I need not the death of the summer  
No you, love, remain.

**TRUE TO TRUST.**  
OR  
**THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.**

**CHAPTER XV.**

It was with feelings of deep emotion that Catherine revisited the ancient city where her happy childhood had been spent; and with great joy did she hasten, accompanied by Bridget and little Mary, to Andrew's house, where she knew she would be well received.

Nor was she disappointed in her expectations. The old couple were delighted to see her, almost astonished at her unexpected arrival, and much puzzled to know who her two companions were. When they had rested themselves.

"Now, Catherine, my child," said the old man kindly, "you must tell us all that old tale of yours since we saw you, and what you now intend doing; and fear not to ask us of all that you need—my good dame and I will help you as much as in us lies."

Catherine related in a few simple words the principal events of her life at Penzance, explaining at the same time why Bridget and the little child were; and when the former, noticing that Catherine avoided saying anything that was to her own praise, interposed, and described her earnest labors for the conversion of her aunt, her courage in saving Lady Margaret's daughter, and her devoted care of the little orphan, the faces of Andrew and his wife glowed with honest pride on hearing that she whom they had loved as though she had been their own child, had lost none of those sterling qualities which they had long since remarked in her.

Then they said they would take a little time to consider what she had best do, asking her not to leave the neighborhood, that they might be guided to do what was right.

Catherine and her two companions spent some days in peaceful happiness with the good old couple, who would not hear of their lodging elsewhere but in his house.

One morning Andrew and his wife asked their young friend to come with them into their little parlour, as they wished to speak to her.

The old man told her that he had come to the conclusion that it would be safe for her to fix her abode at Exeter, as there was no likelihood that Sir Cuthbert would gain tidings that her niece was there; which he knew of in the neighborhood.

"You remember, my dear child," he added, "what ere you left us you placed in my hands a part of your money, my little fourth part out to the best advantage for you; and now, as you will require some of it to establish your new home, I remit to you the sum of ten pounds. I feel sure you will make a good and wise use of it, Kate."

Catherine was delighted and astonished on learning that her little fortune had so much increased in the hands of her kind friends, and thanked them warmly.

Widow O'Reilly and Catherine settled themselves therefore at Exeter, and the latter was able to add to their means by doing embroidery and various kinds of needlework, for which Dame Andrew found her numerous customers among the ladies of the neighborhood; and when it was discovered that she excelled in this employment, she was also asked to come to different houses to give instructions to those who wished to learn her art. In any way she was never in want of occupation. Bridget, too, could gain money by her spinning, in which she was very skillful.

There was a happy and peaceful little home, and the three were able to support themselves comfortably, but also to assist those who stood in need of it. Catherine had also learnt from Lady Margaret the property of different medical herbs, and how to make divers ointments and remedies for the sick, which knowledge she was of great assistance to the bedside of the sick or dying, not only by reason of this knowledge, but also from her kind and cheerful disposition.

There was another good work towards which Catherine had always felt much attracted, and for which she seemed specially suited—it was the instruction of children, for blended with her steady rectitude of purpose and strong intelligence there was a childlike simplicity and gaiety that easily won the hearts of children. Finding, therefore, that there were amongst the poorer inhabitants many little Catholics to whom no one gave instruction, she obtained the parents' consent that she should teach them, who at once gladly acceded. Accordingly, when the day's work was over, the young girl might be seen surrounded by a troop of little ones explaining to them, with wonderful patience, the great truths of religion. It was a difficult task, but she succeeded, and, moreover, she made the instructions pleasing to her little pupils by the edifying stories she recounted to them, which interested them and served to fix in their memory what she taught.

But it must not be imagined that these occupations made her neglect that which she justly regarded as one of her first duties, namely, the education of Lady Margaret's daughter; this, it may be truly said, was the special object of her life. While Bridget, with motherly care, looked after the little child's bodily comfort, Catherine instilled into her heart the love of God and of her neighbor, and imparted to her all the instruction which she herself possessed. The task was likely to be one of long duration, for no tidings had been received of Sir Reginald, and neither Bridget nor Catherine knew whether the child had any relations except her Protestant aunt and uncle; so that it was probable that the scattered remnants of that happy home could be re-united.

The young girl was not unequal to the great mission before her; for not only had she, as has been already mentioned, received an education superior to that of most persons in her position, but her religious instruction, first from her mother and subsequently at the Manor-house, had been such as to impress deeply on her mind the great truths of the Catholic faith. Little did Lady Margaret think, when she committed the little stranger to her household, that she might be instructed and be present at the prayers, that she was forming the mind of one who was to be the friend and guide of her own daughter.

Often would she be surprised, when she saw the child, to see the effect which our slight, and apparently worthless efforts will, after a time produce; and especially when the return comes, as in this case, upon those who are dearest to us, like the moisture which the earth has given up, or the autumn's moon returns at night in beneficial dewdrops to refresh the parched soil.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have a description of Catherine's new home. When you had reached the end of the principal street, you found yourself on the road which led to London there stood, at the period to which this tale relates, a house, detached and a little back from the road, having in front a small garden; behind was a meadow traversed by a brook, and in the distance waters gliding into a neighboring wood, after meandering among the trees for a short distance, were precipitated over a steep bank, forming a mimic waterfall.

The house itself was an old-fashioned structure, with a gable end towards the street, and a high and pointed, with two lattice-windows in it; the upper story projected, and was supported by clumsy-looking wooden posts, so as to form a little arcade underneath, where there was a bench when on a night, if so inclined, sit and watch the passer-by.

Those who have visited Exeter, so the old houses still left standing in High-street and other parts of the city, will better understand the kind of dwelling here described.

Its situation was most convenient, as in a few minutes its inmates could either reach the heart of the old city or find themselves among the beautiful combs and lanes of Devonshire. This, then, was Catherine's home, and she had no more to do than to take possession of it. Andrew had found it out for them, and it was not far from the good merchant's house. To his dwelling they and all the Catholics in the town resorted on Sundays and holidays; for he frequently harbored priests, and on such occasions Mary was celebrated, and the faithful were to approach the Sacraments; and when this happiness was denied them, and no priest was there, they supplied for the want as best they could by praying together.

Catherine had gone late one afternoon to purchase some articles in the city, and as she passed the principal inn she was surprised to see an unusual stir in the courtyard; there were horses and servants and armed attendants; evidently some great personage had arrived. She inquired of the woman from whom she made her purchases "why was there such a crowd at the Golden Lions?"

The women replied that a gentleman and his lady had come there from Penzance, and that the news had spread that town had been more than this shop-woman was able to tell, and therefore could not satisfy Catherine, who wanted much to know whether the inhabitants had escaped, and whether any other besides the lady and gentleman mentioned had come from Penzance.

In a state of great uneasiness she hastened home, her mind painfully preoccupied with the thought that perhaps her aunt and cousin had perished in the flames; but the following morning she was relieved by positive information that all the inhabitants had escaped. Another cause of perplexity now presented itself. The persons stopping at the inn were neither than Sir Cuthbert and Lady Adeline, and the lady having been taken ill, they would so be delayed some days in the city, and there was the chance that some one of the company might recognize little Barbara or one of her two friends. Strict seclusion, therefore, was observed by them all; and great was the satisfaction when, on the fourth morning after the occurrence, they witnessed the departure of Sir Cuthbert and his party.

Bridget and Catherine now turned their thoughts towards Dame Barnaby, and thought they would consent that she should go, or at least that the houses had been burnt, they feared that she might have suffered great losses. Catherine consulted her friend Andrew as to what she had best do. "You," she said with much feeling, "it would be wrong and ungrateful of me to leave my poor aunt in distress, she who so long gave me a home. But how judge you that I can be of most service to her? Counsel me, I pray thee."

"Very right it is, Kate, to be grateful."

**Can't Get It.**  
Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that positively cures you. Do not forget this, and don't get some puffed up stuff that will only harm you.

replied the old man, thoughtfully; "and it is our duty to help our relatives when they are in trouble. Do you think that your aunt would like to come here? I think she would like it much; for she told me, after her conversion, that for divers reasons she would be pleased to quit Penzance; but then there were things which made her content to remain; such as having the opportunity of attending to her religious duties at the Manor, and being able to consult the good Lady Margaret; but, alas, all that has ceased to exist."

It was accordingly settled that the young girl should write to her aunt, inviting her to come to Exeter, where Andrew said he would find employment for her. As Catherine had money of her own, she was able to send a present of a strong home-spun woollen dress and cloak for each, which she chose with Dame Andrew's assistance. This package, together with a letter, were remitted to a trusty messenger; by whom Dame Barnaby returned a verbal answer to the effect that she was very thankful to her niece and friends for their kindness, and that she would come by the next boat.

At the expected time they arrived, and both parties experienced great joy at meeting once more. By Andrew's advice Dame Barnaby took up small shop, and soon she had a flourishing business.

One Sunday, when Widow O'Reilly and Catherine went to the good clothier's to hear Mass, among the congregation there appeared a stranger. He was past middle age, had a long flowing gray beard, and there was in his countenance an expression of frankness and benignity.

After Mass Dame Andrew called Catherine to her. "Come, my child," she said, "you must stay and see the good merchant, who has just arrived from London, after a long journey; he much wants to see you."

So saying Dame Andrew led her young friend to the parlor, where the stranger was just engaged in conversation with his Exeter friend, who ceased speaking as the two entered. The guest looked towards Catherine, and turning to his host, inquired:

"Is that the young girl of whom you spoke to me?"

Having received an answer in the affirmative, he approached her, and addressing her kindly, said that his friend Andrew had related to him her history, and that he felt much interested in her welfare.

"And now that my friend told you her little tale," he added, "for some time since a priest, and with him a Cornish gentleman who was a Catholic, escaped from the French and great search was made of them. According to my friend's report, Sir Reginald de Courcy, whose child you are bringing up, methinks it must be the same who escaped from prison; but whether he has gone, I know not."

Catherine rejoiced to think that her little friend was not fatherless, and that perhaps some day she might have the happiness of restoring the child to him.

The London merchant had come to Devon and Cornwall to purchase cloth and woollen goods; Andrew was one of his principal suppliers, and he had long been connected with him. He intended remaining only a few days at Exeter, but he desired to see Catherine again before continuing his journey, and begged that she would bring little Barbara.

Accordingly, with Widow O'Reilly's permission, they both went the following day to Andrew's house; when the young girl was not a little astonished on the merchant's making known to her his desire that she should accompany him to London.

"We have no children," he said, "and my good dame would much like to have one so good and steady as you to help her in household duties, for she waxes old, and you would live with us as if you had been our own daughter."

"Leave Widow O'Reilly and little Mary? O no, good sir, never! I thank you much for your kind offer, but I wish to ask me," replied the young girl, "I told you she would not go," remarked Dame Andrew.

The London merchant sighed and seemed disappointed, but, after a moment's silence, he said:

"I am sorry I cannot take you to my good dame, for she would be greatly pleased; but you must precede you; your attachment to Mistress O'Reilly and her devotedness to Lady Margaret's little daughter only make me think the better of you. But I come to this part of the world every three years; if when I return circumstances, and you are able to accompany me, I shall be happy to take you."

Catherine smiled as though she thought it were not very probable that any such merchant adventures, she thanked the good merchant in a courteous, and bidding him farewell, departed.

Widow O'Reilly was delighted when she heard what had happened, and that Catherine had refused to go to great London. A few days after the merchant departed, and the young girl soon forgot all about him and his promised visit at the end of three years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help from other sources, have obtained the long desired relief from Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which puts a stop to the torments of Dyspepsia, renews activity of the Bowels and Liver, relieves malaise, induces the gentle sex, and builds up failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dunstable.

**CATHOLIC COLONIZATION IN MINNESOTA**

**Letter From Bishop Ireland.**

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION BUREAU,  
ST. PAUL, MINN., FEB. 15, 1883.

To the Editor of the Record.

Since the death, one year ago, of the lamented Dillon O'Brien, who had been the Secretary of our Colonization Bureau from the time of its organization, and indeed the soul of the entire work in Minnesota, but little of any correspondence has appeared in the Eastern press touching upon colonization in this State, and as I learn from letters addressed to me, some curiosity is manifested among people in several of the States, to know whether or not our Bureau is still in operation, and what conditions land can yet be had in Minnesota. To those of our readers who feel an interest in the matter I beg to say that our Colonization Bureau has its doors still open, and that the present Secretary will gladly answer all inquiries that may be sent to him.

In several of the colonies which have been established in Minnesota during the past seven years, either the amount of vacant land remaining is small, or our contracts with the railroad companies, under which the land have expired. The two colonies to which, during the coming season, we will direct emigrants, are Minnesota and Graceville. In each one we still control about 25,000 acres, and it is a satisfaction for us, in this connection, to be able to say that in none of our colonies is the land better, and are the colonists happier or more prosperous than in both Minnesota and Graceville.

The Minnesota colony is situated in Lyon County, southwest Minnesota, on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Immigrants for Minnesota do not need to pass through St. Paul; they should take their ticket in Chicago directly for their destination.

The land costs \$5 and \$6 per acre. Long time, if desired, is allowed to make full payment; one-tenth of the principal and one year's interest on the balance being required in advance. The crop last fall was very good. The colonists owe much of their prosperity to the fact that they give particular attention to stock raising. The colonists are in good number old farmers from Illinois and Ohio; the presence and example of these being of immense advantage to the men who come from Eastern cities, or from Ireland and England. Lyon County is being rapidly settled by Catholics. Fourteen miles west of Minnesota is the Polish Colony of Wilna, where nearly three hundred families have already made purchases; and six miles east of Minnesota is Ghent, where French and Flemish or Belgian emigrants are settling in large numbers. Rev. Edward Lee is the resident priest at Minnesota, and will be prepared to give all needed information to colonists on their arrival.

The Graceville Colony lies partly in Big Stone and partly in Traverse Counties, on the line of St. Paul and Manitoba Railroad, some 200 miles west from St. Paul. The train for Graceville leaves St. Paul daily at 7 P. M. Immigrants for Graceville are invited, when in St. Paul, to call at the office of the Bureau in the Cathedral block, and obtain any information they may desire. There are over four hundred families in the Graceville Colony. They are all in a very prosperous condition. The crops, from the opening of the colony, have been uniformly good. There is a movement at present in Graceville to establish a large creamery, which would be of a great advantage to the settlers, as it would encourage stock-raising, and enable a family with three or four cows to obtain at once a sufficient quantity of milk for their own use, and the land. The land costs \$5 and \$6 per acre, with several years allowed for payment. Rev. J. P. Fox is the pastor of Graceville, and will give detailed information to all who may desire it.

The early days of colonization in Minnesota were a time of great difficulty, and government homesteads—of at least very low rates—\$3 or \$4 per acre. Things have since changed. The price now, as has been observed, is \$5 and \$6 per acre, and the tendency is continuously upward. On this account, immigrants to Minnesota should have more capital than we were formerly accustomed to specify. I would advise no one to come without, at the very least \$800 or \$900, and with such a sum the most expert to struggle for a while with difficulties. The disadvantage of having to pay higher prices for land has compensations, in this, that people now coming into the country find themselves at once amid established communities, with organized parishes, and—a most important matter—they will have near neighbors who have had experience of the country and whose knowledge of farming in the Northwest can be safely relied upon.

To those contemplating emigration to Minnesota, I beg to offer the following conditions are required for success in farming, and without these conditions they should not think of moving westward. A Minnesota farmer must work, perseveringly and energetically. The man who will appear in his field when the sun is in the sky; who must go into the village two or three times a week, to lounge around the railway station or the grocery store, is sure to fail. I have met specimens of this kind, and have heard them too often blaming the country for the results of their own idle habits, not to wish to meet no more of them. Strange as it is, there are men who will work hard under a boss, who cannot work for themselves. They need a boss to keep them in order. Then a farmer must be patient, and be willing to learn. Agriculture does not redeem all its promises in one or two seasons, especially in a new country. It has in the beginning its trials and its difficulties. Its reward, copious and rich, is sure to come in time, but the man whose vision cannot take the future, who is not content to endure present struggles, who is impatient of independence, should keep far away from it. Nor must the new-comer in a colony believe that he knows more than all others, and refuse to make inquiries and receive information. Pride, moralists say, is a capital sin, and the man who is just as much a moralist. Finally, the colonist's wife must be a woman of common sense—one who will forego the pleasure of the daily gossip with her neighbors for the future welfare of her family, and who will,

**CATHOLIC COLONIZATION IN MINNESOTA**

**Letter From Bishop Ireland.**

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION BUREAU,  
ST. PAUL, MINN., FEB. 15, 1883.

To the Editor of the Record.

Since the death, one year ago, of the lamented Dillon O'Brien, who had been the Secretary of our Colonization Bureau from the time of its organization, and indeed the soul of the entire work in Minnesota, but little of any correspondence has appeared in the Eastern press touching upon colonization in this State, and as I learn from letters addressed to me, some curiosity is manifested among people in several of the States, to know whether or not our Bureau is still in operation, and what conditions land can yet be had in Minnesota. To those of our readers who feel an interest in the matter I beg to say that our Colonization Bureau has its doors still open, and that the present Secretary will gladly answer all inquiries that may be sent to him.

In several of the colonies which have been established in Minnesota during the past seven years, either the amount of vacant land remaining is small, or our contracts with the railroad companies, under which the land have expired. The two colonies to which, during the coming season, we will direct emigrants, are Minnesota and Graceville. In each one we still control about 25,000 acres, and it is a satisfaction for us, in this connection, to be able to say that in none of our colonies is the land better, and are the colonists happier or more prosperous than in both Minnesota and Graceville.

The Minnesota colony is situated in Lyon County, southwest Minnesota, on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Immigrants for Minnesota do not need to pass through St. Paul; they should take their ticket in Chicago directly for their destination.

The land costs \$5 and \$6 per acre. Long time, if desired, is allowed to make full payment; one-tenth of the principal and one year's interest on the balance being required in advance. The crop last fall was very good. The colonists owe much of their prosperity to the fact that they give particular attention to stock raising. The colonists are in good number old farmers from Illinois and Ohio; the presence and example of these being of immense advantage to the men who come from Eastern cities, or from Ireland and England. Lyon County is being rapidly settled by Catholics. Fourteen miles west of Minnesota is the Polish Colony of Wilna, where nearly three hundred families have already made purchases; and six miles east of Minnesota is Ghent, where French and Flemish or Belgian emigrants are settling in large numbers. Rev. Edward Lee is the resident priest at Minnesota, and will be prepared to give all needed information to colonists on their arrival.

The Graceville Colony lies partly in Big Stone and partly in Traverse Counties, on the line of St. Paul and Manitoba Railroad, some 200 miles west from St. Paul. The train for Graceville leaves St. Paul daily at 7 P. M. Immigrants for Graceville are invited, when in St. Paul, to call at the office of the Bureau in the Cathedral block, and obtain any information they may desire. There are over four hundred families in the Graceville Colony. They are all in a very prosperous condition. The crops, from the opening of the colony, have been uniformly good. There is a movement at present in Graceville to establish a large creamery, which would be of a great advantage to the settlers, as it would encourage stock-raising, and enable a family with three or four cows to obtain at once a sufficient quantity of milk for their own use, and the land. The land costs \$5 and \$6 per acre, with several years allowed for payment. Rev. J. P. Fox is the pastor of Graceville, and will give detailed information to all who may desire it.

The early days of colonization in Minnesota were a time of great difficulty, and government homesteads—of at least very low rates—\$3 or \$4 per acre. Things have since changed. The price now, as has been observed, is \$5 and \$6 per acre, and the tendency is continuously upward. On this account, immigrants to Minnesota should have more capital than we were formerly accustomed to specify. I would advise no one to come without, at the very least \$800 or \$900, and with such a sum the most expert to struggle for a while with difficulties. The disadvantage of having to pay higher prices for land has compensations, in this, that people now coming into the country find themselves at once amid established communities, with organized parishes, and—a most important matter—they will have near neighbors who have had experience of the country and whose knowledge of farming in the Northwest can be safely relied upon.

To those contemplating emigration to Minnesota, I beg to offer the following conditions are required for success in farming, and without these conditions they should not think of moving westward. A Minnesota farmer must work, perseveringly and energetically. The man who will appear in his field when the sun is in the sky; who must go into the village two or three times a week, to lounge around the railway station or the grocery store, is sure to fail. I have met specimens of this kind, and have heard them too often blaming the country for the results of their own idle habits, not to wish to meet no more of them. Strange as it is, there are men who will work hard under a boss, who cannot work for themselves. They need a boss to keep them in order. Then a farmer must be patient, and be willing to learn. Agriculture does not redeem all its promises in one or two seasons, especially in a new country. It has in the beginning its trials and its difficulties. Its reward, copious and rich, is sure to come in time, but the man whose vision cannot take the future, who is not content to endure present struggles, who is impatient of independence, should keep far away from it. Nor must the new-comer in a colony believe that he knows more than all others, and refuse to make inquiries and receive information. Pride, moralists say, is a capital sin, and the man who is just as much a moralist. Finally, the colonist's wife must be a woman of common sense—one who will forego the pleasure of the daily gossip with her neighbors for the future welfare of her family, and who will,

with her daughters, not disdain to milk a cow, make butter, look after the poultry-yard, and do as much work generally as a woman can do on a farm. Nor must I forget to add that people who love whiskey will be dead failures, most certainly. There is no hope for them in our colonies, and as we have built no poor-houses, they will starve on the prairies. We do not want them.

It is by this time gained much experience in colonizing, and I have to insist very strongly on the foregoing conditions. I have seen success and failure in our colonies. The failure comes from the colonist's own mistakes, or defects of character. For the industrious, hard-working, persevering man, nothing promises surer success in gaining for himself an independent home, than agriculture; and nowhere will the faith and morals of his children be as safe as in a Catholic colony, where, amid the homes of the settlers, guarded from the vices of cities, the cross of the church steeple towers toward Heaven, and the priest of God is at hand to advise and bless child and parent.

JOHN IRELAND,  
Coadjutor-Bishop of St. Paul.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

**eloquent utterances from the Prison.**

At a public meeting, Jan. 28, of the Michael Davitt branch of the Irish National League, held in the Carpenters' Hall, Dublin, Mr. Davitt delivered a farewell address previous to his incarceration. The hall in which the meeting assembled was crowded, and Mr. Davitt on making his appearance was warmly applauded. When the preliminary business was disposed of, Mr. Davitt, amid loud cheers, was moved to the chair. Mr. Davitt then said: I have to thank you, gentlemen, for the honor you conferred on me some time ago in electing me to the position of president of this branch, and I have also to thank you for the very flattering compliment you paid me in calling this branch after my name. The situation at the present moment is in almost every essential particular a repetition of every intensified phase of a struggle that has gone on for centuries. A people striving for the possession of the soil of their country against the ownership by a hostile class, a nation struggling for the right to make its own laws against a stronger power which declares that laws shall be made for us in an alien assembly, and their administration be left in the hands of the same territorial aristocracy. What is to be the logical outcome of such a contest—how or when is it to end? That it can possibly terminate by the rooting of the landlord system in Ireland or the effacement of national aspirations is simply preposterous.

For we are not content with our own share of the soil, we are striving to show that it is to be the outcome of the struggle thus waged? Irish landlordism and caste rule are being beaten inch by inch, and must inevitably recoil before unceasing and determined political effort on the part of our people. (Cheers.) The contest now lies between an Irish Democracy that is beginning to wield political power as it was never handled in Ireland before, and a class from whose hands political ascendancy is being systematically wrested. It is not blind impulse that has driven the landlord class from representative positions throughout Ireland; it is not the force of unthinking enthusiasm, which is rapidly seizing hold of the public life of the country, and moulding it in the grooves of Nationalist principles; but the fact that our people have got at last an intelligent grasp of weapons—ideas and principles. (Cheers.) The strength of our position, in both the social and political movements, can best be appreciated by a survey of that occupied by our dual opponent. Fifty thousand layabouts are required to enforce the rents from the tenantry of Ireland. A land court has to be established to evict six hundred, and yet the system, so bolstered up, awaits at the hands of party expediency in England its final doom. (Cheers.) The castle is now, politically speaking, its only refuge. A sortie has recently been made, as far as Malloy, by an attacking party, and high, she who raised the Sacred Host on the cross, and the banner of the English press astonished at the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Irish solicitor general, just as if the contest was one of party importance only, instead of being what it really was, a fight between Ireland and the one hand and the maintenance of caste rule and landlordism on the other.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO IRELAND WHAT ENGLISH PARTY IS IN POWER so long as Dublin Castle is the real government of the country? Of what account is it that we do not fall down in blind idolatry before the brazen image of English liberalism while the members of that party in Ireland are trampling upon every right of citizenship and every attribute of constitutional liberty. What, again may I ask, is the logical outcome of this struggle and what result will it bring about? The Irish people will not, cannot draw back—their leaders draw not. (Cheers.) Every feeling that could prompt to action, every motive that could call for sacrifice is fighting on our side—the prosperity of our father-land, the happiness of our people, love of country, the right of free speech, freedom of the press, domestic sanctuary, and national autonomy as a crowning incentive to persevering determination. (Applause.) What are our opponents compelled to do to uphold their supremacy? To suppress public meetings, deny freedom of speech, refuse trial by jury, violate the rights of domestic sanctuary, and to throw off the guise of constitutional rule and resort to every form of governmental despotism. (Applause.) Which side will win in the end? It is true that in the meantime the means for our liberation are being prepared for by the British Government, and we are fighting on the side of country, justice, and free speech; but I actually gloat over the spectacle which Ulster and the rest of Ireland will witness in the author of the deed and twenty-two hours' daily confinement in Kilmallock.

BY THE BLIND AND IDIOTIC VINDICTIVENESS of the landlord caste party. (Applause.)

St. Elizabeth of Hungary, on one occasion, when in company with Duke Louis assisting at Solenne in thanksgiving, the historian tells us that Elizabeth, being invited for a moment the sanctity of the sacrifice, allowed her eyes to wander to the deary-loved face of her husband, who was kneeling at her side, and her thoughts dwell with infantile devotion on his goodness, and the many virtues which which endeared him to all who knew him. At the moment of the consecration, however, our Divine Lord deigned by a miracle to recall her thoughts to Himself; for, as the priest raised the Sacred Host on high, she who had raised the banner of our Redeemer crucified, with blood fast dropping from his wounds. Bitterly our saint bewailed her momentary forgetfulness, remaining on her knees after the duke and his retinue had left the church, she continued to mourn her fault with many tears. As time went on, and the feast prepared for the invited guests was ready, and Elizabeth did not appear, Louis himself went to call her, saying with great gentleness: "Dear sister, why comest thou not to table, and why dost thou make us wait so long a time?" Then, seeing, she raised her head, the evidence of her sorrow, he knelt by her side, and having heard the cause of her trouble he also began to weep and pray with her. O Heaven! the faith and simplicity of heart of these middle ages. Far from being elated at the thought that the contemplation of his perfections could cause even so great a saint to sin he was filled with consternation at her wrong-doing, slight even though it was.

Listen to his exhorting words: "Let us put our trust in God. I will add that to do penance and become better than thou art!"

Do not these words describe most perfectly what Christian wedded life should be? "I will add that to become better than thou art." She infinitely dear to him, but the honor of his God dearer still, and in his singleness of heart, would fain do what in him lay to help her to advance even more and more towards that pinnacle of perfection, which these faithful servants of God did not despair of attaining. O, Blessed type of perfect union! To love one another in God, less than God, giving to Him, as benefiting, the first place in heart and thought.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." Use.

A Wise Maxim.

"A stitch in time saves nine," not only in making garments, but also in mending health. If Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam were used in the earlier stages for Colds and Coughs, many a "stitch in the side" and many a case of torn lungs might be avoided, that, neglected, rapidly develops into irreparable Consumption.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary, on one occasion, when in company with Duke Louis assisting at Solenne in thanksgiving, the historian tells us that Elizabeth, being invited for a moment the sanctity of the sacrifice, allowed her eyes to wander to the deary-loved face of her husband, who was kneeling at her side, and her thoughts dwell with infantile devotion on his goodness, and the many virtues which which endeared him to all who knew him. At the moment of the consecration, however, our Divine Lord deigned by a miracle to recall her thoughts to Himself; for, as the priest raised the Sacred Host on high, she who had raised the banner of our Redeemer crucified, with blood fast dropping from his wounds. Bitterly our saint bewailed her momentary forgetfulness, remaining on her knees after the duke and his retinue had left the church, she continued to mourn her fault with many tears. As time went on, and the feast prepared for the invited guests was ready, and Elizabeth did not appear, Louis himself went to call her, saying with great gentleness: "Dear sister, why comest thou not to table, and why dost thou make us wait so long a time?" Then, seeing, she raised her head, the evidence of her sorrow, he knelt by her side, and having heard the cause of her trouble he also began to weep and pray with her. O Heaven! the faith and simplicity of heart of these middle ages. Far from being elated at the thought that the contemplation of his perfections could cause even so great a saint to sin he was filled with consternation at her wrong-doing, slight even though it was.

Listen to his exhorting words: "Let us put our trust in God. I will add that to do penance and become better than thou art!"

Do not these words describe most perfectly what Christian wedded life should be? "I will add that to become better than thou art." She infinitely dear to him, but the honor of his God dearer still, and in his singleness of heart, would fain do what in him lay to help her to advance even more and more towards that pinnacle of perfection, which these faithful servants of God did not despair of attaining. O, Blessed type of perfect union! To love one another in God, less than God, giving to Him, as benefiting, the first place in heart and thought.

**Strive, Wait, and Pray.**

Strive yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day,  
Will not fade when you think to grasp  
And meet in the misty future,  
But another and better treasure  
Will come when your struggle is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now,  
Will not come when you think to grasp  
And a shadow upon its brow,  
Yet far through the misty future  
With a crown of starry light,  
A home where you know not  
Is waiting her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you seek for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with honest tears;  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But divine, will come Angel Guard,  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

**SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD**

**Origin and Object.**

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

"Last year, two of the Magdalens, Catherine and Rose were summoned near their Judge. Like the two who they had passed several years in the lunatic asylum, Mary Catherine had been orphan in her tender years, and given in charge to an aunt who lived in the country, with whom the rest of her fifteenth or sixteenth year, unfortunately for this poor child, heard some one speaking of the city of its beauty, its size and of all the sights to be seen in it. Dazzled by a seductive description she fled from her aunt and went to... only to find ruin. Poor bird, once caught in the snare to ensnare her, she made no disentanglement herself, but rather wound and round her the cruel man's sin, sorrow and despair. After her for some time a sinful life,