

Waiting.

I have watched them, one by one, Coming from the altar throne Of the King; And their lighted faces shine With a glory-glow divine, For they bring...

On Nicknames.

It is a dangerous thing to give children nick-names; they often cling to them throughout life and not infrequently become impediments in their pathway. It would be a very curious study to investigate into the origin of some of the nick names that have been associated with people of importance in the world.

Three Queer Cases.—"What Hogan was the name of a boy with whom I went to school, and whom I subsequently knew as a very successful criminal lawyer. I never knew his real name. He signed 'W Hogan.' It may have been William or Walter, or any other Christian name beginning with W. In the class, on the playground, in the town, he was spoken of as What Hogan, and if any person met him on the street and wished to call him, he would certainly shout out 'What.' I know that, in after years, when he was practicing his profession, his conferees and the judges spoke to him and of him as Mr. Hogan, or Lawyer Hogan, but the general public never called him anything other than What Hogan. If the tone of the voice indicated a point of interrogation, the name would seem to suggest an answer. 'What Hogan?' would certainly be confusing. But no person ever dreamt of associating the 'What' with a question. It was his name—and that is all about it. How he came to have this nickname is peculiar. When a lad had the habit, between almost every two sentences that he spoke, to say 'What! what!' it was a habit contracted I know not how, but which became so remarkable that some of the boys began to use it, in fun, as a nickname. Another instance was that of Charles Long of Eardley. Mr. Long had been for fully thirty years one of the leading citizens of that section of the country. His name figures as foreman of the Grand Jury in the criminal term of 1868; his name is to be found on the county records as Mayor, during three terms of his municipality; also his name, as Justice of the Peace, has signed to a score of commitments. Mr. Long's father left a large farm, divided between his two sons; they lived side by side, and brought up their two families, and constantly associated together. Their father's name was William Taylor; one brother was James Taylor and the other brother was Charles Long. Their two sons came to the same school; they were both Johns; John Taylor and John Long. John Taylor is now an insurance agent in Winnipeg, I think; John Long is conductor on the electric street cars in San Francisco. How one branch of this family came to lose the family name was this: James Taylor was five feet four inches in height, while Charles Taylor was six feet two inches. Hence the nick-name Charlie Long.

Injurious Nick-Names—I will not attempt to give a list of the many instances in which I found nick names to have been injurious to those to whom they were applied. One case will suffice to illustrate my subject. In a certain town in Ontario, some thirty years ago, there was a family named White; there were three brothers—John, Henry and Albert. They were all clever young men, all honest, hard working and ambitious. If, however, there could be any distinction made, it would have been in favor of Albert. Yet while John was exceedingly successful in life, and Henry did very well, poor Albert was a miserable failure—still through no fault or his own, simply because he had a nickname. In their younger days John was quite a reserved and stately fellow; Henry was a dude, and Albert was a rough-and-ready, good natured soul, without malice or vice, but very much of a hail fellow-well-met. The consequence was that John was known as "Gentleman White," Henry was called "Dandy White," and Albert was always spoken of as "Rowdy White." This unfortunate nickname caused Albert to lose scores of chances. The moment a merchant or other person with whom he sought to secure employment heard that he was called "Rowdy" White, his application was sure to be rejected. In reality he was the very opposite of a rowdy—he was a fine, gifted, generous, sober man. I had the melancholy duty of attending his funeral; he died at the age of thirty-four. His life had been a failure, and he was broken-hearted and broken spirited for a long time before death came to relieve him. And, I repeat, this sad story would never have been told had it not been for that unfortunate nick-name—given thoughtlessly, but sometimes repeated maliciously. The conclusion I have long since come to is that nick names should be avoided; life is too short, and too serious a matter to be thus played with or embittered. Robert, he had learned to appreciate the value of a soul. He had often asked permission to go to Africa, to bring the light of faith to the nations that sit in the valley of death. The superiors had hitherto refused his request; but when, in 1848, the cholera raged in the country about Grimbergen, and the saw Desany more than once rishing his life in the cure of the plague-stricken, they were persuaded that his call was from God, and at last granted his request. The Cape of Good Hope was the scene of the young priest's labors, and great was the harvest he reaped in the vineyard of the Lord. One day, whilst he was taking his accustomed walk, he was informed that a foreigner was on the point of dying in the hospital of the town—a man, it was said, who did nothing but blaspheme. The Norbertine hurried to the hospital, and was surprised to learn that the blasphemer spoke Flemish. His last moments were near, yet the unhappy man uttered the most terrible imprecations against God and all that is holy. The priest, however, was not discouraged. He questioned him sympathetically, and endeavored to excite him to contrition; but the dying man's wish was to die as he lived. The priest was about to give up in despair, when he noticed something glitter upon the dying man's neck. He reached out to examine it, and was very much surprised at the discovery. In answer to his eager questions, the man said: "Some twenty years ago, in the neighborhood of Hal, in Belgium, I saved a child from drowning, and its mother gave me this little medal as a souvenir to recite one 'Hail Mary,' daily, and this I have done." The Norbertine sobbed aloud, and embracing the unhappy man, exclaimed: "O, my preserver! I am that child!" The dying sinner, illuminated by a

heavenly light, could no longer refuse the powerful grace of God. He wept bitterly; and for a time they remained with clasped hands, unable to utter a single word. At length the religious cried out: "Now do I know why God has called me to this distant country." With sorrow-stricken heart and eyes bathed in tears, the dying man confessed his sins. And hardly had the priest lifted his trembling hand in absolution over the contrite sinner, when the man, now thoroughly repentant, fixed his eyes, beaming with gratitude upon him; and, with the holy names of Jesus and Mary upon his lips, broke the bonds of flesh, and stood before his Redeemer—From "The New World."

The London Slums. (By an Occasional Contributor.) As an illustration of the great missionary work done by the sisterhood of the Church, I thought well to send you a few facts connected with the life of a nun who died last December in London. As a rule we learn about the good work and heroism of nuns in the heathen missions, or on the fields of battle; but we often lose sight of the fact that in the very heart of civilizations the religious frequently exhibit just as wonderful devotion and courage, self-sacrifice and Christian fortitude.

This lady was born in Ireland, and in 1844 she entered the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. In 1852 the good and ever lamented Cardinal Wiseman resolved upon establishing a refuge for the outcasts of society at Spitalfields, in the East End of London, the worst slums of that great city. He applied to the Irish Sisters of Mercy; and this young lady, whose name in religion was Mary Joseph Alcocke, was commissioned to take four nuns and go to establish the London mission. It was the first time, since the Reformation, that a like Order had obtained leave to pitch its tents in the great Metropolis. Had she been ordered to South Africa, or to China, she would have had a less arduous task to perform. The late Mgr. Gilbert was the first chaplain, and the father, so to speak, of the little community.

In 1852—over half a century ago—Sister Mary Joseph and her assistants landed in London, and set up in a very humble building on Crispin street, Spitalfields. Last December, in her 83-d year, and after having spent fifty years as head of that mission, the good sister died. But what wonderful change she had seen in all these years. Their humble abode grew to become a vast motherhouse with a refuge capable of housing four or five hundred nightly refugees, and a chapel that has assumed the proportions of a small Cathedral. And through that refuge have been passed tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, of the worst characters of the slums; men lost to all sense of Christianity; women fallen into the lowest depths of crime, boys and girls brought up and nurtured in the atmosphere of iniquity. And of these the majority have come back again, and again, and finally a vast percentage of them have died repentant and holy deaths.

The convent is surrounded by a labyrinth of narrow and dark lanes, that do not deserve the title of streets, and those are the haunts of vice in its worst forms. It is unsafe for any person wearing even ordinary clothes to go through these streets in daylight. They will surely be robbed; and at night very likely murdered.

In 1889, the late Judge Church of Montreal received a letter of introduction to Sister Mary Joseph, from her sister, who lives in Canada. He and his wife paid her a visit. But before going they were warned to leave all watches, rings and money at the hotel. After spending an afternoon at the convent, it was when they proposed to return home. They had about a ten minutes walk to take from the convent to the station of the Metropolitan Underground Railway. As they were about to leave, the Superioress said that it was unsafe for them to attempt walking in those streets after dark. She called a Sister and told her to accompany the visitors to the station and see that they were not molested. To the judge's surprise, he found himself and his wife going through the slums, guided and protected by a frail little creature of a nun. He asked the Sister how she proposed getting back, and she replied: "We nuns are safe. A policeman might be knocked down, but there is not a character bad enough in all this section to molest or insult one of us—and if he did his life would not be worth a hair's purchase." They fairly worshipped the Sisters. And these nuns could go into the worst dens and bring out people whom they wanted to rescue, or take to the refuge, and no objection was ever known to be made.

The reader can imagine the labors, sacrifices and heroism of these Sisters of Mercy. And yet this is only one feeble illustration of all the noble deeds that they have performed in the very centre of the most corrupt city in the world. Possibly this little sketch may serve to stir others into a disposition to relate some of the facts that they know about Catholic nuns; the work would be a most meritorious and deserved one.—True Witness.

Lame Back for Four Months. Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Help. Plasters and Liniments No Good. This was the experience of Mr. Benjamin Stewart, Zionville, N.B. TWO-THIRDS OF A BOX OF Doan's Kidney Pills CURED HIM. He tells of his experience in the following words: "For four months I was troubled with a lame back and all this time was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plasters and liniments of all kinds but with no effect. At last I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had used two-thirds of a box my back was as well and as strong as ever and has kept so ever since."

Items of Interest. The famous Jesuit College of St. Joseph de Tivoli at Bordeaux has been nearly destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at £50,000. Preparations are being made for the proclamation of the general jubilee usually celebrated at the outset of a new Pontificate. It is rumored in the Eternal City that Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, will be raised to the Sacred College of Cardinals at the next consistory.

From a platform on the Lothian road, Edinburgh, Scotland, Father Power, a Jesuit, speaks on Catholic doctrine every Monday evening. He is usually listened to by a large and attentive audience. The Prince-Bishop of Olmutz who was lately summoned to Rome in connection with a charge of infringing the rights of his clergy, has returned to his diocese, the charge against him having failed.

Miscellaneous. Miss Loved Father, when you refused him consent to marry me, did he get on his hands and knees and plead? Irate Father—How do I know? I couldn't see where he lit. There is nothing better for children's Coughs and Colds than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is very pleasant to take and always cures the little ones' coughs promptly. A correspondent wants to know "What a fellow should get for a novel of 70,000 words." Well, we were going to say ten years, but we really think he ought to get twenty.

Clears Away Worms. Mrs. Wm. Graham, Sheppardton, Ont., writes: I have given Dr. Lee's Worm Syrup to my boy time and again and find it a good worm medicine. It is nice to take and never makes the children sick like powders. Price 25c. "Out on the fly!" exclaimed the quick-witted but unpopular actor as he stopped an egg from which a chicken dropped. Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Miss Laura—Oh, auntie! You remember Mr. Meeker, who went from here as a missionary? I have just heard that those horrible cannibals ate him. Aunt Sophy—Yes, me! I do hope they cooked him with turnips. The poor dear man was so fond of turnips.

Milburn's Stealing Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c and 25c. Teacher.—Sammy, in the sentence, "I have a book," what is the case of the pronoun "I"? Sammy (promptly).—Nominative case. Teacher.—Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun "book." Next Boy (thoughtfully).—Book case.

Dear Sir,—I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARD'S LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribed my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your medicine. LOUIS S. BUTLER, Barin, Nfld. When dan delions dot the mead And render gay the verdant scenes, May inner self be glad indeed— They prophesy a mess of greens.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemp'rs. On the occasion of the conversion of Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, a newspaper said he was "the biggest haul which the Roman fisherman have made for many a day. He is a young man of various and graceful talents, a persuasive preacher and the author of a really thrilling book on the supernatural called 'The Light Invisible.' The 'Church Times' (Anglian) confirmed the opinion in measured words: 'Mr. Benson is a young man of great promise, of most winning personality and of considerable gifts. His loss is a real one.' Mr. Benson was born in 1871. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B. A. degree in 1893 and M. A. in 1898. He was ordained a deacon of the Church of England in 1894, and became a clergyman the following year. In 1891 he became a member of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, in the Diocese of Wakefield. His residence until his conversion was the House of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorks. It is interesting to know that he has now three works in the press, one of them an historical novel of the Elizabethan period.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Doan's Kidney Pills CURED HIM.

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