

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Honey in the lion's mouth, Emblem mystical, divine, How the sweet and strong combine; Cloven rock for Israel's drouth; Treasure-house of golden grain, By our Joseph laid in store. In his brethren's famine sore Freely to dispense again; Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece; Well from bitter changed to sweet; Shew-bread laid in order meet. Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase, Though no rain 'n April fall; Horb's manna, freely given, Showered in white dew from heaven; Marvellous, angelic! Weightiest lunch of Canaan's vine, Cake to strengthen and sustain. Through long days of desert pain; Salem's monarch's bread and wine— Thou the antidote shall be Of my sickness and my sin. Consolation, medicine, Life and sacrament to me.

The Mystery of Killard.

PART III.—ORDEAL BY GOLD.

CHAPTER VI.

"Good-by, and I pray you may find comfort." "I'll leave Clonmore and go to America." "That may be best for you, and now good-bye." She held out her hand to him. He took it, and stepping over it, kissed it, without a word, turned round and walked rapidly away, with his head down, his hands clenched and his white teeth set.

CHAPTER VII.

A week passed without begetting any event to stir the people in the cottage on the southern slope of the downs. One morning, when the three were at breakfast, a man knocked and entered. "I come from Clonmore," he said, "with this letter. It was sent to Mr. Cassidy of the Clonmore Arms, with orders to have it forwarded at once, by car, to Killard. Its for Edward Martin, and the people told me he lived here."

CHAPTER VIII.

"That's my name," said Edward Martin in surprise. "I must be going now," the man added. "I have only to give it to you. The car is paid for."

CHAPTER IX.

"My dear Edward Martin, when I saw you last you said to me that I was never to cross your threshold until I told you the reason of the change in my plan, and I never will. This letter will put all before you. To begin at the beginning—When I went to Bishop's Island, the day after I got to Killard, the Fool put a paper into one of my hands and a dried mackerel doubled up in the other, and made me stand with my feet to a particular spot. He told me my father had directed him to do so, and then he went away. I looked at the paper and saw two drawings on it, one a sketch of the Bishop's Island, or, to be nearer the mark, a thing I knew was intended for the Bishop's, with a square for the hut, and under the square a blot. The other side had a thing I cannot very well describe, but can show you."

"Well, as you may think, I made up my mind that this paper, and the way I was made stand, had something of consequence in it. There were things like fish on the side of the paper, that was not a drawing of the Island itself, and there was a fish in my hand. I looked at the two sides very closely, and I looked around the room as well. I could not make out what the blot under the hut was intended for. That was the only thing on this side of the paper I could not understand. I was all in the dark about the other side."

"Not to make my story too long, I thought that maybe there was something in the wall. I tried, and found nothing. Then, remembering that I was in front of the fireplace, I looked up the chimney and in the end got up a little way. Here I found a piece of wood, cut by myself long ago into the form of a fish. I now felt all was right so far, and could understand the drawing and the fish in my hand. The wooden fish pointed up the chimney."

"I took a candle and climbed to the place where the flue bends, and saw there another fish, not pointing up, but in a bend down another flue—the flue of what used to be my room as I thought. "I turned and went down this, meeting another wooden fish on my way, and found myself not in my old room, but in a kind of small cave dug out of the island and maybe used by the Bishop to hide in."

"The floor of the cave was sand, and in one corner was a fourth wooden fish stuck into the sand head foremost. I dug with my hands, and there, Edward

Martin, lay the secret! An immense quantity of gold, in small canvas bags. It was all in lumps. "As you may fancy, I was astonished beyond everything, and for a while I felt as if the air of the place was choking me. "Without my wishing it, all at once a great temptation came to me, and I thought if I could only get the gold away I'd be happy. Now you can see the reason for the way I was in after I came off the Bishop's."

"Well, I started for London, and here I made it plain to myself that the gold had not been rightly belonging to the island or me; but I could not get rid of the temptation to keep it, do all I might. I hired a yacht and a French crew, so that they could tell nothing at Killard, and little in London. I carried the gold and the temptation with me here. The night I arrived something struck me, and heaven sent me thoughts of you, Edward Martin, and all you had done for me when I was a speechless outcast on the world and knew nobody; and I thought of the girl I loved, and of your good wife, till my conscience came back and I resolved to give up the gold; and now I have done so, and it will go to the Government, for they can find no tale or tidings of how it came on the island, or who owned it. But I am to get a fortune out of it for giving it up. The only way the Government can account for the gold is that a treasure ship was lost long ago many miles south of Killard."

"And now Edward Martin, you know all, and I humbly ask your pardon for not telling you at first, and for not asking Mary's pardon too. When you get this I shall be close to Clonmore, and in the evening I hope to be in Killard. If you and Mary will only try to forgive me I'll be the happiest man alive. I have fought the curse and I have won."

"I write this to you that you may know all before I see you, and that if you forgive me, you may be ready to let me cross your threshold as I have done a thousand times, with a heart full of thankfulness to you and your good wife. I'll take it as a sign I am forgiven, if Mary is on the edge of the downs, near Killard. Until I see her, if I may, I'll say nothing more."

"Your dutiful, "JOHN LANE." That evening a young girl with a face a little pale, but full of happiness, waited on the edge of the downs near Killard. She waited long, but at length, across the broad green level of the upland plain, she saw a car approaching. Gradually it became more distinct. At length she could make out a brown-bearded man standing up, waving his hat. The driver urged the horse forward, the brown-bearded man shouted, and, in a little time, the girl rested sobbing in the man's arms.

"After a while he said to her, 'Mary, the curse has gone forever from the Lane's, and a blessing has come instead; and you, darling, are the blessing.' Is your mother well?"

THE END.

A Nationalist Plan.

A proposal which would obtain favor with even the opponents of Nationalism contemplates the placing of a supply sufficient for each family of nature's great dyspepsia specific and blood purifier, B. B. B., in every home in the land. The benefits of such a boon to the people would be incalculable.

Catholicism in Australia.

So indicated as to the extraordinary progress made in Australia during the last fifty years may be gained from the fact that fifty-two years ago the first Mass in Port Phillip was celebrated by the famous Paterfamilias, a Franciscan, under the broad canopy of heaven on the site of the modern Elizabeth and Collins streets, on the 15th of May, 1840. This good Franciscan father arrived in Melbourne by the "Bellona," from Sydney, with the intention of ministering to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of that settlement, for Melbourne was then little more than a poor straggling village. Four days after the good priest celebrated the Divine Mysteries in the open air, and after the services he launched the idea of erecting a little church to the members of the congregation. He explained to them that if \$200 could be raised the Government was willing to make a grant of a suitable piece of land, as well as to allow the chaplain a stipend of \$150 per annum. But alas! the Catholics of the settlement were very few, and even the moderate sum of \$200 was altogether beyond their means. Finding it impossible to raise that sum amongst themselves they decided upon appealing to their Protestant neighbours, and in this, we are glad to have it to record, they were completely successful. On the 25th of July following an unpromising wooden structure was opened, and the first sermon delivered within its walls, dealt with the question of "Social Duties." The church was dedicated to St. Francis, and in the course of time, when Melbourne became a great and thriving city, when the Catholics became more numerous and wealthy, a nobler edifice, that which stands at the present moment in Lansdowne street, was raised to the honour of the great St. Francis, the members of whose Third Order can be numbered by hundreds to-day in the imposing city of Melbourne.

The Grand Trunk System.

The Grand Trunk system differs from the human system in that the same troubles do not affect it and the same remedies are not needed. For all diseases of the human system there is no tonic purifier, renovator and strengthener as good as Burdock Blood Bitters. A weak system can be built up by B. B. B.

Naval Preparations of Various Countries.

By 1894 England will have added to her navy twenty first class and four second class battleships, twenty first class, thirty second class and twenty five third class cruisers and thirty torpedo gunboats, a total of 137 vessels. Germany will this year add nineteen new war vessels to her fleets, two first class and four second class battleships, three first class, two second class and four third class cruisers. France will turn out 10 vessels this year, having put afloat twenty-four vessels last year. Italy will

put afloat this year two first class battleships, five first class and nine second class cruisers and four torpedo gunboats. Russia will commission this year two first class and one second class battleships, four first class cruisers and five torpedo gunboats. Austria will have three first class battleships and two torpedo gunboats. Spain will put afloat six first class and two second class cruisers and four torpedo gunboats. The United States has three first class and two second class battleships, three first class, five second class and two third class cruisers, and one torpedo gunboat under way for this year's work. Nearly two hundred and fifty terrible engines of war, but perhaps never one will be engaged with an enemy.

The Emperor and the Nuns.

There is enough and to spare about the German Emperor's visit in the daily papers. I only allude to it here in order to mention an incident in connection with it that has not yet been made public. Shortly before the Kaiser arrived a community of German nuns, who have been settled near London for some years and engaged in educational work, wrote to him asking him if he would be so good as to honour their schools with a visit during his stay in London. They received a gracious reply thanking them for their invitation, telling them it had greatly pleased the Emperor, and that he would have certainly have accepted it, if it had reached him sooner. As it was every hour of his stay in England was already occupied in advance. The incident is more notable because these nuns originally left Germany under the pressure of the Bismarckian Kulturkampf, now happily a thing of the past. —Catholic Times.

The Pallium Wood.

The Rome Correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times says on the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, the Holy Father, after having celebrated Mass in his private chapel, blessed the sacred Pallium that are conferred on this day on the Patriarchs and Archbishops, and the Bishops who are appointed some special reason to receive them. These Palliums are made of the wool of the lambs that are blessed every year in the Church of St. Agnes outside the Porta Pia. The lambs are afterwards taken by the Canons of the Lateran Basilica to be blessed by the Holy Father, and then are sent to the Monastery of St. Cecilia, where the nuns have charged them until they grow up, and their wool is then made into Palliums. The Holy Father was assisted at the ceremony of blessing the Palliums by the Prefect of the Pontifical ceremonies, by Mgr. Raffaello Scilla, Magister of the Vatican Palace, and by Mgr. Della Vigna. After the ceremony the blessed Palliums are accompanied by the members of the Pontifical Court, went down into the Basilica of St. Peter and placed the Palliums on the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, having first however, enclosed them in the magnificent basket given for that purpose by Pope Benedict XIV. The keys of the basket are kept by the Prefect of the Apostolic Palace.

The declining powers of old age may be wonderfully regenerated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Toward the East.

There is a system followed in some Catholic cemeteries of burying all bodies with the heads pointing towards a certain direction, generally to the West. In Shakspeare's "Othello" we read:—"Nay, Othello, we must not believe the My father has a reason for't." This quotation seems to indicate a correspondence to the general customs in use generally before the Christian era. Ptolemy is authority that such was the method in ancient Greece, especially with the Athenians. The Delphic Oracle said:—"I do not prophesy the countries' ends. Who, when he entered, found the declining sun. The Egyptians sometimes placed the mummy in an upright posture, against the wall. Various nations buried in a sitting posture and with face to the East. Ancient Christian writers agree that in burial the countenance was turned towards the East in sign of immortal hope. Connected with this position may be given the following from an old dramatist:—"I turn my head into the east, And thy body into the west. The left hand to the south but turn, And thy right hand to the north."

This position conveys an idea of the Crucifixion, and corresponds with the lines of the vast church structures erected in Europe during the Middle Ages. Michelet, in his "History of France," says:—"The cathedral is a petrified mystery; a suffering in stone, or rather the sufferer himself. The whole edifice, in the austerity of its architectural geometry, is a human body. The nave, stretching out its two arms, is Man on the Cross; the crypt, the church underground, is Man in the Tomb; the tower, the spire, it still He, but mounting to Heaven. In that choir bent, from the line of the nave, you see that Head bent in agony. You recognize His Blood in the burning purple of the stained-glass windows. Let us touch these stones with care. Let us tread softly upon the pavement. Everything there bleeds and suffers yet. A great mystery is passing before." The cathedrals were cruciform; the head, the most sacred part in which was the Madonna Chapel, lying towards the East. It may naturally be concluded that the position was adopted from the sanctity of that quarter from which Christ came and the Gospel light first dawned.

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THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

"Europe was never so entirely and terribly armed. Woo to him who sets fire to Europe now!" —Malko. And who the bravest of the brave; The bravest hero ever born? 'Twas one who dared a felon's grave, Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn. Nay, more than this: when sword was drawn And vengeance waited but his word, He looked with pitying eyes upon The scene, and said: "Put up thy sword!" Could but one king be found to-day As brave to do, as brave to say? "Put up thy sword into the sheath." "Put up thy sword, put up thy sword. By Cedron's brook thus spake beneath The olive trees our valiant Lord, Spoke calm and kinglike. Sword and staff. And torch and stormy men of death Made clamor. Yet he spoke not, save With loving word and patient breath, "Put up thy sword into the sheath." The peaceful olive boughs beneath. Ye christian kings, in Christ's dear name I charge you live no more this life. "Put up thy sword." The time they came To bind and lead him forth to die, Beyond this was his last command! Yet ye dare cry to Christ in prayer With rod and rickling sword in hand! Ye dare do this to God's dear face! Ye bars, flares, great and small, Ye cowards, cowards, cowards, all!

O God, but for one gallant czar. One valiant king, one fearless queen! Yet, there would be an end of war. If but one could be heard or seen To follow Christ: to bravely cry "Put up thy sword, put up thy sword." And let us dare to live and die. As did our valiant Lord; With sword commanded to its sheath. The blessed olive boughs beneath. JOAQUIN MILLER. The Best in Existence.

Mr. G. N. Boyer, merchant, Carillon, Quebec, writes as follows: "I had a very sore back, which my doctors failed to cure. I was so bad I went to Montreal and consulted the best doctors of that city. The latter pronounced it humoral, and told me to apply a plaster, which I did, but got worse all the time. I then applied St. Jacob's Oil, and was much better next morning, and after another application was completely cured. I can highly recommend it as being the best medicine in existence. I can mention another case, a farmer, laid up for some time with sore back and could get nothing to relieve him. He came to my store, bent in two with pain. I persuaded him to try a bottle of the oil, and told him if it did not cure him it should cost him nothing. A few days later he came in smiling. Two applications cured him. This is a man sixty years of age. I know of many such cases."

The True Way of Resting.

There are various kinds of rest. A person whose occupation is chiefly carried on by the use of his brain rests his organ when he changes his work to physical labor. Thus, a student who spends eight hours a day in intense mental application derives immense benefit, not only to his brain, but to his whole system, by a brisk walk of two or three hours, or a like period employed in chopping wood. In such a case as this there is no complete rest for the body; it is simply a change of labor from one kind to another kind. It amounts to nothing more than a proper exercise for the mental and physical systems, and if accompanied with seven or eight hours' sleep and five or six hours for eating and amusement, might be carried on indefinitely in any ordinary healthy locality. The body does not require absolute rest, and, as a matter of fact, it never gets it; for even in sleep there is a not inconceivable functional activity of various organs going on. Such a student as I have referred to would receive great advantage from going to the woods, or the mountains, or the seashore for the summer, not to lie down in a hammock or to bask on the sand, but to take his books with him, preferably devoted to subjects different from those that he has studied in the city, and to exercise his muscles by rowing a boat or hunting for natural history specimens on land or sea, instead of working in a gymnasium or walking up and down Bowdway and Fifth Avenue. Such a person not only alters the character of his mental and physical labor, but he does it with such advantages as are to be derived from change of air and scene, and they are by no means inconsiderable. Now, this is not rest; on the contrary, it is work, and very hard work, too; but no one can doubt that that student would return to his regular pursuits with a mind and body invigorated and capable of doing better things than when he left the city. In short, a man or a woman is to be managed in respect to rest in very much the same way that a farmer manages his field. The latter knows the advantage of a succession of crops. He knows that if he plants cabbages every successive year in the same ground he will, in a short time, have very poor cabbages and very poor ground; whereas, by changing from one thing to another, the product is better and the earth is not deteriorated. He knows also how much his land is improved by allowing it to lie fallow every now and then. Men and women, like the fields of the earth, require change, and, like them, they require rest; and these objects can never be attained in the way that the average American sets out to get them. —Dr. Wm. A. HAMMOND, in NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

He Wanted Too Much.

"Could you not make a water-color sketch of me?" asked Mr. Soaker. "All but the nose," returned Palette. "I couldn't get that colour in water any more than you could."

The Action of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

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MONASTIC RULES.

How they were Observed in the Thirteenth Century. It is the duty of the Hall Butler to set in order everything pertaining to the table: to fill the salt cellars with clean salt; to provide water for washing the hands of the brethren; to wash the spoons and cups every day; to hang up a towel at the lavatory; to send the dirty tablecloths and napkins to be washed. He ought also to fetch bread for the use of the brethren from the cellar, and to be careful that it is neither burned nor gnawed by mice, nor dirty. The jugs ought to be washed inside and out once a week; and the Frater ought to be cleaned thoroughly with besoms as often as it requires it. He ought also to provide candlesticks for the wax candles that are to be lighted in the Frater from the Feast of All Saints to the Purification. He ought also to provide mats and rushes to strew the Frater, and the divisions of the Cloister up to the Frater door; frequently to renew the flowers; in summer to throw mint and fennel into the air to make a sweet odor, and to provide fly-catchers. The conduct of the brethren is described with equal minuteness—from a reverent attention to grace and the utterances of the table readers to their personal manners. We are told, for example, that the brethren ought all to be careful not to wipe their noses, or rub their teeth, on the napkins or tablecloths, nor to stanch blood with them, nor to cut them with their knives. They are to eat what is set before them temperately, cleanly, and cheerfully, and not to exceed moderation. No one is allowed to exchange his food; no one may whistle, or write, or look into a book, while the meal is proceeding. After dinner in summer the brethren retire to the Dortoir to take a siesta. "They have full leave," we read, "to take off their copes and their shoes, but they are not allowed to stretch out their naked feet, or to sleep with head or body uncovered." At 5 P. M. the bell awakens them for Nones; after Nones came Collation; then Vespers, succeeded by supper and Compline. After Compline they went to bed.

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