A Dream of Lilies.

She dreamed that on a hill top bright and A garden, girt with thorny hedges grew.

Wherein no flower bloomed but the pure Wherein no flower bloomed but the pure white lily, And o'er it smiled far Heaven serene and

blue;
And fair, mo-t fair,
Lilies and leaves and opening buds were

And many a morn she sought that garden To gaze upon the lilies sheltered there.

And when the shadows lengthened, left it

sadly—would it were opened to my prayer.

The piercing thorns kept guard, she might

Not chilled by cold delay, but flercer growing
The longing and the yearning—quenchless Till heart and spirit all entranced were glow-

with the resistless flame of her desire.
And then, one day,
It burned through circling thorns its eager
way.

Out of her glad heart singing, swift she enered,
recked she of the earth-life's drear
clipse,
lo, on One her tranced gaze was cenand the words faltered on her trembling

iips, "O who art Thou, With loving, sorrowful eyes and kingly

"O who art Thou among the lifes dwelling, Looking with tenderest pity upon me, In majesty the sons of men excelling— Where'er Thou movest see, how joyfully Upon their stem The lilies tremble, as Thou smilest on them.

"O give me of Thy lilies, I entreat Thee; Here shield me from the world-life's gand and glare;
And speed the hours until again I meet Thee
Bearing my lily-bloom unstained and

Then murmured He: "Wouldst bear the lilies, thou must follow

"And O remember that the way is dreary, Thorn-strewn and rough where'er thy feet are pressed,
And oftimes thou wilt falter and grow weary,
And then, there will be none to bid thee

But still she said,
"O let me follow whither Thou hast led. "I care not though all sorrows press upon me. Darkness or storm no more affrighteth me; For Thy exceeding loveliness hath won me And all things are as naught except for

And even so, Whither Thou will'st, Beloved, I will go." Then from its stem He brake a fair, white Dew-gemmed and fragrant, and He gave it

her,
There in His blessed garden bright and stilly
And she sank breathless.—Then did light
winds stir
An instant shone
A deeper glory-light and—He was gone.

Gone, too, the lily-garden erst so blooming, Dark was the sky above and chill the air. And desolate earth a dismal grave entomb ing
All she had ever dreamed of bright and fair.

And all alone, She wept for gladness that was erst her own 'O maiden, for thy answered prayer art

grieving?" Spake a clear voice; then she beheld afar An angel with white wings the blue air cleav An angel with white wings the blue air cleav-ing, And on his brow there beamed a radiant

star.

Nigher and nigher

He came, and held unsheathed a sword of

"Love bade thee choose the lilies—rise and cheer thee. Love bids me guard thee—lo! I walk beside Unseen, henceforth, an! yet forever near "And wilt thou never leave me, then," she

"Wilt surely stay?"
"Lo, I am with thee till thy dying day."

And then she woke and rose-the dream re signing— But though the task God gave her was un-

done, For that dear visible Presence she was pining "Naught," she said, "gladdens me beneath "Naught," she said, "gladdens the sun. When shall I see Mine own Beloved in Eternity?"

Ah me, sad dreams and glad alike have ending. And oft we're fain to weep when glad ones But since her dream, a strange, sweet trust

is blending With all her thoughts and hopes, and even so, She's fain to deem Her lily-garden was not all a dream. KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. A Pen Picture of the Great Apostle of the Indies.

Everything connected with any one of the saints is of interest to us. Every little additional trait of character, or fresh fact coming to our knowledge about his out-ward form and bearing, which brings him nearer to us for every-day use, is a real assistance to our devotion. Everything that makes us realize a trifle better that he was a man as we are men, of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, with body and soul, senses, intellect, sympathies, emo-tions, trials, sorrows, like our own, cheers our efforts to plod bravely along in the paths of virtue. It is not thought childish to set store by an autograph of Nelson, or a laconic saying of the Iron Duke, which brings these great countrymen of ours nearer home to our minds. It is not thought useless to learn to be familiar with the mental and physical qualities of these famous men. How shall it be more these famous men. How shall it be more puerile or unprofitable to gather together every little fact and detail about men famin another order, the saints of God. and, in particular, about such a hero as Francis Xavier, the most famous of the six famous men who, with Ignatius of Loyola, formed the first beginnings of the Loyola, formed the first beginnings of the Society of Jesus? There is scarcely a saint in the calendar whose life is more attractive or popular amongst Catholics and Protestants alike. There is no king or general who ever won such victories. Not Alexander the Great, weeping from chagrin, because there were no more worlds to conquer, nor Napoleon, meditat-ing universal dominion, backed as these conquerors were by the power of nations, ever achieved or even dreamed of con-quests more vast than those actually effected by St. Francis Xavier, with nothing but his crucifix, breviary, wallet, and staff. "He was a man," says a Protestant essayist not remarkable for his partiality to the Catholic Church, "who, as if mercy had lent him wings, traversed in ten short years oceans, islands, and continents, years oceans, islands, and continents, through a track equal to more than twice the circumference of the known world." Some writers have computed that, in this space of time, he journeyed from first to last over 100,000 miles, and we know that he baptized with his own marvellow right. he laptized with his own marvellous right arm, which is preserved, still incorrupt, at

less numbers of idolaters. But the work, stupendously great no doubt, which the Saint actually accomplished was, after all, only a part of the gigantic plan of spirit ual conquest he had projected in his foundless ambition for the glory of God. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-six on the lonely island of San Chan, in sight of the great Empire he burned to subjugate to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. in sight of the great Empire he burned to subjugate to the kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was the intention of the Saint, if God, not satisfied with the desire, had not taken him to his reward when barely one half of the plan had been executed, to work his way home again by Russia, and Lbour to reconcile the North of Europe with the Catholic Church. Catholic Church.

The saints are the very last men in the The saints are the very last men in the world to sit willingly for their likeness; and the life of St. Francis was, besides, a great deal too stirring to have left him much leisure, even if he had had inclination or opportunity to sit for his. But although we can not point to this or that although particular portrait and affirm confidently of it, that it is an undoubtedly faithful accurate representation of the Saint's and accurate representation of the Saint's features, there is yet no lack of evidence to be got from his life and from the correspondence of friends, who describe his personal appearance, to show that the painting produced in our Photograph conveys a tolerably correct idea of the features and labiting expression of the Saint's tures and habitual expression of the Saint's face. The general outline, the cast of countenance, and principal lines of the face are in the main identical in most of he portraits we have of the Saint, and differ only in detail. The face is always very comely, winni g, gentle, and attrac-tive, and we have it upon record in the various lives which have been written of him, that there was an indescribable something in his very look, which, as in the Divine Master it was the labour of his to imitate, drew men of all nations, ages, and conditions, irresistibly to him. As to our Lord, so to St. Francis Xavier, children were in a most special manner attracted. Speaking of the Saint's first visit to Malacca in 1545, Father Coleridge tells us in his admirable Life of the Apostells us in his admirable Life of the Apos-tle of the Indies, how "the children in particular crowded round him, or were presented to him by their mothers," and how "it was noted that when he took them how "it was noted that when he took them in his arms, or laid his hand on their heads to bless them, he called them all by their right names." Perhaps this attractiveness was the effect and the reward of the perfect purity of his soul, which shone out in his face and for which he had always been remarkable from his earliest age. Even in an atmosphere like that of the University of Paris, with its scanty discipline and large amount of freedom, his whole character and bearing had always breathed a singular purity, which he preserved unsullied by the least taint to the end of his life.

But perhaps the best idea of the features

But perhaps the best idea of the features of the Saint is given to us in the passing remarks on his appearance let fall by members of the Society in their correspondence from the East with friends at home. Like his great model, the postle of the Gentiles, whom he resem-bled very closely in greater matters also, apostle of the Gentiles he was not a tall man. We remember to have heard from a friend, who had been an eye-witness, when some two or threeand-twenty years ago the holy body of the Saint, still incorrupt, but shrivelled and shrunken, was exposed to public view and veneration at Goa, that it was found to measure not more than four feet and a half, certainly less than five feet in length. Allowing for the shrinking of the limbs and what not, this confirms the statement of his contemporaries that in stature he was not the middle height. mentioned by the saint nimser in one or his letters written a very few years before bis death to the effect that he had grown very grey, was also noticed by the friend and eye witness above alluded to, who and eye-witness above alluded to, who described the color of the few hairs still distinctly visible on the sacred head as people. being grey. The descriptions given of the Saint's face by writers familiar with it convey an idea of exquisite tenderness and gentleness. And he was gentle, he was tender. His own exceedingly beauti
"But far away from the Castle there."

would be a dead letter while it stood, and would soon be cancelled out. In every independent nation laws are, to a large extent, the outgrowth of the habits of the people.

"But far away from the Castle there." ful letters are all brimful and running

over with the most affectionate charity. "No one, I think, can see him," writes one correspondent, "without great conso-lation. The very sight of him seems to move devction. He is a man of middle height, he always holds his face upwards and his eyes are full of tears. His look is bright and joyous, his words few and excite to devotion. You hear nothing from his lips but 'Jesus' and 'O Most Holy Trinity!'" All this tallies with our Photograph, in which we have the upturned face, the brimming eyes, and a smile about the lips, and agrees to the letter with what we have all read about him time out of mind, how the Saint, his bosom flooded with heavenly delights, was sometimes seen, whilst the hot tears streamed down his glowing countenance, to beat his breast, exclaiming as if in loving remon-strance with God for being so lavish of His Divine favors: "Enough, O my God, enough." "I do not say he speaks," are the words of another writer, "but his very look kindles in men such a desire of seeing God as cannot be expressed." "He is a man," writes a third, "not old, and of good health, he drinks no manner of wine nd seems to feel no manner of privation, and seems to feel no manner of privation, because he is wrapped up in the wounds of his Lord." The face before us is, indeed, the face of a man lost in the thought of God and the sufferings of his thought of God and the sanerings of his Redeemer, and as we gaze upon it we fancy we almost hear him murmuring softly the words of his own beautiful hymn: O Deus, words of his own beautiful nymn: O Deus, ego amo Te; or again, when he thinks of the Passion of Christ, crying out aloud to God, no longer as in the case of heavenly consolations to spare him, but to send him more, yet more suffering.

But if, after all, the very best of por-But it, after all, the very best of portraits still fail to give us an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of the Saint's face, we have it in our power to supply the deficiency by the assiduous study of his life, which will reveal to us "the working of a noble, tender, and most affectionate heart, on fire with the love of God and zeal for souls and home, under the guidage of on the with the love of God and zeal for souls, and borne, under the guidance of the holy spirit of charity, along a path of heroic enterprise and self-sacrifice, by the side of which the achievements of great

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, the Church of the Gesu in Rome, count- a'l annoying Kidney-Diseases.

LAZY MONKS!

flow They Wasted Their Lives in Inglorious Inactivity.

IOW THEY FOSTERED IGNORANCE IN THE "DARK" AGES, AND WHAT THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR TO HUMANITY.

Lying books, coarse cartoons and vulgar ctures are made the convenient medium slander and calumniate the monks of the middle ages, whose lives have been mali-ciously distorted, and whose works are almost uniformly belittled and ridiculed. Lazy monks, forsooth! We as lebted to the Catholic Church and t We are inzeal and industry of the monks of the middle ages for all that we possess of ancient and classic literature, and, of course, also for the preservation and muliplication of the Holy Scriptures. tiplication of the Holy Scriptures. These greatly maligned men were the teachers and schoolmasters of their time; they were the artists, authors, architects, agriculturists, builders, colonizers, scientists, and inventors in every age and country. "These monks," says Fredric Ozanam, "who spent six hours in the choir, transcribed in their cells the histories and even the meets of Greece and Rome, and even the poets of Greece and Rome, and bequeathed to the middle ages the most

valuable writings of antiquity."

Trace most of the famous discoveries and inventions of the niddle ages, and even in the later times, and we shall most likely find that they were due to the likely find that they were due to the genius and industry of the "lazy monk." The monks were pioneers even in the principles that lie at the foundation of our modern popular free governments.

The essential and vital doctrines and and "Declaration of Independence,"
may be found embodied in the Constitution of the Benedictine and other religious

orders The vaunted rights and liberties which have been transmitted through the English Common Law, if traced back to the source from which they emanated, will be found almost invariably to have been in-spired or placed there by the forgotten monks.

The palladium of English liberty, the vaunted Magna Charta, was the achieve-ment and work of a Catholic Bishop. "But for the monks of the middle ages,"

says Mr. Jameson, "the light of liberty, literature, and science had been forever extinguished; and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home, but the cloister.

"There learning trimmed her lamp;

there contemplation 'preened her wings;' there the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely, studious men, kept alive in form and color the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of might beyond that of the spear and shield, of a divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathy the protection and the better education given to woman in those early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them, when as governesses of orders they became in a manner dignitaries of the Church; the introduction beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decorations of places of worship and books of devotion, did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of

"Every monastery," says Mr. Lecky in his History of European Nationalism, "became a centre from which charity stature he was not the innected height Another circumstance, generally neglected by painters, even of his last moments, but mentioned by the Saint himself in one of tended, travellers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of sufferprisoners of sufferransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored." "The Catholic Church," writes Mr. Emerson, "had been for cen-

arose another building; massive, solid, and strong, not frowning with battlemented towers, nor isolated by broad moats, but with open gates and a hearty welcome to all comers, stood the Monastery, where lay the hope of humanity as in a safe asylum. Behind its walls was the church, and clustered around it the dwelling-places of those who had left the world, and devoted their lives to the service of that Church, and the salvation of their souls.

"Far and near in its vicinity the land bore witness to assiduous culture and diligent care, bearing on its fertile bosom the harvest hope of those who had labored, which the heavens watered, the sun smiled upon, and the winds played over, until the heart of man rejoiced, and all nature was

big with promise of increase.
"This was the refuge to which religion and art had fled. In the quet sectusion of its cloisters, science labored at its problems and perpetuated its results, uncheered by applause, and stimulated only by the pure love of the pursuit. Art toiled in the Church, and whole generations of busy figures worked patiently at the decoration.

Some worked patiently at the decoration of the soul.

Much harm has been done in this nine.

this lonely monk's grave, and be read only when the spot where he labored should be a heap of ruins, and his very name a con-

troversy amongst scholars.
"We should never lose sight of the truth, troversy amongst scholars.

"We should never lose sight of the truth, that in this building, when the world was given up to violence and darkness, was garnered the hope of humanity; and these men who dwelt there in contemplation and obscurity were its faithful gnardians; and this was more particularly, the contemplation of this was more particularly, the care more things in heaven and earth, Than are dramed of its your while are the contemplation.

Than are dramed of its your while are the contemplation of the contemplation and obscurity were its faithful gnardians; and this was more particularly the contemplation of the contemplat and this was more particularly the case with that great Order to which Glaston-

bury belonged.
"The Benedictines were the depositaries of learning and the arts; they gathered books together and reproduced them in the silence of their cells, and they preserved in this way not only the volumes of Sacred Writ, but many of the works of classic lens. They started Cathia archi-

architects, artists, glass stainers, carvers and mosaic workers in mediaval times. They were the original illuminators of manusc ipts, and the first transcribers of books; in fine, they were the writers and workers of a dark age, who wrote for no applause, thought with no encouragement, and worked for no reward.

"Their power, too, waxed mighty; kings trembled before their denunciations of tyranny, and in the hour of danger fled to their aliax in safety; and it was the eir altars in safety; and it was an Et lish king who made a pilgrimage to their shrines, and prostrate at the feet of five shrines, and prostrate at the feet of five Benedictine monks, bared his back, and submitted himself to be sourged as a pen-ance for his crimes."—Extract from article "The Church and Popular Education," by Wm. J. Onahan, in American Quarterly

OUR GREAT PLAGUE SPOT.

One of the most striking facts in the United States of America is the increase in the number of divorces; full of dread significance, too. For ten years the epidemic of marital separation has been sweeping the country, and now the tide is swelling. To one who has noticed the records of the courts as they casually ap-near in the papers. All the courts pear in the papers, all the proceedings seem clothed at first in a kind of grim and dangerous mockery; wedlock gaily entered into, and suddenly and as gaily disrupted; jokes on the subject flying, like harpies from the four corners of the world, as some foul feast. But now that time Like some monstrous growth of fungi, this moral disease, appearing small, and low, and contemptible a while, has taken on larger proportions, and threatens the whole social organism with frightful gangrene.
What are the causes, or what is the

cause of this state of affairs? To a super-

cial observer the cause is apparent enoug The laxity of the laws as to the pleas sufficing for the anulment and the facility of obtaining the same, with very slight trouble, to the mind of such form the whole cause of the increase in the number of divorces. The different States of the Union have as many different laws on the subject. From the capital plea of unfaith. fulness to the shadowy one of incompatibility of temper, a varying range of loose ness prevails. It represents the chaos into which man can plunge himself, when a certain point is reached and passed. When you admit any plea for the separation of man and wife, except the sole one of unfaithfulness, the downward tread is inevit Look, for instance, at the plea of able. cruelty; imagine some poor woman sub jected to a brutal tyrant who ill-uses and strikes her; would it not appear in the highest degree harsh to forbid her from seeking relief of this intolerable burden? But as soon as this plea is allowed, another immediately advances. There are torture compared to which those of the body are as nothing; and it is a conceivable case that a married person may inflict on its or her spouse a species of pain indiscernable to the outward eye, but sharply felt by the victim. And, so the case ends in mere incompatibility of temper, which can by the victim. be so easily assumed as a hypocritical cloak of vice. There is no shirking this dilemma; either to remain within the safe bounds of the lines laid down by the Church and also by the more reasonable Protestants also by the more reasonable Protestants— these latter daily growing weaker; or to proceed at once to an extreme that can only end in the final extinction of matri-

mony itself. Such a view is superficial not false; it is Such a view is superficial not talse; it is true as far as it goes; but it fails in seeing the only remedy in legislation. It fails, in the first place, because the necessary legislation cannot be obtained among a people who elect their legislators and are at the same time determined to retain divorce in all its latitude. It fails, in the divorce in an its fathuae. It fairs, in the second place, because, if such legislation happen to be obtained by an accident, it would be a dead letter while it stood, and In every "But far away from the Castle there artificial checks, whereby the spontaneous flowering of these buds may be lengthened out; but overriding all such barriers, the conviction of the majority on any subject will in the end prevail. There are no such barriers here; the will of the majority immediately becomes law; centres of opposi-tion may hold out for a while, but they speedily succumb. No dependence can thus be placed on arbitrary laws; they are

too precarious.

But the evil is a crying one; about that all right-thinking men are agreed. Is there, then, no remedy for this fatally-noxious disease which threatens the very foun-tain-head of national existence? It is to

be hoped that there is.

Light is what is needed; light for the feet of misguided men and women, who reel on the path of duty from the mere giddiness of unsettled character. And this and art had field. In the quiet seclusion of its cloisters, science labored at its problems forth the rational and the religious grounds

Church, and whole generations of busy fingers worked patiently at the decoration of the temple of the Most High.

"The pale, thoughtful monk, upon whose brow genius had set her mark, wandered into the calm retirement of the library, threw back his cowl, buried himitians, the work of philosophy history and in respect to the control of the library, threw back his cowl, buried himitians, the work age has a personal in the study of philosophy history. library, threw back his cowl, buried him-self in the study of philosophy, history, or divinity, and transferred his thoughts to vellum, which was to moulder and water in darkness and obscurity, like himself in his lonely monk's grave, and be read only when the spot where he labored should ha nature of man has changed but little—pro-bably not at all; that under the superficial

Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

The fatalest, the blindest work is being done by these modern sociologists who are trying to lay down rigid lines for the footsteps of men. They can demonstrate what they will as to the welfare of society and the duty of every man to contribute his utmost to the common good. With some who have ardent imaginations, in Sacred Writ, but many of the works of classic lore. They started Gothic architecture—that matchless union of nature with art; they alone had the secrets of chemistry and medical science; they in-

vented many colors; they were the first the rules laid down will be lived up to. But after the last traces of religion are wiped out, as these sciolists propose, and only the dry kernel of a moral code remains

what then? It is a question that may well make them pause. Look at the old pagan world, when towards the end a belief in the supernatural faded out. The paganism of Greece and of Rome, peing, unconsciously, founded on nature, was very lax in its moral code indeed; and as it is passed away, the moral code actually grew better. Yet observe that men's lives grew worse. How to account for a higher scale of virtue under a religion false and low in its nature, and a faise and low in its nature, and a lower scale under a philosophy high and wise in its precepts? That indeed were a question puzzling to the sociological mind. But to any who have observed men well, the solution is plain enough. It is well enough to tell men what to do, but how are men going to make them do it? It is a question of relative influence. If a man believe that there is no hereafter, no supernatural power at all, no soul in him, what do the epest motives of his nature incite him The answer is written on every page istory: the answer is contained in the of history; the answer is written on every page of history; the answer is contained in the life of every man whose grasp of the reality of the spirit world is being weakened. Whereas, any religion, streagthened by the power of the unseen omniscience, does enforce its moral system.

But, in reality, no man, it is probable, ever finally persuaded himself that the unseen world is not. In spite of what he says, it is; and through his most clamorous assertions, this conventions of the says. assertions, this conviction will ever steal upon his mind, and exercise some influ-ence there. So potent is the truth—this truth, which is the deepest; that where men are cut off from the full and perfect thing itself, shadowy images of it are set up by them, and are known as the false

Pligions of the world.
Yet, so subtle is the connection between the spiritual and material world; so closely bound together are all the human motive powers, that, when one goes wrong, more or less effect must sooner or later be correspondingly produced in all the rest And this is precisely the cause of all the confusion in the modern world. The soconfusion in the modern world. The so-called "Reformation" sundered men from the perfect truth, and in the confusion of a thousand jarring sects, every aim which raises man above the brute has suffered to ome extent. It is in vain that our modern sciolists bend their efforts toward regulating isolated abuses. The law of inompleteness takes a sure revenge. When they have repressed the manifestation of the growing disorder in one shape, it im-mediately bursts forth in another. If they try to put down drinking, some other vice takes its place; and, if they succeed in suppressing divorces, they may only bring in a flood of more frightful things.

Why is this so? Because public opinion, which is the only power behind the moral code of the sociologist, is not ufficient; because it cannot search into the hearts and inmost lives of ause, no matter how excellent in itself, it has no means of enforcing its precepts. Those excellent precepts require the renovating powers of religion in them before become influential, except as a they can mere balance of evils.

Where, then, shall men look to find the

perfect union of a wise moral code and a living religion? Where else but in the Catholic Church? There they will find all the precepts which all the wise men of all ages have approved; and not find them as mere dead laws, but living in the vital force of a religion, vigilant, active, powerful, and by the mere miracle of its being bringing home to the hearts of unerring certainty of God's existence. It is for this reason that all the evil-dispo are unwearying in their opposition to her. Pity it is that many well-disposed shut their eyes to the true issues of the conflict and waste their efforts on isolated hances. Pity it is that they cannot s chances. Fity it is that they cannot see that divorce, together with all the other moral aberrations of the time, is the result of the original apostacy and departure from the true faith.—Catholic Review.

The Last of the Yankees.

"The sturdy descendants of the Paritans, who have given thrift and character to New England, are giving way before the foreigner, and the time is not far in the future when the old New England will have passed away forever. The most enterprising young men have long been wont to abandon the sterile hills and worn-out farms for the West; the Canadian French have poured over the borders to fill the vacancy, and the ubiquitous Irish have crowded the larger towns and cities. The change that is rapidly taking place every-where is strikingly exhibited in the birth where is strikingly exhibited in the birth and death statistics of New Hampshire, recently published by the Manchester Mirror, a New Hampshire journal. It shows that the births in the State, in 1881, were 4,615, and of this number not more than one half, it thinks, were of Yankee parentage. The number of deaths was 4,650 or 35 more deaths than births. Taking this report in connection with the steady emigration of the native stock to the West, and the immigration of Canathe West, and the immigration of Cana dians and Irish into the State, the conclu sion is forced upon us,' says the Mirror, 'that the year is not far distant when the race that settled New Hampshire and furnished the brain and brawn that have furnished the brain and brawn that have made the little commonwealth so famous, will have become practically extinct in this State,' The same facts prevail, to a greater or less extent, all over New England."—Christian Evangelist.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875. Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters

failed to do. The cases seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER. THERE is not and there cannot be, any THERE IS not and there cannot be, any smoking tobacco superior to the "Myrtle Navy" brand. A wrapper of brighter appearance and higher price it is possible to get, but all wrappers are very poor smoking tobacco, and but a single leaf is wrapped round a plug. The stock used in the body of the "Myrtle Navy" plug is the very best which money can purchase. The powers of the Virginia soil can produce nothing better, and no other soil in duce nothing better, and no other soil in

VICE-REGAL VISIT.

The Princess and His Excellency at the Gloucester Street Convent.

On Saturday afternoon Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and His Excellency the Governor-General, attended by Miss McNeil and Captain Bagot, A. D.
C., paid an informal visit to the Convent
of the Congregation of Our Lady on
Gloucester Street. The party were re-Gloucester Street. The party were re-ceived at the main entrance by the Rev. Mother Superioress and other members of the community. After some time spent in minutely examining and criticising in the most laudatory manner a quantity of work, the productions of the deft hands of the young lady boarders, the party were conducted to the distribution room, on entering which they were received with a musical performance on pieces. musical performance on pianos, harps and organs. The hall, it may be remarked, en organs. The hall, it may be remarked, en passant, was ornamented in a most beautiful, but, withal, an artistically delicate manner, with pots of natural flowers, geraniums, etc., while at intervals were susaniums, etc., while at intervals were suspended scrolls bearing suitable inscriptions of welcome and good wishes. When the distinguished party had scated themselves a little mite of a girl presented the Princess with a bouquet of beautiful flowers in a few deligately supposed lines. Princess with a bouquet of beautiful flowers, in a few delicately composed lines, which breathed the same kind greetings and prayers, and which visibly affected Her Royal Highness. This grateful act was succeeded by the rendering of an appropriate Latin ode in a splendid manner by the young ladies. One of the young lady graduates, Miss Foisy, then advanced and read an address to the distinguished couple in French, and she in turn was succeeded by Miss Costigan, who read an address in English. Both addresses were address in English. Both addresses were models of conciseness, while saying all that could have been extended over folios: their rendering by the young ladies named afforded excellent proof as well of the care bestowed upon their training as of their own elocutionary talents. His Excellency replied in English and French on behalf of his royal spouse and himself. A grand instrumental performance brought the instrumental performance brought the more formal part of the reception to a close; but the visit did not end there, as both the distinguished visitors expressed a desire to be introduced to all, even from the little May Esmonde up to the eldest of the young lady graduates, making in each case a kind enquiry as to their status in their classes and the progress being made. More than one lesson was learnt from the visit—that affability and simplic-ity of manner as well as of dress an act ity of manner, as well as of dress, are not incompatible with true gentility. The visitors took their departure leaving beaind them a "red letter day" in the minds of the devoted daughters of the Venerble Mother Marguerite Bourgeois and their pupils. - Ottawa Citizen, May 7

God's Providence.

On a certain occasion, after the celebrated Father Beauregard had preached in one of the churches of Paris a beautiful discourse on Providence, a man accosted him, saying: "I have heard your sermon; it certainly was your fee. it certainly was very fine, but I cannot perceive the force of your arguments; I do not believe there is such a thing as a Providence, for I receive none of its cares

r benefits. "What! are you such an unbeliever?" "Ah, Father, facts are stubborn things; ny wife and three children work hard, d have never injured any one; yet I am reduced to such distress by the failure of ne of my debtors that, not being able to bear such misery, have determined on committing suicide.

"And how on earth did you come to church, if you entertained such a wicked

"I happened to pass by when the people were entering, and I followed them."

"And you still think there is no Providence? What but a special Providence could ordain that, while contemplating self destruction, you should enter a church, and hear a discourse just suited for you, and that you should be induced to come and deposit your griefs in my

bosom ?" "Well, I admit," said the poor creature. "Well, I admit," said the poor creature, after a slight pause, "that there is something remarkable in that; but, still, how am I to meet my creditors, to whom I owe \$625? How his Providence provided

owe \$625 f
for that?"

"Listen. I believe you to be sincere,
"Listen. Here are \$725,
hough unfortunate. Here are \$725, "Listen. I believe you to be sincere, though unfortunate. Here are \$725, given to me the other day by a lady, after a sermon on alms, to be disposed of in works of charity; take it in God's name, and recognize in the gift the effects of His all-ruling Providence."

The poor man repented of his wicked intention and we hove

intention, and, we hope, ver continued to adore the Divine Providence.

The Sons of St. Ignatins

The name of the cities and towns which The name of the cities and towns which are scattered through western America bear witness to the faith of those who founded them. Jesuit missionaries were the first to explore those vast regions which are now rapidly becoming the seat of a great empire. There is not a continent nor a country which does not bear upon it some record of the boaries and upon it some record of the heroic zeal which had its origin in the heart of St. Ignatius. The bones of the Jesuit martyrs are found in all lands, from Canada to China; and the Order is to-day doing its noble work with all the devotedness which characterized it is the few orders. characterized it in the first century of its existence. The Arabs have a proverb which says that "it is only at trees which bear golden fruit that stones are thrown."

... "Threw away her Supporter."

Dr. Pierce:—A neighbor of ours was uffering from "female weakness" which suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before.

JAMES MILLER. 4246 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va. Thomas Meyers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."