

"OVERCOMING."

We talk about power, and men may grow conceited as they lift themselves up and say, "I will be strong and conquer the world." Ah! it is not to be done so. There is one real and true strength in this universe, and that is God's strength, and no man ever did any strong thing yet that God did not do that strong thing in him. A man makes himself full of strength only as the trumpet makes itself full, by letting it be held at the lips of the trumpeter; so only man lets himself be made strong as he lets himself be held in the hand of God. As the chisel is powerless—if it tries to carve a statue by itself it goes tumbling and stumbling over the precious surface of the stone—as the chisel becomes itself filled and inspired with genius when it is put into the hand of the artist; so man, putting himself into the hand of God, loses his awkwardness as well as his feebleness, and becomes full of the graciousness and the strength of the perfect nature.

And to put myself into the hands of God, what does that mean? To know that God is my Father; to know that my life is a true issuing in this world of his life; to know that I become myself, only as I know myself His child. So the soul puts itself into the soul of God, and lets God do its work through him, so that that great mysterious consciousness enters into the life which was in Paul's life. Do you remember, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me?" So the soul which has given itself to God in filial consecration says, "I live, yet not I, but God liveth in me."—*Phillips Brooks.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PAPAL DISPENSATION.

We copy the following paragraph from the Roman correspondent of one of the leading Roman Catholic papers in this country:

"In September, Prince Amadeo will marry Princess Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of his sister and Prince Jerome. The marriage was arranged last winter, but it was necessary to have the approbation of Prince Jerome, who gave it only lately when Princess Clotilde went to see him. It was also necessary to have the canonical dispensation from the Pope. That was asked by Cardinal Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin. Leo XIII. at the beginning was quite opposed to it, because, as is known, the Church does not like marriages between relatives. As there was a precedent for it, however, and as Princess Clotilde as well as Prince Amadeo have deserved well of the Church, the Pope yielded and gave the dispensation." That is, Prince Amadeo will marry his niece. To marry one's niece is incest by the laws of God and man. But the Pope, by giving his permission, can make incest no incest. Marriage, being a sacrament and a means of grace, he has the power not only of forgiving sin, but of making sin virtue and of calling evil good. He was at first "quite opposed" to giving his permission to incest, but "there was a precedent for it," not the precedent of Abram, who married his half-sister, Sarai—a relationship which is, in blood, exactly equivalent to that of uncle and niece—for that precedent does not count in the Church to-day; but the precedent of those other Popes who allowed the Queen of Spain to marry her uncle, and their son, the Prince of Brazil, to marry his aunt. Besides, both uncle and the Princess Clotilde "have deserved well of the Church." So had Tetzels customers deserved

well of the Church, who gave money to build St. Peter's. It is not a whit different in principle—it is more atrocious in morals—for Leo XIII. to give permission to live in continued incest from what it would be if it were fully true that Leo X., as Protestant writers have said, sold absolution of sins for money. This is one of the cases that show the intrinsic evil of the Papal assumption. If there is a local law against incest in Italy as there is here, that law might be properly enforced against Prince Amadeo and his incestuous wife; and it would be in this country, for all the Pope and all his Cardinals. The Pope would not dare to give a license to incest in this country, however well the parties may have deserved of the Church. There is not a decent Catholic but would protest against it. But in Italy!

"THAT DIABOLICAL APPARATUS,

the stomach," is the energetic phrase which Carlyle applied to his own troublesome organ of digestion. The great essayist was a dyspeptic from his youth; but had he used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he might have shaken off the incubus of indigestion, "like a dewdrop from a lion's mane," and there would have been more "sweatness and light" in his writings and his home. All druggists; 25 cents a vial.

A SWISS STORY.

A group of young men were standing one morning in April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was John Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood-carver, and half a dozen others, with their sisters and sweethearts.

Bund, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls, to see the effect.

"What do you say to a race, boys? There is Johann Leid with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes, Leid?"

Leid nodded, threw off his coat, and was beaten in both race and wrestle. He was a big, sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeannette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger than of your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeannette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, undersized fellow, the son of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books. I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeannette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over smiling, but coloring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.

"Come, girls!" cried Bund. The girls drew nearer, shy but curious.

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants me to try a throw with Voss; but it wouldn't be fair, for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color. He played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew that it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength; but it was hard to be told it—before little Jeannette too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I."

"What is it?" cried Nicholas, eagerly.

"You can swim. Come, jump into the river yonder with me and see which of us can reach the other shore!"

The girls looked at the river. It was swollen with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice which crushed and tore each other as they went rushing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed!" they said looking admiringly at Bund. Jeannette looked and turned away with a shudder.

"Well done, Bund," said the other lads. "There's no cowardice in Bund, that's certain."

Bund tore off his woollen jacket and boots, straightened himself and clapped his hands. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little one, off with your coat. You're a famous swimmer, and Jeannette is looking," under his breath, with an angry flash in his eyes.

Nicholas looked at the lads waiting, and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the icy river. He did not trust himself to look at Jeannette. In summer he had often swam the Aar at this very point. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness, perhaps death, and for no other purpose than to satisfy the pride of a vaporing, idle fellow.

"Come, come!" cried Bund.—"Afraid, eh?" The lads and the girls looked at Voss. Even Jeannette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim," he said.

If he had bluffed it out in a strident, jocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward. He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid! afraid!" laughed Bund insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to Jeannette, loud enough for Voss to hear him.

Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his father in that mood. He went to the bear pits. Now everybody knows that the bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese; and Nicholas, like his neighbours, took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in the pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them at all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travellers and Americans. Their children were climbing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

"Take care, youngsters," cried a workman. "They are fierce—those monsters down there. An English officer fell in last spring; and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the murderer," cried a woman.

All the people stretched their neck to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe to lean farther over. There was a push, a scream.

"The child! Ach Gott! It is gone."

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crushed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death, people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing curiously. The monster that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his fore-legs, and dragging himself toward it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There was a wild cry from the crowd. A boy had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with a sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes, but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him."

"The others are coming on him."

"Ach, what blows."

"Well struck. Again, again."

"But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces."

"O, the poor boy."

"See, the bear has torn his flesh."

"He has the child! He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

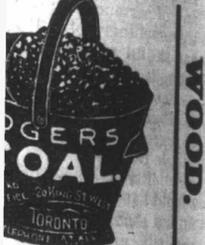
But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass of the people leaned over,

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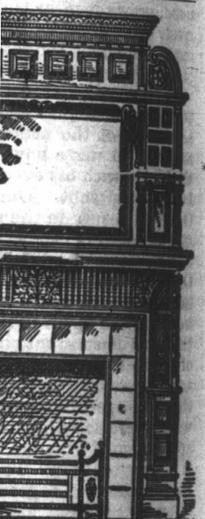
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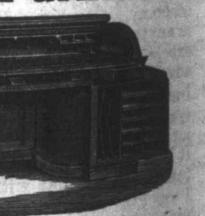
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