Love Fulfils the Law.

2

The Gencese Baint Catharine Once pleaded with our Lord : "How can I love my neighbor, O blest incarnate Word !-How can I love my neighbor, How make his needs my own, When love, and life, and labor Are all for Thes alone ?"

But sweet a Voice made answer: "God's love, heloved one, Embracet b every creature, Above, beneath the sun; God's love is Love's perfection, For God is Charity-Aud he who loves Me, Catharine, Loves all things loved by Me!" -FLEANOR C. DONKELLY.

## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XLVII.

BILLY HEFFERNAN WONDERS WHAT "IS COM ING OVER" NOBAH.

Billy Heffernan had run off over ditches and hedges in a straight line, with his eyes fired upon the chimney of Pail Lahy's old house, and never stopped till be stood behind Norah's straw chair. And then Billy Heffernan did stop very suddenly, and made a foolish pretence of having waiked in very alowly and carelessly, and with no object in the world except to pass away the time. The instantaneous change from break neck speed and breathless hasts to a lazy lounge, as he moved towards Phil Lahy's shop-board, caused Norah to smile. He took up a picce of chalk and commenced writing the letters of the alphabet in round hand on the lap-board very carefully and deliberately, till he came to the letter g, and then Billy ventured to glance sideways at Norah, it-ting in her straw chair, with her wasted Billy Heffernan had run off over ditche

ventured to glance sideways at Norah, sit-ting in her straw chair, with her wasted hand on the head of the rough terrier. Now, it occurred, at the last moment to Billy Heffernan, that to communicate the joyful news of Mat Donovan's safety too abruptly to Norah might give her a shock that would prove injurious to her. Aud, in his own way, he set about correct-ing the mistake he had made. But, as he glanced at Norah, and saw how calm he glanced at Norab, and saw how calm and collected she was, he thought she must not have beard of the accident to Mat must not have beard of the accident to Mat Donovan at all, and resolved to go on with his writing till her father and mother arrived. To his great surprise, however, before he had got half way to the end of

the lap-board, Norsh said : "Well, Billy, why don't you tell me all about Mat ?'

He turned quickly round, and to his great astonishment saw not the less symptom of auxiety or agitation about her; but, on the contrary, she seemed as

if trying to suppress a smile. "She knows nothin' about id," thought Billy Heffernan. "Begor, I'm glad uv id; for I was afeard it might frighten the If is not i was steard it inght inght in the life out uw her. An' twee well she tuck no notice uw the way I ran in. 'Twas well I didn't tumble up against her, I was in such a pucker to make her mind 'asy

about Mat. about Mat," "Billy," said Norsh, "why don't you tell me all about what's after happening to Mat Donovan ? Nelly was here with me when the report went about that he was killed, and she was terribly fright-

Her apparent indifference about the matter astonished Billy Heffernan beyond

matter astonished Billy Heffernan beyond expression; and he stared at her with open mouth for mearly a minute before he was able to reply. "He's all right," said Billy at last. "Oh, yes, I know that," returned Norah quite calmly. "But he was in danger." Billy Heffernan's astonishment now took a different turn; and, as he looked into her dark eyes and paie, spiritual face, he began, with that proneness to supersti-tion for which he was remarkable, to fancy that he had supernatural knowledge tion for which he was remarkable, to fancy that he had supernatural knowledge of events passing beyond the ken of mere bodily senses. She seemed to know what was passing in his mind, and the covert smile about her lips and in her eyes tended formid suspicion that she must be in com-munion with those invisible beings of the shrame. There's some change comin' descent the strame. There's some change comin' the shrame. There's some change comin' the shrame. There's some change comin' the strame the stram ce in earth and sir he had no more doubt than he had of his own. But, notwithstanding the plentitude of his faith in such matters, it is worthy of remark that Billy Heffernan always held

good nurse in Nelly to take ears of him." "So he would," returned Billy Heffer-nan, "and his mother, too." "Nelly is very good," continued Norah. "Bhe's the best-hearted poor thing in the world. And ahe's very fond of me. She and me were always great friends, Billy." "So ye wor," returned Billy. "Always." "And if Mat met with an accidence, he'd have some one to take ears of him," re-joined Norah, as if thinking aloud. "But, Billy," she continued, "if any-thing happened you, you'd have no one. And what would you do !" "Td take my chance," Billy answered. "God is good." "That's true," she replied fervently ; "God is good. Bat 'the hard for you to feel happy all alone by yourself. And you are going on very well, by all ac-counts, and getting more comfortable every year."

every year." "I know who I have to thank for that,"

"What is id ?" "Well, you know what I mean," she answered, as if she wished to avoid being more explicit. "I often think of id this while back, when Nelly Donovan and my-self do be talking about old times." "Norah," said Billy Hieffernan, quite agitated, as he hurriedly wiped out the letters he had chalked with such pains on the lan,beard "for G d'a saik don't talk the lap-board, "for God's sake don't talk to ms any more that way. I'm well enough as I am. I want for nothin'. An' if I am lonesome idse'f, 'tis lonesome I'd

rather be." rather be." Norah smiled. She smiled a little while before, because she was amused. Bat this was a different kind of smile altogether. Yes; Billy Heffernar's refusal to listen to be the state of the s

what she was about proposing to him gave her pleasure. Yet, if he did listen to her advice and followed it, it would have advice and followed it, it would have given her pleasure too-pleasure sweet-ened by self-sacrifice. She would be glad to see Billy Heffernan and Nelly Dono-van happy. Yet she was glad that Billy Heffernan would not listen to her plan for his happiness. Self-sacrifice is sure of its reward either way. "Well, Billy," said Norah Lahy, "you will remember my words hereafter." Oh ! that "hereafter "--how heavily it fell upon his heart ! His back was still turned to her ; and with one eibow on the table, and shading his eyes with bis hand, he went on with the ohalking again ; but instead of care-fuly formed letters, he covered the board

his eyes with his hand, he went on with the chalking again ; but instead of care-fully formed letters, he covered the board with mere dots and shapelees figures. He felt almost angry with her. "Sure she has no right," he said to himself, "to be talkin" that way. Don't she know I'd as lief be dead as the way I do be when id comes into my head?" And Billy, held the lap-board near his eyes—for it was now nearly dark—and seemed to be trying to to decipher the hieroglyphics he had traced upon it. "I don't know what's comin' over her this while back," he con-tinued, glancing stealthily at Norah; tinued, glancing stealthily at Norah "every wan used to be remarkin' that

"How so ?" Billy asked again. "How so ?" Billy asked again. "I was never a man of extreme views," returned Phil. "I admire some of the extreme party for their genius, and I never took part in the cry against them. Bot I'm a man of moderate views, and always was. Old Phil Morris and I could never agree on some points. But, Billy, 'tis enough to knock moderation ont of any man to talk to a crawler! You heard the conversation I had with that man sitting at this fire ?" "I remember," replied Billy Heffernan. "An' Mat remarked as we wor goin' home, that all he was worth in the world was sunk in his little spot—that he hadn't

home, that all he was worth in the world was sunk in his little spot—that he hads't a penny; on'y as fast as he'd have id little'id all go in dhrainin' an' buildin'." "Well, that same Tom Hogan calls me over an' I passin' a while ago when I thought uv you. Faith, a person 'd think,' asys he, 'that yon knew what they wor goin' to do.' 'What do you mane, Tom ?' says J—speakin' as civil as I could to him, because Norsh here beyed uv me not to be severe on 

shillin's an acre, Phil,' says he, 'to make id the even money. A couple uv pounds a year won't make much difference. But whin Darby walked in an' apoke uv another rise, begor, I thought of what you wor sayin' to me last night. An' wasn't dhroll,' he says, laughin', 'that your words come to pass all at wance i' 'Tom,' eays I, 'I have nothin' to eay to you.' 'Darby tould me,' says the wife, 'that Mr. Pender was sorry, but that he couldn't heip id whin the ordher came down from the landlord.' But 'tisn't Tom Hegan that's throublin' me.'' con-Tom Hogan that's throublin' me," con-tinued Phil, after a pause; "but I fear we're goin' to have some bad work in the "What bad work, Phil?" his wife asked

in alarm. "Well, that blessed bird," he returned

" that came in to light the lamp tother n'ght-honest Darby-and Wat Corcoran wor overheard makin' some remarks to wor overheard makin' some remarks to day about bein' near stirrin' times about here. An' we all know what that manes. Mat Donovan is likely to lose his little garden, too. An' that's a bad sign. An' there's poor Mick Brien that they beg-oared. Kept him hangin' on expetin' there's poor Mick Brien that they beg-gared. Kept him hangin' on expectin' they'd give him a little spot somewhere, if 'twas on'y a skirt uv the bog, till every penny he had was gone uv whatever thrifis he was able to make by sellin' the few things he had left afther bein' turned out uv the nice little farm that his people lived in for hundreds uv years. Well, Maurice Kasynaw gara birg a complete out uv the nice little farm that his people lived in for hundreds uv years. Well, Maurice Kasney gave him a couple uv bundles uv straw to cover the roof over his wife an' childher. An' just when he had id finished the guardian angels come to tell him he muet go out; that the cabin is to be pulled down, as such cabins can't be allowed on the property any longer. I'm tould he's out uv his mind. The wife is thought to be in a decline. an' two ny

I'm touch ne sout uv his mind. I he wire is thought to be in a decline, an' two nv the childher have the faver. An' the thought uv the poorhouse sets him mad." At these last few words the tears began to fall silently from North's eyes; and

CONSCIENCE NECESSARILY IM. PLIES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. N. Y. Catholic Review.

part would occur to her; but it was Bessy's love of conquest and admiration that tended most to prejudice Norsh Laby sgainst her. And now on observing Billy Heffernan's embarrasment, she thought Bessy might have been trying the power of her fascini-tion upon him too. It was but the thought of a moment, dismissed almost as soon as formed. But Norsh did say to herself, after a moment's reflection, that she "would not like it." Billy Heffernan's embarrassment, how-ever, was simply caused by remembering

ever, was simply caused by remembering his resolution to say nothing about the

his resolution to say nothing about the dragoon. "I think," Phil Lahy observed, "I ought to take a walk up to see Mat." "Give him time to be done his supper, at any rate," returned his wife. "Very well," he rejoined. "But what I'm afraid uv is that this fail may come against him in throwing the eledge wish the cap-tain. I'll advise Mat not to venture. 'I'is too serious a matter. And-mad," added Phily Lahy, in a dignified way, "a man should not forget his duty to the public. That's Mat's weak point. He can't be got to see that he's a public character. The people at large are concerned. The credit to see that he's a public character. The people at large are concerned. The credit of Knocknagow is at stake. So I must explain this to Mat. The captain, too, though a good fellow, is an aristocrat. That fact cannot be lost eight of. So I must explain matters to Mat. Au', if he is not in condition, he's bound to decline throwing the aledge with Captain French on the prenet occasion." things and to avoid others. We believe indeed that the existence of this moral faculty in man is one of the best evidences

"Do you think there's any danger he might be bet?" Billy Heffernan asked, with a blinding of terror and incredulity in bla lock next position is that this factify of con-science—this moral nature with which He has endowed us—though it does not in-struct us as to what His will that we should do some things and avoid others. in his look. "There's no knowin', Billy," returned

"There's no knowin', Billy," returned Phil. "A man'd want to be careful upon important occasions; particularly when the public are—are—the fact is, said Phil, at a loss for a word, "I must have a talk with Mat."

"Begor," returned Billy Heffernan, "you're afther makin' me someway un-

"you're atther makin' me someway un-easy. Good evenin' to ye." "Good evenin', Billy," returned Phil Lahy, benevolently. "Don't let anything I'm after sayin' prey on your mind. Let us hope for the best." "1'll never b'lieve," returned Billy Heffernan, stopping before he reached the shop door, "1'll never b'lieve the man was ever born that's able to bate Mat at the sledge."

sledge." "You are right, Billy-unless he does himself injustice-an' what I want to pre-vent is that. You know yourse'f Mat is a

vent is that. You know yourse'f Mat is a soft soart of a fellow; and requires a friend to advise him. Are you goin'up that way yourse'f ?" "No," Billy replied. "I have to mend the mule's breechin', an' to fill the load, as l'm to be on the road to ringht." "Billy," said Mrs. Lahy, "maybe you'd take a walk down again, as I want a box uv candles an'a few other thing that l'm nearly out uv." "Very well," he replied. "I'll take a walk down before I go to bed." And as Billy, ster lighting one of his antediluvian block, to repair Kit's harness, he felt so "Very well," he replied. "I'll take a walk down before I go to bad." And as Billy, after lighting one of his antediluvian tapeos, sat down upon his antediluvian block, to repair Kit's harness, he felt so oppressed and nervous, thinking of the etrange change be had noticed in Norah Laby, and of the possibility of Captain French beating Mat Donovan at the eledge, that he heartily wished for the long summer days, when he could stretch upon a bank in the lonesome bog and listen to the whistle of the plover. manner that we shall not be left in doubt. But that can only be done by a special revelation. We believe that God has given us such revelation. But revelation is couched a revelation. But revelation is couched in human language and human language is naturally ambiguous. Questions are continually arising as to what the meaning of the revelation is. How shall that meaning be determined without an inter-preter? It certainly cannot be left to individual intervention for in that can

TO BE CONTINUED.

preter? It certainly cannot be left to individual interpretation, for in that case the revelation would be made to speak as INGERSOLL AND THE VIVISEC. TIONISTS.

Bob Ingersoll goes into paroxysm of indignant eloquence over the brutality and wickedness of the vivisectionists. "Never," he writes, "can I be the friend of one who vivisects his fellow creatures. I do not wish to touch his hand." Revolting and horrible as are the practices of vivisection, what are they, after all, to the deliberate destruction of the faith and souls of human beings? an interpreter endowed with the preroga-itive of speaking in the name of God. In a word, there must be a tribunal some-where to which doubtful questions and disputes may be referred with the infal-lible certainty that the decision will be in a coordance with the will of God. It and a particular to a summary to the source of the source the source of the source o numan beings?

needs no argument to prove that no such 

disbelieved with the rest, and they will have little better than no religion at all. The Catholic religion has ever professed, and by virtue of the Divine Commission

and by virtue of the Divine Commission given to her ever will profess and propose to our belief the sublime and awful truths of revelation with all its mysteries, although no created capacity can compre-hend, no human imagination penetrate them. So far from weakraing the faith of any enlightened Christian the circum-stance of the existence of mysteries ought rather to strengthen and edify the Ohris-tian. N. Y. Catholic Review. Naturalists tell us that from a single bone they can reconstruct the whole frame of the animal to which it belonged. Bo, from the existence of concelence in the human soul we can logically deduce the necessity of the Church. We mean of course the foundation principles and essential features of the Church. What is conscience? It is very properly syled the voice of God in the human soul. It is that faculty or sentiment of the soul which commends us when we do right, and reproves us when we do wrong. In fact, it is that within us which indicates that there is a right and a wrong in our actions and admonishes us that we should

rather to strengthen and edify the Onti-tian. In things even of the natural order do we not find almost every object a mystery to the human understanding ? So much is this the case, that if we are to believe only what we fully understand, we should believe little or nothing at all. The firmament, the earth, the sea-life, death; yes, the merset grain of eand we tread upon; the growth of vegetables, grain and fruit are all objects incomprehensible to our weak-ness of intellect. Suall we, then, weak and little as we find ouuselves to be, pretend to measure the ways of God; His nature and attri-butes; the extent of His omipoteneos or the wisdom and plan of His designs ? On the contrary--unable to explain and that there is a right and a wrong in our actions and admonishes us that we should do the right and avoid the wrong. Here it must be carefully noted that this in-ward faculty or sense does not teach us what is right and what is wrong; men's conscientious convictions differ according to the light they have. That does not mil-itate against the existence of conscience it-self. It only shows that our Creator has im-lanted within us a clark and unmitted.

planted within us a clear and unmistak-able indication that He wishes us to do some On the contrary—unable to explain and understand many things of earth—our manifest duty is to reflect with humility upon our absolute littleness, and, with— out presuming to require of God an account of His inscrutable ordinances, of the existence of an intelligent and moral Creator. But this is not the point at which we are now siming. We take for granted that God made us and our first position is that this faculty of conimply to believe, be thankful and adore

IDOLATRY AND IDIOCY.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER THINKS

THAT CATHOLICS WORSHIP IMAGES.

Catholic Columbian.

Bat how are we to determine what the will of God is ? How shall we know what A reversi gentleman belonging to the Presbyterian Church of Baltimore de-clined to vote the other day for the re-vision of the Confession of Faith. The revision includes the elimination of the to do and what not to do? We may ad-mit here, that enlightened reason dictates certain great general principles of ethlos, but it does not furnish a sufficient guide for the conduct of life in all its varied re-lations, and especially does it not gives us that information in regard to the great end of our existence and the means of attaining that end which is absolutely essential to the perfection of our nature and our highest happiness in this world. Left to the light of reason we are all in the dark on the great and important to do and what not to do? We may adstupid and offansive falsehood characteriz. ing Roman Catholics as idolaters. The reverend gentleman declined to accede to this rather tardy and wholly unsolicited this rather tardy and wholly unsolicited act of common sense, common courtesy and inadequate reparation. He said he had seen a Romen Catholic standing un-covered before a statue of the Virgin. Catholics also expressed homage for pictures and effigies of the saints. He was not going to stultify himself; they are idelaters. He voted no. Had this reverend gentleman a mother ? We must suppose he had. Was she worthy of his love and homage ? Assur-elly. Has he any portrait of her in his house ? It is to be hoped he is so for-tunate. When he stands before it, does the dark on the great and important questions which continually sgitate the questions which continuity spitze the minds of thinking men in regard to their fiual destiny. We are conscious of aspirations and longings for something higher, purer, better than anything that this world can afford; at the same

house? It is to be hoped he is so for-tunate. When he stands before it, does he put his hat on-assuming that he is habitually uncovered in his house—and crush it down despitefully upon his eyes? Certainly he does; for if he stand before the portreit of his mother uncovered, is he not guilty of idolatry? Does he re-member the semitereasy of his mother member the anily of identity ( ) bes here member the anily erssy of his mother's death, be he so unhappy as to have lost her? When the day of, sad re-membrance comes as the years roll by, does he place fresh flowers in a vase before her picture? Cartainly not; would be her picture? Deate

would he be guilty of idolatry? Does he take his children to gaze upon her sweet face and with his own tears flowing, bid them keep forever in honor the mem-ory of her who bore their father? Monstrous thought ! Would he not thereby

be guilty of idolatry ? Did he not, when returning from her burial, stand before her portrait and with Cowper cry,

many languages as there were interpreters. No, God's truth is one, and in order to ascertain the mind of God there must be "Oh that those lips had language?" To him that would be blasphemy as

well as idolatry. Not his the heart the post breathed :

"The meek intelligence of those dear eyes (Blessed be the art that can immortalize,---The art that baffi's Time's tyrannic claim To quench it) here shines on me still the same."

He must hold that Cowper was an idolater ; and, to be consistent, he must deprive his own children of any effigy of their mother or of himself lest they, too, shall fall into idolatry.

gentleman when he rambles through the beautiful city in which his lot is cast, is sbocked to find statues and monumental

piles in its public places. He must gaze with horror upon collections of art of

which Baltimore contains one of the finest in the country. What an idolater is

his eyes when he enters his galleries, he is

raise the heart to her and to God the Father who chose her for such grief? But is it not only becoming a gentleman to remove the hat when approaching a Venus de Medicl? When Rabens painted a Descent from the Cross, did he know it would be idolatry to permit it to fill the soul with thoughts of pity, of Denser, of humiliation, and only correct

which plece of infidelity procured for him the undying emmity of Kit Cummins. "You're wondering at me, Billy," said Norah, giving the smile full play at last, and revealing her ivory white teeth; which somehow had the effect of imparting a deeper shade of melancholy to her ok. "You think I'm a witch or something of that kind,"

"Begor, if you're anything at all id must be somethin' good," he answered, "Well, I was frightened, Billy," said

Norah. "Poor, brave, boucet Mat Dono-van, that everyone is proud of blm and fond of him! But I said to myself that God magned and that 14 offau up for God was good, and that I'd offer up a few God was good, and that I'd offer up a lew prayers for him. Then I heard the shout, and I knew he was esfe. And I said to myself, too, he must be after escaping some danger, or the people wouldn't shout that way. And, Billy," she added, emiling again, "I knew you'd be the first to remember me and to relieve my mind. So when I saw you rushing in I was sure all was right." all was right.'

Billy returned to his chalking and went on carefully till he came to m-which letter was so well executed that he ed to admire it-but said nothing. Cell me what happened, Billy," said stopp

Tell me what happened, Billy," Norab, leaning her head against the back of her chair, as if, after all, she felt weary and exhausted.

Billy told how a high rick, that was higher than the top of the chimney, and, in fact, as far as he could judge, as high as the beech-tree, had fallen while Mat Donovan was "cutting a bench" up near the top of it. And how some thought he was "made bruss of" on the ground; and others that it was only smothered he was by the hay on top of him; while a few asserted positively that Mat was "ripped open" by the sharp hay-knife. But Billy was able to bear witness that he had seen Mat with his own eyes, quite whole, neither pulverised nor embowelled, and, to all appearances, having the free use of

to all appearances, having the free use of his lungs. "I'm very glad he's not hurt," said Norah. "But if he was," she added thoughtfully after a pause, "he'd have a

desperate things, if he had the chance over her I'm afeared, or she wouldn't be

over her 1'm afeared, or she wouldn't be goin' on this way." 'He was interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of Hanor Laby, who—rather to the surprise of Billy—was immediately followed by her husband. "Wishs, is id there you are, Billy ?" ex. claimed Honor. "Mat is afther axin" where you wor. "and us you way us us could where you wor; an' not wan uv us could tell him. We wor all wondherin' what happened you." " I ran down to tell Norah, whin I see

he wasn't hurt. I thought she might be unaley. "Well, well." returned Honor, as if she

felt quite ashamed of herself, "see how not wan uv us ever thought uv that. An' sure I might 'asy know her mind 'd be throubled ; an' for all I never thought uv id." She knelt down as she spoke, and id." She knelt down as she spoke, and arranged Norah's shawl more comfortably about her shoulders. "We had no right," as she pinned the shawl, "to run away an' lave you by yourse'f. But I got such a start thinkin' poor Mat was killed, that I didn't know what I was doin'. An' sure only the mercy uv God 'tis killed ha'd he." he'd be.

Phil had flung himself in a chair in an almost gasping condition after his exer-tions. He fixed a severe glance on his

wife, and even on his daughter, and then shook his head and looked into the fire. shook his head and looked into the fire. There was no sign, not the shadow of a symptom of a "little nourlehment," and Phil Lahy seemed to have made up his mind that all Christian charity had van-ished from the world, and that there was nothing left for him but to be resigned. And he was resigned ! He did not com-plain in the least. No murnur would

mind, and only thought, as a patriot and philanthropist, of the grievances of his fellow men. "Billy," said he, addressing himself to

Billy Heffernan, who had turned round and now stood with his back to the shop-board, resting sgainst it, " these are quare times.

"So you see, Billy," said Phil Laby, "that thinkin' of such things is enough to make any man violent." "'Tis thrue !" replied Billy Heffernan

almost fiercely. "I of'en think uv Mick Brien's wffe," Honor observed, as if she were thinking aloud, while, with her chin on her hand and her elbow resting on the shopt she gazed at the moon through the branches of the beech-tree. "She was side a good charitable woman. 'Tis too good else was. Of'en Father M'Mahon said

ebo was. Of'en Father M'Mahon said 'twas a pity she wan't as rich as Damer." "'Tis many a piggin of milk she made me dhrink," said Billy Heffernan, "when I'd be paisin' comin' from Clo'mel. Au' Mick brought home my ould coat that I put about him the last night I was passin." I'd rather he'd keep id," added Billy, "for the divil a much harm a wettin' ever done me. But Mick wouldn't be satisfied. An' whin he was comin' for the straw to Misther Kearney's, he brought home the of man.

Misther Kearney's, he brought home the coat. Onld Phil Morris gave him the lend uv his ass to brin' the straw. An' sure if he kem to me for the mule I'd give her to him an' welcome. But he asve he thought I might be on the road.

An' he knew Phil Mortis's ass was idle." "Were you talking to Bessy Mortis since she came home?" Norah asked, after an interval of silence. "She ran in since she came home?" Norah asked, after an interval of silence. "She ran in to see me, but she had no time to delay." "She was at the weddin'," returned Billy; "an' I called — An' I met her above the Bush"—he broke off..."this mornin', as she was comin' to Misther Kearney's to make a dhress for Miss Marv."

Mary." Norah raised her eyes quickly when plain in the least. No murmur would ever estape his lips. He was never a grumbler; never "a nan for complain-ing." And in a spirit of resignation and self abnegation, Pbil Laby dismissed all thought of his own sufferings from his mind, and only thought, as a patriot and belle thread to think. She admired Beesy Morris very much, and inked her pretty well; though the admired beesy Morris very much, and inked her pretty well; though the admired beesy Morris very much, and the distribution of the admired beesy Morris very much, and the admired beesy Morris very much admired beesy Morris very she never did warm to her so much as to Nelly Donovan and one or two more of

her schoolfellows.

She saw how much superior to them all Besey was in many respects; but, in spite of her cleverness and winning ways Norah could not help thinking that Besey Morris

wanted heart. She often accused herself of being unjust, but she could not reason hereelf out of this impression. Many little instances of selfishness on Bessy's

his happiness than the comfort or even the life of his body? "The wretches who commit these infamous crimes pretend that they are working for the good of man, that they are actuated by philan-thropy, and that their pity for the suffer-ings of the human race drives out all their rits for the actions is "

irgs of the human race drives out an entry pity for the animals." Bob and professional infidels of his ilk cannot even make a pretense of serving humanity or of promoting any serving humanity on they practice for worthy cause when they practice for money and notoristy the irrational and unscientific soul vivisection, by which they uproot and destroy what is vital to the present happiness and future welfare

If it is shocking to see dumb creatures tortured, how much more so should not it be to witness the spectacle of fellow-men divested of that spiritual faith and hope so essential to the peace of mind and true solace of reasonable and reasoning beinge.

beings. Ingersoll's intense sympathy for his "feliow-creatures," the victims of viviseo-tion, partakes very much of the sham sen-timentality with which he replaces the nobler emotions arising from religious

faith and feeling. In nothing does the arrant humbuggery of Ingersollian humanity disclose itself more plainly than in the over-wrought diction, in which the grandilo quent Bob scores the monsters who, under the pretense of scientific investi gation, torture the "living, quivering gation, torture the "livin flesh" of dogs and rabbits.

The man who publicly proclaims his disbellef in the existence of God, the only possible source of pity and mercy and sympathy, cuts rather an awkward figure en he undertakes to pose as the em odiment of these virtues.-Baltimor Mirror.

## Distrustfal People

Latitudinarian profess and promulgate auch views. But it is certainly starting to now find so many, hitherto professing a strong belief in Revelation, going nearer and nearer to the holding of similar views of solution. Make an exception in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarhous, dysendery, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the of religion. Take one mystery, alone-that of the Incarnation. Protestants, with cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtain-

cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtain able. A NURN OR CUT will heal quickly and leave less scarif Victoria Carbolic Salve is applied at once. Minard's Liniment for sale everywheres that of the Incarnation. Protestants, with but rare exceptions, have ever held to a qualified belief in that mystery, whereby the Son of God took upon Himself the save us. If Protestants come to discard mysteries, that of the Incarnation will be

be thought that an infallible tribunal for be thought that an infailible tribunal for interpreting the will of God be improb-able, we reply there is no more inherent improbability in such a supposition than that God would inspire men to give us a revelation. On the contrary, as it is absolutely impossible for men to agree upon the meaning of the revelation that God has given us without an infal

s a which Baitimore contains one of the inest is in the country. What an idolater is ree William T. Walter! He has gathered together famous pictures, exquisite mar-fal. bles, the achievements of painter and it sculptor, engraver and sketcher; and if to he does not not push his hat down over zive bis aver when he enters his callerias he is upon the meaning of the revelation that God has given us without an infal-lible tribunal of interpretation, it is manifestly quite probable, to say the least, that He would give us such a tribunal. Catholics claim that He has given us such a tribunal in the Catholic Church, and they give good and substantial reasons for their claim over and above the a prior prohis eyes when he enters his galleries, he is guilty of idolatry. Or does our reverend friend discrim-inate? Is it idolatry to stand uncovered before the Cross of Christ but becoming and dutiful to bow before a statue of Washington or of the Apollo-Belvidere? Is idolatry to bend the knee at the shrine of the broken-hearted Virgin who missenhous here the Bedvider bergin claim over and above the *a priori* pro-bability arising out of the necessity of it. And they are the only body in the world that does make the claim. Therefore, the Ostholic Church is the fulfilment, the

Ostholic Church is the fulfilment, the who miraculously bore the Redeemer, completion and the true exponent of the revelation of God, the only fitting and subfactory expression of the aspirational raise the heart to her and to God the satisfactory expression of the aspirations of our nature, and our only safe guide through the labyrinth and mysteries of our being with which we are surrounded

in this world.

MYSTERIES IN RELIGION. Pittsburg Catholic

It to fill the soul with thoughts of pity, of prayer, of humiliation, and only correct and becoming deportment to fail into rapture before his incongruous mythologi-cal composition? Shall we turn icon-There is a disposition, existing in the There is a disposition, existing in the minds of men who plume themselves upon being learned philosophers, and fall of wisdom beyond their fellow men, to reject all mysteries in religion, as being beyond reason, and incomprehensible— therefore not to be believed. The trend oclasts only when the saints are involved and set up in niches and parks only pagan deities or modern instances ?

It is greatly to the credit of the Presby-teriane of Baltimore that a majority of them voted that in their judgment Roman Catholice are not like to the the terms of too great a portion of modern thought, outside of Catholicity, is unmistakably in Catbolics are not idiots, that they do not the same direction. For a long period it was usual, and to be looked for, to hear the Socialan and worship images, and are not, therefore, Idolaters ?

A. Maybee, Merchant, Warkworth, writes: I have sold some hundreds of bothles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and bost medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, &c., and is worthy of the greatest confidence.