The Forget Me Not.

One morning, when the earth was new and rainbow tinted lay the dew, The Father came Upon His waiting flowers He east A gentle glance, and as He passed, Gave such a name.

The twilight deepening, as before He walked among His dowers once more And saked each one What name apart from all the rest He gave, ite faithfulness to test, When day begun.

The astor, columnine and rose All answered—every flower that grows In field or wood— Save one wee blossom from whose eyes shone back the solor of the akles, That silent stood.

The flowers were still "I love Thee so!"
like said; then, trembling, whispered low,
Yet I "forget!"
Dear child, thy name thou may'st forget
and be forgiven—only yet
Forget Me Mot."

MYSTERY OF THE GENESEE.

pleasant companion. Perhaps a happier family-circle could not have been found in the year 1825 along the Genesse.

This is not a love story. But it becomes necessary to state that Roger Davenant became engaged that winter to the daughter of a neighboring family, and frequently visited her. The word "neighboring," as here used, has relation to the time and the locality. The houses were three miles apart. It was the custom of the young man to ride quer to the house of Mr. Corruth before sunset on the days of his visits, to remain with Gertrude till 10 o'clock, and then return home. This he did upon the 21st of December—the dreadful, long-remembered day, when he passed from all consciousness of the things of this world.

The mysterious and utterly inexplic-The mysterious and utterly inexplicable events of that night caused the route that Roger Davenant always pursued between the two houses to be carefully examined. I presume that at least one thousand persons, first and last, surveyed it, scrutinizing every foot of it. Maps and plans were made, and distances and the character of the country noticed to aid in the elucidation of the mystery. This attempent will show the noticed to aid in the elucidation of the mystery. This atatement will show the vigilance and earnestness of the investigation, which, ere the winter was over, became a public interest, and profoundly stirred the people for a hundred miles along that valley. The surveys and plans showed that from the mansion of Isaiah Davenant to the river there was an easy slope of about a fourth of a mile. The Genesee, fordable at almost all seasons at this point, was at this time bound with ice. Across it, after a bare interval of another quarter of a mile, stretched the dense primeval forest for a width of dense primeval forest for a width of quite a mile, intersected with bridle paths, and half broken roads for oxteams. Beyond this, alternate clearings and patches of woods brought the way.

and patches of woods brought the way-farer to the house of Mr. Carruth.
Upon the night of December 21, the children at the Davenant house had all been put to bed, and Isaiah and his wife were sitting up, waiting for Roger. The clock was upon the stroke of eleven when his horse's hoofs were heard. Isaiah went to the door with a candle; there was a brief parky; and then the voice of the elder parley; and then the voice of the elder brother was heard calling loud and sharp

to his wife:

"Ruth—for Heaven's sake, come here!
Something is the matter with Roger."
She flew to the door. Isaiah was holding the horse by the bridle, with the other

"that one life should be blasted. Let us not have two."

But it seemed as if these two lives were bound together beyond the power of change or circumstance to sever them. Three brief years passed, and Gertrude returned from the West, a widow. There was no change in the condition of Roger Davenant: he knew her no more than when she had left him; but the double grief and bereavement which she had suffered seemed to draw her again to the poor wreck who had forgotten her in forgetting all the world. So it happened that she was present at his death bed, with the sorrowing relations who surrounded it.

brother asked. The eyes of the dying man turned from face to face; he shuddered as the recollec-tion of that night came forcibly back to him. Once he seemed about to speak again, and they drew nearer; but his voice failed; his vexed spirit departed, and made no further sign. To this day the mystery of his unhappy fate has never been ex-plained.

Who can even guess it?

When you cannot rest from Asthmatic troubles, Southern Asthma Cure will at noce relieve. Double treatment in each package.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

THE SUCCESS OF THE CHURCA NEEDS HARMONIOUS ACTION.

sem about Royer. The face of the latter was puls; his owns were dull; he spake not be action of the horse. Seturning after an interval of ten minutes, leads found his brother seated in the rocking-chair, and his wife vainty trying to attract his attention, to make him speak. He sat, as for the next five years and more he ast and walked, dumb, deed to everything about him. He has no one, he assemed to recognize no one; he uttered no sound, awar now and then a deep sligh; he year ware dull and cold; his whole supression year ware dull and cold; his whole supression year the second of the state of the second of the second of the state of the second of the second of the state of the second of the second of the state of the second of the state of the second of th STOTEM OF THE GENERY.

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that she was present at his death bed, with
the sorrowing relations who surrounded
it.

For a year the physical powers of Roger
Davenant had been declining; for a month
he had been confined to his bed; and the
family physician had warned Isaiah that
his experience led him to predict a flash of
consciousness in the last moments of the
sufferer.

"This is a most unusual case," he said,
"but what I think will happen to him on
his death-bed is our common experience in
similar cases. Watch him closely, therefore; his last moments in this world are
those in which you may expect to find the
key of his terrible seizure."

In the dying moments of Roger Davenant the prediction of the physician was
partially fulfilled. The departing soul
shone with strong intelligence through his
eyes; in his natural voice he called the
name of each of those at his bedside, and
he held out his hands to the eager clasp of
his brother and Gertrude.

"It has been like a dream,—a long,
horrid dream," he said, with a faint smile.
"Thank God that it is past!"

"What troubled you, Roger?" his
brother asked.

The eyes of the dying man turned from

as the circumstances of their adopted country can allow. We have no fears but that the wisdom of experience will prevail in settling amicably whatever seeming or real grievances any party of our Church in America is subjected to. A strict watch must be kept on national fanatics of any party and if necessary let the censures of the Church be employed to restrain discontented rivals, who are not willing to abide by the decisions and expressed will of ecclesiastical authority. decisions and extical authority.

A Radical Change.

"I had got so bad with dyspepsia that I hardly cared whether I lived or not," says Frank A. Swain, of the Toronto Globe Office. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, and he says, "it now seems a pleasure to live."

HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

W THE DAUGHTER OF A GOVERNOE OF VIRGINIA BECAME A CATHOLIC AND INFLUENCED MANY OTHER PERSONS TO JOIN THE TRUE CHURCH—A LIFE SPENT IN CHARITY AND GOOD WORKS CROWNED BY A FIOUS DEATH.

SPENT IN CHARITY AND GOOD WORKS
CROWNED BY A PIOUS DEATH.

From the Catholic World for September.
Perhaps no conversion ever occurred in this country which was so unexpected and surprising, and attended with such great consequences, as that of Miss Letitia P. Floyd. She was the eldest daughter of the elder John Floyd, then Governor of Virginia and living with his family in the executive mansion in Richmond, and she inherited the great mental gifts of both her parents. Her mother was a member of the Preston family, which produced so many brilliant men and woman, and was remarkable for her powers of conversation, in which she equalled any of the distinguished men of the day. She took the same interest in public affairs that her husband did, and kept well informed about them during her whole life.

Governor Floyd lived in Montgomery County, in the southwestern part of Virginia, which was then a remote and rather inaccessible region. There was no Catholic boursh in Virginia west of Richmond, and only a small chapel there, attended twice a month from Portamouth. No Catholic priest had ever been in any part of Southwest Virginia, No Catholic priest had ever been in any part of Southwest Virginia, and no Catholic books were to be found in the whole region, Governor Floyd, his wife and children, all had literary tastes, and there was quite a large library in the house, but it was Protestant altogether. The children, therefore, had no opportunity there of learning anything about the Church or its tenets or practices.

But Mr. Floyd, before he was made

Poictiers, being godmother.

This occurred just at the expiration of Governor Floyd's term of office, and, his health not being very good, he took a tour through the South accompanied by his wife, his three daughters, and one of his sons. At New Orleans, where they had relatives, the party remained some time, and there Miss Floyd was married to Colonel William L. Lewis, of South Carolina. Carolina.

The fruits of her conversion soon began The fruits of her conversion soon began to show themselves. Very soon after her baptism her sister Lavalette was also baptized. She is still living, and is the wife of Professor Holmes, of the University of Virginia. Later on her younger sister came into the Church. She is also still living, the wife of Hon, J. W. Johnston, who represented Virginia for thirteen years in the United States Senate. Mr. Johnston also joined the Church, and was

THE SENATE—
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, being the

Charles Carroll, of Carrollon, being the first.

Within a year of his marriage Colonel Lewis likewise entered the Catholic Church; and some years afterwards Mrs. Floyd and three of her sons took the same step.

same step.
Mrs. Lewis' influence led to the con-Mrs. Lewis' influence led to the conversion of John P. Matthews, clerk of the County Court of Wythe County—a man widely known and highly esteemed and respected—and that of his wife and twelve out of thirteen children. One of his daughters became a Sister of St. Joseph, and before she was twenty-one was made superioress of the convent in Wheeling The daughters of Col. Harold Smyth entered the Church by the same influence, and one of them is now a Sister of St. Joseph at Charleston, West Virginia.

ginia.

In the year 1842 Bishop Whelan and
Father Ryder, S. J., paid Mrs. Floyd a
visit in Tazewell County, where she then
lived, and where Mrs. Lewis was also a guest. They were of course much interested, and the Bishop determined to

erect

A CHURCH AT WYTHEVILLE.

This was done, the Protestants contributing very liberally towards its erection. Another church was soon afterwards built at Tazewell Court House, where Mr. Johnston then resided, and others at Bristol and Cupple Creek. In 1867 Bishop Whelan founded r. Convent of the Visitation at Abingdon, and, though there were not twenty Catholics in the

county, it has had great success. The Sisters own the building and grounds and are free of debt.

Col. Lewis removed from South Carolina and settled at the Sweet Springs, then in Virginia, now in West Virginia. That part of the State was very much in the condition already described, but Mrs. Lewis set to work and succeeded in erecting a church there, which now has a fair congregation.

Thus we may say with truth that the conversion of Miss Floyd was the direct cause of that of many other persons, and of the founding of five churches and one convent. She died on the 16th day of February, 1887, having given much of her life to charity and good works. Both rich and poor found her always ready to attend to their wants, and more than once, not being able to reach them otherwise, she walked in the midst of winter several miles to see the sick.

In what estimation she was held can be judged by the fact that many Protestants believed that she had been canonized, not knowing, of course, that this could not be done in her lifetime.

THE PATRIOT OF THE TYROL.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.
Napoleon I. won the victory of Austerlitz over the Emperor of Austria on December 2, 1805. He then appropriated to
himself the province of the Tyrol. The
masters of this kingdom began annoying
their subjects in the most sensitive spot,
that is to say, in their religious dealings.
The suppression of the monastic orders,
the expulsion of the religious, the sale of
their goods, the alienation of sacred vessels
which were bought up by the Jews,
laws contrary to those of the Church,
blahopa in prison and in exile, priests cited
before the tribunals and hunted like malefactors—this summed up the situation in enger of the Sacred Heart.

before the tribunals and hunted like male-factors—this summed up the situation in the new kingdom of Bavaria.

This was too much for the Tyrol—a country where from time out of mind the faith held sovereign sway—and its inhabi-tants finally had recourse to arms. Their chief was called Andress Hofer. He was a simple implacence approach from a family chief was called Andreas Hofer. He was a simple innkeeper sprung from a family of peasants. He was poor but intelligent, and of the greatest good sense, full of courage and remarkable for the firmness and dignity of his character. The fine qualities caused him to be unanimously proclaimed the general-in-chief. His rallying cry was: "For God, for our old and true master, the emperor, for our country!"

The triumph of Hofer and of his cause was not of long duration. After the battle of Wagram, on the 5th and 6th of July, 1809, Napoleon I, who had now completely vanquished the Emperor of Austria, directed an attack against the Tyrolese. They found themselves penned in by an army made up of Freuchmen, Bavarians, and Italians and were obliged to yield to numbers and lay down their arms. Hofer, on whose head a price had been set, took refuge in the mountains; but he was soon discovered there by a traitor and delivered to the conqueror. While they were dragging him along in chains with his wife and others of his people, he had much to suffer from the march and ill-treatment. But he said: "Pray, pray; let us suffer with patience; it is the means to do penance for our sins."

They brought him to Mantus. There a general came to tell him: "Your life will be saved if you consent to serve the foreigner." He refused, saying: "I will remain faithful to the good Emperor Francis."

When they came to pronounce judg.

When they came to pronounce judgment, the council of war was equally divided. But an order from the chief-of-staff in Milan enjoined that Hofer should be shot within twenty-four hours.

Some hours before his death he wrote to one of his best friends a letter in which his

hole soul is laid open.
"It is the will of God," he said, "that I should exchange here in Mantus this mortal life for the eternal. But blessings be to God for His divine grace! It is as easy for me to die as to occupy myself with any other business. Poor world, farewell! I see death coming with so little sorrow that I have not a single tear in my aven!"

eyes!"

The archpriest of Santa Barbara came to prepare him for death and to give him the Bread of Life. Hofer confided to him his money, to be distributed to the poor Tyrolese prisoners at Mantua, bidding him to say to them that he was full of comfort and that he recommended to them this times as "

"journey."
At 11 o'clock in the morning, on the 20th of February, 1810, the general muster was beat, and the condemned man, with best results.

helding a crucific and accompanied by his confessor, took his way towards the square of the citadel. When the pro-cession passed by the Porta Molina cries and sobs were heard to issue from the casements. It was the Tyrolese prison-ers who had fallen on their knees to weep and pray for their well-beloved leader.

weep and pray for their well beloved leader.

He arrived at the place of execution, where a battalion of grenadiers formed a square. Into the centre of this Hofer advanced at the first signal with a firm step, saluting the soldiers to right and left. He prayed a little while with the priest, to whom he left his cross and rosary as a remembrance. The twelve men were drawn up twenty paces off with their rifles on their arms. He was offered a handkerchief to blindfold his eyes, but he refused it. They ordered him to bend his knee. He did not obey, but said:

"Standing upright, I wish to give back my soul to Him who gave it to me." A moment after he cried: "Long live the Emperor Francis and my dear Tyrol!"

Then he prayed for an instant, again litting his eyes to heaven; and then gying the signal to the grenadiers, he spoke the word of command with a strong voice: "Aim well!"

Such was the death of this Christian hero. With good right the province of the Tyrol glories in him, and his fellow-countrymen have raised to him a beautiful monument in the great Church of Innspruck.

It is men of this stamp we ought to

Innspruck.
It is men of this stamp we ought to ask of the Sacred Heart.

WE MUST THINK OF IT.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A telegram comes to a father and mother. They learn that their son is dead. He was baptised; he had received in early youth the ineffsble gift of Our Lord in the Hely Eucharist. They are crushed by the news. But what revives them?—what gives them consolation?

That he died rich? That he was Governor of a State? That he was highly respected? That the Mayor and City Council and a train of inhabitants attended his funeral? That the newspapers devoted columns to notices of

a simple innkeeper spring from a family of courage and remarkable for the firmness and digity of his character. The was poor but he firmness and digity of his character. The many portains and of the general-in-chief. His raily proclaimed the general-in-chief. His raily in gory was: "For God, for our old and true master, the emperor, for our country of the country of the soldiers." "You have been been soldiers all is not over. In the question to assect the soldiers." "You have now over to Him. But all is not over. In the question to assect our of critical to the country of the soldiers." To arms against the enamies of earth and heaven." "Before our religion, for its asks we must conquer or die. Bise, brothers! To arms against the enamies of earth and heaven." "Before our religion, for its asks we must conquer of lampruck, the capital of the provider of the sharest own of the sharest of the sharest own of the sharest

these great essentials are as the breath of life,

Mo matter what vicissitudes the child may meet in life, he will not lose his Faith if it be ingrained into him in early life. He can no more get rid of his belief in God, of the memory of his first Communion, than the tattoed man can wash out his marks. For all our talk about the material things of life, there is one thing which we Catholics care more about than any other, and that is a good death. Seriously and gravely, we say that the worst possible preparation for a Christly death is Christless teaching.

The only medicine in the market that will immediately cure Cold in the Head, and permanently cure Catarrh, Hay Fever,

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of Cholers, dysentery, griping, &c. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their hearts content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Mathan Graves' Worm Extensions

Who Killed the Bird?

Who killed the Chipple?
Bee where it lies,—
The light gone out
Of its bright, quick eyes:
This tiny creature, so soft and brown,
Here on the deed leaves fallen down.

But an hour sgo
Is feit the sun,
Yet now is its happy
Living done:
Rorn in a nest, and made to be,
Not soarer, nor singer, yet bitthe and free.

Me human eye,
Perchance may miss
From numberless flocks
A mite like this;
Yet with it something has gone which had
In its way made bough and sunshine glad. Who killed the Chippie!
I think I know;
This way from school
The children go.
And I saw a boy a pebble sling,
And now I and this poor, dead thing.

He liked perhaps
To prove his skill,
Nor thought how dreadful
It is to still;
And, though he aimed at it, after all,
Was sad at heart when he saw it fail.

I am almost sure
If he heard me say,
"Who was it killed
A bird to-day?"
He would wish the creel deed undone,
And blush to own himself the one.

HONOR RENDERED TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN. DR. JANSSEN REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

Ave Maria Dr. Janssen, the celebrated German historian, has published a spirited reply to certain critics who took him to task for what they considered his extravagant expressions concerning devotion to Our Blessed Lady. The reply is so pointed and so exhaustive that we give a translation of the greater portion of it. He

lation of the greater portion of it. He writes:

No one need be surprised at the great respect shown by the Church to the Blessed Virgin. Any Catholic acquainted with the teachings of his religion knows by experience that we honor Mary only because of all the graces bestowed or Her by the Lord, and he will take no seandal from those words of an enthusiastic preacher which so shock my critics "If I had a hundred tongues and shundred mouths, and a voice of brass, loculd not yet say ought that is worthy of Thee, O Mary! I console myself with the words of Jerome, who says: "Though none of us is qualified, yet even the meanest sinner need never desist from the praises of Mary." It is true that I know not what to set before you, but will pluck for you the roses and sweet smelling flowers of the holy Doctors." "The holy Doctors" here referred to were all the zealous panegyrists of the Holy Virgin. Did not St. Cyril, a thous and years before, preach in a similar stale? In the liturer used in the first stale.

were all the zealous panegyrists of the Holy Virgin. Did not St. Cyril, a thous and years before, preach in a similar style? In the liturgy used in the first centuries of the Church, and attributed to St. James, we find these words "When with all the saints and just we commemorate our most holy, unspotted and most glorious Lady, Mary, the ever intact Virgin and mother of God, we are thereby recommending ourselves and our whole life to Christ, our God." "Le us celebrate the memory of our most holy, unspotted, most glorious and Blessed Lady, Mary, the Mother of Goand the intact Virgin, in order that through Her intercession we may obtain all mercy. Hail Mary, Thou art full of grace; the Lord is with Thee; blessed art Thou amongst women, and blesse is the Fruit of Thy womb; for Thou has borne the Saviour of our souls." "It just that we style Thee blessed—the ever blessed Mother of God, exalte above all blame; Mother of our Gomore msgnificent than the Cherubin more glorious than the Seraphim, who without detriment to Thy virginity, has borne God, the Word. In Thee, what full of grace, all creatures rejoic the choirs of angels and the race of me venerate Thee, who art a sanctific templa."

venerate Thee, who art a sanctifie In almost the same words St. Chrysos tom in his liturgy addresses the Blesset Virgin; he even introduced the Angel Cal Salutation into the Holy Mass. St Athanasius also, the great champion of the Catholic faith in the God-man the Catholic faith in the God-man is opposition to the Arians, prayed an taught the people to pray thus: "We proclaim Thee, O Mary! over and ovagain and at all times, blessed. To The we cry out: Remember us, O Most Ho Virgin! who after being delivered did still remain a virgin. Hail, full of grace the Lord is with Thee. All the him still remain a virgin. Hail, full of grace the Lord is with Thee. All the hie archies of angels and the inhabitants the earth proclaim that Thou art blesse amongst women, and that blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb. Pray for us, Mistress and Lady, Queen and Moth of God!"

No higher praise can be bestow upon the Blessed Virgin than was spok by the Angel at the Annunciation in t by the Angel at the Annunciation in times and by the authority of Go This form of homage to Mary in the Angelical Salutation, which will be dail uttered with respect and love even the end of time, is in the eyes of Go and of the world a Christian confession.

When the Church invites us to say t Angelus three times a day, what does a desire thereby but that we should call mind the great and fundamental myste of the Incarnation of Christ with imme ate reference to His Mother, who out all earthly beings was the only witne of this mystery? All the honor shot to Mary flows back to God. As Mary to Mary flows back to God. As Mary earth was the guardian of Her division, as She bore Him in Her won clasped Him in Her arms, nourish Him at Her breast, so the praises a honors shown Her by Catholics ser only to confirm and to proclaim alothe right belief in Him as the God-Mc the right belief in Him as the God-Mc Every church and chapel dedicated Her, every confraternity instituted Her honor, every picture represent Her, has for object to raise our minds the One who, although happy freternity with the Father, yet for taske of sinners "had no horror of t Virgin's womb."

Human nature, which the Savic actually and truly took from Mary, wunited to the Divinity in one Person, to source of salvation and grace. And sin it pleased God to bestow upon the wothrough Mary the Grace of all grace the Author of grace, we honor a